



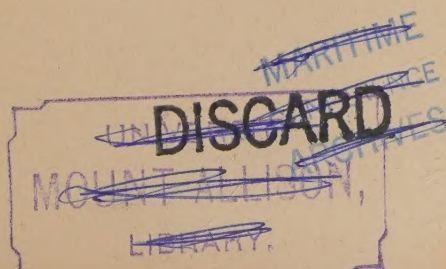
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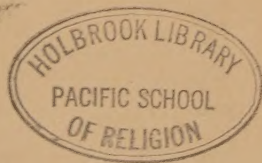
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Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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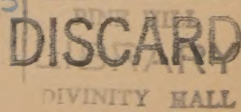
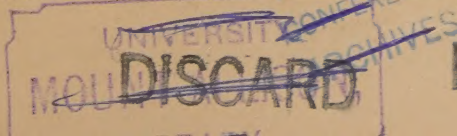


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HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

THE Methodist Magazine.

January, 1891.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

I.



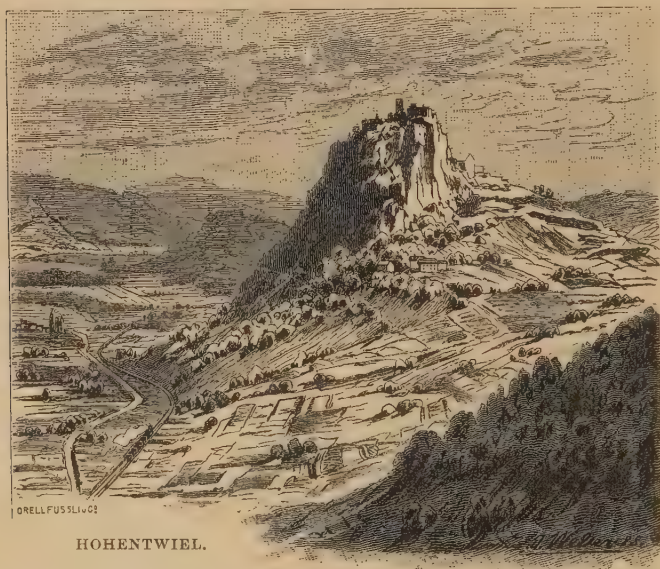
THE ALPS FROM HOHENTWIEL.

FOR our ride through the Black Forest we secured an entire railway carriage for our party. This gave us ample room to change from side to side of the car, as the finest scenery was now on the right, then on the left hand. It enabled us also to make the ride all the way to Strassburg without change, whereas all others had to change cars *en route*. The Swiss cars are a happy compromise between the English and American systems. They have separate compartments, but have also a passage through the car, so that all the compartments can, in effect, be thrown into one if desired. I was fortified with a formidable document, securing the undisturbed possession of the whole railway carriage, couched in the most impressive official language, which acted like a charm on all who would invade our privileged

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domain. Several times aggressive travellers, taking no heed of the placard reserving the car, attempted to enter. But one glance at the document was sufficient to make them promptly retreat. One particularly aggressive individual, who was very near-sighted, attempted to force his way into the car with a great bundle of belongings. As for my letter, he would take no notice of it till I insisted on his reading it, when, with most profound apologies, he instantly withdrew.

The wild mountain region, through which we were about to travel—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is a



HOHENTWIEL.

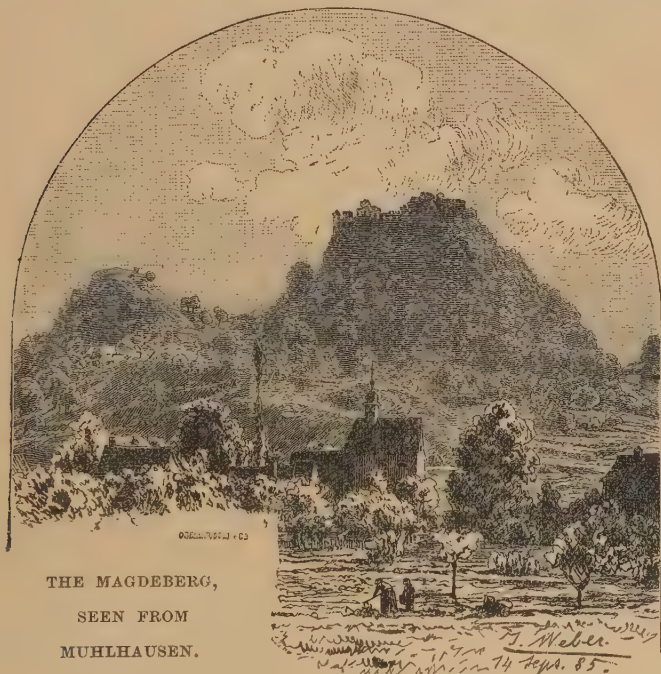
portion of the old Hercynian Forest, which once covered a great part of Central Europe, and later was known as the Swabian Land. Its grandest passes are now traversed by the Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering works in Europe. The line reaches its greatest elevation at the first station in the basin of the Danube—Sommerau. Here it is 2729 feet above the level of the sea. Thirty-eight tunnels and 142 bridges follow each other in rapid succession. It was necessary in several places to change the bed of the Danube.

Dr. Hardmeyer, whose monograph on this subject we shall frequently quote, thus rhapsodizes over the engineering achievements:

“Near Hornberg the mountains present so firm and unyielding a front,

that the line has no choice but to force a passage through them, or come to a standstill. The railway boldly accepts the challenge, and advances stealthily to the assault, winding and twisting about as if to spy out the weak points in the enemy's armour. At last it vanquishes him, and with a long, shrill cry of triumph, plunges into the valley of the Danube through the watershed of Sommerau."

It was a glorious day on which we made this delightful journey. The sky was bright, the air clear, and the sunlight warm and pleasant. First, we rode through grassy meadows, beside the



THE MAGDEBERG,
SEEN FROM
MUHLHAUSEN.

Unter See, which sparkled with many dimpling smiles in the bright sunlight. In an hour we reached Singen, the true beginning of the Black Forest Railway.

Here we entered the strange region called the Hegau, studded with basaltic cliffs, rising like islands above the surrounding country and telling of violent volcanic action in bygone ages. Many of these cliffs are crowned with ruined castles, once the stronghold of robber-knights, who from their eagle-like eyries dominated the plains. The first of these that we met is the castled crag of Hohentwiel, rising one thousand feet above the level of Lake Constance. Its massy ruins seemed a part of the

rocky ramparts on which they are built. The old castle held out bravely during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War, and is thus described by Dr. Hardmeyer:

"Upon the outbreak of the French Revolution, the flames of which were especially apt to devour castles and palaces, Hohentwiel met its fate. The buildings that had been slowly accumulated upon the rock through the centuries were destroyed within a few months by the French general Vendamme. Since that date the castle, which was the most extensive building of the kind in Southern Germany, has remained a shapeless heap of grass-grown ruins. The steep path winds round the rock, and leads through gates and across bridges to the ruins which soon begin to line the way on either side, and above which are the still more extensive ones crowning the summit of the mount. From the tower a panorama opens

which is among the finest, if not the finest, afforded by any of the hills of Southern Germany. Peaceful villages studding the plain at our feet, with a wide expanse of the Lake Constance glistening in silvery sheen before us, and the noblest and mightiest peak of the Alps standing out on the horizon and forming a snow-white rampart whose limits the eye fails to discern."



VIEWS OF ENGEN.

In a few minutes more we pass beneath the scarcely less lofty rock of Hohenkrähen, with its grim bastions, behind which dwelt fierce robber-barons, swooping down like eagles on the peaceful inhabitants of the plain, pillaging their barns and flocks and herds, and from their rocky eyrie defying their vengeance or pursuit. Magdeberg is another, which owes its name—the "Maiden's

Mount"—according to tradition, to St. Ursula, the leader of the "Eleven Thousand Virgins," who is said to have built a chapel on the summit. "Ursula, a faithful saint of the Catholic Church," so runs the legend, "with eleven thousand virgins, encountered at Cologne an army of Huns, by whom they were massacred, Ursula having refused an offer of marriage from the prince. Their corpses were buried by the people of Cologne, and a church was erected to their honour, in which bones, said to be those of Ursula and her companions, are exhibited to this day." Hohenstoffer, Hohenhowen and many another ruined castle tell of an age of rapine and blood, now, thank God, forever gone.

The rocks of the Jura assume the quaintest forms; in places

the mountain-side appears as though built of masonry, and in other spots as though loose slabs of stone were piled one upon



NEAR GEISINGEN.

another. Lofty embankments, huge masses of masonry, and other artificial works succeed each other in rapid succession. Now we traverse beautiful beech-woods, in which many an inviting

glade is seen. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutturals are everywhere heard. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the “beautiful blue Danube,” which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth and Belgrade, and, after

a course of 1780 miles, pours its waters into the Black Sea.

Soon we reach the pleasant town of Engen, which has also its memories of war and pillage. We quote again from Dr. Hardmeyer:

“As early as the year 1333 a nunnery existed in Engen, named after St. Wolfgang. Beginning very modestly, the donations and bequests



SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

it received soon rendered it wealthy. One of the nuns of this convent, a certain Sister Verena, has left behind her, in the form of a diary, an evidently faithful account of the dreadful calamities which befell Engen at the time of the Thirty Years' War. The pious sister recounts all the brutalities perpetrated by the troops of Wurtemberg, Sweden and France, and devoutly thanks God that none of the inmates of the convent suffered harm. But at length they were obliged to flee across the Rhine into Switzerland. The diary describes in a very spirited manner the appearance presented by the convent on their return—how they found all the apartments empty, and everything plundered and destroyed. ‘But there was six acres of ripe corn in the fields, and the Lady Prioress could get no one

to reap it.' Our stout-hearted Sister Verena, however, told her to take courage: "We will cut it and carry it ourselves." So we did, and in

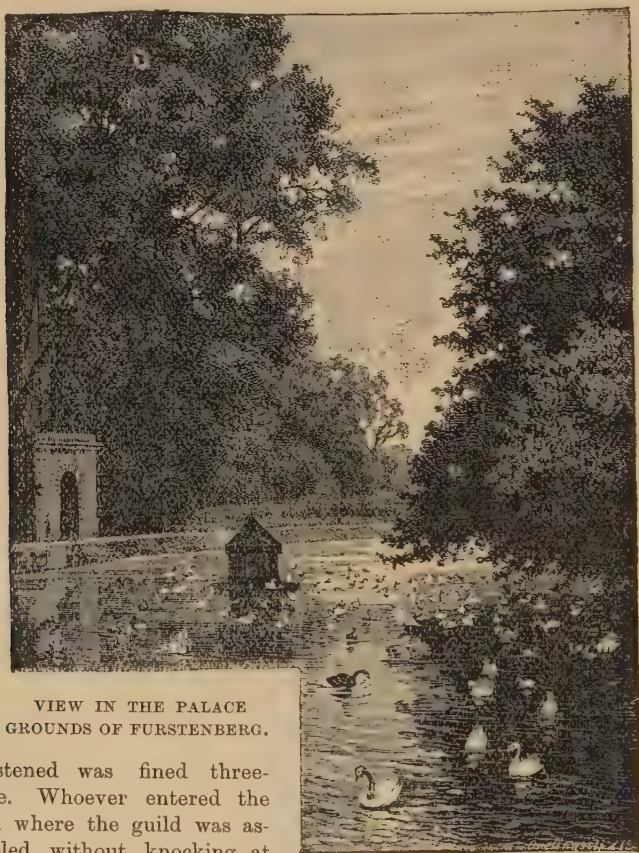


CRYPT-CHAPEL AT NEUDINGEN.

thirteen days, by St. Dominic's Eve, we had brought the whole crop into the convent.'

"In the brief intervals between the various wars the little town of Engen

often became quite prosperous, and the inhabitants led comfortable lives, though their individual liberty was much restricted by the numerous guilds. The rules and regulations of these guilds are still extant, and they show that the people of Engen laid great stress on decorum. In the Bakers' Guild, for instance, swearing and loose talking were forbidden under penalty of forfeiting a pound of wax for the use of the church. Whoever appeared at a meeting of the guild with the three top bottoms of his coat



VIEW IN THE PALACE
GROUNDS OF FURSTENBERG.

unfastened was fined three-pence. Whoever entered the room where the guild was assembled without knocking at the door, or whoever sat down

or got up without saying, 'By your leave, honest masters and mates!' was mulcted in three kreutzers. Any member who insulted another by applying to him such opprobrious epithets as 'rascal' or 'scoundrel' was liable to a fine of three-pence; if the word 'rogue' was used, the penalty amounted to ten-pence. The Guild of Barbers, which had assumed the high-sounding designation of the 'chirurgical faculty,' stood in particularly high repute with the people of Engen."

Near Neudingen, on a small eminence, we notice a graceful little building surrounded by a dome. It is the Sepulchral Chapel

of the Carolingian race, and is a very imposing building, well adapted to its solemn purpose, and many of its details are remarkable as works of art. As shown in illustration on page 9.

We soon enter the grassy upland valley of the Danube, where the second largest river in Europe has its origin.

At Geisengen is a famous pilgrimage chapel, with which the following strange legend is connected :

“Not far from the town stood a crucifix. One day, during a very heavy storm, a troop of Swedish horsemen passed by ; on seeing the crucifix they began to revile our Saviour as the cause of the inhospitable weather and the wretched state of the roads. One of them, a cornet, drew a long pistol from his holster, took aim across his left arm, and fired at the image of Christ ; the ball penetrated its forehead. Suddenly the earth opened, and swallowed up horse and rider. Seized with consternation, his companions galloped to the town and informed the people what had happened. A procession was immediately formed, and headed by a cross and banners the clergy and people proceeded to the spot, which has ever since been held sacred.”

The Danube here, a small and sluggish stream, winds its wandering way through marshes and meadows, bordered by cat-tails and sedges, and haunted by innumerable flocks of water-fowl, which are frequently accompanied by juvenile goose-herds—if that is the right word to use of the wardens of these feathery charges. At the picturesque town of Donaueschingen one of the chief curiosities is the Donauquelle, or Source of the Danube. It wells up from the ground in a copious flood, and is surrounded by a graceful wall, as shown in the cut on page 8. But is this indeed the true source of the river? Is this the very tip of the tail of the great water-snake that stretches full across the continent?

“I, for my part,” says Dr. Hardmeyer, “am quite ready to assume that I am standing here at the veritable source of the Danube. The course of a great river appeals to us with much more vividness when we are standing at its real or supposed source. As we stand here and watch the water



PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF
FÜRSTENBERG.

bubbling up from the interior of the earth in a ceaseless flood, and as we read the words chiselled in the stone enclosure—*Ueber dem Meer, 678 Meter, and Bis zum Meer, 2840 Kilometer* (Above the sea, 2224 feet ; to the sea, 1763 miles), the most varied scenes rise up before our mind's eye : villages and castles, populous cities and quiet convents, marshes and corn-fields, spacious plains and steep cliffs, German, and Hungarian, and Slavonic peoples, and at last the broad delta, and the stormy Euxine. How varied are the countries and their inhabitants along the banks of this mighty stream, at whose source we are standing, and how diversified the pictures when, going back in thought, we call to mind the various scenes enacted on the banks of the Danube in the course of the centuries."



PARISH CHURCH,
VILLINGEN.



which follow—
Its old ruined
names, and

almost sole mementos of those stormy times.

The town of Villingen is situated in a broad, open valley terminated on all sides by undulating hills, which are in their turn bounded by wooded mountains. The horizon is wide, and the vault of heaven overaching it is as unbroken here as in the plains ; but the consciousness that we are on an elevated plateau, from which we must descend to reach the lowlands, gives to the expanse an air of solemnity, heightened by the fringe of dusky fir-woods which appears in all directions on the horizon. The ancient parish church is a venerable edifice with two towers, similar to those which adorn many of the cities and towns in the

Another of the sights of Donaueschingen is the palace of the Prince of Fürstenberg. Passing the palace, with its bulbous turrets, we reach the park belonging to it, which is thrown open to the public. It has two very remarkable features—magnificent trees, and an abundance of clear water, enlivened by a

multitude of water-fowl.

The grounds are traversed by shady walks, adorned with frequent statues. This whole region, now so peaceful in its pastoral beauty, has been ravaged by the Peasants' Insurrection, the Thirty Years' War, the War of the Spanish Succession, and the wars ed the French Revolution. castles, memory-thrilling silent graveyards are the

valley of the Rhine. The interior is pleasing in its effect. To one of the columns several cannon-balls have been attached, as a memorial of the siege and bombardment of the town, and as a token of gratitude for its deliverance from the dangers that threatened it.

The burghers exhibited much bravery during the war of the Spanish Succession, when they defended themselves against an army of 40,000 men. It endured another terrible siege in the year 1704. Prince Eugene bestowed great praise upon the fidelity and bravery of the burghers, and on his inquiring what boon he could ask from His Majesty the Emperor on their behalf, one of the councillors, whose forte was not orthography, replied: "We want nothing, your Highness, but three B's,—Bread, Bullets and Bowder." (Brod, Bulver and Blei.)

The rapid tourist who makes a flying visit to this romantic region does not properly enter into its inner life. My friend, Mr. Blackwood, who has enjoyed a prolonged residence amid its noblest, scenery will give, in the following article, a graphic sketch of some of the more unfamiliar aspects of the Black Forest.

THE NEW YEAR'S LESSON.

BY GEORGIANA CRAIK.

O NEW YEAR! teach us faith;
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds do scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marr'd
Than any man's, who saith—
"Make strait paths for your feet"—and to the opprest—
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, Oh! bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of Life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close—in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

MEMORIES OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE intricate windings of a railroad that follow charmingly the foldings of pine-clad valleys will nowadays conduct the traveller well into the more

frequented portions of the Black Forest. One minute he will look down from the car window into the yawning depths of rocky gorges, with a wild torrent brawling over the stones at the bottom; while the next will show him a smiling green valley, with the same wild torrent transformed into the smoothest of clear streams. He will pass in and out of the wooded mountain slopes, as the train follows the curves and twists of the ingenious Schwarzwald railway, and, after



BLACK FOREST GIRL IN BRIDAL DRESS.

reaching a height of nearly 3,000 feet, will descend again into the plain of the Rhine.

In this way the hurried tourist may undoubtedly see a good deal of the Black Forest country.

If, however, he wishes to get away from the civilization which the prosaic railroad invariably brings with it, he must leave the cars at one of the little stations and strike northwards into the interior. With a light knapsack and a stout staff he can then follow at his leisure the lovely little paths that wind in and out

amid the great trees, leading from village to village, or across the hills to the more open valleys. With no other companions than the squirrels playing among the boughs and the great buzzards circling far overhead, he may in this manner traverse wide tracts of solitary forest. He may quietly drop in upon the quaint and legend-haunted hamlets, surprising the good burghers and peasants at the occupations which have been theirs, and their fathers' before them, for ages past. He may sit beside the sturdy peasant, in the sand-floored village inn, and from his strong, honest face may call forth many a pleasant smile, as they chat together in the most friendly manner over the important events of this hidden, secret world of trees. And he may discover the fair daughters of the forest, in their most characteristic costumes, with fantastic top-knots and plumes waving from their bridal head-dresses, as in our initial cut, or clad with their bright-coloured skirts and bodices at work in the fields.



IN THE VILLAGE INN.

In an easy day's journey from the railway he will seem to have stepped backwards into the Middle Ages; and the unfrequented portions of the Black Forest will certainly tend to keep up the illusion. It is only in this manner that the remnant of the vast Hercynian Forest can be seen to the fullest advantage. To be really *known* the Schwarzwald must be studied in all its aspects during the different seasons of the year.

The Black Forest on a still, hot day in August, when the tall pines rise motionless against the blue sky, like the beautiful spires of some old cathedral, is not the same Black Forest we see in an autumn storm. Then the whole forest seems to sway to and fro as the winds roar through its myriads of branches and the trees and sky mingle in impenetrable gloom. Nor is it the Black Forest in its white winter robes, when all its sounds are deadened by the thick snow.

But the weird loveliness of the Schwarzwald can only be appreciated by those who have watched the changes that grow upon its stern face under the wondrous lights of sunrise or sunset; or as night creeps slowly over its hills or villages, investing them with a blackness all their own; or again, in the magic hours that follow sunset and precede the dawn. With this object in view, perhaps the best place for the traveller to leave the train is at Somerau. This little station is the highest point on the line, and

immediately after leaving it the train begins its long descent. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of this typical village is more open than in many parts; and a rough little path leads up a steep slope where the pines are less dense. A short hour's climbing brings one to the summit, and the view that bursts upon the sight is surprisingly extensive. In great undulating waves the gloomy hills of the Schwarzwald roll away on every side as far as the eye can reach. The air that sweeps across the summit is sweet and pure, and it is as redolent of the ocean of fragrant pines it has crossed as the sea breeze is of brine and ozone. If the day be dull and the horizon cloudy, the general aspect of the view is so gloomy that the origin of the word Schwarzwald at once suggests itself with great force. It is indeed a black forest.



COTTAGE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

It is strange that this spot, with its so beautiful view, should have been selected in the dim past as the place of execution for witches and criminals. Yet so it was; and the remnants of the rude gallows still rear themselves up ugly and gaunt into the air—two roughly hewn granite slabs, across the top of which formerly rested a third slab. As late as 1847 there was an execution in this place, when an old witch, so-called, was hanged from these very granite slabs. There seems a refinement of cruelty in the idea that the victim's last view of mother earth was one so fair. The forbidding blackness of the nearer forest soon fades into the softer blues and rich purples of the far distance; while the various shades between the two enormously enhance the general effect.

Such a view can never, of course, be called bright or glorious. It is too sombre, not to say even monotonous. Yet herein lies the

peculiar charm of the Schwarzwald. There is about it a certain grim grandeur; a stateliness and an indefinable dignity that seem to link it with hoar antiquity. It is strangely invested with that sense of strength and greatness that surrounds the ruined old castles of England. The tall, straight pines that guard the dark interior of the Schwarzwald seem to demand of us the respect



FARM-HOUSE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

due to the ancient home of so many wild and beautiful legends, of so many deeds of valour and renown.

The ever-increasing stream of tourists that yearly tramp through the more accessible portions of the forest would certainly seem to be driving to the remoter regions those customs and practices which are more especially peculiar to the people. However this may be, the belief in those picturesque forms of the supernatural—gnomes, fairies, wizards and water-nixies—still

clings to the haunts that for centuries have been their home. In many a village and farm-house the past yet lives on in the present, clinging to the hearts of the simple-minded folk that love to cherish it.

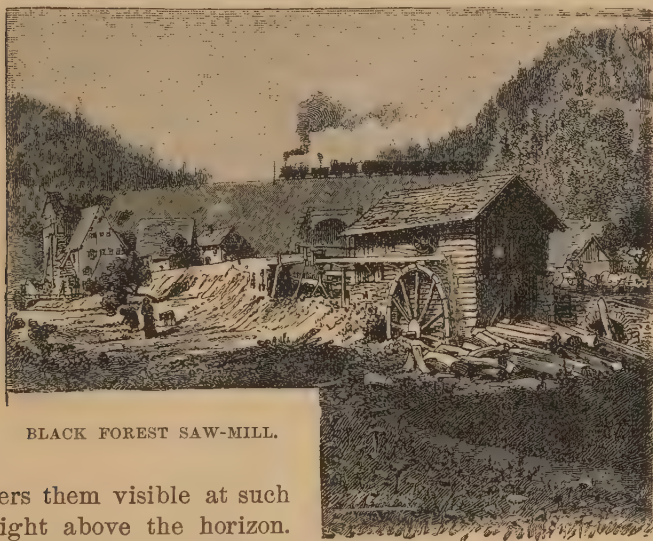
At the foot of the bold spur of hills of which we have spoken nestles a charming little village—Furtwangen. It is a centre for straw-plaiting, which, next to wood-carving, is the chief industry of the peasants in the southern portion. But instead of descending the rough path to the valley, let us return to Somerau. Here again we are in a Protestant community, while Furtwangen is Roman Catholic, and the roads are often adorned with little chapels or crucifixes, before which the peasants offer up a short prayer in passing.

Following the railway for a mile or more, we come to the next station, Königsfeld-Peterzell. It is a lonely-looking spot; only a couple or so of houses and a few straggling old barns of enormous capacity. We leave the railway to pursue its downward course, and again ascend through the woods in a northerly direction; occasionally vistas of lovely colours and light opening out on either side.

Suddenly we leave the woods and enter upon a clearing of considerable size, in the centre of which is a little village, the very picture of precise neatness. This is Königsfeld, a Moravian settlement, and one has little difficulty in distinguishing the boys' and girls' schools, placed at opposite ends of the village square. In every direction glades in the forest invite to the most delightful walks. Outside the village for some distance one notices the picturesque forms of those huge, unwieldy farm-houses, with barns attached. The wooden walls, darkened with age and weather, are in great part covered with the most curious, and oftentimes the most beautiful lichens; while in the cleared spaces one may find a profusion of wild flowers, conspicuous among which is the rich purple colour of one of the gentians. In the forest itself, under the shade of the grand old trees, the moss, often twelve inches thick, presents a carpet of gorgeous colouring, offering a striking contrast to the dark stems of the pines.

When the slanting rays of the setting sun fall upon a scene like this, setting afire the golden mosses and glinting from one dark tree to another far into the forest depths, the effect is truly magical. Looking to the south, on an ordinary day there is nothing to be seen but the undulating waves of the forest, as it stretches away over the Duchy of Baden and part of Wurtemberg. But on one of those extraordinarily clear days that so often precede long spells of wet weather, a very different sight will greet the eye. From

Säntis to Mont Blanc the white forms of the snowy Alps are visible hanging in the sky. So huge, so white, so grandiose do they appear that to one who has been used to the subdued tints of the surrounding Schwarzwald they come like a revelation. They seem to be suspended in the lofty atmosphere like the phantom mountains of some shadowy ghost-land, and one feels that at any moment they may suddenly melt away like a dream. It would seem that the Alps thus occasionally seen are in reality too far below the horizon to be ever *actually* visible, and that it is only a strong refraction caused by a certain state of the atmosphere that



BLACK FOREST SAW-MILL.

renders them visible at such a height above the horizon. This accounts for the enormous size and general weirdness of their appearance.

The tourist who loves to study the thousand different effects of light on forest scenery, and to converse with nature face to face under some of her most seductive aspects, cannot do better than spend a month or two in this little Moravian settlement, away from the world of noise and fashion, and surrounded by the most typical effects of Black Forest scenery.

There are many others places in the Schwarzwald that we would gladly revisit in imagination, were space and time more generous. The ruins of the old monastery of Allerheiligen—All Saints—lies farther north, in its lonely valley, with its surrounding fringe of pines faithfully guarding it from all irreverent gaze.

With what pleasure would we again stand on the spur of hills that skirts the great plain of the Rhine, where lie the fortified

old cities of Strassburg and Rastatt; and from our elevated standpoint watch the sunlight gleam on the distant stretches of the Rhine, lighting up the fertile country for many a wide league.

In the early spring, too, when the pines are tipped with the exquisite fresh green that comes but once a year, we would willingly take our readers to many a quaint village and farmhouse, peeping in upon the wood-carvers and the clock-makers at work, and watching the old saw-mills cut up the fragrant pine logs. With what pleasure would we visit with them the blue hills that surround Baden-Baden in its beautiful valley, and show the lovely combination of colour that is caused by the mingling of the golden leaves of the early beeches with the dark velvet of the pine woods, and the blue sky seen between. Perhaps, on a future occasion, we may be able to do this, and to plunge deeper still into what will ever be the most romantic of forest lands.

“WE WOULD SEE JESUS.”

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WE would see Jesus, when our hopes are brightest,
And all that earth can grant is at its best;
When not a drift of shadow, even the lightest,
Blurs our clear atmosphere of perfect rest.

We would see Jesus, when the joy of living
Holds all our senses in a realm of bliss,
That we may know He hath the power of giving
Enduring rapture more supreme than this.

We would see Jesus, when our pathway darkens,
Beneath the dread of some impending ill;
When the discouraged soul no longer hearkens
To Hope, who beckons in the distance still.

We would see Jesus, when the stress of sorrow
Strains to their utmost tension heart and brain;
That He may teach us how despair may borrow
From faith, the one sure antidote of pain.

We would see Jesus, when our best are taken,
And we must meet, unshared, all shocks of woe;
Because He bore for us, alone, forsaken,
Burdens whose weight no human heart could know.

We would see Jesus, when our fading vision,
Lost to the consciousness of earth and sky,
Has only insight for the far elysian;
We would see Jesus when we come to die!

VOYAGE OF THE "SUNBEAM" FROM DARNLEY ISLAND
TO PORT DARWIN, MAURITIUS, CAPE OF GOOD
HOPE, AND ENGLAND.

BY LORD BRASSEY.*



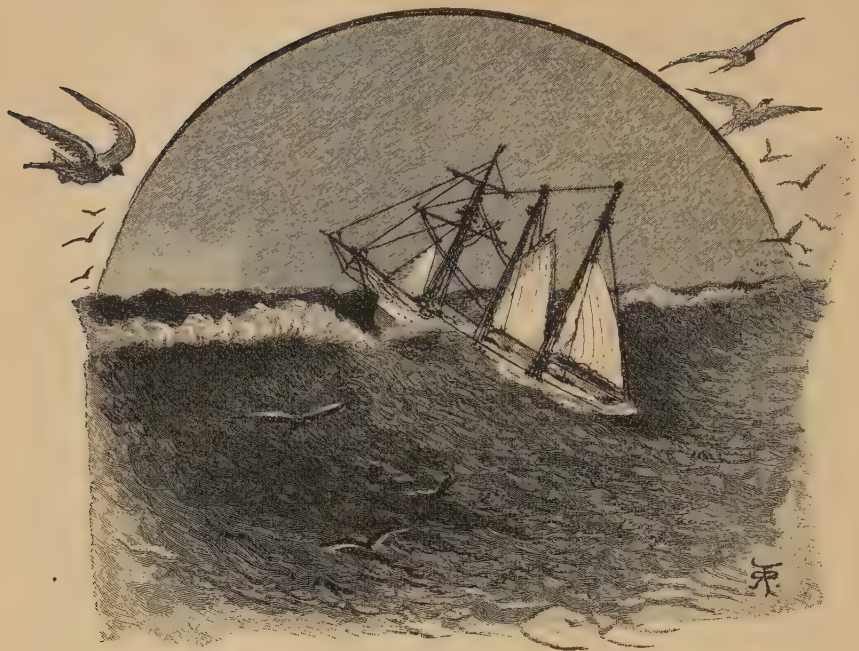
ST. LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

THE pen having fallen from her hand, the task which a brave yet gentle spirit was struggling so hard to complete must be accomplished by one who does not possess her gifts. For obvious reasons, the description of the remainder of the voyage will be compressed within the closest limits.

The *Sunbeam* sailed from Thursday Island on September 1st. On September 5th, in the evening, the *Sunbeam* was navigated, not without difficulty, through the intricate channels of Clarence Straits. On the 6th at an early hour the anchor was dropped off the settlement of Palmerston. Our arrival at Port Darwin took place under such circumstances as render it impossible to offer any description from personal observation.

From Port Darwin to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to

* After the lamented death of Lady Brassey her devoted husband takes up the narrative and gives in very succinct form the return voyage of the *Sunbeam*.—ED.



OFF THE CAPE.

Sierra Leone, the voyage lay for the most part within the zone of the South-east Trades. It is a painful task to attempt to describe scenes which would have been painted so much more effectively by another. To give the daily life, which, needless to say, was very sad, I will not attempt.

Mauritius is one of the few ports in which sailing ships still hold the field against steamers. It was filled with a noble fleet. As a mark of sympathy, which touched me deeply, their flags were hoisted at half-mast as soon as our sad intelligence became known.

Viewed from the anchorage of Port Louis, the island of Mauritius presents a scene of much beauty. A chain of peaks and craters of picturesque and fantastic forms runs through the island from end to end. The needle-shaped Peter Botte, 2784 feet, and the Pouce, 2707 feet, are conspicuous summits. All the mountains are of volcanic formation. Their barren precipices are blue and purple, and their vegetation, watered by frequent and abundant showers, is of the richest green. The staple industry of Mauritius is the cultivation of sugar. More than 100,000 tons are annually exported. India and Australia are the chief markets. The bounty on the production of sugar in France and Germany has

driven the sugar of Mauritius altogether out of Europe. Mauritius received a great blow from the opening of the Suez Canal, but it still possesses abundant resources. The wealth of the island may in some degree be measured by its public revenue, which amounts to no less than £700,000 a year.

Mauritius produces scarcely anything required for its own consumption. It imports rice from India, grain from Australia, oxen from Madagascar, and sheep from the Cape.

The passage from Port Louis to Algoa Bay occupied eleven days. To the southward of the Trades, off the coast of Natal, a short but severe gale from the south-west was encountered. The gale was followed by a fresh breeze from the east, which carried the *Sunbeam* rapidly to the westward. In three days a distance of 797 miles was covered.

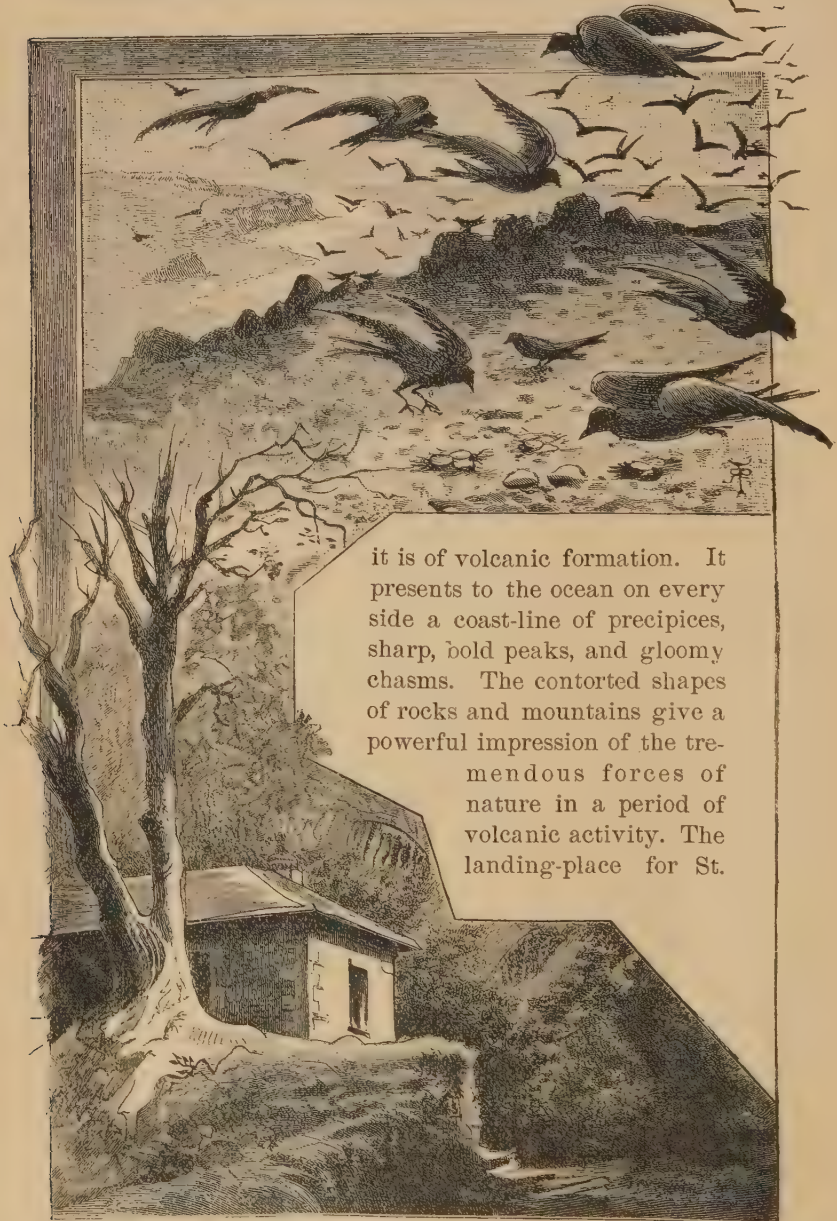
The *Sunbeam* reached Port Elizabeth on October 12th. From the sea it has the aspect of a small Brighton. On landing, it presents many cheerful indications of prosperity, in its pier, railway station, municipal buildings, streets and shops. The residential quarter is happily situated on elevated ground, swept by refreshing breezes from the ocean.

A day was spent at Port Elizabeth, and two days of rapid sailing before an easterly wind brought the *Sunbeam* into Table Bay on the morning of October 15th, just in time to gain the anchorage before one of the hard gales from the south-east, which are not infrequently experienced at the Cape, set in. Between Port Darwin and the Cape the distance covered was 1,047 knots under steam, and 5,622 knots under sail.

Table Mountain is admirably described by Hübner as a mighty buttress confronting the restless billows of the Southern Ocean. It was covered, on the morning of our arrival, with the graceful wreaths of mist which have so often excited the admiration of travellers. Table Mountain presents to the dwellers in Cape Town a scene of beauty which changes from hour to hour. Every veering of the wind brings some new yet ever effective adjustment of a mantle of vapour, seldom cast aside, which is sometimes silver, sometimes purple, and from time to time subdued to a sombre tone by an approaching fall of rain.

Cape Town contains not a few buildings of which the inhabitants of an older capital might justly be proud. The House of Assembly is a noble structure. The admirably kept and beautifully situated Observatory, the banks, the railway station, and the docks are all excellent. The Botanical Gardens, and the shady avenue dividing them from Government House, would be an adornment to the finest capital in Europe.

The *Sunbeam* left Cape Town on Oct. 24th. St. Helena was reached on Nov. 3rd. Like all the Atlantic islands,



it is of volcanic formation. It presents to the ocean on every side a coast-line of precipices, sharp, bold peaks, and gloomy chasms. The contorted shapes of rocks and mountains give a powerful impression of the tremendous forces of nature in a period of volcanic activity. The landing-place for St.

ASCENSION GREEN MOUNTAIN—NODDY ROOKERY.

Helena is under the lee of the island, at Jamestown, a small town depending entirely on shipping.

Above Jamestown, for some 2000 feet, the country is inexpressibly sterile. At a higher level the soil is watered by the frequent showers brought up from the ocean by the South-east Trades, and is covered with a rich carpet of grass. In every sheltered dell, the growth of timber is abundant and varied, combining the trees of the tropics with those of our cold English latitudes. The water-courses are innumerable. The bed of every stream is filled, and every bank is covered with lovely masses of arum-lilies. The scenery of the island is most beautiful. The Acting Governor occupies a fine country-house surrounded by a noble park. It is sad to visit Longwood, and to reflect on the intolerable weariness of such a place of confinement to the victor in many battles, and the former arbiter of the destinies of Central Europe.

A personal visit to St. Helena is necessary to appreciate the facilities for the defence of the island. The landing-places are few, and they are commanded by works of considerable strength. New works are in progress which will give an extended range of fire to seaward. The guns are not yet to hand. The expenditure recently authorized, amounting to some £10,000, appears fully justified in view of the importance of St. Helena as a coaling station for the Cape route to the East. As a sanitorium it might be of great value to the ships of the African Squadron.

The *Sunbeam* touched at Ascension on November 7th. This barren and inhospitable volcanic island has presented a singularly unpromising field of labour to the naval detachment which for many years has been maintained there. Solid and capacious stores, extensive ranges of buildings, miles of roads, the tanks, the hospitals on the sea-shore and on the mountain, the farm on the peak—a green oasis crowning a heap of cinders—attest the zeal of a succession of officers and men. In the present circumstances St. Helena offers unquestionably superior advantages for all naval purposes. It is repugnant to abandon to utter ruin an establishment created with much labour and expense. To this alternative, however, we must come, unless we are prepared to put Ascension in a state of defence.

Sierra Leone was reached on November 14th. This is an important coaling station, half-way between England and the Cape. The harbour is large and safe for ships of heavy tonnage. The works of defence are in active progress.

The British settlements on the West Coast of Africa date from 1672, when the British African Company was first formed. The British protectorate is estimated to extend over 3000 square miles.



Freetown, the capital, is built on a peninsula about eighteen miles long. The town is backed by mountains of considerable elevation, richly wooded, and beautiful in outline. The streets are laid out with regularity on ground sloping rapidly to the river. The houses are of wood, and the roadways are unpaved. The population is 37,000. The

SIERRA LEONE.

throng at the landing-place has a decided family resemblance to any similar assemblage of the Negro race in the West Indies. The general aspect is cheerful and free from care. The washerwomen, dressed in Manchester print gowns of gorgeous colour, are conspicuous and grotesque personages.

At Sierra Leone the Church of England is strongly supported by the Church Missionary Society. It has a large body of adherents, and is the see of a Bishop. It has a college, affiliated to the Durham University, which has turned out coloured students of distinguished ability. My friend Mr. Blyden, author of "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," is a distinguished leader of the higher culture among the Negro race.

The capabilities of the coloured races are nowhere seen to greater advantage than at Sierra Leone. They supply the official staff of the Government. A coloured barrister of marked ability



BARK HOVE-TO.

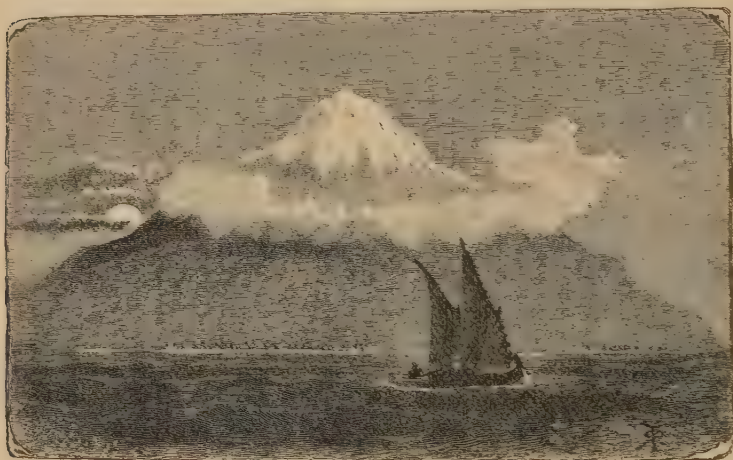
is the leader of the Bar, and makes a professional income of £3000 a year.

The day seems drawing near when it will be no longer necessary to send Englishmen to administer the government in a climate so often fatal to the health of the European. The trade of Sierra Leone, in common with that of the Gold Coast generally, consists mainly in the exportation of the palm kernel, from which an oil, much used in the manufacture of soap and candles, is extracted.

The *Sunbeam* left Sierra Leone at sunset on November 15th, under steam. A call of a few hours was made at Porto Praya on November 19th. It wears the air of decay so commonly observable in foreign settlements under the Portuguese flag.

We found three kind Englishmen leading a life of exile, in charge of the station of the West African Telegraph Company. St. Vincent, the only island of the Cape de Verdes which has any trade, is a coaling station much used by steamers on the South American route.

On the day after leaving Porto Praya the *Sunbeam* lay becalmed under the lee of St. Antonio. The anchorage used by us in 1876 was in view, as was also the house and plantation of which a drawing is given in my dear wife's "Voyage in the *Sunbeam*." There were many sad reminiscences as the former track of the *Sunbeam* was crossed. On November 29th, without warning from the barometer, a strong gale commenced from the east,



PICO.

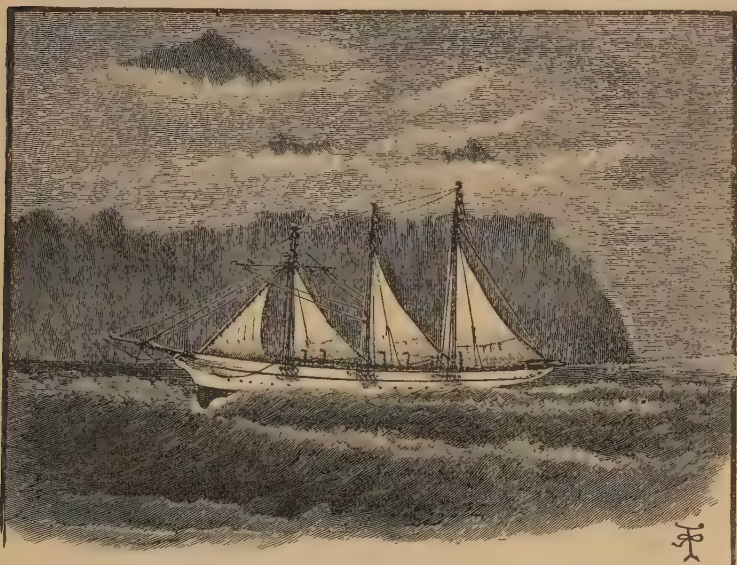
and lasted without intermission for four days. Under low canvas and close-hauled, the *Sunbeam* gallantly struggled forward, making 130 knots, on November 29th, and on the three following days 112, 57 and 92 knots respectively. While hove-to in this gale the canvas was severely punished.

The gale was blowing dead on shore at Horta, and it was preferable to run for shelter under the lee of the island. As we closed the land, grand effects were produced by the clouds and mist driving before the gale down the green slopes of the mountains to the dark cliffs of lava and basalt, on which the mighty surges of the Atlantic were breaking into foam. Late in the afternoon of December 2nd the *Sunbeam* gained the northern entrance to the channel which divides Fayal and Pico. An attempt was made to reach Horta, but it was found that a heavy sea was running into the anchorage. It was a pitchy night, and

we determined to wait outside till daylight, standing across to Pico under steam for shelter from the wind and sea.

At dawn on the 3rd the moon was still shining on the northern face of the noble mountain, towering in solitary grandeur to a height of 7800 feet. The snowy peak stood up from its mantle of clouds, and took the rosy hues of the morning. An hour's steaming carried us into the anchorage at Fayal, where we remained through the day of December 3rd.

The local prosperity depends mainly on shipping. Business is on the decline. The opening of the Suez Canal, the introduction



BEARING UP FOR SHELTER.

of the powerful iron and steel-built ocean liners, which suffer comparatively little from the effects of heavy weather, have combined to produce a marked diminution in the number of ships calling at the port. The whalers under the United States flag still make it their head-quarters in the summer season.

Having taken in water and provisions, the voyage was resumed on the evening of December 3rd. At midnight the wind shifted suddenly to the north-east, and on the following morning the *Sunbeam* bore up, before a severe gale, for shelter under the lee of Terceira. Late in the day the veil of lowering clouds was drawn aside, and the sun descending to the west, lighted up the landscape with a flood of golden light.

Terceira is of volcanic formation. The highest ridges attain

an elevation of 4000 feet. The crests of the hills are clothed with forests of pine and rich pastures. At a lower level the indications of laborious cultivation are seen in range upon range of terraced gardens and vineyards. The island is densely inhabited, and the numerous white houses give an air of cheerfulness and prosperity to the scene, which recalls the more familiar charms of the Bay of Naples and the Straits of Messina.

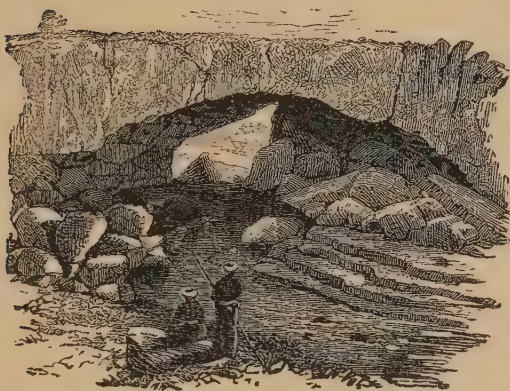
On December 5th, the gale subsided to a calm, and the voyage homeward was commenced. The total distance from Fayal, including the call at Terceira, was 1440 miles, of which sixty only were under steam. The average speed was seven knots. The *Sunbeam* entered Portsmouth Harbour at noon on December 14th.

The total distance covered during the voyage was 36,709 nautical miles, 25,800 under sail, and 10,909 under steam. The runs under sail only included thirty-nine days over 200 knots, fifteen days over 240, seven days over 260, three days over 270. The best day was 282 knots. The total consumption of coal was 330 tons. Though the quality taken in abroad was, in many instances, inferior, an average distance of 33 knots was steamed for every ton of coal consumed.



VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

OVER THE LEBANONS TO THE SEA.

A NATURAL BRIDGE, ON THE DOG RIVER.

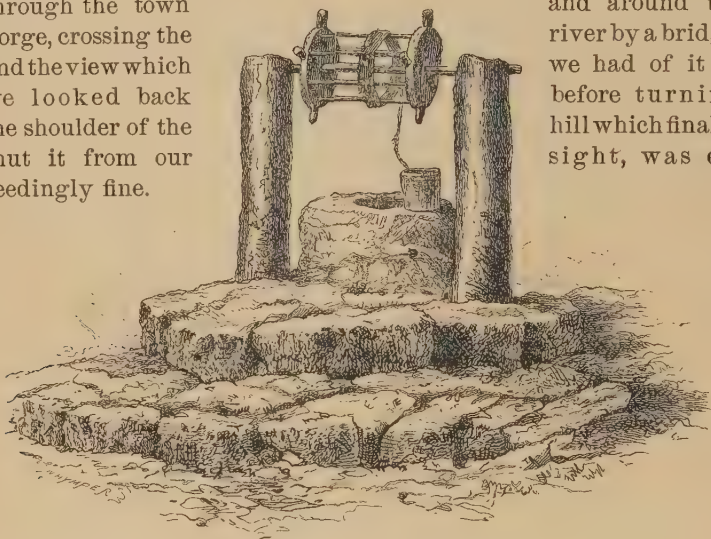
IN the bright, clear air of early morning we left our camping-ground beside the ruins of Baalbec, and after gazing for the last time upon the mighty masses of masonry and visiting the quarries whence its huge stones were taken, we struck diagonally

across the plain of Buka'a toward the chain of Lebanon on its farther side. In half an hour we passed close by a curious building used as a Moslem chapel, and composed of fragments of old columns ranged in a circle, with a sarcophagus turned on end for a prayer niche. Close beside it was to be seen a suggestive instance of change of fortune, in the shape of a fine old column of syenite, made into a roller for smoothing the roads.

The road then continued diagonally across the valley, here somewhat monotonous, but soon showing evidence of considerable fertility, and with comfortable-looking villages dotting it at intervals; and, early in the afternoon, reached the foothills of Lebanon. At one village that we passed, every one was in holiday attire for some local festival, and the hill-side on which it stood presented a brilliant scene. The village is called Kerak Nuh, so named because it contains, so the Moslems say, the tomb of Noah. We went to see it, and found it to be about fifty yards long! It is probably part of an old aqueduct. As my companion and I rode out of the village, a little boy hailed us in good English. We entered into chat with the little fellow, and found that he had been attending one of the British-Syrian schools—institutions founded by the liberality of an English lady, and doing great good among the villages of Syria.

After winding some time along a pleasant road, we came to the large village of Mu'allaka, and soon after reached Zahleh, the

largest and most flourishing of the Lebanon villages, having a population of nearly sixteen thousand, nine-tenths of whom are Christians. It is magnificently situated in a large gorge, with Lebanon rising in lofty slopes above it on three sides, and a rapid stream—the Litany—pouring its bright waters through its midst. The houses are built in terraces around the sides of the gorge, and below them the river rushes through groves of poplars, while on the slopes above them are vineyards. The clean, prosperous appearance of the town, and the bright, active look of the inhabitants were very noticeable, and the whole scene gave proof of what Syria might become under anything like a fair and stable government. The road led us right and around the river by a bridge, we had of it as before turning hill which finally sight, was exceedingly fine.



ANCIENT WELL AND WINDLASS.

An hour or so after leaving Zahleh, we struck the French *Diligence* road at Sh'tora, and over its splendid macadam our horses climbed easily up the zigzag to our camp, far above on a lofty plateau of Lebanon, commanding a magnificent prospect over the plain of Buka'a to the serrated and lofty peaks of distant Anti-Libanus. It was our last night in camp, and as we gathered in the saloon-tent for dinner, there was a good deal of a feeling of sadness that the close and pleasant fellowship of our camp-life was so soon to cease. We had grown to know each other so well, we had travelled over so many miles in company, we had enjoyed together so many scenes of interest and beauty, that it was impossible not to feel the approaching break-up of our pleasant, romantic journeying.

Before the evening shadows came, my friend M—— and I sat at our tent-door to be photographed, that we might carry with us a souvenir of Tent No. 90—our canvas home for so many memorable nights. Later on in the evening, when the stars were out, and many of our company wearied by the day's riding had retired, we were sitting in our tent, when the sound of singing attracted our attention, and we sallied out to find the singers. We had all subscribed that day to a common fund of backsheesh, which had been divided among our attendants and muleteers, and we found that our largesses had been the occasion of the singing. A lot of the men were grouped together at the extremity of the camp, and one of the muleteers, a fine-looking, intelligent fellow, was



TREES OF LEBANON.

improvising a wild song, in the constantly recurring refrain of which the rest were joining heartily, making a strange but very pleasant melody. The strain, we were told, was a praise of the liberality of the party, a prayer for our continued prosperity and happiness, and a description of the beauties and wonders of Beyrout, and our dragoman told us that the improvisation was wonderfully clever and good. It was a curious scene and thoroughly Oriental, and added another interesting memory to the many already connected with our camping-life in Palestine and Syria.

In the morning early we struck camp for the last time. The "tim-tom bell," as our dragoman called the combined music of

one or two tin horns and a tin pan or two vigorously beaten, aroused us from slumber that had been, perhaps, lighter than usual, from the sharp cold occasioned by our lofty camping-ground; and, with a good deal of regret, my friend M—— and I saw Tent No. 90 packed up for the last time with the dexterity and speed we had so often admired. Once more we assembled for breakfast in our big tent, and once more our horses were brought round, for the day's ride to Beyrout. We had still two thousand feet to climb before we reached the pass at the summit of Lebanon, and then our route would be down-hill all the way to the shores of the Mediterranean.

It was a glorious day, as usual, with cloudless blue sky and brilliant sun, and the splendid road was all the more pleasant travelling after the wretched bridle-paths which had made up most of our experience of highways in Palestine. Patches of snow became frequent on the hill-slopes on either hand, and, as we neared the summit, we came upon one close to the road, and somebody suggested a snow-ball fight. There were five of us together, the rest of the party having ridden on ahead, and the idea of a snow-ball fight seven thousand feet up the Lebanon—plus the opportunity—was a thing not to be slighted. We went heartily into it—both the idea and the fight—and dismounting and tying our horses, were soon hard at work in the snow, snow-balling one another furiously, and yelling like schoolboys. A grave and scholarly Presbyterian divine, two shrewd and thoughtful Manchester manufacturers, a young American medical man, and the ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference, laughing and shouting and banging one another with snow on the summit of Lebanon—truly, “men are but children of a larger growth.” M—— took a shot at us with his camera as we stood engaged in the tussle, and another after we had remounted our horses with the snow patch for background; and I cherish these pictures as among my most valued souvenirs of delightful days and pleasant companions in never-to-be-forgotten travel.

As we reached the summit, a magnificent panorama burst upon our view. Below us lay the seaward slopes of Lebanon, here undulating in smiling hill-side and valley, there torn into dark and terrible gorges, stretching far away on either hand, while right in front, far down the billowy slopes, on a lovely promontory, lay the city of Beyrout, its clustering dwellings glistening white in the fervid sun, and beyond spread the blue waters of the Mediterranean, flecked here and there by a passing sail.

The famous cedars of Lebanon, shown in the cut, were some distance out of the route here described. There are now only a dozen of the oldest



trees left, though in all the cedars number 400. The largest measure round the girth about forty feet, and are supposed to be several thousand years old. They resemble our pine rather than our cedar, the branches

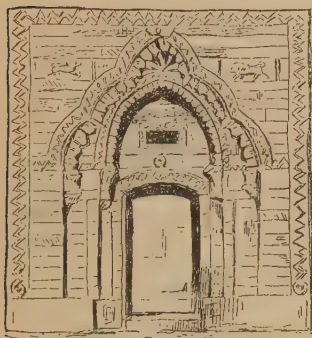
extending horizontally with a gentle upward inclination. Though there are now but a few solitary clumps of these great trees to be seen, there can be no doubt that the whole region once abounded in them. Hence the expression, "shall shake like Lebanon," refers to the rustling of these giant trees when, as a vast forest, they covered the whole mountain.

Down the slopes, growing ever more fertile, we now turned our horses, the wonderful windings of the French road giving ever new settings of foreground to the splendid landscape before us. Well on in the afternoon we rode through gardens, where a beautiful tree something like our lilac, was in full blossom, into Beyrout. Our hotel was within a few steps of the sea and commanded an uninterrupted view of its blue waters, a refreshing sight, truly, after our long inland journeyings. But I was ill prepared, that day, when we arrived, to appreciate the beauty of our surroundings. All the afternoon I had been suffering from racking headache, and had scarcely been able to sit on my horse. As soon as we reached the hotel, I dismounted, too sick even to give a farewell look or caress to the faithful little animal that had carried me so far and so well, and for a few hours I lay very miserable on my bed, exciting the commiseration of my fellow-passengers and the anxiety of my friend, the young doctor, who was apprehensive of an attack of fever. But I thought it was simple fatigue and biliousness, and was more amused than alarmed at the doctor's nervousness. Indeed, I retain, still, a vivid sense of the ludicrous aspect of the affair, as I lay with a thermometer stuck in my mouth for ten minutes that the doctor might gauge my temperature. A night's rest restored me almost completely, and ended the only indisposition I experienced in all my travelling.

Here let me state a simple fact that may be worth noting in this regard. I had been told, I had heard it said more than once, that one could not travel in Egypt or Palestine and drink only water, that it would be necessary to take spirits of some sort, or wine, to qualify water. I drank the water freely, as it was furnished to us at meals, and I never touched one drop of spirits or wine, and I never suffered to the smallest extent from dysentery or any of those ills which it was threatened would overtake one who drank the water unqualified. I had the most perfect health, strength and spirits amid all the fatigue and excitement, amid all the heat and unrest of our journeyings. And, further, we were a large party; some were accustomed to stimulants and, of course, took them with them; some were habitual abstainers, but thought it necessary to use the spirits and wine, according to the notion I have referred to; two or three of us determined

not only that we would not use them, but that we would not take any with us even for medicine. Some of those who used them suffered from dysentery; some admitted at the close that they believed they would have been better without them; and those of us who did not use them at all, had perfect health all the way through. My experience is, therefore, this, that a man may make an Eastern tour on total abstinence principles, not only with impunity, but with very great advantage, so far as health is concerned.

Beyrout is a city beautiful for situation. Above it tower the heights of Lebanon, while the environs abound in splendid gardens. It is essentially modern, and contains little of antiquarian interest. It has a large trade with Europe, and in its fine



GATE IN SIDON.

roadstead ride the shipping of many a flag. It is the head-quarters of the splendid missionary work of the American Presbyterian Church in Syria, and here they have a finely equipped printing and publishing establishment, which disseminates Christian literature far and wide through the East, and a college with three faculties—theological, medical, and instructional—to furnish ministers, doctors and teachers for the wide-spread and open fields of the Oriental world.

The trip to Sidon was one of the most interesting and romantic incidents of our Syrian life. Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, our kind hosts in Damascus, made the journey from thence on purpose to go to Tyre and Sidon with us, and together we travelled the eighty miles by diligence over Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon by night; a strange experience truly, with its semi-sleep, its frequent interruptions at way-side stations, and its arrival in Beyrout in the early morning. By noon, or before, our indefatigable friend had three horses and a guide waiting for us at the hotel door, and we were soon cantering off in the direction of Sidon, or Saida, as it is now called. At first our path lay through the suburbs of Beyrout and outlying villages, then through a great grove of pines growing apparently out of the sand, and then we came upon the smooth sands of the Mediterranean shore, and, with the exception of our rough riding over a rocky promontory or two, we had this pleasant beach all the way to Sidon.

All the afternoon we rode on over the sands, the Mediterranean splashing over our horses' hoofs as we paced or cantered close by the shore. It was an ideal day, an ideal experience; the glorious sunlight, the far-stretching blue sea, the continuous boom of the rollers dashing up upon the bright sands on the one hand, and on the other the broad dark slopes of Lebanon, with, at intervals, the white houses of some village among the trees. We halted for lunch at a way-side khan, and under the shade of its rough awning drank coffee and ate the light refreshments we had brought with us. Then on again we went over the sand, towards Sidon. The daylight waned and departed, the stars came out, and the young moon threw its weird light over sea and strand, long before



ON THE SHORE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, NEAR TYRE.

we arrived at our destination. We reached a river at length whose rapid current was tearing its way through the sands, leaving ugly-looking holes, full of whirling water, and dangerous quicksands all undermined, where the careless traveller might easily be entrapped and drowned. But it had to be forded, and higher up, where the current was broader and shallower, we urged our horses into the stream. As my horse stepped in, he suddenly sank down upon his knees, and, in alarm, I jumped off his back into the water. He immediately rose, walked off into deeper water, which he swam, and then, gaining the opposite bank, galloped off on his own account, leaving me standing up to my ankles in the river, gazing after him. Here was a plight. However, it

did not last very long, for my friend the doctor, well mounted and an accomplished horseman, overtook the fugitive, after a sharp gallop; and once more bestriding my runaway Rosinante, I rejoined my companions. The stream was the Nahr-el-Awaj, the ancient Bostrenus, and we were now within a mile or two of Sidon, the lights of which twinkled ahead of us.

About half-past nine we entered the narrow streets of the town, and halted our horses at the centre of an open square, while the doctor and our attendant went off to secure us quarters for the night. Where we were to put up we knew not, and in this state of blessed uncertainty we sat in our saddles, awaiting our friend's return. After a long time he came; he had at last succeeded in obtaining quarters for us in the Latin Convent, and we could come on at once. But here an unexpected difficulty arose.

The place where we had halted was opposite the Turkish police-barracks, and some officious officer now came up and demanded to see our passports. Fortunately, we had provided ourselves with the local passports, or *teskaries*, before leaving Damascus, and with infinite



INTERIOR OF CARAVANSERAI.

disgust, and many muttered exclamations of annoyance at the untimely interference of the unspeakable Turk, we now produced them. By the light of a lantern they were scrutinized, commented on, and turned over with provoking deliberateness and delay, and then the official coolly said he would take them to the governor, and we could have them next morning. But here the Highland blood of my friend M—— could brook this interference with the rights of free Englishmen no longer. He absolutely refused to part with our precious *teskaries*. They were our own property, we had paid for them—dearly enough for that matter—and they should not be given up. We would go with them and see the governor. But he was in bed, was objected. Well, we would not give up the *teskaries*, we might never see them again. And so the matter was settled; the official, astonished apparently at our vexation, and yielding to our determined resis-

tance to the carrying off of our papers, at length left us in peace, and we followed the Doctor to the convent, where one or two of the monks were waiting to escort us to our rooms. In a little while we were forgetting in quiet sleep the weariness of our long travel, and the annoying officialism which had been our first experience as we drew rein in Sidon.

Sidon is one of the very oldest of cities. It is mentioned in the Bible with Sodom and Gomorrah; and, Josephus says, was built by Sidon, the grandson of Canaan and great-grandson of Noah. Very early it must have acquired great importance, as Joshua calls it Great Zidon, and Homer speaks of it in connection with the Trojan war. Its ships carried its merchandise to every mart, far and near, of any importance; and one of its first colonies was Tyre, which Isaiah calls its daughter, and which was destined to rival it in commerce and art. The Sidonian architects are spoken of in the First Book of Kings, fifth chapter, as the best in Syria, and Strabo celebrates their acquirements in astronomy, geometry, navigation and philosophy. With its sails whitening every sea, its keen merchants known in every market, and its manifold arts and manufactures employing the industry of its teeming citizens, ancient Sidon must, indeed, have sat as a queen on the shores of the Great Sea.

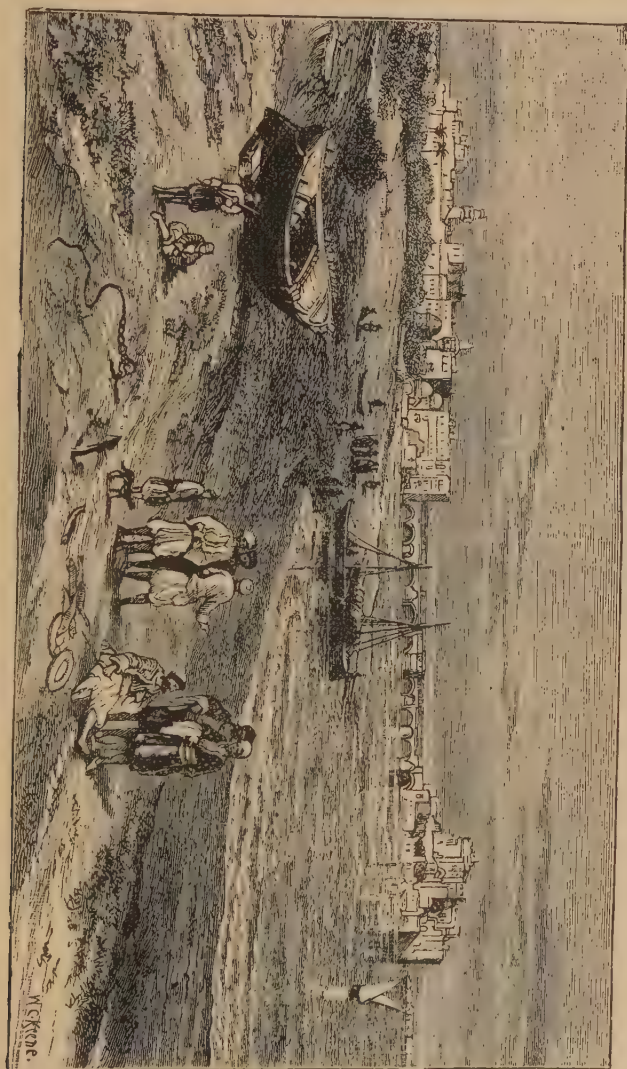
But all is changed now. The vestiges of her former greatness are, for the most part, in the tombs of her departed sons, in the splendid sarcophagi, and the beautiful ornaments which have, from time to time, been exhumed, and many more of which, doubtless, still await the excavator's spade. She has dwindled to a small town of some nine thousand inhabitants, of whom about seven thousand are Moslems, five hundred Jews, and the rest Catholics and Protestants. The city that once was mistress of the seas has now scarcely a ship, and the very harbour in which of old her galleys floated proudly is now filled up so that only small boats can enter. Sidonian purple has long ceased to be an article of demand, but the former extent of that manufacture is still shown by the tons upon tons of *debris* of the shell-fish from which that celebrated dye was made.

Silk is still one of her staple productions, and luscious fruit—oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, plums, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, pears, and bananas—from the rich and fertile orchards which fill the plain around. The harbour is formed by a ledge of rocks, running parallel with the shore, and on one of the largest of them is an old romantic-looking castle, connected with the shore by a bridge of nine arches.

The town itself has little of interest, the buildings are unim-

posing, and the streets are narrow and irregular. The American Presbyterians have a very fine seminary for native girls at Sidon, under the care of a resident missionary and two lady teachers.

SAIDA—SIDON FROM THE NORTH.



The curriculum is very extensive and occupies four years, and the institution must exercise a wide-spread and most beneficial influence in training girls of the better classes for work as teachers in the country schools, and in raising the tone of female social

life generally. My friends and I went over the fine buildings of the seminary, had much pleasant converse with the workers, and photographed the students in their large and well-appointed school-room. In company with the missionary we visited the tombs in the outskirts of the town, and looked with longing down a deep shaft, guarded by Turkish soldiers, at the foot of which were chambers containing some splendid sarcophagi just discovered.

We wandered about the lonely suburbs of the town, and ate luscious oranges after our walk was over, sitting in an arbour on the mission premises. From the convent roof we took in the wide panorama of sea and shore, from the promontory of Tyre on the



HOUSTOP WITH PARAPET.

south to the coast-line of Beyrout far away to the north, and watched the sun go down into the sea. And in the evening in the missionary's parlour, in the company of other travellers, just arrived, and in the pleasant atmosphere of Western home-life, we forgot for a while our Eastern surroundings.

Next morning saw us early in the saddle, after a hurried picture or two on the beach, and soon we were retracing our steps over the sands to Beyrout.

My last morning in Syria was spent in visiting the sculptured cliffs of the Dog River, where the old world conquerors, Egyptian and Assyrian, have left tablets in commemoration of their visit and their conquests. Nahr-el-Kelb, the Dog-River, the *Lycus Flumen* of the old writers, is some ten miles to the north of Beyrout, and we rode out to it on horseback along the sands most of the way. A rocky cliff, some hundred feet high, bounds the river valley on the south, and against its foot the Mediterranean breakers dash unceasingly. Here, cut in the rock, is an old Roman road, made, as an inscription tells us, by the Emperor Antoninus, and above it is a still older road, dating back, indeed, to the early Phœnician times.

Upon the limestone rock of this storm-smitten promontory, look-

ing out over the waters of that sea which was for them the centre of the world, some of the great conquerors of ancient times have left their records; and it was with minds full of thought and interest in these far-off but stirring associations, that we rode round the cliff by the old paved Roman highway, and, putting up our horses at the khan by the river side, set out to discover and photograph the tablets. There are nine in all, three Egyptian and six Assyrian, and they date as far back at least as the days of Moses, for the three Egyptian ones commemorate the triumphs of Rameses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greek historian, the Pharaoh of the oppression. The Assyrian tablets were erected by Tiglath-Pileser (B.C. 1100), Shalmanezar (B.C. 860), Sennacherib (B.C. 702), and others. Sennacherib, it will be remembered, was the monarch whose invading host, "untouched by the sword," was overwhelmed in a night by the power of the Almighty.

The oldest of the tablets is nearest the river, the latest up the hill nearest Beyrout, and they are cut in chronological sequence from the one point to the other. The oldest of them all, with wretchedly bad taste, has been used by the French to commemorate their occupation of the country during the massacre of 1860, their inscription covering the face of the tablets of Rameses. The Egyptian tablets are all square-shaped; the Assyrian have arched tops, and are large enough to hold the life-size figure in relief which was originally sculptured upon them. Figures and hieroglyphs beaten upon by the storm and sun of thousands of years are well-nigh completely obliterated; but gray and weather-worn as they are, they remain among the most interesting and significant monuments in this land of memories. How far they carry the memory back—to days when the Israelites yet toiled in the Egyptian brick-kilns, and the Canaanite still possessed all the land of promise, and to later days still far away from ours when the favoured nation, so strangely perverse and rebellious, was scourged by the invasions of the mighty monarchs of Assyria.

After essaying a photograph of the most obliterated tablets and a view or two of the rocky valley of the Dog River,* we turned our horses again towards Beyrout. Along the sands, with the rollers dashing against our horses' hoofs, we galloped gaily and swiftly back, reaching the hotel in time for luncheon, and thus within a few hours of our final departure, adding another bit of most interesting sight-seeing to the many which Syria had already afforded us.

* This river is spanned by the bridge shown in cut on page 31, which is 163 feet in length and 80 feet in height. The thickness of the arch is 30 feet, and the width of the roadway from 120 to 160 feet.—Ed.

POETS AND POETRY OF CANADA.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

INTRODUCTORY.

My subject is one that is beginning to assume a considerable degree of importance. Until recently we had not in Canada a poetical literature, outside of a few names that must ever be cherished by us as those of the pioneers in this field of literary activity. Nor were these names unworthy of wide and warm recognition. I need only mention Heavysege, Sangster, McLachlan, John Reade, of *The Dominion Illustrated*, and Dr. Dewart, of *The Christian Guardian*; the last of whom, unfortunately, has found little time of late, amid the press of editorial duties, to sun himself on the slopes of Parnassus. These names are deserving of honour, and will never lose their place among the poets of Canada.

But within the last few years a younger race of singers has arisen, which has been more largely influenced by poetry of the modern school, and has felt the inspiration of the national life that is beginning to be developed in our country. Indeed, they themselves have already had a considerable share in creating and fostering a national sentiment. This reciprocal action is going on all the time, and we hope great things will be produced by it. Some from this younger band have won recognition outside of Canada, and even outside of America. The names of Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, W. W. Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Miss A. M. Machar, are frequently found in the New York and Boston monthlies of the highest class.

Professor Roberts is held in high esteem in England, and was chosen one of the editors of the Canterbury Poets' Series, published in London. His genius is of a varied type; but he is above all a poet, and that, too, of a very high order. Bliss Carman occupies a position of importance on the New York *Independent* staff, for which his fine critical taste and appreciation of the subtleties of verbal expression eminently fit him. Miss Machar and her *collaborateur*, Mr. T. G. Marquis, have earned the hearty thanks of all Canadians, by their "Stories of New France." This fascinating little volume is a mine of wealth to our poets in search of themes. One of the most hopeful signs in connection with our poetry is that it promises to be, to a large

extent, distinctively Canadian. The narrow, sectional spirit which opposed Confederation has been, and still is, a hindrance to literary activity; but that spirit is dying a natural death, and its influence will soon be a thing of the past. The path of success for every department of our literature lies along broadly national and patriotic lines. Especially is this true of our poetry. And there are already strong indications that our poets of note will be enthusiastic, continent-wide Canadians.

In this series of papers I do not intend to follow any chronological or logical order, or to make many critical remarks; but to put in a convenient form a little biographical and bibliographical information, as well as a small collection of gems which will invite some to make a more intimate acquaintance with our Canadian poets. A few of them, perhaps, hardly need this service, but some of them do, and none will be injured by it. I hope that my work of love may have the effect of increasing the interest of Canadians in one of the most important and influential parts of their literature, as it is in the literature of any people.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

The subject of this sketch was born in Hants Co., Nova Scotia. After spending several years in the office of *The Acadian*, at Wolfville, N. S., and one year as compositor at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass., he entered the East Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His wife is a New Brunswick lady. His stations have been successively Pembroke, Lubec, East Machias, Orrington, East Corinth and Cherryfield. He is not yet forty, and we shall look for still better work than any he has done. Over the pseudonym of *Pastor Felix* we meet with many articles of a critical or literary flavour from his facile pen, in the *St. John Progress*, *Portland Transcript*, and *The Dominion Illustrated*. Together with his brother, Rev. B. W. Lockhart, he published at Bangor, in 1887, a volume entitled, "The Masque of Minstrels."

Eighteen out of the one hundred and twenty-eight pieces in this volume were written by the younger brother, Burton W. Lockhart. A few quotations from these will give us reason to regret that this younger brother has not given more encouragement to his poetical excursions. Here is the concluding stanza of "Bird on the Sea":

There is hope, there is joy, for a wing as free
And a heart as constant as One above
Hath given to thee!

To the ear that is open, to the eye that would see,
 To faith in the dark—in the sunshine, love—
 There is never despair ; for with God we move,
 Bird on the sea !

“The Retrospect” is a poem read before the Annual Meeting of the Acadia College Alumni in June, 1886. I quote two stanzas :

Trust thy soul's highest vision—trust !
 Think not to touch or taste :
 Time's ancient mystery—poor dust !—
 For thee will not make haste. . . .

Truth comes in holy, earnest strife ;
 The Hamlets dream and die :
 What boots an Obermann's sick life ?
 An Amiel's weary cry ?

One more extract from the younger bard must suffice. It is taken from “The Old Home.” Speaking to the waves that had engulfed his brother, lost at sea, he says :

Ye sounding siren waves, still beat !
 And roll, thou hollow-dirging sea !
 A world's funeral anthems meet
 Deep in thy weird antiphony :
 Still lash thy plaintive-murmuring shore !
 I see thy driftwood idly roll :
 So hope and love, within my soul,
 Drift idly on for evermore ;

For evermore, until shall ring
 The Voice, across thy dread abyss,
 That crowns thy victim, man, a king,
 And gives thee back to nothingness :
 O let the Soul her languished flame
 Rekindle at the fount of Day,
 While heaven and earth do flee away
 Before the Everlasting Name !

When I begin to make selections among the poems of the older brother, Rev. A. J. Lockhart, I am embarrassed by the large number of passages and short poems that I should like to reproduce. There is an original vein running through them all. They are remarkable for a glad appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and a deep and tender sympathy with the pathos of human life. Prof. Roberts says : “I have discovered a true poet in these papers. A very fresh, quaint, original and delightful inspiration.” The most of his pieces draw their colouring from Nova Scotian scenery, and, living for the present though he be in the United

States, he is none the less a Canadian. Mr. Lockhart asks in "Acadie":

But, O my birth-land ! wilt *thou* not
Bring forth thy glowing minstrel choir,
Bright masters of enchanted thought,
And skilled to strike thy native lyre ?

In the same sweet poem he says again :

Acadie ! sweet thy name to me
As music trembling from afar
And breathing o'er some moonlit sea
'Twixt fire-tipt wave and silver star :
Of other lands a sound I hear,
Names with a meaning half divine ;
But none can ever fill my ear
With such a melting throb as thine.

In another strain is the following, from "Destiny" :

But can it be, O Lover of mankind,
That any soul must dwell were Love is not,
Dead to itself, in prison blank and blind,
Chained to a curst and miserable lot ?
Ah, that this might not be ! that hearts so sore,
So wretched, might obtain their hopes renewed,
And Darkness boast such conquest nevermore !
Ah, that from Evil to the far-off Good,
Through woes unnumbered and long penal years,
The soul, eased of eternal doom and blight,
Might come, at last ! and *that*, it thought not gain,
Be clearly seen—a slowly-dawning light,
Pursued, desired, obtained with rapturous tears,
And heaven be greeted with a new-born strain !

This is beautiful, none the less so because Tennyson and Whittier have expressed in words familiar to all the same sentiment; neither of them, as I think, more adequately than Mr. Lockhart. Our poet, as many others, can find rest only in the ability of man, necessitated by his freedom, to resist the utmost effort of God's grace. There is a little poem in the book that I should like to quote entire, "Jerusalem." It reminds one of Herbert's best style, without excessive quaintness and uncouthness. I consider it a perfect gem. To quote a part of it would mutilate and spoil it. "Guilt in Solitude" has some striking lines, as when the murderer exclaims :

Ears but for one unceasing cry !
Eyes but for one unfading stain !

The poet's love for Nova Scotia finds frequent and strong expression, especially in "Gaspereau":

The banks where Avon's waters flow,
 The sheltering coves of Chevarie. . . .
 I watch the Avon sweep along
 Beneath a tranquil summer sky,
 Cheered by each chanting warbler's song
 Blent with its own wild lullaby ;

 Or hear it, when the north wind raves
 And bellowing tides of winter roar,
 Dash the hoarse music of its waves
 Along its dark resounding shore. . . .
 Each wind that sweeps the roughening sea,
 That flies the way I wish to go,
 Wafts my fond fancy swift to thee,
 O lovely vale of Gaspereau !

To quote more largely from the treasury contained in this little volume by two brothers would defeat two of my purposes, perhaps, in preparing this series of papers. One is to occupy but a small space in the *MAGAZINE*; short articles are more likely to be read than long ones. The other is to excite without satisfying the curiosity and interest of the readers of this *MAGAZINE* with reference to our Canadian poets. Mr. Lockhart's pen is kept busily engaged, and his contributions in prose and verse are among the most attractive features of several high-class periodicals in Canada and the United States.

BENTON, N. B.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE year wanes fast.
 His dying wail
 Sounds in the gale,
 Which tosses rain
 On sleet-rimmed pane ;
 He sighs his last.

The Old Year dies.
 The rain and sleet
 His requiem beat,
 And snow-flakes fall—
 A noiseless pall—
 To shroud his obsequies.

Toll, mournful bells !
 For memories sad,
 With fair hopes glad,

Rest in his grave :
 And mourners crave
 Slow-echoing knells.

The New Year comes ;
 Then, with glad shout,
 Ye bells ring out !
 Chant roundelays !
 Keep holy days
 In happy homes !

The gay New Year !
 O, strengthen hopes,
 To come in troops,
 To whisper dole
 To care-racked souls
 And banish fear !

METHODISM, A POWER PURIFYING AND ELEVATING SOCIETY.*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR.

WHEN we speak of purifying and elevating society, we must take into our view the social duties arising out of the conjugal relation, and out of those other domestic relations which flow from it, namely, the parental, the filial, and the fraternal relation. We must further take into view all the social duties which arise out of such relations as in the system of Christianity are but extensions of the fraternal relation—the relations, namely, of neighbour, of fellow-townsmen, of fellow-countryman, of fellow in craft or calling, and, finally, of fellow-man. We are not permitted by the Gospel to hold that any man, however separated from us in nation, religion, or manners, is a person with whom we have no tie of kindred. We are not, indeed, permitted to regard him, however far removed, as farther removed than a brother fallen and in a far country, a brother over whose character we may mourn, but over whose recovery we should be bound to rejoice.

When we speak of purifying and elevating society, the terms are so large that they lead us to think of a purified and elevated discharge of every duty arising out of any social relation whatever, from the relations of wedlock up to those of empire with empire. It is the mission of the Christian Church, viewed on its social side, to bring about a purified and elevated discharge of all such duties. And as a portion of that Church Methodism has been called to do its part in fulfilment of this benign mission.

It is admitted on all hands that the age in which Methodism took its rise was one in which society, taken in every sense, abounded in moral evils. The mode in which the new form of Christian energy grappled with those evils was not by special organizations directed against this or that vice. It aimed at making good men and good women, assured that every one of these would become the centre of moral forces, repelling evil in society and attracting good. It loudly called on every wrong-doer to repent. Even where this call was unheeded it awoke a consciousness of liability to rebuke; often a consciousness that the rebuke was well merited. But wherever it was obeyed, the turning from his ways of one evil-doer conveyed a rebuke to his

* Abridged from a paper read before the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in City Road Chapel, London.

fellow-sinners—a rebuke more penetrating than words could give, and one which coupled condemnation of sin with an example of emancipation from its thralldom. In the society to which every converted sinner belonged his new life operated as a lever for its purification and elevation. And the total purifying and elevating force exerted in any one neighbourhood by Methodism would always be closely proportioned, first, to the numbers who were converted by its instrumentality, and, secondly, to the degree of holy living attained to by such converts.

In proportion to the frequency of conversions would always be the iteration of such practical appeals to conscience, and in proportion also would be their cumulative effect in creating a higher moral tone. But one man pre-eminent for righteousness, one whose happy, blameless, benevolent, useful living rose far above the common level even of religious people, would in this respect produce more impression on a neighbourhood than would a considerable number of sincere but stumbling Christians. Of such bright and warm-hearted servants of God and man the Methodist revival ever and anon raised up examples which were fair to look upon; men who made their careless neighbours say in their hearts, If there be little in other people's religion, there is reality in his. And this effect once produced in any mind, not only are the ideas of duty and virtue arrayed to that mind in new form, but they are connected with the supreme spring of motive, the remembrance of God. The great sinner, converted into a believer, was, in popular language, the monument of grace. But a still greater monument—one whose long-sustained influence commemorated the sufficiency of grace in all the changes of life—was the man whom the young had always known as a saint, whom the old hardly remembered as a worldly man, and whom old and young would trust as the friend of all, the enemy of none; a man whose presence made goodness appear sweet, and made a sinful action appear as something which could not be just then done. It was the men and women who were happy in their holiness and holy in their happiness who among the Methodists, as in every branch of the Church, effectively fulfilled their mission in purifying and elevating society.

Even in Christendom, what men call company had been generally devoted only to eating, drinking and amusements. If men, when they met in company, abstained from trying to make one another silly or wicked, if they did not either stimulate themselves or tempt others to conduct and speech of questionable tendency, if they avoided profanity, gambling, intemperance and indecorum, they were taken to have carried social morals to a

high level. For men to meet in company, in order to make one another wiser and better, was looked upon as belonging rather to the exotic culture of a few philosophers or ascetics than to everyday institutions for common men and women.

Early amid the movements of the Methodist revival sprang up a new form of company. Common men and women, common youths and maidens, met together in small companies on purpose to help one another to love God more and serve Him better, to help one another to bear their burdens cheerfully, to do their daily tasks thoroughly, to fight a good fight against all sin, to love their neighbours, and to spread on earth the kingdom of heaven. This fellowship brought out the best ideas of the thoughtful, the most practical maxims of the prudent, the holiest aspirations of the devout, and the instructive experiences of all. It thus cleared and broadened for each person his ideal of his individual religious life, and at the same time gave him a high conception of what human intercourse might be. It mavelously augmented the self-diffusing force of Methodist moral influence.

This persuasion of the freeness of grace for all was one important limb of that compound lever which Methodist moral influence brought to bear for the elevation of society. No man was so far fallen as to be below the reach of the grace of God. No precept was so high up as to be above the reach of the grace of God. Therefore did the Methodist aim at purifying not here and there a few, but the whole human race; and aimed also at elevating it even to the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

Another agent was the itinerant character of the ministry, by means of which an influence intense at any one point was carried over wide surfaces. The periodical appearance in a quiet country town, in a lone farm-house, or among pioneer settlers in newly-opened tracts, of a bold witness against prevalent sins, and a fervent advocate of every neglected virtue, was a social power of no small account. The homes into which these travellers were received on their rounds were often of the humblest; and not unfrequently were they the first in their neighbourhood to rise out of the level of their class and begin a movement upward. In homes of a different class it often happened that the one which received the preacher on his round was the one where first hospitality ceased to be connected with intemperance, and whence first there went out through the vicinity an influence in favour of purer family life.

Another element of moral influence that operated silently but profoundly was the discipline exercised in the Methodist Churches over both ministers and members. The evidence, which soon

came to light, that if in the Methodist Churches a minister fell he could, by a discipline of easy procedure and prompt issue, be deposed, was in itself no small contribution towards forming a conscience on the consistency of public men. And as to private members, when the neighbours of a man found that his life no longer responded to his profession, and began to think ill of the Church, they sometimes learned that she had required him to choose between his sins and her fellowship, and that on giving proof that he adhered to his sins he had been severed from that fellowship, whereupon they began to feel a new moral impression, an impression that with some Christianity was in earnest.

The ministry of the Gospel, laden with titles, raiment and fatness of earthly good, had come to be generally regarded as a profession with many prizes, and calling for slender qualifications and next to no self-sacrifice. A ministry arose, subsisting on a pittance and toiling as workmen toil; a ministry in which eminence led to no worldly position or political rank, a ministry in which the return for great services rendered was with greater love and respect only the demand for more service. Out of this ministry sprang a branch reaching forth to foreign missions, and whether men of the world hated or liked the object of the worker at home, of the adventurer abroad, they often felt that he was a man giving to a public interest talents and an amount of toil which, if only given to his private interests, would raise him to prosperity. The effect of this spectacle was not small on men in secular pursuits; its effect on the Christian ministry, viewed as a whole, in all nations was exceedingly great. It would be hard to describe a purification and elevation more signal than that which characterizes the Christian ministry all over the world at this moment, as compared with its character and repute when first the churches were shut against John Wesley.

Out of the merest embers of the primitive Christian order—embers hardly allowed to live by clerical assumptions—arose the old institution of what is called lay agency. This big word only means that it was not considered in Methodism that the ordinary particles of leaven should leave all fermenting and spreading to certain dignified particles selected in proportions of one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. So the ordinary particles began to move, instinct with a life that gave no reasons and that heeded no rebukes; to move, because the mass in which they lay hidden was capable of being leavened and becoming one whole and wholesome lump; to move, because the life was in them, the inert mass around them, and they must move; to move, not by the rules and successions of a carnal commandment—a thing of

orders and genealogies—but by the power of an endless life, of that endless life which, from its point of fulness in the great High Priest, overflows into all His members.

Out of this recovered life sprang a vast and multiform activity, personal, yet often grouped; local, yet everywhere reproduced; spontaneous, yet speedily making its own organization; and after a long while the world awoke and called it lay agency. But during the whole time the effect had been silently going on upon the general mind of a spectacle in which swarms were seen all astir, running to and fro, preaching, teaching, visiting the sick, gathering in children off the streets, making books, lending them, giving them away, rearing buildings, making garments, sitting in committees, breaking out in new and unexpected places and forms of activity; swarms that not only improved the sunny hour, but faced the east wind and the snow-storm.

When men of the world saw the stonemason and the shopkeeper, the doctor and the merchant, the attorney and the manufacturer, devote the strength left from daily toil to toil for others without fee or reward, just doing the work for the love of it, and not only doing it, but spending on it much of their own hardly-earned money, the observers might dislike the men, they might despise the work, but they could not help seeing, in this prodigious outlay of unpaid labour for the building of a living temple, the healthy spectacle of effort elevated by an idea, and that one idea tending to the purification of society.

When society in Africa underwent for all future time that pregnant change which took place when the flag of England, from being the banner of the slaver, became the pavilion of the captive, how much of the power behind Wilberforce was contributed by Methodism? When society in Asia underwent the pregnant change which took place when the flag of England, from being the protection of the suttee pile, became the protection of the widow, some part of the power behind Lord William Bentinck was lent by Methodism. And so in all efforts, whether by pure literature or good schooling, by kindly, upward associations, by generous international sentiment, by city missions, by Bible-women, or by sick visiting, much of the *power*, first in the form of the life-impulse, then in that of the tentative efforts, and always in that of willing workers, has been contributed by Methodism.

Methodist moral influence has, in some measure, affected many races of men. Some of the master races it has scarcely approached. The potent old Arab race has barely felt its touch; the wide-spread and even yet mighty old Berber race we may say not at all; the Slav and the Tartar races only in indirect ways, or in

the measure of a mere commencement; the Greek race only indirectly; what is absurdly enough called the Latin race, to an extent directly which is already traceable, and indirectly to a much greater degree.

On the Hindu and the Chinese races the action of Methodism directly is still both of recent origin and limited extent. The fields on which its operation has been most powerful have been among three races of wide diffusion and gigantic capabilities—the Anglo-Saxon race, the African race, and the Polynesian race.

The ancient African race had seen all that age could of itself do for us; it was old, very old, when the name Anglo-Saxon had never been pronounced or printed. The Polynesian race had enjoyed all the benefits of the gentle tuition of nature in her fairest attire. The Anglo-Saxon race stood high among the pupils of civilization, whether regarded from a national or a municipal, from an industrial or a literary, from a commercial or scientific, from a military or courtly point of view. Yet what were these races as touching social virtues when Methodism arose? The Anglo-Saxon country gentleman, brave, free, sincere, was often a coarse sot; the Anglo-Saxon crowd, in general law-abiding, was one of the rudest of human mobs; the Anglo-Saxon colliers of Kingswood and Newcastle, of Wednesbury and Madeley, were among the roughest boors alive. And the child of nature in Polynesia, instead of being akin to sylphs and zephyrs, was nearer akin to the furies as a savage. And the heir of all the ages in Africa was in every art a child, and in every social arrangement needing to begin.

Among these three races, then, Methodism has laid out the main part of its strength. It has dealt with the Anglo-Saxon race on the ancestral soil, where it tills its few narrow acres under the guidance of an ancient monarchy. It has dealt with it beyond the ocean, where amid recent wilds it gazes out into boundless openings, and expands under the guidance of a young Republic. It has dealt with it in British colonies, in Australia, in British North America, and Southern Africa. It has dealt with it in colonies of pure Englishmen or Americans, struggling with nothing but nature, in colonies mixed as between English, or Americans, and French in Canada and Louisiana, as between English and Dutch at the Cape. It has dealt with it in free settlements, where slavery never appeared. It has dealt with it in mixed plantations, where Anglo-Saxon and African stood to one another in the relative position of slave and slave-owner. It has dealt with it where the Anglo-Saxon settler dwelt side by side with aboriginal races, mixed with Red Indians or Kaffirs, with cannibal

Maoris in New Zealand, or recently Christianized cannibals in Fiji. It has dealt with it under all its strangely various phases, and will yet have to deal with it in new phases which we do not now foresee, but which its extending relations with other races will bring into view. But in one posture, just alluded to, will it, we may confidently believe, never more have to deal with the Anglo-Saxon—the position of a slave-owner authorized by law. As to this race, what has been accomplished in the past is sufficient to encourage effort for the work that has to be done in the future; but that work is yet far too vast to allow us to waste time in boasting of things done, or to allow us to forget where our strength lies.

With the African race Methodism has had to deal both in its fatherland and in the colonies of the West Indies and the States of America. In the two last it has had to deal with it in the day of bondage, in the day of emancipation, and now in the day of settled freedom. Of it, again, we may say that what has been done is sufficient to encourage us as to the vastly greater work that remains to be done.

With the Polynesian race we have had to deal in its native state of savageism, and now in various degrees of a Christianized condition and of settled government. Of it, as of the other two, we may affirm that what God has wrought warrants us to work on with good hope that there are good things in store for the labourers who shall take up our toil.

TRUST.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

DEAR Lord, Thou know'st I cannot understand ;
 Bewildered and confused,
 Sometimes I almost fear to lose my Guide ;
 Hold Thou my hand.

Dear Lord, I will not try to understand ;
 I cannot see my way,
 But surely, in the dark the touch I feel
 Is Thine own hand.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee *Thou* dost understand,
 And through the mist and cloud
 Safe Thou wilt lead me to the light at last,
 Holding my hand.

FORMER HIGHER LEVEL OF THE GREAT LAKES.*

At the time of a memorable flood I had occasion to pass over the Great Western Railway from Suspension Bridge to Detroit. From Chatham to the vicinity of Detroit this road runs within sight of Lake St. Clair. On this occasion the country was submerged almost as far as the eye could reach in every direction. Our engineer seemed to be practising a new species of navigation—rather grallatorial than natatorial. The little lake had become rampant. Outraged by the long encroachments of the land, it had decided to assert again its ancient supremacy. Then I was reminded, if I had never been before, how slight a rise in the lake would submerge entire counties lying upon its borders.

A large part of this Canadian peninsula is scarcely above the ordinary level of the lakes. The whole region looks like an ancient swale and a more ancient lake bottom. The same is true of a considerable breadth on both sides of Lake St. Clair and Detroit and St. Clair Rivers. Lake St. Clair itself—except when rampant—is little better than a marsh with a river running through it. Among navigators it is the opprobrium of the lakes. One never ceases to hear sailors talk about “the flats,” and Congress never ceases to be importuned to make another lake where Nature is in the very act of blotting one out. If the reader has ever taken a steam-boat trip through the lake, he could not avoid discovering that it is the very similitude of ostentatious learning—“all breadth and no depth.” The bulrushes are boldly invading and occupying it on every hand. A thousand incipient islands are breaking up its continuity. Once it was fifty miles in width and a hundred miles long. A rise of ten or twenty feet would make it that again.

But the whole series of lakes is nearly of the same level from Chicago to Buffalo. The former high waters of Lake St. Clair imply similar floods in the other lakes. Indeed, we easily discover corroboration of this in the topography of the country at Chicago, Detroit and Toledo. These cities are built upon the slime of the lakes, and a slight elevation of the waters would bury them beneath a new deposit of lacustrine mud.

These evidences of higher waters lead us to inquire for the cause. They could scarcely be occasioned by a greater volume of water, since the outlets are of sufficient capacity to prevent its

* Abridged from *Sketches of Creation*, by Professor Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

accumulation. Nothing but an obstruction of the outlet can explain the phenomenon. This obstruction must have existed at a point where the contiguous shores were sufficiently elevated to prevent a flank movement of the water. It must also have existed at a point beyond or to the eastward of all these obvious traces of the inundation. It could not have been at Mackinac, for that would not have flooded Canada West. It could not have been at the foot of Lake Huron for the same reason, and because the contiguous country is too low. It could not have been at Buffalo for the last-named reason, and also because the country between Buffalo and Lake Ontario belongs to the submerged area. It must have been at the mouth of the Niagara River.

The Niagara River commenced its present gorge during the "Champlain Epoch." In reality there was no Niagara River when this work commenced. Lake Erie stretched down the valley of the existing river, and the overflow of its basin wore the notch in the rocky rim which was the beginning of the Niagara River.

Lake Erie stands at present three hundred and thirty-four feet above Lake Ontario. At the time of which I am speaking it stood three hundred and seventy-two feet above Lake Ontario, and filled the valley of Niagara River as far as the heights above Lewistón. Indeed, there are clear evidences, in the form of beaches containing fresh-water shells, that the level of the river was once forty feet above the present summit of the falls. No barrier has ever existed to dam the water to this height except the escarpment at Lewiston. This is one hundred and five feet above the summit of the falls, and thirty-eight feet above Lake Erie. The indications seem to be conclusive that the waters of Lake Erie stood thirty-eight feet higher than at present, and poured over the bluff at Lewiston, in a series of cascades, three hundred and seventy-two feet, to the sea, which at this time filled the basin of Lake Ontario. During the subsequent ages, the mighty stream has dug a gorge in the solid rock, which is seven miles long, two hundred and fifty feet deep, and, on an average, about one thousand feet wide. The material transported from this gorge into Lake Ontario is over three hundred and forty millions of cubic yards, and weighed nearly seven billions of tons. The time consumed in the execution of this stupendous piece of engineering may be roughly calculated from the observed rate of recession of the falls. In 1842 Professor Hall executed a careful trigonometrical survey of the shore-lines and landmarks of the falls. In 1855, thirteen years later, M. Marcou made careful re-examinations, which he reported to the Geological Society of France. From these dates it appears that the

Canadian Fall, over which the largest body of water is discharged, has receded, by the wearing of the rocks, to the extent of twelve feet, or a little more than eleven inches a year. With this clew, we determine that the time required for the excavation of the entire distance from Lewiston is thirty-five thousand years.

This presumes the rate of recession has always been the same. The more I consider the subject the more I am impressed with a conviction that the rate of recession was formerly more rapid than during the last one hundred years. I am willing to reduce the time consumed to twenty-five thousand, or even to ten thousand years. Geologists most greedy of time ought to be satisfied with this, when it is considered that this interval is but the unit in the arithmetic which calculates the time consumed in the revolutions of the globe. Before the beginning of the excavation of the great gorge, geological agencies had strewn the surface with drift-deposits, some of which had been transported hundreds of miles. Before the transportation of the drift, the basin of Lake Ontario had been scooped out, and the vast erosion of the escarpment at Lewiston had been effected. At the commencement of the excavation of the gorge, the fauna which populated the region was essentially the same as now.

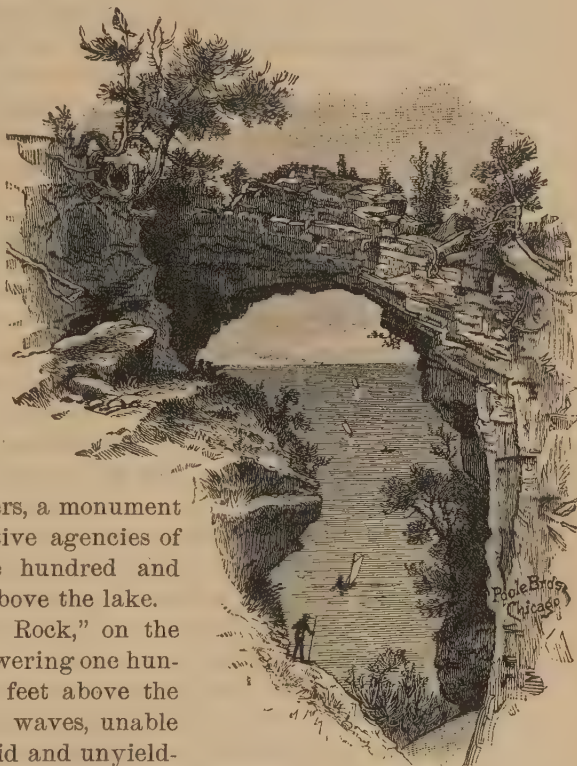
I said that the level of Lake Erie was once at the top of the heights of Lewiston, thirty-eight feet above its present altitude. This elevation submerged the flats to the east and west of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and united Lake Erie with Lake Huron by a shallow expanse of water, which in some places possessed a breadth of fifty miles or more. Still farther, the level of Lakes Huron and Michigan was raised twenty-five feet above their present altitude, and a portion of the waters of the upper lakes found an outlet from Lake Michigan into the Des Plaines River, and thence into the Illinois and the Mississippi—if, indeed, a large portion of the prairie region of Illinois was not submerged by such an altitude of the lakes. At the same time, Saginaw Bay of Lake Huron stretched into the centre of the peninsula of Michigan.

This is not the highest altitude at which the waters of the lakes have stood, though the barriers which dammed them have long since disappeared. Along the southern borders of Lakes Erie and Ontario, the rocks arise from their more southern depressions, and face the lakes in bold escarpments three hundred and fifty feet above the respective levels of the waters. These bluffs have been the rocky shores of the lower lakes. For unnumbered ages the furious north wind has rolled mad waves against those adamantine walls, and battlement after battlement has tumbled down

and been ground to powder by the tireless beating of the stormy surge. Between the foot of the mural escarpment and the present margin of the lakes is a series of parallel terraces, each showing the altitude at which the receding waters have made a pause. These terraces range from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet above the present level of the waters.

At Mackinac Island are deeply engraved records of a higher level of the waters. The island itself is but a vestige of an ancient formation which once filled the straits, and joined the highlands on the west and south. It towers, a monument of the destructive agencies of geogony, three hundred and eighteen feet above the lake.

At "Arched Rock," on the eastern side, towering one hundred and forty feet above the lake, the fierce waves, unable to reach the solid and unyielding brow of the precipice, have mined beneath it, perforating the limestone wall; and a natural bridge hangs there, with one end resting on a winged abutment stretching toward the lake. All round the walls of this castellated and charming island the recording waves have left their hieroglyphs, from the water's edge to the battlements, and he who can read the language may ponder there the vicissitudes of the ages.



MAKE Thou, my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That in my bosom lies.—*Tennyson.*

THE WONDERS OF A CELESTIAL JOURNEY.

BY GARRET P. SERVISS.

RECENT researches on periodical comets have brought into stronger light the relations of the solar system with the contents of surrounding space. A comet has not only come to be regarded as simply a comparatively compact mass of meteors, which, through the effects of solar and planetary attraction, is gradually scattered along its orbit: but the latest investigations lead back to Laplace's conclusion that comets are visitors from interstellar space, and that it is only through the interfering attraction of the larger planets that they are turned into permanent members of the sun's family.

For those that thus fall under the dominion of the sun is reserved the fate of gradual disintegration into swarms of meteors. The sparks that everybody has seen darting through the sky annually in August and November are but the scattered relics of great comets that may once have affrighted the world. Within fifty years man has actually beheld the destruction of a comet and the process of its transformation into a meteoric swarm. We refer to Biela's comet, which was first split in two in 1846, and afterward entirely broken up, so that it has disappeared as a comet, although regularly recurring meteor showers at the crossing point of its orbit and that of the earth show that the substance of the comet has not been destroyed, but simply dispersed. A piece of this comet that fell in Mexico a few years ago is one of the most precious possessions of astronomers.

But if a comet drawn into the solar system from outer space approaches the sun near enough, it may suffer disaster from the encounter, even though it should escape capture and fly off again into unknown depths. The great comet of 1882, which was for a few days so bright that it could be seen at noonday, skimming close to the sun like a white bird, was torn asunder in its perihelion passage. There is no certainty that this is a periodical comet; and if it is not, it is now sailing through space in a dishevelled condition, as a result of its meeting with the solar giant that guides the destinies of our planetary system.

The more one considers these celestial encounters, the stranger seem the adventures of the sun and his attendant worlds in their stupendous voyage through space. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that this voyage is an actual one; that the sun is really carrying us with him toward the northern quarter of the

firmament at least two hundred million miles every year. A railroad train does not more certainly whirl us to our destination than by this great solar migration we are swept on through the abyss of the heavens towards the constellation of Hercules. Only in the one case the rate of speed is more accurately ascertained than in the other. The wildest imaginings of the Eastern storytellers, with their magic carpets and enchanted horses, appear spiritless in comparison with what science tells of the wonderful flight in which the inhabitants of the earth all unconsciously are engaged.

But, as we have said, the greatest attraction of this story of astronomy for the mind lies in the certainty that it is absolutely true. We are actually going on this celestial journey in a vast spiral track, the direction of which is governed by the combined influence of the sun's attraction and that amazing impulse, whatever its origin may be, which keeps the sun itself ever flying northward. And as we go, what adventures we are having! Out of the profundity of surrounding space, as we plough through it, come comets rushing sunward, and then rushing back starward, trailing the electric splendours of their trains across the sky. In past ages they affrighted the nations; now the astronomers with mathematical precision predict their motions, and when they have disappeared tell us whether they have escaped for good or not, in how many years they will be back again. The increase in the power of telescopes and in the number of observers has resulted in the discovery that a very large number of comets have been captured by the sun, and are now accompanying him in regular orbits like his planets.

Another incident of this wondrous voyage is the approach of the meteors. Now and again the world is startled by a fiery shower filling the heavens as the globe plunges through the *débris* of some old disintegrated comet; but encounters with more scattered meteoric matter are taking place all the time. Millions of these little bodies, large enough to make a streak of fire at night as they dart into our atmosphere, fall to the earth every twenty-four hours. And vastly more numerous are the still smaller particles that sift continually down through the air. Prof. Winchell has put the fact very picturesquely:

"Out from the depths of space, beyond the clouds, beyond the atmosphere, from a granary of material germs which stock the empire of the blue sky, comes a perpetual but invisible rain of material atoms—like the evening dew, emerging from the transparency of space into a state of growing visibility."

In some respects the most interesting of all the incidents of this

vast journey are the falls of meteorites. It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that, while stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. We have all read the story in Livy how it rained stones in Picenum the first winter that Hannibal was in Italy, and how the superstitious Romans expiated the prodigy with a nine days' festival, which one commentator assures us was "the established remedy for a fall of stones." Ancient history contains many references to such events, but it remained for the present century to demonstrate that stones actually come tumbling out of the sky upon the earth. They are simply part of the forage of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things: iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon the earth, nickel, and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance, at least, appears in the form of minute diamonds!

But it is the sun that is the leader in this exploration of the universe, and the sun gets most of the spoils. It is the sun, not the earth, that captures the comets and the meteor swarms, and so prepares strange spectacles to brighten the long nights of his unending voyage.

The longer the way the greater the spoil, for the realms of space appear to be inexhaustible. Is there any peril involved in the adventures of this great solar fleet of ours? The possibility of collision exists, but it is so remote that it may be entirely disregarded. As to what the effect of a collision between the sun and another body of equal mass and moving with equal or greater velocity would be to us, there can be but little doubt. In the withering heat developed by such a collision we should be shrivelled up like flies in a furnace. Still other possible perils have been thought of. Space is sprinkled with nebulae. The old idea was that these nebulae are enormous masses of gas, but Mr. Lockyer's new theory that they are swarms of meteorites is finding wide acceptance. Suppose the earth or the sun should plunge into a nebula, what then? If it was a large and dense nebula, the results might be disastrous; but if its constituent meteorites were widely scattered, the effect would simply be the production of an uncommonly brilliant meteoric display. But if we were approaching a nebula we should know it, unless it had not sufficient density to be visible, and in that case it could not cause any disastrous effects through collision.

On the other hand, it may be asked, might not the introduction

of foreign matter into our atmosphere, even in comparatively small quantities, produce deleterious if not fatal effects? It is not possible to reply positively to this question. In fact, epidemic diseases and strange conditions of the atmosphere have several times been ascribed to such a cause. When the celebrated red sunsets made their appearance a half-a-dozen years ago, many supposed that they might be due to an encounter between the earth and a cloud of meteoric dust. Later investigations, however, seem to have demonstrated that they were caused by the enormous quantity of volcanic dust thrown into the upper air by the stupendous eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. The great dry fog of 1783, which covered Europe for two or three months, and was accompanied by diseases of the respiratory organs, has been ascribed to a meteoritic origin. The annually recurring cold spell in May has been explained to the satisfaction of some people by the theory of the interposition of a cloud of meteoritic matter between the earth and the sun, the cloud being, of course, a permanent member of the solar system now, although it might have been picked up originally by the sun in the course of its travels.

But leaving out of account mere possibilities, the established facts of our peregrination in the universe appear sufficiently astonishing. Who would not wish to view with an all-seeing eye this caravan of worlds on its way? Always gathering new material from the realms of space, adding comets and meteor swarms to its dominion, the sun sweeps on, and the obedient planets follow in wide circling orbits; but whither we are going and how it will all end even the astronomers cannot tell.

THE NEW YEAR'S ANSWER.

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet—
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet ;
I asked, and paused. It answered soft and low :
“ God’s will to know.”

“ Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year ? ” I cried.
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came : “ Nay, this remember too—
God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked : “ Is there still more to tell ? ”
And once again the answer softly fell :
“ Yes, this one thing, all things above—
God’s will to love.”

THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK.

BY JAS. N. SHANNON.

"STAND back there out of the way," growled the officer in charge of the iron gate, which he kept just open and no more, fearful, perhaps, lest the crowd without might carry the position by assault and threaten the security of those within. "Don't you see those gentlemen trying to pass? Stand back out of that, and make room for them."

Steenie and I had taken a jaunt to New York, and luckily had run across a gentleman of leisure and influence who was kind enough to spend some time showing us the sights; and I venture to say no two youngsters ever saw so much of the big city in one short day. As Steenie whispered to me when our friend was out of hearing,

"I say, we lit on our feet when we fell in with him, didn't we?"

Two places stood out with special prominence in our youthful minds as invested with a halo of romance. One was the headquarters of the Police Department, and the other the Tombs. The mere thought of either would call up thrilling tales of burglary, or bank robbery in broad daylight, in which the skilful machinery of the Detective Department came in for a share of glory—when successful.

The "Rogues' Gallery" and the odd collection of implements used by that dangerous class in every large community, and some small ones, who are not wont to pay scrupulous heed to the legend :

"He who prigs vat isn't his'n,
Ven he's cotched, vill go to pris'n,"

all had a rare and exciting interest for us, and it was a great thing to tell afterwards with an air of pride about our interview with the renowned Inspector Byrne.

Our influential friend, among many kindnesses, procured for us from the mayor's office in City Hall, authority to visit the Tombs, and in due form we presented our passport for admission. The Tombs is a grim and gloomy pile, built in the stern architectural style of an Egyptian temple or sepulchre. It was a motley crowd which pressed about the gateway, to the annoyance of the officer in charge, and for a time barred our progress. Curiosity was the prime motive in bringing most of them together, and it was a wonder to us that no means were used to keep them away. Two or three, like ourselves, were entitled to penetrate

within these gloomy walls, and I doubt not that others, as often happens, were possessed by a strange fascination to dally awhile on the ragged edge of liberty and peer into precincts that they would be ready to confess were once made but too familiar by the inflexible arm of the law. A young girl, poorly clad, with a rough shawl thrown over her shoulders, was importuning the gatekeeper to deliver to some friend the paste pie she produced, to which he gruffly consented. "All right, but you must keep the knife and fork. You can't send them in."

In one of the rooms our passport was taken, and each of us received instead a red ticket with a yellow strip of paper attached. Passing through the corridor, we emerged on the courtyard, being first challenged by a jovial, good-natured, round-favoured warder, who carefully examined our tickets.

"We are to hold on to these, I suppose?" said the gentleman with us.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, given in a hasty, off-hand way, but with an earnestness, too, that sent a half shudder through my frame. "If you don't hold on to them we'll hold on to you." And this was by no means the joke we might at first have thought was intended, and every now and again I kept feeling my pocket to make certain the ticket was still there.

Across the courtyard we entered the main building—the prison proper—and were conducted through this sombre habitation of forced retirement.

If liberty and the activities of mind and body are held in high esteem, then truly the restraints put on by the law—intended both as deterrent and reformatory—and the utter seclusion from life as we know it and love it, all prove that the way of the transgressor is hard. Wide may be the gate and broad the way, to start with, but one has only to imagine himself, if he can, a prisoner within iron bars and the occupant of a cell in the Tombs in order to realize that he has reached a bourne with no gate and only a very narrow way.

Standing in the centre of the building, in the high open space which was three or four times greater in length than in breadth, we had a full view of these narrow quarters, arranged in tiers on all four sides, and reached by means of galleries connected by staircases at either end. Down there where the light is dim, the walls and galleries rise forbiddingly, like some grim spectre of the night; for here men have paid the penalty of crime at the end of the hangman's rope.

Passing along the galleries, we notice that each cell has two doors, one of stout iron bars and kept closed; the other or

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inner door stood partly open in many cases, and we could see the unfortunate tenant within. Here is one fellow, evidently a man of some taste, with a vein of refinement too, who, in trying to make the best of the durance his own perverted faculties have brought upon him, has fitted up his abode with ornaments, pictures and knick-knacks sent by friends, or it may be purchased at his own request. An aristocratic felon he is, as he sits there in richly-worked smoking cap, reading the morning papers, and not deigning to take any notice of us. It was not at midnight hour he laid cruel hands on what "wasn't his'n," noiselessly effecting unlawful entrance upon another's domain. These were the tactics of the base fellow in the cell adjoining, and constitute that vulgar proceeding known as burglary. But he—he never moved on so low a plane; he despises the man who does, calls him a coward and a villain, who must needs wait for darkness and slumber to cover his nefarious work. *His* little indiscretion, as he would term it, was committed in broad daylight, with jewelled hand, in business hours, and in a position where over-confidence in his trustworthiness had given him control of the property of others—the widow's all, the poor man's savings, or the contributions to some benevolent enterprise; and it only became an indiscretion by being detected. But his indiscretion or the other's crime, call them what you will, have reached the same level now, and aristocrat and pauper alike receive their righteous due—giving outraged society the satisfaction of beholding one instance at least where law and justice are coincident.

Scarcely has this reflection stifled whatever feeling of compassion our peculiar surroundings may have excited, than we catch sight of a veiled figure coming through the main entrance. Our eyes follow the graceful form as she moves along the gallery, stops at one of the iron doors, where, pressing her face close upon the bars, she talks in low whispers. Her whole attitude is one of woe. Clad entirely in black, yet not what fashion would style mourning, and concealing a face which we afterwards knew was an attractive one, she proclaims her sorrow for one who, while not actually dead, has caused her as much pain and is as fit a subject for mourning as though he were. His ruin has involved others. This sister, or wife, or *fiancée*—whatever may be the relationship that gives her the right to be here—is the representative not alone of those affected by the blight of sorrow, but also of those on whom rests the more indelible blight of disgrace and ignominy. And they cannot escape this, even by disowning the transgressor.

I said once to an old Irishwoman, "You have no family, Mrs. O'Connor?"

"No, sir, I haven't a chick nor a choild," when all the while an only son was languishing in the county gaol.

The penalty attached to the infraction of law looks to avenge public justice; but who or what will atone for the wrongs of those upon whom the guilt of one of their own blood has brought such terrible recoil? The one black sheep has tinged the whole flock.

Guilt is a sword that cuts both ways. On the one hand, the community suffers, the law is broken, authority and good government are set at naught. But on the other hand, family and friends bow their heads in shame under the cruel stroke, and there are darkened homes and broken hearts, and the gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave.

We continue our tour with melancholy interest, and finally return to the courtyard, and nervously (at least that was my condition) present ourselves before the guard. The lady we had seen at the cell door was there just ahead of us, still closely veiled. At a sign from the guard she raised her veil, and then it was we saw the clear, fresh complexion and regular facial outlines, with their cloud of sadness, and asked how it was she was made to raise her veil, and were told that on one occasion a convict had escaped in female attire, and but for the veil which hid his face would not have passed the scrutiny of the guard without detection.

We also submit to the scrutiny of our jovial friend, whose hasty glance is direct enough to assure him we had not transferred the tickets we were glad to part with; and I will own to a sigh of relief when at length we breathed the breath of freedom once again.

"OLD YEAR, GOOD-BYE."

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

STILL on—as silent as a ghost!

Seems but a score of days, all told,

Or but a month or two at most,

Since last our New Year's song we trolled,

And lo! that New Year now is Old,

And here we stand to say "Good-bye!"

Brief words—and yet, we scarce know why,

They bring a moisture to the eye,

And to the heart some quakes and aches;

We speak them very tenderly,

With half a sob and half a sigh—

"Old Year, good-bye! Old Year, good-bye!"

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

BY JAMES J. ELLIS.

"ARM, arm, arm! the Irish are up!" shouted a horseman, as he dashed along the busy streets of Derry. "Arm, arm, arm! Speed, speed, speed! Stay not, good folks! Bar the gates! Arm, arm, arm!"

The clatter of the looms ceased, the hammer was flung down by the anvil, the shops were deserted, and from all quarters of the egg-shaped city the citizens hurried into the central square, called the Diamond. The street-cries, "Maids, buy a mop," "Old shoes for some broomes," were silenced by wild shouts and fierce exclamations of vengeance upon the Kernes and their priests.

In the Diamond an excited throng pressed round Alderman Tomkins' house, at the door of which the messenger's horse stood, panting and covered with foam. From the upper window of the two-story building (the usual height of houses in Derry) the Alderman cried out—

"The red coats are coming! The red coats are coming! They be with my Lord Antrim at Limavady, and will be here this day."

"Let them come! we have not fought them under Oliver for nought; they shall have a warm welcome when they set foot in Derry."

"Set foot in Derry they will speedily," cried another messenger, who had arrived while the second speaker was delivering his story. "I passed through the red coats not two miles away; an ye are wise, 'twere well to lose no time."

"What shall be done? I cannot advise, I will counsel it with the Minister and Bishop," said the Alderman. "Meanwhile, good people, be still, and heed not folly,"

"Advise with yourself, father," said a sturdy, tall young woman, with high cheekbones that told of her Scotch extraction. "Would you ask if it be wise to let the wolf into the sheepfold?"

"Softly, softly, Norah!" said a fragile, beautiful girl. "Call not the King's soldiers wolves; I cannot believe that there is danger."

"Believe it or not, you are the only person in Derry who misdoubts the warning," said a youth, the brother of Norah. "James Spike tells me that the town is mad, and will not let the red coats in, cost what it may to keep them out."

"And much it will cost to keep them out," replied his father. "What shall I be doing? James Gordon says shut the gate before them, but the Bishop says, if they be minded to cut our throats, we should allow them; it is well pleasing to God to let the King have his will. Why can't they both say the same? it bothers a man when opinions disagree. First I think one way then I think the other is wise and good."

"'Tis what Bishop Hopkins is always preaching—submit, submit, submit; but when they stole his cows he took the law like a Baptist meetinger. But listen, father," said Norah, "whatever you say, or Ezekiel Hopkins either, no Papist enters this house while Norah can keep the door."

"Where's the good wife? I'll to her; it's ill talking with ye. I talk, talk, talk, and ye heed it not one whit. My mind is just like a pair of balances, up one, down the other, and ye don't know what I suffer."

"No, I don't, father: I see what's right, and I try to do it," replied Norah.

"Just to think! a fine shop lined all through with good deal that cost me much money, and such piles of goods that no one in Derry can show better, and all to go. What shall I do to save my gear?"

"Oh, the folly! the utter folly! blank treason! enough to make Derry like a Sodom and Gomorrah!" wailed a tall, athletic man who now entered the room, which he paced backwards and forwards with hurried steps.

"To think, Master Tomkins, three companies of troops were at the waterside, and some were not more than sixty yards from the gate, when some of our 'prentice boys, who had been better employed minding their masters' shops than meddling with the King's affairs, seized the keys, locked the gates, lifted the draw-bridge, and now have seized the powder magazine: this judgment will come upon poor Derry. Yes, and to make matters worse, James Morrison, the preaching saddler, cried aloud, 'Bring about the great gun there,' and had not the King's men run down amain, he had fired upon the servants of the Lord's anointed."

"Tut upon anointing, Mister Walker; tell that to the gossoons, who know no better. The only anointing we believe in is done without oil," said Norah. "But open the window, the Bishop is preaching."

Her brother Roger did so immediately, and above the hum of the angry crowd they caught snatches of the Bishop's speech.

"They who resist a king, fight against God," he said. "'Twill be a war if ye open not the gates. The Deputy is appointed by a lawful king, and must be hearkened to; we must do the King's will or suffer it, else it is mortal sin. 'Tis laid down in the Bible that ——"

"Well put, my lord, good sermon that; but we can't attend to it now!" shouted a voice from the crowd. "No preaching! keep the gate fast! no red coats! no popery! the Protestant city of Derry for ever!"

The voice of the Bishop was drowned in the huzzas of the multitude, and all that night the gates were kept fast.

"But what means all this to-do, friend Tomkins?" said a tall Scotch merchant. "I came into Derry the morn, and went on farther, but I had work amain to return here. What are the folks so mad about?"

"Roger will tell ye, or Norah, for she loves to talk. If thou wilt allow me, I must speak to my wife about what is to be done; she has been sick this many a day, and I do nought without her counsel."

"Well, Master Lindsay, ye must know that lying Dick, King James' Deputy in Ireland, hath been working us Protestants much harm. He put Roman Catholics upon the bench, and made them sheriffs, and then he turned all the Protestants out of the army and town councils, so that in Derry we have forty-five Romanists and only twenty Protestants on the council. When he set aside John Campsie as Mayor, we spoke to him of it; but he flung his wig on the floor and stamped upon it, and then told our deputies he would do so to every Saxon in Ireland. He sent the troops that were here to England to aid King James against the Prince of Orange, and now he wishes us to allow a horde of wild Irish, armed with clubs and knives, to come to garrison Derry. All through the country the priests have been preaching to the people, urging them to get weapons, even if it be only skene, and bidding them to kill us all. They seized a church not far hence, and hung up a black sheep in the pulpit, with some part of the Bible before it; they mean to kill us, but by God's grace we will keep them out of Derry."

After a short visit to their invalid mother, the girls retired to their room, and before going to rest, stood looking over the broad stretch of water that spread like a silver carpet below the city of Derry. The clear light of the moon shone upon the white walls, and glistened upon the armour of the figures upon the ramparts.

"Betrayed! betrayed! The Governor Lundy is treating for a surrender! They be stealing out of the town to join the Papists! Now or never! Close the gates again! 'Prentices to the fore!" shouted Roger Tomkins. "Citizens to the walls!"

And it was time, for the gates were unguarded and unfastened; not four miles off lay King James with his Irish and French forces, marching upon Derry.

"Change the watchword, and call up the horsemen to the defence," said Spike. "Brave Murray will head us."

"No surrender! No surrender! No surrender!" shouted the throng. "To give up Derry is to lose Ireland! No surrender!"

"Then ye who are thus minded," cried Murray, "put ye a white cloth strip upon your left arm. We will open the magazine. The traitor Lundy sent back the English soldiers sent by King William to help us; there is nothing left but to defend ourselves. God defend the right! They have been sending for the Presbyterian ministers to induce me to counsel surrender, but they are of my mind. Now, men of Derry, what say ye to this?"

And all through the night, preparations were made to defend the city, though it had no protection beyond a wall not more than seven feet high in some parts. The junction of two rivers formed a broad stream, which opened into a broad stretch of deep water,

called Lough Foyle. Three miles before the river entered Lough Foyle, and twenty miles above the Lough, stood the city of Derry. The deep water protected two sides, a morass defended another portion; there was but one gate by which the city could be entered from the land. Upon the flat roof of the Cathedral, the highest point of the city, cannon were now planted; the paving-stones were dug up from the streets that the cannon balls might bury themselves in the soft earth; twenty thousand human beings were cooped within the walls, of whom not more than seven thousand were capable of defending themselves.

"Oh, Norah, you should have been with us but the day since," said Roger, bursting into the room where his sisters were sitting. "King James rode up to the walls as if he were in Hyde Park and looked as if he expected the walls to fall as Jericho did before Joshua. They say he has gone back to Dublin, and that we are to be conquered by the French general he brought with him from France."

"They tried to bribe the brave Murray—offered him £1,000 and a colonel's commission if he would surrender!" said a sturdy weaver. "But Murray will never betray his trust. What a pity he will never be sole governor!"

"But hist! the siege is beginning. See, that shell struck a house near yours, Tomkins; we shall have warm work yet."

During that day and night the shot and shell continued to fall upon the devoted city. Little damage was done except to the roofs of some houses. In the deep darkness of the early morning, Spike and Roger, seeing a blaze in the vicinity of the Market House, hastened in that direction.

It was as they had feared. A shell had set fire to Alderman Tomkins' house, and the flames were raging with terrible fury.

"Good news, Norah! good news! An English fleet is in sight! We can see them from the Cathedral tower, sailing up the Lough! Thirty sail in all, and not ten miles hence!" cried Roger.

"And better, a messenger hath come in from Kirke, who commands the fleet. He sends to say that he hath money, men, arms, and oh, food, too," added Spike, who followed him.

"No need now of firing brickbats covered with lead; and, Bridget, ye can have a daintier dish than horseflesh, though we are thankful for that when we are hungry."

"What has been done," asked Norah, "to tell of our wants?"

"Why, ye know when the *Greyhound* came up the river a few days ago, with orders to approach the city, how we made signal to her; but she heeded not, but went aground, and was vexed with their shot. We are now running up and down our flag to beg relief, for indeed we are in sore straits, but Englishmen will want no urging to come to our help!"

"Mary, but they will, though," said the Alderman. "I did hear that the English fleet is sailing away, and that as fast as may be."

"God help us, then," said Norah. "It seems little help can be hoped for from man."

"They say that the *Greyhound* was sent by Kirke from the English fleet, to get into Derry. There was nothing to hinder their doing so; what a pity the ship was not handled with more skill!"

"Well, we must trust in God," said Roger; "perhaps help will come from some other quarter, since the English leave us to die."

"Our watchers tell that the Irish are building forts each side the Crook of Inver, and they are laying great oak beams across the river to form a boom," said Lindsay.

"A boom! what's that?" asked Norah.

"Why, they bound great oak beams together with iron bands, and floated them so as to prevent the passage of any ships up the river. The prisoners we captured said that the boom was bound by cables six inches thick."

"Then no ships can come to help us?"

"Not unless they break the boom, which it will not be easy to do."

"God help us, then," said Norah.

"Amen," echoed the throng.

For a month the ships could be seen lying quietly at anchor, loaded with all that Derry was dying for, and yet no attempt was made to succour them.

Yet the besieged did not yield, and though the famine increased so that a mouse became a dainty to the delicate women who had to keep up life upon meal mixed with tallow fat, no one hinted at surrender.

At this time one pound meal, one pound tallow and half a pound horsemeat formed the daily ration of the fighting men, who grew so weak that they could hardly stand, or fire their weapons.

From the district ten miles round, two hundred men, women and children were gathered, and one morning ten thousand stood shelterless and foodless outside Windmill Hill. But they, cold and hungry, called aloud to the valiant men on the walls not to yield.

Many of these poor wretches had received the King's written promise of protection, which was thus seen to be merely waste paper. Is it any wonder that the garrison refused to believe in the good faith of James or of his cruel commanders?

"But five thousand men left, what with famine, disease and shot, and poor fare to keep up life—one pound tallow, one pound meat, and ginger, pepper and aniseed to flavour the pancakes! Oh, Spike, this is fearful work."

"I bought a good cat for four shillings and sixpence; they wanted six shillings for a dog," said Spike. "It vexed me to see the thin faces at home; though Norah keeps up a brave face, it is hard for her, well I know."

"Know ye fat John Woolmer that lives in Milk Street? He fears to wander abroad, for men, he said, eye him as they would eat him. 'Tis a terrible time; but when will it end?"

"Where all sorrows end, in the grave."

"But why do not the English come to our relief? They might

break the boom, or at least try to do so. If Derry fall, good-bye to English liberty, and good-bye to the Protestant faith. They will both be buried under our walls."

"Ay, and buried never to rise again," said another. "For my part my time is well-nigh run. This fearful atmosphere, full of powder and sulphur, has nearly killed me. It won't be long I shall suffer, nor do I want to. Wife, children, sisters, all killed, but what about the Church of God?"

"Ah! that's the question," said a stout mason; "but, man," addressing a third, he exclaimed, "thy face is black with hunger."

"No more so than thine."

"I fell under the weight of my musket as I went to my post the morn, but when I heard the drums beat, my strength came back to me, so that I was bold and strong once more. And there are many who were so faint that they could not stand, yet did they run with the rest when the Irish came to the assault."

"Ay, 'tis marvellous how strong men become where there is duty to be done. But God send an end speedily. What ho! Why run ye, neighbour Johnson?" he added, as a stout man ran up, nearly breathless with excitement.

"There is a boy come in from the English general, saying that since he cannot come at us by the river, he will attempt it over land; they will come by Inch."

"Yea, by Inch; but an they move by inches, not an inch will they find of an English territory."

"And where is Inch?" asked Lindsay, who had strolled up to the group. "I like not your names, 'tis not like the bonnie land I came from."

"Nay, nay, no land is like Scotland, let a Scotchman tell the tale. But ye are glad to come to ould Ireland, and in no hurry to go back to the poor barren heaths ye left. Inch, man, is a promontory by Lough Swilly, and from thence to Derry is not far by land," said a blacksmith, who still had his apron.

"Well, God have mercy upon us now; 'tis many weeks now since the siege began. All the cows are slaughtered; there are no horses, and all the dogs are eaten. There are eight shots fired from the Cathedral top, and the flag is being lowered as a sign of distress; sure the English will know what we mean."

"Yea, hark! One, two, three, four, five, six great guns from Lough Foyle; sure there is some relief coming."

"But we shall be all dead, an it comes not speedily," said a man who stood near. "The starch is all eaten, and, alas! what will the women do?"

"Could not one go to bring them faster?" asked a stout alderman. "I would, an I could swim."

"Let us go to the Cathedral to attend the service," said Norah. "'Twere well that all who are not wanted at the walls should meet for prayer. We have much need, indeed we have, for the way is very dark and very black."

And into the Cathedral, upon whose roof cannon were planted, the throng of black-faced, pinched, gaunt skeletons thronged.

Few were the responses that came to the minister's prayers, but a fearful agony looked from each face. It seemed as if every spirit were too full for utterance, and a silent wail of agony went up to the Father who never despises the cry of distress.

They had but left the building when tidings flew along the streets that made breathing seem insupportable, and every soul hurried to the higher parts of the city to see what made them, giddy with famine, almost delirious to look upon.

"Norah! Bridget! Come! the English are coming at last! Three ships are coming up the river! The wind is north, and they are coming amain! Pray God they may pass the fort and Castle at Colmore, for the neck of the river is narrow there when the tide is low, as the Foyle ends in the stream. Come! come!" cried Roger to his sisters.

With eyes dimmed with tears, a ragged throng, blackened with powder and want, all that were alive, stood watching the scene below them.

"'Tis a ship of war leading the way! The old flag! The red, white and blue, boys! God help them!" cried an aged man, whose scarred limbs were shaking with excitement.

"Well she is handled. Not a shot does he spare for the batteries on the shore. Bravo! now he has wind of the Castle. Huzza! he is at anchor! There goes his gun at them. Bang! bang! bang! There be English hearts at those guns. Not forgotten, though it looked like it; God bless the captain!"

"How he batters them!" said a gunner. "Why, he is but a musket shot from the walls of Colmore, and all the men are going! Brave men! they know the women and children of Derry are looking! What a crash! He will sink at anchor, but he will do it!"

"Look how the merchant ships have slipped by while he was fighting, and a boat is with them. Now for the boom!"

"What about the man-of-war?"

"Why, he has just pulled off, and taken in his sails; he has done his work well. The blessing of the starving and dying be upon him, and every soul upon board the frigate!"

"Oh, the wind is dropping! Look at the swarming Kernes, the balls are flying like hailstones. Why, 'tis the *Mountjoy*! Dame Browning, your good man's ship. He will do it, depend on it."

"Now hush! see, she is going at the boom. Can she do it? Great God, help! Help for the starving!"

A groan burst from the line of watchers as it was seen that the *Mountjoy* rebounded from the boom and was fast in the mud. Every gun the Irish had was fired at her, and the horsemen rode to the water's edge and discharged their pieces at her decks. But the boat's crew was meanwhile cutting with hatchets and cutlasses at the boom, when a sudden discharge of all her guns brought the *Mountjoy* into deep water once more.

"Now look, she is driving at the boom again. Now God help us, 'tis our only chance. Huzza! She has burst it! Now the ships come! Derry is saved! To the quay! Why, man, thou

art livid with fear. Weep not! Shake not! Cheer thee! Food! food! And there are friends come! We are not forgotten, but saved."

"Now they make Ross Bay. Ring out the bells! make a bon-fire! 'Tis not useless to pray, we are saved!"

"Who is she? The *Phoenix* of Coleraine here! Now they are at the quay!" And such a shout went up to heaven as seemed to break the hearts of the sturdy sailors that cheered back, as they looked with eyes full of tears upon the ghastly figures lining the river side.

It was now ten o'clock, and the darkness had settled down upon the city, as the two ships came to an anchor at the little quay, outside Shipquay Gate. A shout of delirious joy went up from the ragged throng, their faces blackened by powder and want, as they saw the relief had come at last.

"Throw up a screen; fill the casks with clay to protect us against their guns. Now for the barrels of meal, cheeses, bacon, beef, biscuit, pease, well done! A different supper to the dinner. Three-quarters of a pound of salted hide and half a pound of tallow was my dinner; now look you, three pounds of flour, two pounds of beefs, and a pint of pease."

With bursts of tears, relieved with shouts of delight, the starving garrison ate their evening meal, the bells of the city ringing out their gratitude that salvation had come.

Two days the Irish continued to fire upon the walls of Derry; the next night they set light their camp, and retreated to Strabane on their way to Dublin.

Kirke, the English commander, now came to the town that had suffered such pangs. He was received with gratitude by the heroic garrison. When he departed for England it was without any tears from the brave men who defended Derry against such numbers that the task seemed utterly hopeless. During the siege no less than ten thousand persons, at least, must have perished.

The siege of Derry saved English liberty. King James was unable to assist the rising in Scotland under Dundee, and when that general fell at Killcrankie, the cause of tyranny had no champion left.

For 105 days these brave men held out, enduring fearful privations. Tender women joined in the defence, helping their husbands and brothers by showering stones upon the mistaken, misled Irish. During the siege the garrison was reduced from 7,000 fighting men (in a population of 20,000) to about half that number, a fourth of the survivors being permanently incapacitated for further service.

They fought, too, not only for their lives, but for the liberty of England; above all, for the right to read their Bibles, and serve God as they felt He desired.

"Honour the brave and bold,
Long let the tale be told—
Yea, when our babes are old,
And ever onward!"

PUNCHY PARSLEY AND HIS ORIENTAL FRIEND.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

AN EAST END SKETCH.

PARSLEY SMILES would have been puzzled to tell who gave him that name—either “Christian” or surname. He was a “promiscuous” acquaintance of mine—a Punch-and-Judy man, whose first memory was of eating damp haws in a foggy ditch, and who often afterwards had not even haws to eat, but who, when I knew him, managed to support a wife and two children. His surname and his calling may suggest the idea of a rollickingly-merry man, but Parsley Smiles was nothing of the kind. Why he was called Parsley it is impossible to guess, but I think he must have been called Smiles in irony. Parsley very seldom smiled when I knew him, and looked as if he had very seldom smiled before I knew him.

He was not a morose man, but it was accident, not choice, that had made a Punch-and-Judy man of him. When he had his “call” in his mouth, and was speaking out the parts for his puppets, I have no doubt that he felt, as well as looked, as grave as a judge. At any rate, when his partner took his place inside the green-baize-curtained frame, and Parsley banged away at the big drum, blew down into the pandean pipes, addressed Mr. Punch and his audience with stereotyped banter, and carried round the saucer for coppers, there was not the slightest trace of fun in his face. I do not mean that it was *kept* grave, to heighten the effect of his jokes: it *was* grave—there was no sly twinkle in the eyes. It was this incongruity between the man and his calling that made me curious to learn something about him. I had met him at various times in different parts of London, and every time he had that same care-worn, not sullen, but most unhilarious face.

One evening when it had grown too dark for Punch performances *al fresco*, I saw him toiling homewards with the slanted frame on his shoulders, and the puppet-box slung behind him; his partner, still bearded with the Pan’s-pipes, and bearing the big drum, plodding a little before him. I followed the two men across Trafalgar Square, up St. Martin’s Lane and St. Andrew Street, whence they turned into a side street, and disappeared up a dingy flight of stairs. I had not time then to do more than note the name of the street and the number of the house; but a week afterwards, when I had a leisure evening, I went to the house.

The door of the back room was opened wide enough to enable me to see what was going on inside. The Punch-frame stood against the wall by the window; Toby, with his frill still on, crouching at its foot; a little boy with the drumsticks in his hands

was lolling on the big drum; a pretty little girl, with her hair over her forehead and the Pan's-pipes in her hands, was looking sidelong at her tired-out father, who must have taken off his coat, and gone to sleep, upon the only bed I saw, almost as soon, I guessed, as he had got home. The youngsters wanted to "play at father," but their mother was hushing them that they might not wake him. When she saw me she came forward to learn my business. I was telling her that I had come to have a talk with her husband, but that since he was asleep, I would call again when he awoke. I found him willing enough to talk, and partly then and partly at other times when I called upon him, I learnt his history.

He knew nothing of his father and mother. His earliest memory, as I have said, was a meal of damp haws in a foggy ditch. At that time Parsley belonged, as he phrased it, to a travelling acrobat. Parsley was under the impression that this man had literally bought him. His master, Briggs by name, treated him very brutally, often thrashing and half-starving him, if at all slow in learning his business, or if there were but few coppers in the saucer, which Parsley had to carry round. Briggs' mates sometimes took Parsley's part, but not very often. Some of them were no better tempered than Briggs, and those who were good-natured were shy of interfering with him, since he was a very powerful, violent-tempered man. Getting nothing but his clothes and food—and often very little of that—Parsley lived with this Briggs until he was about fourteen. Of course he could only guess his age.

Sometimes engaged at circuses, and sometimes travelling the country as members of a "school," they had in that time not only gone over a good part of the United Kingdom, but also visited the Continent. The posturers' "school" was the only school to which his master put Parsley, but one of Briggs' mates had taught the boy to read and write after a fashion. One Barnet fair, the day of the pleasure-fair was soakingly wet, and Briggs' "school" took scarcely a penny. Thereupon he got mad-drunk, and gave Parsley so terrible a drubbing that he could stand his master's brutality no longer. As soon as he had exchanged his gaudy tumbler's uniform for the shabby suit which was his only mufti, he ran away to London. He knew London pretty well, and for a few days begged enough money to provide him with food and pay for a bed in a low boarding-house.

But Parsley did not relish begging. He wanted to *do* something for a living. One morning he fell in with a Punch-and-Judy man who was in want of what Parsley called a "pardner." His musical attainments were just the ones required; the other man taught him the outside patter, and Parsley was taken into partnership. At first he was to have only a quarter of the receipts, which was to be increased to a third when he had mastered the mystery of the "call" and got up the parts of the puppets, so that he could take his turn inside the frame. That and all the

properties belonging to the senior partner, he was to have the remaining two-thirds. But Parsley had saved his life at the risk of his own, when the frame with the "pardner" inside had been upset by a runaway horse-and-cart, and after that, although Parsley confessed that he was not nearly so efficient as his friend either inside or outside the green baize, the "pardner" insisted on Parsley sharing their earnings equally with him.

Two or three years afterwards the "pardner" died, leaving all his little property to Parsley. Parsley then had to seek a partner, and got, almost as soon as he got him, a partner for life. His partner in trade had a sister whom Parsley married—a hard-working, good-principled woman, who made him an excellent wife. She was very fond of him, and very fond of their two children, and looked after the souls as well as the bodies of all three to the best of her ability. Parsley was not a depraved man; he was, considering his circumstances and antecedents, I should say, an exceptionally well-behaved man when he married; but so far as knowledge of Christianity went he was a heathen then. Mrs. Smiles was not a very enlightened Christian, but she was a sincere believer in Christ, and gave a Christian atmosphere to their little home. She read a psalm and a collect night and morning to the little family; she got Parsley to go to church with her on Sunday evenings, first fitfully, but at last regularly; she did not drink, brawl, dawdle, and gossip, like a good many of her neighbours, and little Punch and Judy, as the neighbours called the two young Smileses, were very different from most of her neighbours' saucy, foul-tongued children. They honoured and loved their parents, although both, perhaps, in different ways, were a little too grave for children's tastes.

"Yes, I've seen father play Punch," said little Fanny Smiles to me one day. "Me and Tom had gone an arrand for mother, and we see our frame, and father's pardner playing the drum in Golding Square. So we stopped and heard father do it, but father ain't funny like that when he comes home. He's so tired; he has his supper and he goes to bed. Yes, sir, he's very good to us, but he don't want to make us laugh. He's too tired. *Tom's* a funny chap. He's got father's old call, and he can do a'most the whole of the talk now, and he can play the drum and pipes, and so can I. Tom says he'll be a Punchy, but mother don't want him to be, nor father neither. Tom's going for a arrand-boy next Monday, and I'm to go and nuss a baby soon's ever I'm eight. Tom and me goes to school in the eveninks, and of a Sunday afternoon. We run arrands for mother now, but we're gettin' too growed-up not to do something that'll bring in money. Tom 'll be nine next birthday. Mother, she makes little boys' trousers when she can get 'em to make, and father he works hard at bein' a Punchy all day long; he can scarce get up the stairs sometimes when he comes home, he's that tired. Father's pardner has to help him up often. Uncle Jack used to be father's pardner, but uncle Jack's gone to Californy."

So far as I could judge, Parsley was a sober, domestic man, and, therefore, having heard or read of Punch-and-Judymen living on the fat of the land, I was rather puzzled by Parsley's meagre style of living. I said to him one day that I had understood that members of his profession—Parsley liked to have Punch-and-Judy spoken of as a profession—made handsome incomes.

"And so they used to make 'em," answered Parsley. "My fust pardner's told me that when he went into the line, he's shared his ten pound a day with *his* pardner, and they've gone home and had their game and their wine like swells. But thinks as is, and thinks as was, is wery different. We used to git horders horfen wnen I fust went into it. I've played in a real live nobleman's drorin'-room more than once; but that's goin' out now; Punch ain't appreciated as he used to was; it's three year now since I got my last horder for a Christmas party; and money's got so scarce that the streets ain't worth 'alf a quarter what they used to was. A long pitch ain't worth much more than a short pitch now. Anyhow, I think I do uncommon well now if me and my pardner shares a bull a day between us. He can git on, because he's only himself to look to, but 'alf a bull a day—and five times out of six it ain't nigh as much as that—ain't much for a cove as 'as got a wife and kids.

"If my wife warn't the good old gal she is, we should horfen find ourselves in a corner. Tain't much she arns, but it's horfen more than I brings 'ome, and she's got the knack of makin' a little go a long way. She's a good old gal, is my wife. She's religious, you see, sir. I ain't religious, I'm sorry to say, but I wish I was. Religious folks seem somehow to make theirselves contented hows'ever thinks is goin'. Them dear little kids of mine think a deal more of she than they do of me; I love 'em, and they love me, but it's her they look up to somehow. No, sir, I don't mean to bring up Tom to my business. He wants to be a Punchy, but his mother don't want him to be, and I don't want him neither. There's temptations, and the boys is horfen wery owdacious—pinches ye through the baize, and makes holes and pokes ye, and pitches their caps right into the frame, and hunts ye about and chaffs ye, and never pays ye nuffink.

"It ain't jolly life now, the Punch line ain't. I should be glad to be out of it, if I could git 'old of somefink else that I could git as much by; but I've got into the way of it, and don't see my way clear to nuffink else I could do as well on, though it is so bad. My wife's troubled in her mind because she thinks it's wicked somehow, but I can't quite see that. Of course it ain't right that a party should fling a baby out o' the winder, and fight his wife, and swear, and so on; but then, you see, it's all make-believe, and my fust pardner used to say that there was a fine moral in it. But I ain't a funny man, and I don't relish arnin' my bread, sich as 'tis, by makin' a fool of myself. I go to church of a evenink now with my old gal and the kids, and when

they're a singin' that there Evenink Hymn, I think o' myself squeakin' out *roo-too-roo-too-roo-too-roo-too-roo-too-roo-cry*; and somehow they don't tally. I'll be wery grateful to you, sir, and so'll my old gal, if you'll put me in the way of gittin' my livin' somehow else, more respectable to a man's feelinks, and his wife's about him. Hopen air I've alays been used to, but anythink reglar you could git me I'd be thankful for, sir. Punch used to be good pay, but it ain't now; and when a cove's got wife and kids, and hain't got no nateral fun in him, he don't relish, somehow, arnin' his bread—and precious little of it—by squeakin'."

On a dreary winter's day, when dirty, low-hanging snow-clouds had blotted out every inch of blue sky. I happened to be crossing a piece of waste ground in the Middlesex Bromley. On one side was a patch of bony-stalked, snow-wigged cabbages—the gapped hedge that enclosed them was almost obliterated by snow. On the other side was a snow-furred and sheeted huddle of "builders' materials"—planks, piles, scaffold-poles, unglazed window-sashes, a snow-thatched weather-board summer-house, and a reading-desk with a snowdrift in it like a dropped surplice, and snow overflowing its sconces like guttering candles.

Presently I saw two lines of black dots rapidly crossing on a distant snowy background. These were the caps of boys careering along the up and down slides they had cut out on a stagnant pool that had frozen in a hollow in the waste. When I reached it I was rather astonished to find Tom, Punchy Parsley's son, amongst the sliders.

"Why, Tom," I said, "what brings you here?"

"We live in Lime-us now, sir," Tom answered in a hurry. "Three Colt Street. Father got a boat, and we should both ha' been out in her to-day, only the ice gave her a jam yesterday. Father's a purlman now, and I helps him. It's better fun than bein' a Punchy."

My curiosity being excited as to Punchy Parsley's new mode of life, I found my way to Three Colt Street as soon as I had finished my business.

Punchy Parsley and his wife were both at home, busy in different ways, but little Fanny, I was told, was at school, where I was further informed, she was "getting on famous." I guessed, therefore, that my friend Smiles had bettered himself by his change of occupation.

"Why isn't Tom at school too, Mr. Smiles?" I asked, when I had told him how it was that I had found him out.

"Oh, sir, you mustn't think that Tom's idling away his time," his mother answered. "Tom's a good boy, and what his father and me can teach him he learns willin', and he goes to school, too, at odd times. But he's helpin' his father now in the boat, and a good boy he is, his father says. So as father can't go out to-day, because the boat's mendin', we've let Tom have a run just to stretch his legs. I've no fears of his gettin' into bad company. There can't be no harm in a boy's having a slide, can there, sir?"

"But what do *you* know about boats, Mr. Smiles?" I said. "What put it into your head to get a living on the river? What is it that you do?" I inquired of the ex-Punchy. Parsley put down the thole which he had been shaping with his pocket-knife, and going to the mantelpiece, opened a japanned tobacco-box which stood on it, and took out a license, which he gave me to read. It ran thus:

INCORPORATED 1827.

BUMBOAT.

Height, 5ft.
7in., about
43 years of
age, grizzled
hair, pock-
marked.
2nd and 3rd
Vic. cap. 47,
sec. 25.

I hereby certify that Parsley Smiles, of Three Colt Street, in the parish of Limehouse, in the County of Middlesex, is this day registered in a book of the Company of the Masters, Wardens, and Commonalty of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames, kept for that purpose, to use, work, or navigate a boat called a skiff, named *Bluebell*, number 51, for the purpose of selling, disposing of, or exposing for sale, to and among the seamen, or other persons employed in and about any of the ships or vessels upon the said river, any articles whatsoever, between London Bridge and Limehouse Hole; but the said boat is not to be used on the said river for any other purpose than the aforesaid.

JOHN SMITH, Clerk.

WATERMAN'S HALL,
June—, 18—.

"Three-and-sixpence, sir, *that* cost me," said Parsley, as he folded up his license again and replaced it in the tobacco-box; "and I'd to sell my frame and properties at a sacrifice, and I give more than I'd give now for my old boat; but I won't complain. Goin' on for eight months now I've been at my new business, and I won't deny that I've done a deal better at it than I did with Punch. The nip the ice give us yisterday was the only bit o' bad luck we've 'ad, and the man I bought the boat of says he'll 'ave her all right agin by to-morrer. I'll not complain, sir. My present business is real business—sellin' money's worth for men's money without makin' a fool of yerself; and not gittin' children's coppers for nonsense. Arnin' my bread at Punch—specially since it's been sich poor pay—al'ays seemed to me a kind o' make-believe sort of business, and I'm glad I'm out of it, sir, and ain't got to squeak an' make jokes agin my disposition."

"But what is it you do, and how did you learn to manage a boat?" I asked again.

"Well, sir, when I was with that old blind man I've told you of—Dark Davey—I used to go out on the river of an evenin', and the man I bought my boat of I knew then, an' he put me up to makin' a livin' out o' the river, an' though I don't profess to be a waterman, I've picked up my pullin' agin' and got used to the scrougin' and the steamers, which they made me funky at first, and that I won't deny. Now Tom at startin' was never skeared, and he can pull better than me—I don't mean for strength, but in the way o' nateral knack, you understand, sir. Tom was meant for a sailor. He'll run up the riggin' o' the craft we go

aboard on like a monkey possessed. There's more than one skipper's offered to take him, and that's how it will have to be, I guess, though his mother don't like the thoughts of his follerin' a sea-farin' life.

"Tom keeps the bell goin' in the fog pretty brisk, or we shouldn't know where we was wanted. Last November we lost ourselves, an' 'ad to stay all night in the boat; but we run her into a sort o' ditch, and made ourselves snug. We'd grub aboard, and we'd coal enough to keep up a good fire, and a bit o' tarpaulin we rigged to keep the snow off; so we should ha' been as jolly as sandboys, if it 'adn't been for thinkin' that mother an' Fanny would be frettin' about us. It's a deal better livin' than the Punch line, sir. There's no trampin' about, cold and 'ungery, with a 'eavy frame on your shoulders, or a 'eavy box a-luggin' at yer lines, and takin' nuffink arter all. We're sure of a welcome, wherever we goes, and the pay's good, and, all things considered, it's sure, too—leastways, I've lost next to nothin' in the way o' bad debts. And it's real business that a man needn't be ashamed of.

"My old 'ooman she will go on workin' for the tailors, but she needn't if she didn't like. We're a deal more comfor'bler than we was, thank God. Shoulder o' mutton an' taties, or leg o' pork, or somethin' o' that, we can have every Sunday now, an' then the children goes to Sunday-school, an' the missis she goes to church or else to chapel, and I takes my peace an' quietness, without 'avin' to wonder where on earth I'm to git to-morrow's bread from; an' in the evenin' we locks up, an' all on us goes to church, an' takes a walk arterwards, when the weather's fine, an' then we comes 'ome, an' 'as our supper, and the missis reads a chapter and the colic, an' the young uns sings a hymn, and we goes to bed feelin' comfor'ble. It's a deal better than bein' a Puuchy, ain't it, old gal?"

Of course, I was very pleased to find that Parsley's circumstances had improved considerably since I first made his acquaintance; but still I could not help fancying, and regretting, that the change had made him selfish. The comparative comfort which his new calling enabled him to enjoy was almost the only thing, I thought, he cared about. I was altogether wrong, as I generally find that I have been when I have formed an unfavourable judgment. It was natural enough that the poor man should contrast complacently the advantages of his new life with the privations which he and his family had long suffered; but prosperity had not made Parsley selfish—it had rather ripened his kindliness of disposition which had lain almost latent, half starved in him, during the time of his poverty.

About a fortnight afterwards I again looked in at Parsley's. He and his son were out on the river. Fanny was laying the cloth for dinner, and Mrs. Smiles was rubbing with onion and salt the raw-looking chilblained feet of a slightly-built, liquid-eyed, golden-syrup-complexioned, green-turbaned East Indian, who, although the weather had broken, and he was muffled up in some

of Parsley's warm woollen clothes, was crouching and shivering, "goose-skinned," over the fire. Miserable though he looked, his native politeness manifested itself when I entered the room. He gave me one of those Eastern smiles which would be so winning, if the person smiled at could be quite sure that they meant anything, and, if so, that they did not mean just the opposite of the good-will they express. He tried to rise and make a salaam, but Mrs. Smiles pushed him back into his chair, saying kindly, "There, you sittee still, Mr. 'yder. Sittée still, me say. The gentleman 'll excuse ye. His feet are awful bad, sir, and he hasn't got the strength of a cat, poor crittur."

And again she rubbed the onion and salt into Mr. "'yder's" swollen toes. Hyder winced under the friction, and yet he looked very grateful to Mrs. Smiles notwithstanding, and talked to her and little Fanny in broken English, and laughed when they answered him in the same.

This Hyder was a *protégé* of the Smileses. How he came to be so I did not learn until afterwards. But on another occasion, when I had Hyder all to myself, I heard his history in his own words, and I think I cannot do better than reproduce them:—

"My name Mirza Hyder. Missa Hyder Missis Smile call me. She tink Mirza all de same as Missa. Ah, but she is so kind woman, and Missa Smile is so kind, and de leetle girl. I no like de leetle boy to call me nigger—I no nigger, I Bengal Mussulman—but de leetle boy kind too. I once soldier—Sepoy, you know. But—but—I run away. I no like it, you understand. Den I come over the black water from Calcutta—what you call Lascar—to your docks here here in big ship. Serang very bad man. Bad rice, no ghee, much floggee. Too much floggee for Mirza. I run away again. So cold. De sun not get up for tree week. I shiver, shiver all day long. But de kind Inglis people give me monee. I buy broom, sweep streets, sell de leetle books. More monee. Sahib painter say to me, "Come, I will put you into my picture." More monee. More painter gentlemen say same. More monee. Rich soon as de Lord Mayor, but I feel very lonely. My fader in India, no one here dat know me. De sun not look de same as in India. All so cold. I want to dream and forget dis countree. I lodge den where dere is Chinaman, and he take me to 'nother Chinaman—what you call Bluegate Fields—where dey smoke de opium. Pay your monee, lie on de bed, and smoke de pipe, and have de good dreams. Spend all my monee dat way. No can get any more for long time. I starve, but officer gentleman dat know me in India see me in Hyde Park, and give me monee. I buy tom-tom of Arab man, and me and Arab man beat tom-tom and sing song West-end, East-end, all round about. Arab man play tom-tom very fine—he make it talk and answer to itself—but he keep all de monee. And he leave me when de cold come again—no monee, no bread, no rice, and bad in my bed. Dey soon turn me out of my bed, when dey know me no monee. I got out with my tom-tom, but my fingers too cold, Too cold in

all my body. Only my cotton clothes on, and me very bad, and my legs shake. Snow, frost, everywhere—on de ground, in de sky, in my heart, in de Inglis people's eyes. No rich English people where I am, all poor people. De poor people no pity me—hungry themselves. I tink me try for a ship again—get back where de sun shine, and de rice is sheap. So I come down here, but when I get to de wall where de graves are, I tumble down—it so cold—me tink I soon die. De people go by and look at me, and some say, 'poor shap,' and some say me sheat; but not one help me till Missa Smile come. He pull me up on his back and carry me home like de sack of coals, and he give me food and clothes and fire. Every one here so kind. Missis Smile buy rice and curry powder, and curry sprats, and rub my toes for me—a leetle too hard. Leetle girl wait on me, and laugh, and play my tom-tom, and sing me Inglis songs. Leetle boy give up his bed for me. Nine days me here, and dey no tired yet. Missis Smile read me de Bible, and bring parson gentleman, and say she make a Christian of me before she let me go. I say—for a joke, you understand—'Me no turn Christian den for a long time yet, Missis Smile—I like to stay where I am. I gettin' on, Missis Smile—very fond of Missa Smile—I no die Mussulman—so you have patience, Missis Smile.' "

I am not aware that Hyder became a Christian before he left Three Colt Street, but I think he must have carried away a verv favourable impression of the Christianity of his hosts there.

It was not until Hyder was quite strong again, and had had his wardrobe replenished by Mrs. and Fanny Smiles' busy fingers, and with donations from Parsley's and Tom's not over-abundant stock of clothes, that Parsley went to that admirable institution, the Strangers' Home, and made known the case of his *protégé* to the courteous old Indian officer—child-like in the courageous simplicity of his Christianity—who gives as much time (and far more energetic service) to the Home as if he received a handsome salary for his assiduous attendance there, instead of managing the establishment, as he does, purely "for love" of its Oriental, African, and Polynesian inmates.

A ship was soon obtained for Mirza Hyder. Parsley and Tom in their purl-boat saw him as his vessel was being towed down from the London Docks to Gravesend, and Hyder saw them. "You very good, Missa Smile," the East Indian shouted, squatting monkey-like on the larboard cat-head. "Good-bye, Missa Smile, good-bye, leetle Tom. Many tanks to you, all of you. Tell Missis Smile and leetle Fanny my love. I remember you all in India—tell my fader how good you all was."

REST comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last :

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

NEW YEAR'S READINGS.

THE DYING YEAR.

The days and the weeks, the months and the years,
 Are passing away—so swiftly away,
 With our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears ;
 We cannot command them to stay.

Eternity's ages are coming so fast,
 Swiftly to you, swiftly to me ;
 The days of our life-work how soon they are past,
 And we launch on eternity's sea.

On we are borne by the tide of the years,
 Swiftly away, swiftly along ;
 And the rush of eternity sounds in our ears,
 Though we drown it with laughter and song.

O Lord, clasp us close in Thy sheltering arms,
 Closer to Thee, Lord, closer to Thee !
 And soothe Thou our anguish at death's grim alarms,
 And bring us to dwell in Thy city of palms,
 Forever and ever with Thee !

—*Mrs. E. A. Hawkins.*

THIS YEAR.

May this be a year of greater spirituality. As the holy Joseph Alleine wrote from Ilchester prison to his flock at Taunton: "Beloved Christians, live like yourselves; let the world see that the promises of God and the privileges of the Gospel are not empty sounds. Let the heavenly cheerfulness, and the restless diligence, and the holy raisedness of your conversations prove the reality and excellence and beauty of your religion to the world." Aim at an elevated life. Seek to live so near God that you shall not be overwhelmed by those amazing sorrows which you may soon encounter, nor surprised by that decease which may come upon you in a moment suddenly. Let prayer never be a form. Always realize it as an approach to the living God for some specific purpose, and learn to watch for the returns of prayer. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly. That sleep will be sweet, and that awaking hallowed, where a text of Scripture, or a stanza of a spiritual song, imbues the last thoughts of consciousness. See that you make progress. Happy then the New Year if its path were so bright that in a future retrospect your eye could fix

on many a Bethel and Peniel along its track, and your grateful memory could say: "Yonder is the grave where I buried a long-besetting sin; and that stone of memorial marks where God made me triumph over a fierce temptation, through Jesus Christ. Yon Sabbath was the top of the hill where I clasped the Cross and the burden fell off my back: and that Communion was the land of Beulah, where I saw the far-off land and the King in His beauty."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The year has gone, and come. There is never a vacancy in Time's seat. The echoes of the midnight bell, tolling the departure of the Old Year have hardly died away, ere the joyous peal is heard, ushering in his bright young successor, who comes to each one of us, freighted with such wondrous possibilities. He brings to us fresh opportunities, new duties, or, it may be, only the patient carrying on of the old, but, in a sense, each day's work is new, needing fresh life, renewed strength, added grace.

Could we realize the poet's ideal and obey his call to

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New,
Ring out the False, ring in the True!"

What a bright new year this would be if we could "ring out" the class distinctions, and antagonisms which have attained so rank a growth among us, the cruel indifference of the rich to the poor, and the deep-seated bitterness of the poor against the rich, and if we could "ring in" the peace on earth, and good-will to men which have been preached for nearly nineteen hundred years, but so little practised even yet, by the professed followers of the Great Peacemaker. Could we ring out the hard feelings caused by differing religious creeds, the narrowness which can see no good in those who fail in pronouncing the cherished shibboleth, and "ring in" the glad time when all believers shall be one in Christ Jesus.

And, oh, how the desire is on the hearts of all our workers that we could "ring out" the drinking habits, and the laws which protect and encourage them! Oh, that we could toll the knell of "society usages" which make it so hard for young men and young women, but especially young men, to keep in the safe path of total abstinence! How we long to "ring in" the time when the saloon door shall be closed, and when so many grocery windows shall not be an object-lesson of Satan, familiarizing our children with the names and the appearance of the alcoholic poison in all its forms.

Ah, but you say, when these and kindred reforms have been "rung in," the millennium will be here. Well, if that is so, then we can all do something to hasten that glorious time. We can, by God's grace, "ring out" the old and the false from our own hearts, and rejoice in the glorious freedom of truth. And, beginning there, like the Macedonian saints, first giving our own selves to the Lord, we shall be ready to be used as He may see best. There is no danger that we will have to stand till the eleventh hour, waiting to be hired; even now His voice is saying, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" There is a startling paradox, which, Dr. Pierson says: "contains the whole philosophy of evangelism."

"Christ *alone* can save the world,
But Christ cannot save the world *alone*."

He calls for our help, He puts upon us this great honour of being "workers together with Him."

Let us in these first days of the New Year, consecrate ourselves afresh, setting before us higher aims and more exalted ideals than those which have contented us in the past. We must remember that to be truly living we must be growing, we are to be as the light shining ever more and more unto the perfect day. How careful we should be, knowing that we are "epistles," read of those about us, whether it be to the honour of our Lord, or whether it be to bring reproach upon His Name.

As we, in union with Christians throughout the world, open the year with a season of concerted prayer, may we not feel that we are swelling the tide of loving effort, which in God's good time, and we believe that God's time is when He sees His people to be ready, is to

"Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Woman's Journal.

—*Jean Alexander.*

CONTENTMENT.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

—*Archbishop Trench.*

The Christian Life.

A HEART OF FIRE.

THE Church that reaches the masses in this indifferent age must be a Church of revivals. She must go to the people with a heart of fire and a hand of love. She must flame with energy, bow down with humility, and bend herself for universal adaptation. Labouring people will never respect a non-labouring Church. A man who toils for bread appreciates a Church that toils for souls. Any denomination with hands and garments too dainty to be soiled by contact with work-begrimed men may as well cease to invite the labouring classes through her portals; they will never go. The masses are ready to be reached and won. Why do not the Churches reach after them? Instead of asking, Why the masses do not crowd into the churches, our question is, Why do not the Churches crowd after the masses? Why? We are impressed by recent remarks from Mr. T. R. Threlfall, Secretary of the Labour Association of England, and one of the most representative and influential workingmen in the United Kingdom. He says: "The masses are just as ready for the truth to-day as they ever were—probably readier—but they should be sought out. Once let even the most degraded and hardened understand that you wish them well, that you desire to lighten their burdens and cheer their lives, and a marvellous result will follow." Again: "For the Churches to go to the masses has been the custom of all revivalists in every age and country. Thus did St. Xavier, when in ragged attire he begged his food and carried the Gospel to India and China; thus did the martyrs of the Reformation, and so did John Wesley and the early Primitives. They sought the people in the streets and amid the haunts of poverty and vice. They were too full of zeal and love to brook delay, and they gathered the congregations for themselves. Probably no more graphic comment could be made upon this complaint than that expressed in the quaint saying of an old preacher, 'In olden times one sermon would convert three thousand sinners, now it takes three thousand sermons to convert one sinner.'"

As a Church we are doing something for the labouring classes and for all the poor, but we need more revival power to convert people of all grades and classes. We want the humble spirit of Christ and the evangelistic power of the apostles after pentecost to keep us alive and growing. Any Church destitute of these elements will ultimately die out of the world. For "a Church without revivals is like a ship without sails. It drifts or sinks

Take the Quakers as a typical case. Originating in a whirl of religious excitement, their ministers, half naked or clothed in sackcloth, travelled from place to place, addressing enormous gatherings in churches, barns and market-places. They had sanguine hopes of enfolding the whole of the Christian brotherhood within their pale; their missionaries went to Europe, Asia, America, and even to Africa; they founded a state and gave promise of amazing power. They thrived under persecution, but decayed under toleration. Since 1689 this Church has never been swept by the fiery breath of revival; it is cultured and wealthy, but it has no hold upon the masses." So will it be with Methodism if she ceases to agonize for revival power. Under God, she must burn with inherent spiritual energy or else grow cold and die. She must adapt herself to every age and country. She must fit her methods to changing conditions. Let other churches build cathedrals; while so many people are poor she will do well to renew her practice of building chapels. Better a great and interested congregation with conversions, sanctifications and other displays of divine power, in a cloth tent or a broad tabernacle, than scant but select audiences with a barren ritual, powerless forms and lifeless services in temples of marble and stone.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE ONE NAME!

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweetness, and light, and joy, and love, and life; filling the air with odours, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live; soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power; Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption; Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the Mount of God; Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at Thy right hand.—*Dr. Bethune.*

DOING YOUR UTMOST FOR GOD.

Few Christians do their utmost for God. This is true of them in their individual capacity. It is true in regard to giving and doing. Few give to the extent of their ability; many do not give up to the measure of self-indulgence in needless luxuries. Few toil in the Master's service with the diligence and faithfulness they employ in worldly matters. These are confessions that the facts of the case compel and justify.

The people of God on earth are responsible for results, and for the reason, that within their easy reach are faculties sufficient to enable them to do all that is required at their hands. There is no excuse for weakness or insufficiency, much less for indifference or neglect. Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. These are the three characteristics that ought to mark the lives of all professing Christians. Idleness, when one has health and strength, is beyond the range of apology. Laziness is a sin; there is nothing of the Christ's spirit in it or about it. Zeal for God and His cause, fervency of spirit in all enterprises that have relation to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ on earth, must be possessed by all who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus, if they would make men see that spirit and profession and heart are in perfect accord. All this and more is true in regard to serving God. Those who worship Him must do it in spirit and truth.—*Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GERMAN CHORAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BESIDE a manger lowly,
A mother pale and mild,
With eyes serene and holy,
Is watching o'er her child.
I, too, would gaze and ponder,
Bowed down in homage low,
For sight more full of wonder
This earth did never show.

Across the mists of ages,
That Infant's form divine,
Unchanging still, engages
The heart before His shrine.
For though in God's anointed,
The world no charm espies,
Faith reads the signs appointed,
" 'Tis Christ my Lord," she cries.

Behold the "Branch" of David.
The "Shiloh," famed of old,
The Son of Virgin Mother,
By prophet's lips foretold,
Behold the seed of woman,
Repairer of the Fall,
The Child Divine, yet human,
Emanuel, Lord of all!

Oh, tender plant, upspringing
Amid the desert dry!
Oh, dawn of promise, flinging
The rays o'er earth and sky!
Oh, glad and gushing river,
From Love's own fountain poured,
Spring up—flow on forever,
Till all men know the Lord!

IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT.*

This book is the literary sensation of the day. The first edition was exhausted within three hours of the time of issue. It is characterized by Mr. Stead as "the most epoch-making book of the century." It is worthy of the profoundest study by every lover of his kind, as an heroic attempt to grapple with some of the pressing social problems of the day.

The book is divided into two parts: 1. The Darkness, and 2. The Deliverance. The first part is like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and mourning and woe. It is like a chapter from Dante's "Inferno." There are, says General Booth, "a million of souls in the richest country of the world, who would die during one month from starvation, if not relieved by the hand of charity." Add to these the great multitude just above the starvation point, and he asserts that one-tenth of God's Englishmen are doomed to a service of those great Twin Devils, Destitution and Despair. Like the Hebrew prophet, he denounces wickedness and wrong in high places; firms which reduce sweating to a fine art and grind the faces of the poor. "These men nowadays," he says, "are sent to parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to hell, but here we have changed all that; they send their victims to hell, while they are rewarded by all that wealth can give."

General Booth pleads for the thousands of poor wretches who, as Bishop Southey said, "are not so much born into this world as damned into it." He brings a tremendous indictment against the drink system. "Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice and crime," he says, "spring from this poisonous tap-root." With true Christ-like spirit he yearns over the outcast, the disinherited and the lost. He contemplates the salvation not only of the bodies but the souls of these outcasts. "I prophecy,"

he says, "the uttermost disappointment unless the citadel of the heart is reached. If we help the man it is in order that we may change him." He urges the fulfilment of the wonderful words of the prophet (see Isaiah lviii. 6-12). The passage is too long to quote, but our readers, we hope, will refer to it.

The second and major part of the book is devoted to the problem of the deliverance. It is like that thrilling episode in Stanley's narrative, his emergence from the reeking forest of darkest Africa into the bright and beautiful plateau. It is almost like the transition from Dante's nether world to the *Paradiso*. He does not minify the magnitude of the task. He proposes the extension, as described in the December number of this MAGAZINE, of the methods already adopted, at the food and shelter depots of the Salvation Army. During the year 1889, at these depots in London, were sold 496 tons of provisions, besides 116,400 gallons of soup and 14,300 quarts of milk, at prices within the reach of the very poorest—such as soup per basin a $\frac{1}{4}$ d. for a child and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for an adult, also supper, lodging, breakfast and a bath for 4d., and if they have not 4d., a chance to earn it. Many thousands have found temporary succour, and many of them salvation as well in these refuges of the Salvation Army. He instances, as a type, the commander of an ocean steamship, who was saved from abject wretchedness and vice, and in a year reappeared in the form of the steamship commander.

He proposes that a salvage corps shall gather up the "fragments that are wasted in London, that nothing be lost." The old bones he would convert into knife-handles and bone dust; the old rags into paper, of which the Salvation Army uses for its periodicals over thirty tons a week; other animal refuse into soap; old

* *In Darkest England and the Way Out*. By GENERAL BOOTH. 8vo, pp. 285-xxxii. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, \$1.25. Paper, 50 cents.

tin into children's toys and the like. In like manner he purposes to gather the human refuse—waifs and waste and off-scourings of society—and in rural farms, under wholesome and happy auspices, seek their moral and physical regeneration. After suitable training he would draft them away to homes prepared beyond the sea, in South Africa, Australia and Canada.

He proposes to utilize the thousands of square miles that like long ribands line the railway, for raising market produce. He would establish an "employment bureau," which in connection with his farm and factories, would find work for the great army of the unemployed. He would have an advice-bureau for giving council to the multitude of the poor, ignorant and friendless—as for instance the 50,000 poor widows of England and Wales. He proposes an organization to labour under captains of industry, as never before attempted.

To realize this grand dream he asks for £1,000,000—a mere trifle, he says, compared with the sums that Britain lavishes wherever Britons are in need of deliverance if they are imprisoned abroad—as the £9,000,000 spent in the Abyssinian campaign; the \$21,000,000 spent in the Afghan wars. If he receives the sum of half a million dollars he will consider it a sign from God, like the dew was to Gideon's fleece, that he is to undertake this work. Already within a month, half that sum has been secured, all classes from the Prince of Wales to the costermonger, contributing thereto. Statesmen like Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Aberdeen, archbishops and bishops of the Anglican Church, and representative ecclesiastics and laics of every denomination.

The thorough organization of the Salvation Army gives it extraordinary facility for such work. It is the only religious body in the world based upon the principle of implicit obedience. At the command of the General the soldiers must go to the slums of London or of Melbourne. He may leave the Army any day, but while a member of it he must obey like a soldier on the field of battle.

The sway of Ignatius Loyola was

never more absolute than that of General Booth. He has ten thousand officers at his command who will gladly carry out with enthusiasm his orders. By the self-denial for a single week of these poor people, as most of them were, there was raised last year \$100,000.

The Anglican Church, with its thorough parochial organization, might possibly attempt such work, but they could never command the sympathy and co-operation of the nation as this body, belonging to none of the churches yet commanding the respect of all.

The time is past when the Army can be made the butt of the cheap wit of the music halls and of the comic papers. Archbishops and statesmen confer with its founder, as to the solution of social problems which have hitherto defied the wisdom of the wisest. Who knows if, in the providence of God, the Salvation Army has not been raised for the social and moral regeneration of the people? if General Booth has not "gone into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Outside of the United Kingdom the Army exists in a more vigorous operation in Canada, than in any other country. Its thirty-six periodicals, in many different languages, have a circulation of 33,000,000. It holds nearly 50,000,000 religious meetings every week. It has accumulated nearly \$4,000,000 worth of property; it pays for rentals over \$1,000,000 a year, and it has an income of nearly \$4,000,000 a year. Twenty-five years ago its founder was a humble Methodist preacher, who, but for the lack of flexibility and comprehensiveness of the Methodism of the day, might possibly have achieved these great results for that Church.

From some of its methods we strongly dissent; but these are the accident not the essence of its organization. If General Booth succeeds, as we believe he will succeed, in his great scheme for the elevation of the masses, he will prove one of the greatest benefactors of his kind who ever lived. We again commend this book to candid and careful study.

MESSIANIC PROPHECY.

DR. Workman's paper on this subject in the October number of the *Canadian Methodist Quarterly Review*, has attracted so much attention and has given rise to so much discussion, as to demand at least a brief reference in these pages. With much that that paper contains every one must agree. It expresses many very important truths admirably phrased, and its spirit is reverent and devout. We think unquestionably that the so-called grammatico-historical method of the critical study of the text is the correct one. The scholarly ability which is so conspicuously manifested in the author's able volume on "The Text of Jeremiah," is also apparent in this essay. Nevertheless, the arguments adduced as to the exclusion of Messianic prophecy in its predictive sense from the Old Testament fail to carry conviction to our mind, and we think are, in large degree, erroneous and misleading. Even had we the critical ability, we cannot, of course, in the time and space at our command attempt a formal refutation of this elaborate essay of seventy pages. That would require at least equal space, and much more time than, under the pressure of many engagements, we can command, and much more critical learning than we possess. We cannot but feel it our duty, however, to record our dissent from many of the conclusions at which Prof. Workman has arrived.

Of course, the apologetic use of prophecy has been abused, and the recognition of types and allegories and adumbrations by ingenious theorizing minds have done much harm to the sober exposition of the Scriptures, yet we deem of vital importance the recognition of Messianic prediction in the Old Testament. The doctrine of Messianic atonement, runs, like the scarlet thread through priest's garment, through the warp and woof of the whole tissue of Scripture. The deletion of this seems to us to almost eviscerate the

Old Testament of its very life and spirit.

Prof. Workman seems to us unduly to minify the predictive element in prophesy. On page 417 he says: "In certain cases, doubtless, the prediction might have been suggested by the existing circumstances to a person of great natural sagacity. Owing to their prophetic insight the prophets by their spiritual training might rightly become skilful readers of the signs of the times, as many reverent writers on the subject have suggested." This is, in some cases, possibly true; but it cannot, in our judgment, account for the numerous, minute and circumstantial predictions uttered hundred of years before the time of our Lord which were so manifestly fulfilled in His life and death.

We are not quite sure that we fully understand Prof. Workman's statement that "the essential contents of Messianic prophecy are of an ideal nature, somewhat in the same way that unrealized experience, exceeds realized experience,"—p. 425—and that "there is no passage in which the future Messiah stood objectively before the writer's mind, or in which the prophet made particular and personal reference to the historic Christ"—p. 448.

The distinction between the ideal and real, between the personal and official, between the objective and the subjective, seems in this connection too subtle for ready apprehension. We do not see that Dr. Workman is warranted in making this assertion, or that he can positively assert how far the conception was objective or subjective in the mind of the prophet. When Isaiah 740 years before Christ said in chapter vii., "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," and in chapter ix. exclaims, "Unto us a child is born," and extolled in lofty verse His power as "the mighty God, the everlasting Father,

the Prince of Peace," we fail to see wherein that differs in kind from the prediction of the same prophet concerning Cyrus, calling him by name one hundred years before his reign.

Of course, there is considerable force in what Prof. Workman says concerning interpreting prophecy in the light of its supposed fulfilment; thus reading a meaning into it that we may read it out again, as analogous to the habit of looking for the answer of a problem before attempting its solution.

But if the problem has been very difficult of solution, or wholly insoluble, and if our blessed Lord points out to His doubting disciples that in Him these prophecies have found their fulfilment, why should we not avail ourselves of the key thus furnished to unlock the difficulties of the problem? Many of the predictions of the Apocalypse we think were not designed to make plain to our minds the events to which they refer while still in the future, but to be a perpetual testimony of the divine inspiration of that prophecy *after* the event shall have taken place. So the eyes of the disciples were often holden that they did not discern the true nature of Christ's kingdom and character. But when our Lord put this key of the fulfilment of the Scriptures into their hands, the mystery was unlocked, and they recognized His true Messiahship.

While many of Dr. Workman's applications of the principle of interpretation command assent, yet the general conclusion that "in the Propheticage, Messianic prophecy proper appears; but even here there is no prophetic passage that has an original reference to the New Testament Messiah,"—p 448—strikes us, as it will, we think, strike most Bible readers, with a mental shock. Not all his force of argument will be able to shake the deep-rooted conviction of Messianic prediction, nor induce us to yield assent to the above quoted statement.

Having said this, it is unnecessary to refer at length to the particular prophecies. It seems to us, however, a

"most lame and impotent conclusion" that the celebrated passage in the 3rd chapter of Genesis, the *prot evangelium*, given before the expulsion of our first parents from Eden, recognized as a distinct Messianic prediction by the great body of Christian interpreters throughout the Christian centuries, was but the bald and literal statement of the natural "enmity between mankind and serpents."—P. 441. "It has yet to be discovered," says Dr. Clark, "that the serpentine race have any peculiar enmity against mankind; nor is there any proof that men hate serpents more than they do other noxious animals."

When we read twenty-five years ago the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament with Prof. Hirschfelder, to whom the Hebrew tongue is a familiar vernacular, we were deeply impressed with his literal interpretation of these passages as referring predictively to our Lord; and recent conversations upon the subject convince us that he still retains the same interpretation as strongly as ever. It strikes one with a mental shock that even those sacred prophecies of Psalm 22 and Isaiah 53 are explained as having no original reference to Christ or Messianic prediction, although Messianic in their "application."

With the closing pages of Prof. Workman's essay we are much more in accord. There is much that is devout and that is deeply spiritual; much that would make us fain hope that many of the differences of interpretation between Dr. Workman and his critics are differences in manner of expression more than of underlying principle. "The Hebrew Scriptures," he says, "are saturated with Messianic prophecy, but in a sense deeper than Christian people commonly suppose. Because of the divine element in prophecy, the Old Testament is full of Christ, not in the sense of prediction, but in the sense of testimony. From Genesis to Malachi, the prophetic Scriptures, in their lofty ethical conceptions, breathe the spirit of Jesus Christ. 'To Him bear all the prophets witness.' He is the central or focal point, so to speak, in which

all lines of Messianic prophecy converge, not in the predictive, but in the ethical sense of the term.

"As all ethical teaching in the New Testament looks backward to Christ, so all ethical teaching in the Old Testament looks forward to Him. As the manifested truth of God, He embodies or realizes in His own personality the truths and principles of Messianic prophecy." — P. 474.

Nevertheless one cannot but feel that there are vital points of difference between the views taught by Prof. Workman, as we understand them, and the consensus of opinion of the great body of Biblical commentators. Just last Sunday, for instance (December 7), the Sunday-schools of Christendom have been studying the revelation of our Lord to His disciples in the walk to Emmaus after His resurrection, when, "beginning with Moses and all the prophets, He interpreted to them

in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." Throughout Christendom nearly 2,000,000 devout teachers have been instructing 12,000,000 scholars, with the help of the best interpretation that they can procure, the distinctly predictive character of Messianic prophecy. Our own "Sunday-school Banner," for instance, gives references, after Canon Farrar, to twenty-three Old Testament passages of this character. The same teachings are uttered from ten thousand pulpits throughout Christendom. Much of this teaching, it may be said, is uncritical and unscientific, but much of it is fully abreast of the foremost critical investigation of the day. The interpretation which is so enfibred in the heart of Christendom, which has endured through the ages, and is wide as the world, is not to be changed except upon irrefragable evidence such as, in our judgment, has not been, and cannot be, produced.

Current Topics and Events.

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

The question of the eligibility of woman for membership in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has for some months been prominently before the people of that community. Very strong positions were taken both by official organs and by prominent men on opposite sides of the question. The veteran New York *Christian Advocate*, the *Northern Advocate*, and one or two papers in the South strongly opposed admission. The other official papers were, we think, all in favour of their admission.

The vast preponderance in favour of woman is in the Central and Western States. New York State, which seems to be supposed to be under the special influence of the *Christian Advocate*, is strongly against them; although New Eng-

land, with characteristic independence is strongly for them.

It will be remembered that previous to the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church some five or six ladies, one of the most conspicuous of whom was Miss Frances Willard, were elected delegates to that General Conference. That body, however, after an animated and somewhat heated debate, refused to recognize their eligibility, and referred the question to the vote of the local churches. The New York *Independent* of December 18 gives the returns from 112 Districts. There were 59 Conferences represented in the total vote of 102,000, and there was a majority in favour of the women of 16,614. There are, in all, at home and abroad, 500 Districts, but as these represented all parts of the country, it is probable that the proportion of the votes will

not be greatly altered. This gives a majority of about one-fifth in favour of the election of women to the General Conference.

During the discussion special stress has been laid upon the *dictum* of St. Paul, that women should keep silence in the churches. On the same principle women should go about closely veiled as in the East. (See Cor. xi. 5 and 6.) Certainly if women keep silence in the Methodist Churches, some of the best and wisest things will remain unsaid.

Fifty years ago domestic work engrossed almost the entire energies of women. They carded and spun the wool, and dyed and wove the cloth; made the garments, and even the carpets, and did much manual work which is now accomplished by the tireless sinews and nimble fingers of machinery. With their ample leisure has come the opportunity for ampler culture in women's colleges and educational institutions. At the same time God is opening fields of usefulness in many ways and in many lands—in succouring the needy, in visiting the sick, in remembering the forgotten, in carrying brightness and gladness to many a saddened life; and, in mission lands, in pouring upon the dark zenana the light of the Gospel.

Whereas fifty years ago about half a dozen meagre employments were open to women to earn a living, there are now nearly five hundred honourable occupations wide open to her entrance. Especially in church life and church work is her presence felt. The majority of our congregations and membership are women. They do more than their full share in the great sphere of Sunday-school work and as missionary collectors. Especially through the organization of those wonderfully successful institutions, "The Woman's Missionary Society" and "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," have they achieved marvellous results. It does not seem to be a very extravagant request that, where churches desire it, they may be allowed to send some elect ladies to represent such important interests in the great councils of the Church. Such seems

the prevailing sentiment among the Episcopal Methodists of the United States. The vote was not a heavy one, but it is claimed was as heavy as could be obtained on almost any question. The experience of churches in which women have the right to election—as the Baptists, the Congregationalists and the Quakers—has not indicated that anything very revolutionary would be likely to take place were such right granted in the Methodist Episcopal Church. As the *Christian Union* well remarks: "The opening of the pulpit to women will not be likely to result in any real increase in the sacred desk of feminine teachers. The platform is as open to women as to men, but women lecturers are very rare, and women political orators still rarer."

DR. KOCH.

The discovery of Dr. Koch is a splendid illustration of the triumph of science. He is well figured in an English cartoon as Perseus flying to rescue Andromeda, bound, as it seems, in her death doom. His discovery of a consumption cure will be like life from the dead to thousands. There are those who declaim against the endless experiments of abstract science. Of what use are all those retorts and crucibles and alembics and test-tubes to the daily needs of man! Well-nigh three hundred years ago, Bacon declared that the dews of science that distilled upon the mountain tops would, in time, trickle to the far-off plain and benefit and bless all mankind. The abstruse studies carried on for years by a Pasteur, a Lister and a Koch have found antidotes to some of the most terrible diseases which decimated mankind. They have brought joy and hope to broken hearts and saddened homes, and have appreciably lengthened and brightened human life. Compared with such victories as these, how ignoble are those of war! Bismarck declares that but for him three great wars, which cost 80,000 lives and an incomparable amount of suffering and and sorrow would never have occurred. But who would not prefer to

win the benediction of millions of sufferers, to be the saviour of innumerable lives and the benefactor of mankind.

THE FALL OF PARNELL.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the revulsion throughout English-speaking lands at the lapse from virtue of the trusted leader of the Irish Home Rule party. Thirty years ago even more pronounced lapses than that of Parnell scarce attracted attention. But so great has been the advance in public morality that he is hurled from his pedestal of power into deserved ignominy and contempt. The man who to-day will be a patriot and a hero must be a man who will command the moral respect of his fellow-men.

The erratic and ill-starred career of Mr. Parnell since his deposition seems to well illustrate the old saying, "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*" The man seems, like a frenzied Malay, to be running "amuck" among his former friends and supporters. He has shown himself a thoroughly selfish, reckless egotist, ready rather to wreck and ruin his party than to sink into deserved obscurity to which his shameless libertinism should consign him. Seldom have the words of Wolsey to Cromwell been more strikingly fulfilled: "And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer; never to rise again."

STANLEY.

A considerable number of the people of Canada have had the opportunity of seeing the great African explorer, Stanley, and hearing from his own lips the thrilling account of rescue of Emin Psaha. One cannot withhold the meed of praise for the pluck and courage and dauntless dar-

ing of the great explorer—probably the greatest explorer who ever lived. But one cannot help feeling that his last exploit was in many respects a failure. At the cost of hundreds of lives and ineffable suffering he rescued a man who did not want to be rescued, and was unworthy of rescue and who would not stay rescued. Stanley's greatest exploit, that for which he will live in history is his finding of Livingstone and his founding of the Free State of the Congo. It is questionable how far a great expedition, armed with repeating rifles, machine guns and the most deadly enginery of war has the right to plough a furrow of death through primitive tribes and bring to pass the dreadful tragedy but partially revealed to the world in the story of the "Rear-Column."

DR. JOHNSTON.

AN entirely different sort of hero is the tall, gaunt, homely, Scottish preacher who left Toronto a few days ago to lead a forlorn hope of eight coloured men into the heart of darkest Africa to preach the Gospel of peace and salvation. Without arms, without prestige, without royal patronage, they go forth not knowing whither they go, but trusting in the power of God to preserve and direct them and to bless their labours. However much we may hear about "the Gospel riding for a powder cart," we deem the nobler and more heroic method that of taking one's life in one's hand and going forth like the primitive apostles without sword or staff, scrip or purse. Such men as Moffatt, and Livingstone, and Johnston, are to our mind truer heroes than those who with carnal weapons seek to win their victories through the slaughter of their fellow-men.

I WATCH the old moon in its slow decline.

So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy sea!

Whate'er the waiting New Year bring to me

I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine.

So, fearless, 'mid the wild bells mingled din,

I ope the door and let the New Year in.

—Independent.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The calls for help from Southern India are incessant. Rev. Mr. Burgess who visited Canada a few years ago, and greatly delighted those who were privileged to hear him in Toronto and Montreal, writes that the baptisms this year number two hundred, and will probably be doubled before the year ends. The missionaries have to decline to enter villages because they have not means to supply evangelists. Already five houses are required in as many places, where there are small native churches. Scores of inquirers are enrolled, and hundreds more are anxious to learn of Christ.

Another anniversary of West London Mission has been held, and was eminently successful. In three years wonderful things have been accomplished. There are now four ministers, two lay-agents and seventeen sisters at work, and all the meetings are crowded. At least five hundred persons have been redeemed from sin and misery. A call is made for \$15,000 to reimburse the general account, and \$5,000 more for Mrs. Hughes' Shelter Home.

One-fifth of the entire population of Cornwall attends Wesleyans places of worship, and one-third of these are members of society. Out of five hundred local preachers, only eighty-two are incapable of service. Several chapels are used for reading-rooms, young men's societies, Rechabite and Good Templar Lodges, etc.

The Fund "in memory of John Wesley," is making progress. Over \$50,000 have been promised. A scheme has been inaugurated for to raise \$50,000 for the "London Missions," and another for a "Children's Memorial" to John Wesley. Mr. McArthur suggests that the children's pence thus contributed, should

be expended in "A Memorial Window" in City Road Chapel.

Leeds Methodists have lately been unusually active in church extension. A bazaar was held at Brunswick Place, which in four days realized \$11,150.

Fifty-four new books had been published, one of which is Rev. E. R. Young's, "By Canoe and Dog Train," which has had a good sale. The largest sale has been hymn-books. The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* should command a better sale, with a constituency of more than a million adherents, and yet it has only 9,000 subscribers.

The income of the Missionary Society has declined \$40,000. The ex-President said that "many of the subscriptions represent the parings of superfluity rather than offerings involving genuine self-denial."

Mr. Lethaby, a local preacher, who has been labouring as a missionary in the land of Moab, has been enjoying a short furlough in England, and has returned to his field of labour. He wanted a reinforcement of labourers, but was obliged to return alone. He declares that the Arabian fields are "white unto the harvest," and entreats British Christians to pray that labourers may soon be raised up.

Our friends in Japan are labouring for the future. They are taking steps to establish a Book Room, and contemplate soon to have a Church paper published.

Among the recently elected members of the Japanese House of Representatives there are ten members of Churches, one of whom at least is a Methodist.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee has been held

at Boston. The Methodists of that city gave the Committee a royal welcome, and a grand social banquet was given in honour of the event.

The total receipts for the year were \$1,135,271, an increase of \$37,000 from collections. The bishops who had returned from their visits to the various mission fields at home and abroad spoke earnest words on their behalf.

Bishop Mallalieu said, respecting Bulgaria: "Forty of our earliest converts were murdered by the Turks, and the work broken up.

One Sunday I was there we had five services, and the church was crowded to the doors. Turks and Barbarians, Scythians, and all the rest that Paul enumerates almost, were there. A young man was converted in Bulgaria while setting up the Discipline.

Bishop Taylor's faith is strong in the Pauline plan of self-supporting missions. He contends that genuine progress is being made along the west coast of the Congo in the establishing of light and power.

Bishop Thorburn stirred all hearts as he spoke of the great awakening which is taking place in India. A native preacher had written him that "he had baptized sixty-five persons in three days, and wants \$40 to build a place of worship. He has started three churches in the villages." At another place, visited by the Bishop a year ago, five hundred persons have since been baptized. The Bishop estimates that not less than eight thousand will be baptized this year.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Dr. David Morton says that \$430,000 has been raised in the past eight years for church extension. Out of this fund 1,900 churches have been aided.

A bronze statue of Commodore Vanderbilt is to be erected at Vanderbilt University, Nashville.

Rev. S. P. Jones and J. P. Culpepper have been to Meriden, Miss., and have had wonderful success. On Sunday afternoon, November 16,

fully 7,000 men rose to their feet and surged forward, many weeping and some shouting, to pledge themselves to lead better lives.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The memorial stones of a new church were recently laid at Leicester. An address was delivered by Sir James Whitehead, ex-Mayor of London. The building will cost \$26,000. Sir James spoke strongly in favour of the Methodist Union movement; expressed the hope that all the branches of Methodists would soon form one body.

The Lavling Medical Mission in China is doing a good work; 5,231 cases were treated last year.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A mission was inaugurated at Bolton a year ago; the first anniversary was recently held; the cause has greatly prospered.

Harvest thanksgiving services have been held in several places with remarkable success. In one circuit, Callington, thirteen such services were held.

Greenbank Circuit, Plymouth, reports great financial success. In one year \$4,235 were raised for all purposes.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Our brethren in the Eastern Provinces have been called to mourn the death of another of their ministers, Rev. J. V. Jost. He commenced his itinerant career in 1837, and retired from the active work in 1873.

Rev. F. Smallwood was a native of Birmingham, England, and was converted under a sermon delivered by the late Dr. Beaumont. He became a candidate for the ministry in 1837, and travelled until 1863. His latter years were spent at Charlotte-town, P.E.I., where he was greatly beloved.

Henry H. McMillan, a probationer in Toronto Conference, retired last year and went to California hoping to be restored to health, but he has been called to his eternal home.

Our brethren in Newfoundland

are waging war against the rum-fiend. We are glad to find that the Roman Catholic, as well as Protestant Churches, are resolved to battle against this foe.

Branches of the Epworth League are also being formed at various places in Newfoundland. At St. John's, the members are making themselves useful in visiting vessels and distributing tracts. The Vice-Principal of the College, Mr. West, had also established a night school, which many young persons attend.

Rev. Mr. Cochran, of Japan, has accepted the chair of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in the MacLay College.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Ottawa by Sir John Macdonald.

A new church in Toronto bears the honored name of Epworth, carrying us back to the cradle of Methodism.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have held a successful evangelistic service at Portage la Prairie. One meeting was held for men only, when the hall was packed to the doors. No such gathering was ever seen within its walls before.

The Rev. David Savage has been holding successful revival meetings in Western Ontario.

It is delightful to read of the numerous branches that are being formed in connection with the Epworth League. Four reports coming in one day announce the organization of branches aggregating 175 young persons. The new journal, *Onward*, will be sure to receive, as it deserves, a large circulation among the young people, for whose special benefit it is published.

The annual meetings of the Woman's Missionary Societies in the various Conferences have this year been of more than ordinary interest. At some of them, Mrs. Tate from British Columbia and Mrs. Large from Japan were present. Mrs. Tate stated that there are 35,000 Indians in British Columbia, one-half of whom are not brought under any Christian influence. Infidels circulate their poison-

ous literature among the Indians as fast as they learn to read, and they are quick to learn. Whiskey, she said, is a fearful evil; and the practice of flattening the heads of infants is cruel, and destroys all that is good and noble in them. In one tribe the heads of infants are bound till they assume the shape of a sugar loaf.

Mrs. Large's statements excited great sympathy. The sufferings she has endured in connection with the martyrdom of her husband has made her a heroine. Her heart is in the work, and she is in great demand for meetings. Among other statements which she made, were the following: "In 1889, there were 31,000 Christians in Japan, who gave \$50,000 in one year, and one must remember that first-class carpenters, etc., receive forty cents per day, and so understand what this amount means. The Woman's work is divided into scholastic and evangelistic. The Azabu school has been in operation for six years. Of the 900 pupils passed through their hands, 200 have become Christians."

The French Institute in Montreal sends a good report. The attendance is much larger than was anticipated. The day-schools in the suburbs of the city act as feeders to the Institute, and contribute not a little toward the congregations of the churches. The teachers' duties are very difficult, inasmuch as many of the pupils have but little knowledge of the English language.

F. H. Torrington, Esq., the accomplished organist of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, is to be congratulated on the success which has accompanied his establishment of the college of music in this city. It is on all hands admitted that to no single cause is the development of a high-class musical taste and culture in this city and province so largely due as to the persistent labours for several years of Mr. Torrington.

Book Notices.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Quarto, pp. 2,118. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price, full sheep, \$12.50; indexed, \$13.50.

We have used Webster's Unabridged for twenty-five years, and have always found it an exceedingly reliable and satisfactory dictionary. Successive revisions have kept it abreast of the advances in philological science, but this new book is in advance, we think, of every other. It is not a mere revision; it is a new book from cover to cover; printed from new plates, cast from new type, the whole reset, enlarged and improved, bringing it in every department up to date. It has not been a hurried revision; it has been in progress for over ten years, and has engaged the services of more than one hundred editorial labourers. Before the first copy was printed there was expended upon this new book a sum exceeding \$300,000.

The page is considerably larger than in the old Unabridged, and is very clearly printed. The black-faced type make the catch-words, moreover, very distinct. A feature of great importance is the enumeration of synonyms with their careful discrimination in connection with all important words. The derivation of words and their pronunciation are carefully indicated, and their proper use illustrated by citation from a very wide range of authors.

Pictorial illustration is more largely used than ever by means of small, clear engravings in the text and by classified list at the end of the volume, covering eighty-two pages. In the numerous departments of science the definitions and illustrations are especially helpful, so that the book really becomes almost a cyclopædia. The different combinations of the word "photo-," for instance, as pho-

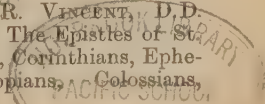
tograph, etc., fill completely two columns, with seventy-five titles. The combinations of "phon-," such as phonograph, cover forty titles, and those of "phos-," as in phosphorus, thirty-two titles. These are but specimens of the very careful treatment of the recent applications of science. Eight coloured plates are prefixed, giving the official flags, seals, arms, etc., of the nations of the world; also a very full and succinct history of the English language, by Prof. James Hadley, LL.D., of Yale College; also guides to pronunciation, orthography, etc.

A series of valuable appendices are added, giving the names of noted persons and places in fiction and familiar pseudonyms, covering thirty-one pages; a pronouncing gazetteer, or geographical dictionary of the world, containing over 21,000 titles, filling ninety-five pages; a vocabulary of Greek and Latin proper names covering nineteen pages; quotations from classical and modern authors twelve pages; and a biographical dictionary containing 10,000 names. So complete is this latter that even the name of so humble an individual as the present writer is included.

The definitions in important departments: as architecture, botany, chemistry, geology, law, mechanics, medicine, music, physiology, etc., have been revised by experts in these different departments.

The whole book is a magnificent specimen of book-making and book-binding—strong, firm and flexible, with a patent leather index in the margin. The price of this book in best style is \$12.50, with leather index, \$13.50.

Word Studies in the New Testament.
By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D.
Volume III. The Epistles of St. Paul, Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians.



Philemon. 8vo, pp. xl.-565., New York: Scribner & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$4.00.

We have already expressed our high appreciation of the admirable critical apparatus which Dr. Vincent has placed in the hands of Biblical students in the earlier volumes of this excellent series of "Word Studies." The success of those volumes has been so marked as to demand the re-issue in the second edition of the studies of the synoptical Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles of James, Peter and Jude. The purpose of these studies is to give the very mind of the Spirit, by a critical examination of the words of the text, with the aid of all the light which most recent philological investigation can focus upon it. This is the only way in which the Scriptures can be intelligently studied and their meaning ascertained.

Dr. Vincent's many years' experience as Baldwin Professor of Sacred Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, has given him the ripened ability to perform this task in a masterly manner. Many of these studies are well-nigh exhaustive of the subject. He devotes, for instance, five pages to the word "righteousness" in Romans i. 17. His criticism is not entirely textual; there is, for instance, a comprehensive note of twenty pages on St. Paul's argument in Romans ix., x., and xi. Of this epistle he says, "It must be grasped entire, no portion of the New Testament lends itself to more dangerous distortions of truth through fragmentary use." An introduction of forty pages gives a preliminary conspectus of the scope of the epistles.

Dr. Vincent notes certain words which seem to have a fascination for the writer, as if they gathered into themselves the significance of whole masses of thought. "Sometimes," he says, "Paul dwells on them caressingly as 'the God of all comfort Who comforteth us that we may be comforted with the comfort wherewith we are comforted.'" Speaking of Second Corinthians,

he says, "It is surcharged with passionate emotion. No one of St. Paul's epistles is so intensely personal, here only he reveals two of those great spiritual experiences which belong to the Christian's inmost personal life, crises which are secrets between a man and his God. One of these—the thorn in the flesh—is a crisis of agony; the other—the rapture into the third heaven—a crisis of ecstasy." In this epistle "ecstatic thanksgiving, cutting irony, self-assertion and self-abnegation, commendation, warning and authority, paradox, apology, all meet and cross and seethe, yet out of the swirling eddies rise, like rocks, grand Christian principles and inspiring hopes."

Speaking of the Epistle to the Ephesians, he says, "No writing of Paul's equals this in liturgical majesty of its movement; Romans has the ever-deepening flow of a stately river; Second Corinthians, the rush of a rapid; Ephesians is the solemn swell of a calm sea."

From these extracts may be seen with what poetic insight the author enters into the spirit of the Pauline epistles. No less conspicuous is the critical acumen and dialectic skill with which he expounds their meaning.

In Scripture Lands: New Views of Sacred Places. BY EDWARD L. WILSON. With 150 illustrations from original photographs by the author. 8vo, pp. xvi.-386. New York: Chas. Scribner & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.75.

The lands of the Bible have a perennial interest to every reader of the Word of God. Especially is this true of

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those
blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago
were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter
cross."

Many Bible illustrations are either idealized by the artist or hackneyed by frequent repetition. Mr. Wilson's

admirable engravings are neither one nor the other. They are faithful as a photograph can make them, and even familiar scenes are often taken from a new point of view. By their aid the stay-at-home traveller can get a better conception of those historic regions than ever before. The author devotes a chapter to the land of Goshen, and two others to Sinai and the wilderness. The account of Petra, that wonderful rock-hewn city, is of unique interest and sumptuous illustration. On account of the difficulty of the journey and the inhospitality and treacherous disposition of the natives, few travellers have been able of late years to visit these strange ruins, which fact gives to these numerous illustrations a special and permanent value. The full-cut page of the Bedouins in the Khuzneh Gorge is but a hint of the perils of such explorations.

A chapter is given on the search for Kadesh; two others to the south country and round about Jerusalem, with special excursus to the site of Calvary in the light of the most recent discovery. Then the author goes to Samaria, Nazareth, Galilee, and across the Lebanons to Damascus. The photographs from which the cuts are copied at ten cents each, would cost \$15; and here they are copied, with a descriptive and elucidatory text, in a handsome volume for a quarter of that sum.

Christmas in Song, Sketch and Story.

Nearly three hundred Christmas Songs, Hymns and Carols, Selected by J. P. McCaskey. 4to, pp. 320. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

It was a happy thought to collect the best of the Christmas songs, chansons and roundelays which through the ages have gladdened the gracious Christmas-tide in many lands and in many tongues. Mr. McCaskey, the successful compiler of "Harpers' Franklin Square Song Collection," has not only furnished the words but

also the music of these varied Christmas carols, which music is often quaint and peculiar. Many of those carols go back to the very birth of Christian hymnody, and are invested with a thousand tender recollections. Appropriate Christmas selections from Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, Berthold Auerbach, Chas. Dickens, and N. B. Warren, accompany the songs; also over a score of beautiful Christmas pictures, after Bouguereau, Defregger, Dielman, Botticelli, Raphael and other masters. The book gives an immense amount of music—two hundred and seventy-five tunes with words—to say nothing of the other text for the price.

The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland. By T. W. KNOX.

Small quarto, pp. 536. Copiously illustrated. New York: Harper Bros. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$3.

Col. Knox has rendered invaluable service to the young people of two continents by combining in such a high degree useful information and delightful entertainment as he has in his admirable system of the "Boy Travellers" in the Far East, in Russia and on the Congo, in Australasia, Mexico, etc. The young folk will read these books with avidity for the sake of the pleasant story, and cannot help learning a great deal both of the history and the geography, the manners and customs of foreign lands. The volume for the current year, to Canadian, and indeed to all, English-speaking readers, is of still greater interest, we believe, than any previous volume. It takes one back to that dear old land which so many of us regard either as our own birth-land or as the land of our fathers. It gathers up their interesting tales and traditions, and illustrates by nearly four hundred engravings, many of them of rare artistic merit, the most famous historic places, scenic attractions, quaint customs and the like. The family party whose adventures it recounts land at Queenstown, visit Cork and Killarney, Dublin, Belfast,

the Giant's Causeway, etc. They then cross to Glasgow, visit Edinburgh, the Trossachs, Iona, Staffa, the Hebrides, traverse the famous Caledonian canal, visit Perth, Inverness and the whole border region, so full of legend and tradition. Old York is splendidly illustrated as also are Whitby and Scarborough, the Lake District, the Isle of Man, Liverpool, Chester, Cornwall, Exeter, Plymouth, Stafford, Warwick, Oxford, winding up with the prolonged visit in London, with graphic sketches of London society. We know no more instructive book to introduce an intelligent boy or girl to some of the more salient features of the history and literature of Great Britain and Ireland. Excellent route maps greatly enhance the value of the book.

The Supremacy of Law. By JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 239. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This excellent volume by Bishop Newman is not exactly a course of lectures on the Ten Commandments taken consecutively, but it covers the ground of the Decalogue very comprehensively. The author brings from the resources of his wide reading corroborations and side lights from the ancient religions of the world to illumine and enforce the law given from Mount Sinai. He treats in a series of ten lectures, the author of law, the promulgation of law, the mission of law, the law of reverence, of rest, of home, the rights of life, of property, of fame, and the law of purity. Bishop Newman is one of the most polished writers of the Methodist Church, and in this book he is about at his best. The book is handsomely printed.

The Philosophy of Christian Experience. By RANDOLPH S. FOSTER. Third Series. 8vo, pp. 188. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

Bishop Foster is, we think, the most philosophical theologian of the Methodist Church. Of his ability

his great work on the Christian theology is a lasting monument. In this book he gives us eight lectures, delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan University on the Merrick foundation. He ably discusses, from the point of view of Christian experience and theological science, the important theme of this volume. He treats the limitations and definitions; the implication and conditioning grounds of experience; its process and elements; forgiveness and regeneration; the antecedent history and principles which colour experience; facts which condition experience subsequent to regeneration; and finally, some phases of experience and possibilities of grace. From this enumeration it will be seen how broad is the scope of his treatment; and the ability of the author will guarantee its philosophical value.

Education and the Higher Life. By J. L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria. Pp. 210. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

It is a good many years ago since John Foster wrote his famous essay on "Objections of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." Since that time a notable change has taken place in the apprehension of persons of culture of the responsibilities incurred through their superior advantages. A noble spirit of altruism has largely taken the place of the refined selfishness of the dilettanti of the former age. The earnestness of modern life awakens in many a heart the question, "What do we more than others?" The admirable volume of Bishop Spalding is the outcome of such feelings. These essays are characterized by an elevation of thought and an earnestness of purpose which are well adapted to stir the soul to nobler impulses and fuller consecration in the service of God and man. Among the subjects treated are: "Culture and the Spirit of the Age," "Ideals," "Self-culture," "Growth and Duty," "Right Human Life," and "University Education." Not merely to university graduates, but to all who

are seeking mental and moral elevation, this book will give many helpful hints.

The Lost Centuries of Britain. By W. H. BABCOCK. Pp. 239. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

The somewhat enigmatic name of this book refers to the obscure period between the departure of the Romans and the reorganization of society in the sixth century, the long submergence of Britain in a sea of darkness, unique perhaps in history of any European country. To this period belong the dramatic story of Hengist and Vortigern, of the beguiling Rowena, of Ambrose the Prince of the Sanctuary, and of the famous court of King Arthur and his Round Table. It is a dreamland of enchantment, the home of myths and shades, of ghostly battles and unreal adventures. Mr. Babcock has exhaustively studied the early literature of the subject, and has endeavoured to give "a local habitation" as well as "a name" to the striking actors and events of that period—a period which has furnished more subjects for splendid poetry, mediæval and modern, than, probably any other. It is a fascinating task admirably executed.

As we close this volume we feel that we have much clearer ideas of that important formative period of English history than we ever had before.

System of Christian Theology. By H. B. SMITH, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. xx.-641. New York: A. C. Armstrong and the Willard Tract Society, Toronto.

Dr. Smith's "Theology," first published in 1834, has taken its place as a standard work. Of this the fact that the present is the fourth edition is satisfactory evidence. Dr. Smith now rests from his labour, but his works do follow him. This book is carefully edited by Dr. W. S. William Karr, Professor of Theology in the Hartford Theological Seminary. The present edition has an introduction

by the learned Dr. Hastings, President of Union Theological Seminary, and is admirably indexed and well annotated. Although Dr. Smith's point of view is that of an orthodox Presbyterian, yet, such is the strength of his treatment of the august themes of this volume, that it is quoted on *both* sides in recent discussions. By special arrangement with Dr. Smith's family, this new edition is issued at the low price of \$2.00.

Life's Phases. By JAMES STARK. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 85 cents.

This is a series of admirably written essays on some of the salient experiences of the human being from the cradle to the grave. The topics treated are: "At Home," "At School," "At the Divine Bar," "At the Cross," "At Church," "At the Footstool," "At our Wits' End," "At War," "At Work," "At Leisure," "At Play," "At the Altar," "At the Threshold," and at Rest." These essays are very thoughtful, suggestive and full of wise counsels. They are marked by distinctive literary merit, and abound in graphic illustrative incidents. A choice selection of pertinent mottoes, citing some of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of the day, is prefixed to each chapter.

The Protestantism of the Prayer Book. By DYSON HAGUE, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, N.S., Octavo. Pp. xix-171. Toronto: William Briggs.

While there is a party in the Church of England which rejects the good old name of Protestant, it is a pleasure to find such a strong and cogent treatise in defence of that time-honoured name, and of the thing which it signifies, as the volume before us. Mr. Dyson Hague devotes some introductory paragraphs to the anti-Protestant reaction of recent times; he then proceeds to demonstrate the essential Protestantism of the Prayer Book. He notes three special characteristics—it

is common prayer, it is in the language of the people, it is Scriptural. He notes also the wide contrast between the Reformed Litany and that of the Roman Catholic Church. The Communion service he shows is not the Mass nor the semi-Protestantist service of 1549, but one essentially Protestant. He asserts, although some will not agree with him, that the Roman doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is not found in the Prayer Book. So also with the doctrine of Absolution. He shows, too, how un-Protestant is the auricular confession, which Canon Knox Little and his school so strongly urge. Mr. Hague has rendered a good service to his Church by his excellent treatise.

An Old Chronicle of Leighton By SARAH SELINA HAMER, Author of "Barbara Leybourne." Crown 8vo, pp. 384. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The accomplished author of "Barbara Leybourne" gives us in this book another characteristic and well-drawn study of the same period, the beginning of this century. It describes life in a quaint old village in one of the northern counties, about the time when the "tickety tack" of the hand looms began to give place to the nimble fingers and tireless sinews of machinery. It was a troublous time; there were wars and rumours of wars. Commercial suffering and social disorganization were characteristic of the period. These came to a crisis when the turbulent "Luddites" invaded the town for the purposes of pillaging the shops and smashing the machinery. A striking character in humble life is the homely little Kezia, who staunchly stands by her mistress in defence of their little shop, with a chivalrous feeling "linking the poor freckled workhouse girl, back through the ages, to the brotherhood of knights, to Gareth the kitchen knave, to Sir Galahad and Lancelot, aye, even to King Arthur himself." As a study of the times, with a pleasing narrative in-

terest and some well rendered vernacular, the book is well-worth reading.

The Stronger Will. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Pp. 306. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 90 cents.

This attractive story, by the author of "Oliver Langton's Ward," and several other tales, has withstood the critical test of publication as a serial in *Cassell's Family Magazine*. It loses none of its attraction by being brought into one volume. It is a tale of the somewhat complicated relations of English society; of a very enigmatical uncle, a favourite niece, a rightful heir whom the uncle's prejudice is about to dispossess and whom, the "stronger will;" of the beautiful heroine of the story—a fine character study—reinstates in his rightful position and solves a vexed problem by marrying him. The books of this house are admirably gotten up and beautifully illustrated and bound.

Glimpses of Glory. Edited by "ZETHAR." Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a reprint of a number of excellent selections from leading religious writers. Its purpose is to furnish incentives to holy living, an antidote to weariness in well-doing, and comfort for the bereaved and afflicted, which purpose it very effectively subserves.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Atlantic Monthly is, in our judgment, the foremost of literary magazines in the United States. It depends entirely upon the high character of its contributions apart from the attractions of pictorial illustrations. Its announcement for 1891 is particularly strong, including contributions from Dr. Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Parkman, Prof. Osborn, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling and other distinguished writers. It is clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE at a considerable reduction from its subscription price.



BLACK FOREST COSTUMES.

THE Methodist Magazine.

February, 1891.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

II.



PETERZELL.

WE are now in the Black Forest proper. Now higher and higher winds our train, affording an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery. I was much amused, on my first ride over this road, at the travelling equipment of an English tourist, who was constantly consulting his pocket compass and aneroid barometer and watch, to see how rapidly we rose, and how frequently we changed our course.

The road winds in great zig-zags and horse-shoe curves, and, crossing the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine, as rapidly descends. Leagues and leagues of dark pine-forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright streams leap and flash.

The poetic Dr. Hardmeyer thus describes Königsfeld:

“Königsfeld is a settlement of the Moravian Brethren, the silence and solemnity of which tend to render us meditative. The houses are arranged according to a regular plan, and are remarkable for their neatness and cleanliness. The “*Gasthaus zur Brüdergemeinde*,” is a house of entertainment kept by the community as a whole. Poor people, whatever their religion may be, can obtain food and drink without payment, but are required in return to do a few hours’ work in the houses or fields. In summer-time the tavern is frequented by numerous invalids, mostly such as are lovers of rural quiet and fond of taking walks through the magnificent forests near at hand, and who at the same time find the meditative character of the Moravian Brethren, and their religious exercises, to their taste.

"The two excellently organized educational establishments, for boys and girls respectively, are installed in suitable buildings. The cleanness of the village, the friendliness of the people, and the sedateness of their demeanour make the best impression upon every visitor. And when he learns that law-suits never take place in Königsfeld, that factions and parties in the management of the affairs of the community are unknown, and that none of the inhabitants of Königsfeld ever make their appearance in a criminal court, he may well pay a tribute of admiration and esteem to the Moravian Brethren.

"The meeting-house is plain to a degree ; Puritan simplicity can scarcely



WOOD-CARVERS AT WORK.

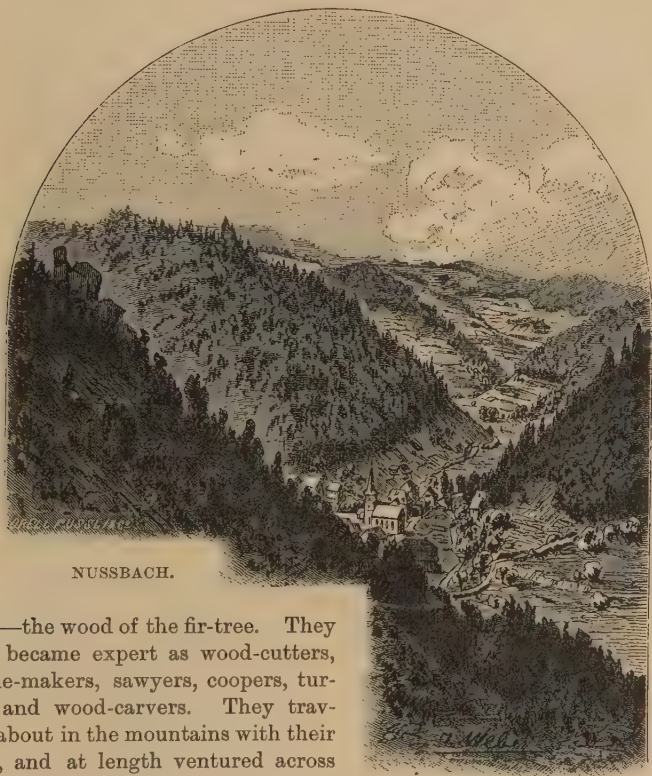
be carried further. The service itself is equally plain and devoid of ceremonial of every kind. But the fervour displayed at the hymn-singing is calculated to excite the envy of the worldling.

"The little church of Peterzell (shown in our dainty vignette), with its Gothic choir, stands out very prettily from the surrounding houses. Historians say that it was built as early as the time of Charlemagne, by the convent of Reichenau.

"The 'Black Forest !' How easy for one who has never wandered through these delightful valleys, to derive an utterly false impression from these words ! The valleys so cheerful, thickly studded with trim villages, quiet hamlets, and snug farm-houses ; roads, maintained in first-rate con-

dition, leading over hill and dale ; transparent brooks rushing swiftly through the valleys and turning the wheels of mills and factories ; and all around us an industrious and good-humoured population. And then the fir forests that have given a name to the district—how refreshing is their shade in summer, what stores of luscious berries do they yield in autumn, how fragrant the balsam odour that exhales from the resin-distilling trees.

“ It is long since the people of the Black Forest first began to try their skill on the material which they have at their door in inexhaustible abun-

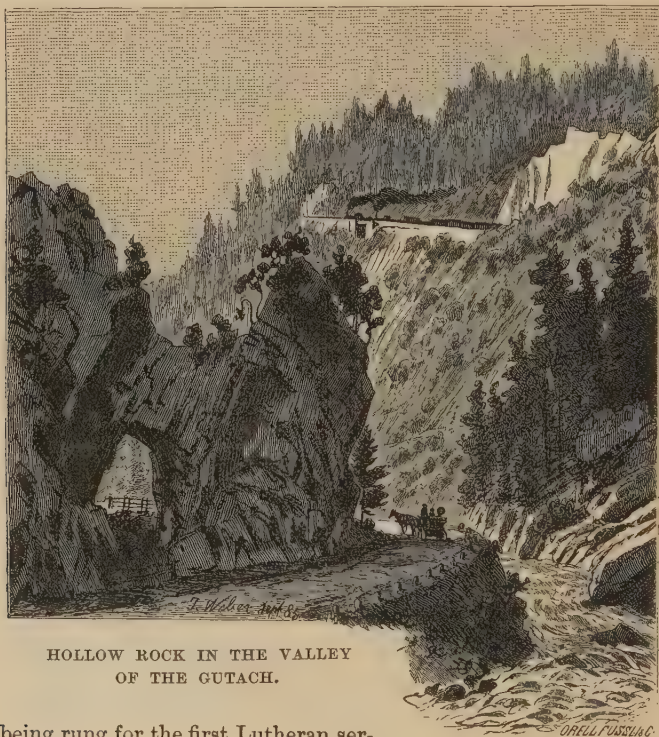


NUSSBACH.

dance—the wood of the fir-tree. They early became expert as wood-cutters, shingle-makers, sawyers, coopers, turners, and wood-carvers. They travelled about in the mountains with their wares, and at length ventured across the Rhine, into Switzerland and Alsace, where before long ‘ Black Forest clocks ’ were to be seen in thousands of cottages. Various mechanical contrivances were affixed to clocks—birds which uttered a cry, trumpeters that blew a blast from a horn, automatic figures of different kinds—all required complicated mechanism, and led by degrees to the perfecting of the more important parts. The Government of Baden established schools for the technical education of the workman, as well as museums of manufactures. The Black Forest clock-making firms now have branches in all the commercial centres of the old and new worlds, and Black Forest clocks are in use wherever the march of time is measured. About 18,000 people now earn their livelihood in this industry ; between three and a half and four million clocks are now disposed of annually.”

St. Georgen is a very ancient town, founded in the eleventh century by the Benedictine monks, those pioneers of Christianity and civilization in these inhospitable wilds. At the time of the Reformation the town accepted the Lutheran faith and the monks were driven away.

“In connection with the pond at the foot of the convent hill the following legend is told ; it would seem to have originated in the excited imagination of one of the exiled monks :—While the old bell of the convent church



HOLLOW ROCK IN THE VALLEY
OF THE GUTACH.

was being rung for the first Lutheran service, it fell from the tower, and rolled half way down the mountain-side. A waggon with ten oxen was brought to draw it up again, and the bell was placed in the waggon ; but the five yoke of oxen pulled and tugged in vain, the waggon did not budge. Hauling and pushing had no effect, except that finally the entire team—oxen, and waggon, and drivers—rolled altogether into the lake and sank to the bottom. Nothing more was ever seen of them, but at sacred seasons the surface of the water is always ruffled, even though not a breath of air be stirring, and people with sharp ears can then hear the oxen bellowing, the drivers cracking their whips, and the lost bell ringing in the depths.”

At Sommerau we reach the culminating-point of the railway



THE BLACK FOREST RAILWAY—BELOW TREBERG.

(2730 feet above the sea). The *Rössle Inn* straddles so completely the summit that the water falling on one side of its roof finds its way to the Danube and the Black Sea, while the rain-drops that trickle down the *other* slant find their way to the Rhine and eventually to the German Ocean. Now we begin rapidly to descend. The brief glimpses of the lovely Nussbach Valley, which the intervals between the tunnels afford, are among the finest specimens of Black Forest scenery; the valley is one carpet of verdure, intersected by little brooks that glitter in the sunshine;



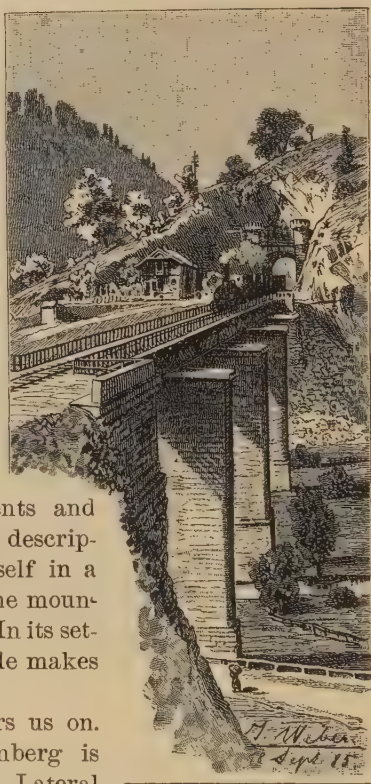
HORNBERG.

pretty cottages adorn the slopes, patches of forest crown the projecting rocks, and zigzag paths lead in all directions up the mountain-side—landscapes possessing greater charms than these would be hard to find.

Triberg is the great tourist resort of the Black Forest. It is abundantly supplied with hostelries for the accommodation and refreshment of travellers. The animals represented in the signs of the numerous inns and hotels would form a respectable menagerie, including as they do Lions, Bears, Stags, Oxen, Horses and Eagles; and beside these we find Suns Angels, Lilies and Crosses. An abundant selection, surely!

On the steeply sloping sides of the ravine every inch of cultivable ground has been seized upon and turned to account, even where the slope ends in a sheer precipice. We soon reach a pilgrimage church, which, together with the parsonage-house, is built on a sterile slope facing the north. The church turns out to be a favourite resort of pilgrims, and by the roadside there stand a number of booths, where devotional objects of various kinds are offered for sale, pilgrims being in the habit of carrying home with them some religious book, or picture, or image as a memento of their toilsome journey, just as tourists among the mountains are wont to purchase sprigs of edelweiss, crystals and similar trifles as souvenirs of their travels. The church itself contains nothing of interest with the exception, perhaps, of the usual diminutive wax legs, arms and hearts, and the numerous votive tablets such as are always found in churches frequented by pilgrims—depicting conflagrations, run-away horses, falls from trees, sick-beds, and miraculous deliverances from accidents and misfortunes of every conceivable description. Here the Gutach hurls itself in a series of headlong leaps down the mountain-side, a distance of 530 feet. In its setting of dark-green fir the cascade makes a very pretty picture.

All too swiftly the train bears us on. The ride from Triberg to Hornberg is an extremely interesting one. Lateral gorges, which expand farther back to pleasant valleys, open out on either side of the valley. We pass several romantically-situated farm-houses—which, prosaically enough, are known simply by their numbers, "First, Second, Third, and Fourth," like the streets of American cities. Tunnel now succeeds tunnel, and viaduct follows viaduct. We get a glimpse into the little valleys, notice numerous picturesque little houses, for the railway watchmen, perched on knolls and projecting rocks by the side of the line.



VIADUCT NEAR
HORNBERG.

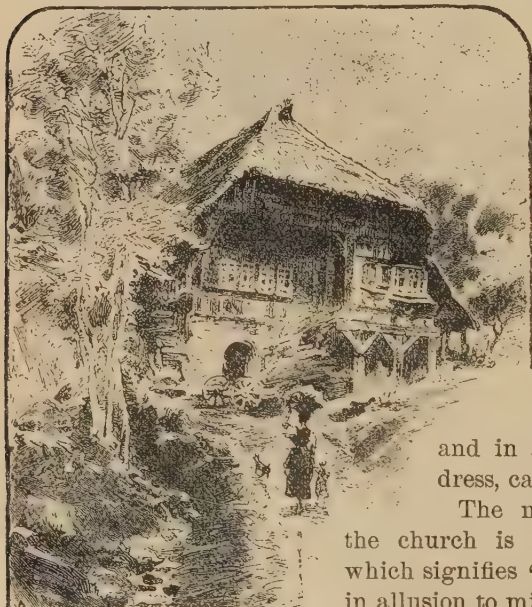
High above the valley, on a fairly broad terrace of the mountain-side, stands the hamlet of *Steinbiss*, with a finely situated chapel. Above the hamlet rise precipitous rocky walls surmounted by isolated crags. These tooth-like projections stand out so conspicuously above the rounded profile of the mountain, that the whole has acquired the very appropriate name of *Steinbiss* (stone-teeth). Shut in as it is between mountains, *Hornberg* is a favourite resort. On a precipitous rock above it stands the castle (shown in our cut).



ORTENBERG CASTLE.

The valley of the Gutach affords some of the finest scenery that is to be found anywhere in the Black Forest, and the many farm buildings almost appear to have been specially arranged with an eye to picturesque effect. No wonder that this valley is a favourite with landscape painters, who flock to it from all quarters, and set up

their easels at all points. Nor do they experience any difficulty in finding models for their figures. The peasant girls are attired in a very gay costume, which contrasts well with the brown wooden houses and the emerald-green meadows in a landscape. They delight in a gaudy mixture of red, blue and green. The high straw hats worn by the girls are ornamented with large balls of red wool; the married women wear similar hats with black balls. Under their hats they wear a cap trimmed with black tulle. A red collar trimmed with green ribbon, black jackets lined with red, a bodice laced with coloured strings, a



BLACK FOREST FARM-HOUSE.

black skirt, and blue stockings complete the picturesque and striking costume of the women of Gutach. But it is only on the occasion of her wedding that a Black Forest maiden is seen arrayed in all her glory; she then appears in her gayest dress,

and in a remarkable head-dress, called a "schappel."

The mountain-slope near the church is known by a name which signifies "the miners' fields," in allusion to mining operations formerly carried on here. The metal sought for was silver, and a legend

tells of a silver church supposed to be concealed within the mountain, which bears the name of the *Bühlerstein*. In the dead of night its bells may often be heard ringing beneath the ground, and it is said that the cross on the top of the steeple is so near the surface that it could be laid bare with the fingers if the exact spot were but known. Then by digging deeper the silver tiles and beams, and at last the body of the church itself, all of solid silver, would be reached—a treasure worth finding!

As a general rule it may be noticed that the deeper the recesses of the forest, the greener the meadows, so much the gayer are the costumes; bright colours seem to possess an irresistible fascination for the dwellers in forest solitudes.

The picturesque farm-houses are covered with a thick roof of thatch, projecting over the balconies that surround the house, which is generally coloured with patches of lichen of the most vivid hues—bright green, yellow, orange, and a rich rust colour. Everywhere women are at work in the fields. Women are on guard at the railway crossings in their quaint costumes, and bearing a red flag to use in case of need as danger signal.

While so far the houses of the peasantry have been one-story cottages, quite destitute of ornamentation, they now begin to assume the ideal Black Forest type—with thatched roofs projecting over the balconies which surround the houses. They are no longer crowded together in villages, but stand in the midst of the fields and meadows composing the farm. The pride of the peasant freeholder begins to show itself, and gives a peculiar stamp to the country-side.



OFFENBURG.

At Biberach, and for some distance beyond, we can scarcely help noticing the luxuriant appearance of the meadows; their fertility is due to an excellent system of irrigation. Running streams are seen intersecting the meadows at frequent intervals, and glittering in the sunshine; the Zinzig sends them out across the valley up to the acclivities on either side, and then receives them again like obedient children who have been despatched by their mother on some useful errand.

Monuments of antiquity abound in the district we are traversing, and soon we see the towers of the imperial town of Gengenbach, which lies at the foot of extensive vine-clad hills. Its walls and gates speak to us of its bygone glories. Proceeding onward we see a lofty eminence crowned by a noble castle, flanked with towers, and combining mediæval architecture with modern elegance and comfort. This is the old castle of Ortenberg, the former stronghold of the Imperial governors, and at the present day the country seat of the wealthy Strasburg family.

In early times it was one of the most formidable castles in the land, but lost all its military importance on the introduction of heavy artillery. The castle well was three hundred feet deep, but failed nevertheless to yield a constant supply of water. The adjacent village of Gengenbach, of whose quaint old streets and

gate we give two cuts, was called upon to make good the deficiency—from a very early date it had been its duty to keep four asses for the purpose of carrying water up to the castle.

At the pretty town of Offenburg, the last place in the world one would look for it, is a statue of the gallant English sailor, Sir Francis Drake, erected to his honour for having "introduced the potato into Europe, 1586." A potato plant in the hand of a gallant sea-captain may seem derogatory to his prowess, it is true; but may not the potato, the valued nourisher of nations, be rightly deemed worthy of as much honour as the sword, which devours them?



TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS,
GENGENBACH.

While waiting at the railway station for a few minutes whom should we see on the platform but two fellow-townsmen, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., and Mr. Treble, and Miss Treble, of Toronto. It was a delightful surprise, and we enjoyed their very genial company most of the time till we left the continent.

We now sweep into the Rhine Valley, studded with gray old castles, and crossing the river on a magnificent iron bridge, behold, glowing in the rosy light of sunset, the mighty minster of Strassburg. We make almost the entire circuit of the city, and passing through immense fortifications, which were the scene of some of the hard fighting during the late Franco-Prussian war, we reach, at length, the very handsome railway station.

At Appenweir we passed a chattering crowd of school-children



GENGENBACH.

returning from a picnic, under the charge of some lady teachers, wearing their extraordinary national headdress, whose flaring wings seemed large enough to fly with. The children looked healthy and happy, but their dress was extremely poor and coarse, indicating a much more straightened condition of the working classes than in our own favoured land.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

BY ALEX. A. B. HERD.

WHAT shall I wish as the New Year falls
For the loved ones far away,
When the greeting of friends who are near recalls
The absent ones to-day ?

Nought would I wish that may never be thine,
Of pleasure or golden store ;
No sparkling gems of an earthly mine,
Or wealth of her glitt'ring ore.

All that I wish thee for happiness here,
By love and affection blest,
Is the peaceful calm of a heart sincere
That stayed on its God will rest.

His gentlest help for the footsteps weak
That follow less swiftly now ;
His voice in that dulling ear to speak,
His touch on each furrowed brow.

His strength for those who in life's young blush
Went forth in the narrow way ;
Brave may they stand in the fight for truth,
And be crowned at the close of day.

His tenderest love for the one He has tried,
And proved in the fire His own,
To the pastures green, by the waters still,
He leads by a path unknown.

To all I wish as the years may speed,
Whate'er thou must do or bear,
Nearness to God in thine hour of need
And trust in His guardian care.

I wish thee what God would willingly give
To each as the years go by :
Wisdom and grace, in His smile to live,
Serenely at last to die.

SOMENOS, B.C.

FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY—OXFORD MEMORIES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE centennial anniversary of the death of John Wesley renders especially appropriate at the present time all traces of the consecrated life and heroic labours of the founder of Methodism.

It has passed into a truism, which is admitted by every student of modern history, that one of the most potent factors in the moral reformation of England in the eighteenth century was the life and



VIEW OF OXFORD.

labours of John and Charles Wesley. Every loyal Methodist, therefore, from whatever part of the world he comes, takes a special delight in tracing the footprints of the founder of that religious system which has belted the world with its institutions, "and the sheen of whose spires, as the earth revolves on its axis,

* For the admirable cuts which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of Daniels' "Illustrated History of Methodism" (New York : Hunt & Eaton), from which much of the material of this article is derived. The cuts will give an idea of the sumptuous illustration of this handsome volume, which contains over 250 engravings, maps, and charts. Of the photographic fidelity of those of Oxford, we can bear personal testimony.

rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning.”* In this spirit, the day after my first arrival in London I paid a reverent visit to old City Road Chapel, and stood in Wesley’s pulpit, and sat in Wesley’s chair, and plucked a leaf of ivy from his grave. And influenced largely by the same feeling, I made a devout pilgrimage to the city of Oxford, the cradle of that wondrous child of Providence, the Methodist Church, much of whose after history has been strongly influenced by the scholastic surroundings of its early years.

This venerable seat of learning, dating from the time of Alfred, the ancient Oxenforde—its cognizance is still a shield with an ox crossing a stream—has a singularly attractive appearance as seen from a distance, its many towers and spires, and the huge dome of the Radcliffe Library, rising above the billowy sea of verdure of its sylvan surroundings. A nearer approach only heightens the effect of this architectural magnificence. Probably no city of its size in the world presents so many examples of stately and venerable architecture as this city of colleges. Look in what direction you will, a beautiful tower, spire, or Gothic façade will meet the eye. For seven hundred years it has been the chief seat of learning in England, and in the time of Wycliffe, according to Antony à Wood, it had 30,000 scholars. This, however, is probably an exaggeration.

“In the year 1720,” writes Dr. Daniels, “John Wesley, then a youth of seventeen, was admitted to Christ Church College, Oxford, to which college his brother Charles followed him six years after.”

Christ Church is the largest and most magnificent college of Oxford. It owes its splendour to the munificence of Cardinal Wolsey, by whom it was founded when he was in the zenith of his prosperity. But the fall of the great Cardinal prevented the fulfilment of his grand design, and the cloisters which were intended to surround the large quadrangle have never been constructed.

* Mr. Richard Brown, of this city, mentions a striking illustration of the world-wide spread of Methodism, and of the instinct which leads Methodist footsteps to the mother-church of the many thousands of Methodist churches in the world. When in London, he attended a love-feast in the City Road Chapel, showing to the door-keeper his class-ticket received in Toronto. That gentleman, as he looked at it, remarked, with a smile, “The gentleman who has just preceded you has shown a class-ticket which he received in New Zealand.” Thus from the very ends of the earth, the spiritual children of John Wesley come with loving reverence to visit the scene where he laboured in life and where his body rests in death.

The general features of the Oxford Colleges, of which there are o less than twenty, are similar. They consist, for the most part, of one, two, or three contiguous quadrangles, carpeted with a turfy lawn of exquisite verdure, and surrounded by long rows of collegiate buildings, containing lecture-rooms, library, refectory, students' rooms, and kitchen. Frequently there are quaint carved



WEST FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

cloisters, as at Magdalen, or pleasant gardens, shady alleys, and daisy-tufted lawns. The outer quadrangle is entered by an arched gateway from the street, where a porter peers out from his den, and touches a well-trained forelock to strangers. As I passed beneath the archway of Christ Church, through Wolsey's "faire gate," well worthy of the name, shown in the engraving on this page, I asked the porter which were the rooms that had been oc-

cupied by John and Charles Wesley. Somewhat to my surprise, the answer I received was: "I don't know. Never heard of them. That must have been a long time ago." I concluded that this ignorance must be an idiosyncrasy of the porter mind, for at Pembroke College near by, of which Blackstone and Whitefield were students, is pointed out the room occupied by Samuel Johnson; and the name of Addison is still linked with one of the pleached alleys of Magdalen. I climbed the old tower from which "Great Tom," weighing 17,000 pounds—twice as much as St. Paul's bell—every night tolls a curfew of 101 strokes, as a signal for closing the college gate. One spot, at least, I was sure must have been familiar to the Wesleys' feet—the great stairway, shown on page 126, leading to the splendid dining-hall. The beautiful fan-tracery of the roof, all carved in solid stone, and supported by a single clustered shaft, will be observed.

Passing through the centre door at the top of the stone steps, we enter the large dining-hall, which next to that of Westminster, is the grandest mediæval hall in the kingdom. The open timber roof, of Irish oak, 350 years old, with gilt armorial bearings, is as sound as when erected. The beautiful oriel to the right, with its fretted roof, lights a raised dais. On the wall are paintings by Holbein, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, and Reynolds, of distinguished patrons or students of the College, from Wolsey down to Gladstone, whose portrait occupied an honoured place. Here, at remarkably solid tables, the students dine. Here Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. banqueted and witnessed dramatic representations; and here, in 1634, the latter monarch held his last Parliament when driven from Westminster.

Beneath the stone stairway is the passage leading to the great baronial kitchen, with its high, open roof. A white-aproned, rubicund old head-cook did the honours of his important domain. He showed me a monster gridiron on wheels; the huge turnspit, on which they still roast, before an open grate, thirty joints at once; and the treadmill where the unhappy turnspit dog keeps up his unprogressive march on the sliding platform of his mill. Observing my admiration of a huge elm slab, about six inches thick, used for a kitchen table, "Fifty year ago," he said, laying his hand upon it, "I helped to bring that table into this hall." For half a century he had been cooking dinners for successive generations of "undergrads," and seemed hale and hearty enough to last for half a century more.

I went thence into the venerable chapel, whose massive columns and arches date from 1180. It is also the cathedral church of the diocese. The sweet-toned organ was pealing, and the collegiate

clergy was chanting the choral service, which has been kept up ever since the Reformation.

Amid these stately surroundings, John Wesley acquired that broad culture, that sound classical learning, and that strict logical

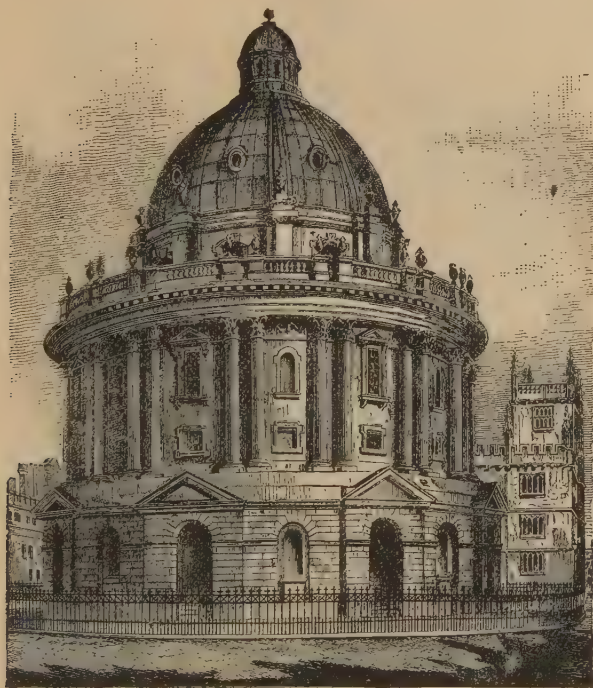


ENTRANCE TO HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

training that so efficiently equipped him for the great life-work he was to do. The influence of the wise home-training of his noble mother, her pious prayers, and her loving letters to her "Dear Jackey," were a spell to keep him from the fashionable

wickedness of the times, and to direct his mind to serious things. Here was formed that "Holy Club," from whose godly converse and study of God's Word such hallowed influences flowed. And here was first applied in derision the opprobrious name of "Methodist," which to-day millions throughout the world gladly wear as the highest badge of honour.

Oxford is such a crowded congeries of collegiate buildings, often connected by narrow and winding streets, that it is only by

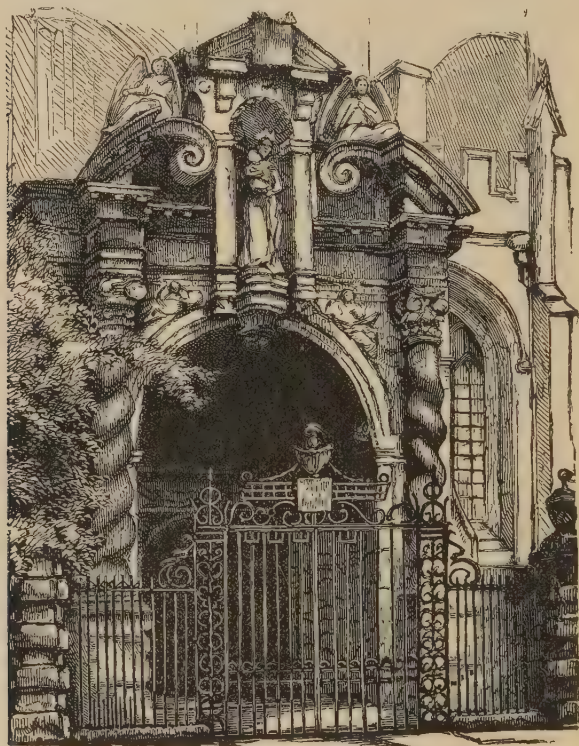


RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, OXFORD.

obtaining a bird's-eye glance that one can take in a comprehensive view of the city and its many colleges. Such a view may be had from the dome of the Radcliffe Library, shown in cut on this page. To the left may be seen the front of Brazenose College, said to be named from the *brasen-hus*, or brew-house, of Alfred's palace. Over the entrance—as a play upon the word—is a huge brazen nose, very suggestive of brew-house potations.

Near by is the Bodleian Library. A sacred stillness seems to pervade the alcoves, laden with the garnered wisdom of the ages, of many lands and many tongues. One speaks in tones subdued,

and walks with softened tread. It was an agreeable surprise to find a book by the present writer in such goodly company. Among the objects of interest are a MS. copy of Wycliffe's Bible, the true charter of England's liberties, and MSS. by Milton, Clarendon, Pope and Addison; the autographs of many English sovereigns; historic portraits, including one of Flora Macdonald, not at all pretty; Guy Fawkes' lantern, a very battered affair; a



GATE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

chair made of Drake's ship, in which he, first of English sailors, circumnavigated the globe; Queen Elizabeth's gloves, and a seal worn by Hampden, with the legend:

"Against my King I do not fight,
But for my King and kingdom's right."

The ceiling is studded with shields bearing the University crest, an open Bible, with the pious motto, "*Dominus illuminatio mea.*"

It struck me as rather an anachronism to be shown as "New

College" a building erected by William of Wykeham in 1386. Amid the religious silence and solemn beauty of its venerable cloisters—"a dainty relic of monastic days"—seems to slumber the undisturbed repose of five long centuries.

The ivy-mantled gateway of St. Mary's Church, shown in our cut, is an object of strikingly picturesque beauty. The image of the Virgin, above it, gave great offence to the Puritans, and was



MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

one of the causes of the impeachment of Archbishop Laud. It seemed to me a desecration to see the civic placards about gun licenses and dog taxes affixed to the doors and gateways of the churches.

The air of complete seclusion from the din of life of many of these colleges, is one of their chief charms. Not more sequestered was the leafy grove of Academus, than the gardens of Magdalen, or "Maudlin," as it is locally called. Within a stone's throw of

the busy High Street, deer are quietly browsing under huge old elms, with their colonies of cawing rooks, as though the haunts of men were distant and forgotten. Here, in a beautiful alley which bears his name, Addison used to walk and muse on high poetic themes. In the cloisters are a group of strange allegorical figures, the origin and meaning of which no one can explain. One of the Fellows with whom I fell into conversation, interpreted them as symbolizing the seven deadly vices and their opposite virtues—an admonition as necessary to the scholars of five hundred years ago as to those of to-day. On May morning a Latin hymn is sung on the tower, a relic, it has been suggested, of the May-day Baal worship of pagan times. The persistence of these old customs, amid the changefulness of modern life, is extraordinary. Another singular one, of unknown origin, at Queen Philippa's College, is that on New Year's the Bursar gives each member a needle and thread, with the words, "Take this and be thrifty." The scholars here have been, time out of mind, summoned to dinner by the sound of a trumpet, instead of by a bell, as elsewhere. Here, too, is the Boar's Head Carol sung at Christmas, to commemorate the deliverance of a student who, attacked by a wild boar, thrust into his throat the copy of Aristotle that he was reading, and so escaped. Of this College, Wycliffe, the Black Prince, and Henry V. were members.

John Wesley's distinguished scholarship won him, before he was twenty-four, a Fellowship at Lincoln College, and a Lectureship in Greek. In Hebrew, too, he was one of the best scholars of the age. Nor was his time engrossed in scholastic duties. With his brother Charles and others of the "Holy Club," he regularly visited the felons in the public prison. Within these gloomy dungeons, the martyr-bishops, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, were confined, and from them they walked to their funeral pyre. On this spot, we may be sure, the Wesleys often mused, catching inspiration from the example of those heroic men, and willing, if need were, to die like them for the Lord they loved so well. On the scene of this tragic event now rises the beautiful Martyrs' Memorial, shown on page 129*. The effigies of the martyrs are of remarkable expressiveness; that of Latimer, bending beneath the weight of four score years, seems to be uttering his dying words, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Intrepid and

* Just behind the monument is seen Magdalen Church, in which is preserved the original door of the dungeon in which the martyrs were confined.

blessed spirits! The flame they kindled filled the realm and illumined two hemispheres with its light.

That light for a time grew dim, and it was the Wesleys' privilege again to fan it to a flame. In this very centre of Tractarian theology, where Methodism was nicknamed, persecuted and despised, a Wesley Memorial Chapel has been erected, which is described in my guide-book as "a conspicuous addition to the architectural beauties of the city."

Another illustrated paper will follow the footprints of the Wesleys elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

"PROSPICE."

BY ROBERT BROWNING..

FEAR death? to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place.

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go.

For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbade,
 And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain,
 Then a light, then to my breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be at rest.

THROUGH HUNGARY.

I.



MICHAELER-GASSE, PRESBURG.

THE Austro-Hungarian Empire, with its numerous grand-duchies and provinces, is a land possessing probably the wildest characteristics of any European country. Across its extent of 240,000 square miles sweep range after range of rugged mountains, whose thousand peaks pierce the sky in numberless needle-shaped points, or whose stupendous snow masses rise far above the wooded valleys at their bases. In the vast forests that cover a great portion of the interior of the country, the bear and the wild boar roam unmolested, with the wild cat and the marmot, and among the higher wastes of rocky mountain the chamois share the soli-

tudes with the stone eagles and kites. Nowhere does nature indulge in wilder music than in the song of the wind through the great forests of the lower Tyrolese Alps, or the roar of the cataracts, as they dash and tumble over their rocky beds to the valleys beneath.

Nor does this wildness find expression in the forms of nature only. In the hearts of the people it is strongly marked, mingled equally with a strong love of freedom and liberty. Every village and farm-house, every inn and mountain ch  let, echoes those strains of music and wild song for which Hungary is especially famous. With their cousins, the Germans, the natives share that inborn power for musical expression, with its natural adjunct of taste and critical intuition, which is so enviable a characteristic, while so difficult to account for. Every village has its corps of musi-

cians, consisting of no mean performers on violin, flute or violoncello. Those of us who have heard the so-called Hungarian bands know what extraordinary talents and knowledge of harmony, seemingly inborn, they evidence. On the leader striking up some unknown strain, the members of the band will gradually



DANUBE AT KORAM.

supply the rest of the harmony with surprising accuracy and expression.

This wild poetic feeling is characteristic of the inhabitants of this land of mountain and song, with its grim precipices, peaceful valleys and little villages nestling among the woods and streams. Charming little villages they are, too, with their picturesque



OBSERVATORY AT O-GYALLA.

church towers, quaint and darkly-coloured houses; with the cows and goats grazing on the outskirts, the clear notes of whose bells sound musically amid the verdant fields. There is, indeed, here every element of natural beauty and wild freedom, from the rough stone bridge that spans the brawling torrent at the end of the

little village street, to the bright-coloured bodice of the peasant women and hunting costumes of the men.

Hungary, with its past of stirring patriotic associations, is one of the most fascinating of countries for the explorer or tourist with ample leisure and an observant mind. In this village was

born some famous musician who, in the strains of the wild national music, gave expression to the deeply-felt wrongs of his country. In that was educated the heroic Kossuth, or there was born the patriot Deak, both of whom earned the gratitude of the people and won their hearts by unselfish devotion to what they deemed the best interests of the country. The towns and cities are by no means lacking in interest of the highest order: namely, the marks of great minds and brave hearts left behind in indelible forms.



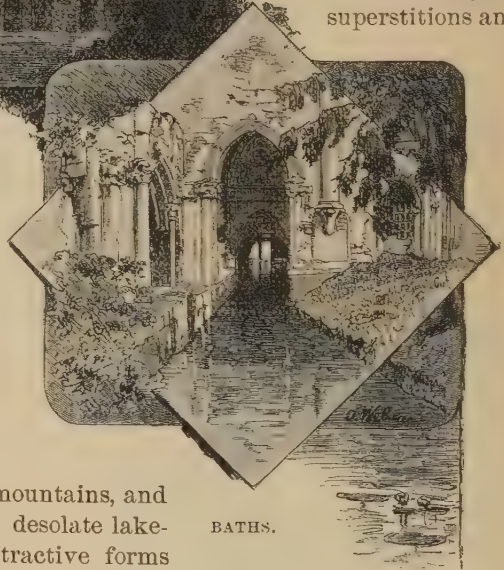
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FORTRESS OF TOTIS.

wildest legends are rife. Here is, indeed, the home of a rich and varied traditional folk-lore: for in the howl of the wind-storm the natives hear the triumphant yell of the evil spirits of the mountains, and in the depths of the desolate lake-lets they see the attractive forms of the sirens that allure to death.

In the valleys of the Danube, with its tributaries, the Enns, Traun and Inn, the soil is good and fertile, and the climate better suited for the production of cereals than in any other part of the Empire. A very considerable quantity of grain and other crops is here produced. Among the higher mountain valleys, shut in on all sides by jagged rocks and precipices, the hardest toil can produce very little result. The most persistent and tireless efforts of the hard-working peasantry can barely coax the

Out in the country, among the scattered villages, and up among the isolated farm-houses, perched on the steep mountain slopes, the strangest superstitions and



BATHS.

ground to yield them enough to live on. Yet every year they still go through the same persevering cultivation and live in hope. In these regions the higher mountains are dotted with beautiful little lakes called, in their poetic phrase, "eyes of the sea," and in all directions long, dark caverns wind their way into the very hearts of the mountains. Everywhere throughout the country we may note the effect of great natural beauty on a people of artistic feelings and poetic temperament.

From the days of the Huns and the Magyars, whose incessant raids devastated the land, down to the Revolution of 1848, the

whole Empire, but more especially Hungary, has been the scene of wars, internal excitement, fierce turmoil and revolution. It is, of course, around the Revolution of 1848, with the great Kossuth as leader of the people, that the chief historic interest of the country centres. During this revolution, when the muses were silent, excepting only to utter some stirring song of war, the battle-field closed many a glorious career and destroyed many an incipient



MOSQUE.

genius. The country was in a terribly unsettled state. Kossuth demanded the freedom of the people as a right, and threatened to extort it. He was denounced as a demagogue and an agrarian, and had already once been imprisoned. The chief grievance of the people was a prohibitory tariff, which limited the productive energy of the country's manufactures. With a view to remedy this Kossuth founded a union, whose members bound themselves for five years to use none but home productions, and hundreds of thousands joined it. Although this did not accomplish all that was desired, it certainly helped to focus and organize the disaffection among the people.

In 1847 Kossuth was elected member for Pesth, and in a very short time, comparatively, he became the leader of the House. The key-note of his life and action was the resolve that Hungary

should be restored to its former state of independence. The further career of this remarkable man is too well known to need repetition. Metternich, leader of the Austrian diet, was over-



THE RED BRIDGE, NEAR PRESBURG.

thrown; the diet of Pesth was dissolved, and a national assembly appointed to meet at Pesth. By means of various proclamations, speeches and articles, Kossuth roused the nation to a fever-heat and the war was begun. It was from beginning to end a struggle for life or death under inauspicious circumstances, and the overwhelming power of Austria. The result is well known. The independence of Hungary, with Kossuth for its governor, was lost, and the

story of his exile is a matter of recent history. He fled to England, and afterwards visited America, where he organized meetings, unions and so forth; but with no permanent result. Later he attempted to mature a scheme for attacking Austria in her Hungarian possessions, with the aid of the French Emperor; but this, too, was prevented by the peace of Villafranca.

Kossuth soon afterwards returned to Turin, where he remained in voluntary exile and devoted himself to the study of scientific questions. He protested, with considerable violence, against the ultimate settlement that was made between Austria and Hungary, in 1867, issuing addresses, and trying to rouse the feeling of the people that had formerly swayed and turned to his slightest will.

The language of Austro-Hungary is chiefly German, but so many dialects are spoken that it is almost impossible to divide



CHURCH OF LEBENY SZT. MIKLOS.

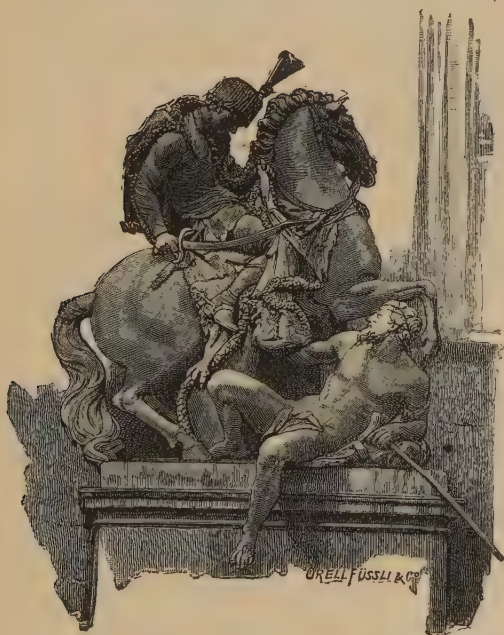
or even to classify them. "It is a significant fact," says a modern writer, "that at a Panslavic Congress, held at Prague, in 1848, the delegates found themselves under the necessity of using the German language, being unable to understand the different dialects of their own tongue."

Whilst, until recently, Vienna was the farthest goal of most English-speaking tourists, the stately imperial city on the Danube has now become the chief starting-point for the extremely interesting tour through Hungary. Among European capitals Buda-pest—originally Buda and Pesth, but united in

1873—is one of those especially deserving of a visit. Owing to its proximity to the Orient it possesses a peculiar charm for the



RUINS OF PRESBURG CASTLE.



STATUE OF ST. MARTIN, PRESBURG.

traveller from the West. To it, therefore, we shall make our way. Before the construction of the railway, travellers between Vienna and the capital of Hungary usually preferred the magnificent water-way of the Danube to the dusty or muddy high-road. But we will avail ourselves of the much more expeditious railway train. A motley throng of travellers is congregated on the platform: the dignified Hungarian peasant, the fair-haired, un-

assuming Slovak, the Roumanian boyar, the German, the Armenian, Greek, Servian, and Croat, in their picturesque, though

not always spotlessly clean attire. From the pleasant Viennese German to the lingo of the travelling Gypsy, a dozen or more dialects fall on our ear, and prepare us already for our entry into the polyglot East.

The railway follows a low hilly country, studded with ancient towns, some of them dating from the time of the Romans. Frequently occurs a fine old Romanesque church, like that in our cut, on page 136, which dates from the thirteenth century.

The royal free town of Komorn is one of the strongest fortresses in the monarchy. It is the centre of a very lively trade in

cereals and timber. The town possesses eight churches, a college, several convents, a handsome town-hall, civil and military hospitals, and sixteen trade guilds; it is strongly fortified. From Komorn an hour's drive brings us to O-Gyalla, remarkable for the excellently arranged observatory which enjoys a European renown.

At Totis is the grim old fortress in which the Emperor Francis I. signed the peace of Vienna. The ruins of ancient Turkish baths are also seen. Other evidences of Turkish architecture are apparent in an occasional mosque, crowned with a crescent, which may in its time have originally been a Christian church.



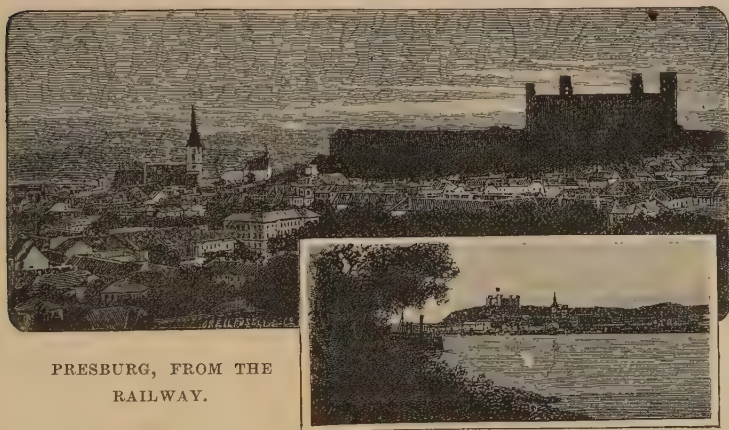
TOWN-HALL, PRESBURG.

Presburg, the ancient capital of Hungary, is charmingly situated between the Little Carpathians and the Danube. Its history runs back to the tenth century. For hundreds of years the town was a constant source of strife between the Germans, Magyars, and Slavs, and experienced many changes of ownership, until at last it passed into the undisputed possession of Hungary. It was a favourite residence of the Kings of Hungary. The ancient halls of splendour are now a melancholy ruin, whose vacant windows stare like the eyeless sockets of a skull.

Not inferior in interest to the castle is the Cathedral of St. Martin, a Gothic building erected early in the thirteenth century.

A statue of the patron saint, cast in lead by the celebrated Donner, and standing originally in the interior of the sanctuary, has been removed to the exterior, the style in which it is executed being thought unsuitable to the sanctity of the place—besides, saints seldom wear the uniform of Hussars. According to the legend he divided his cloak with a poor beggar, who instantly on receiving the alms was transformed into the Christ—a common type of mediæval legend.

A walk through the antique streets, now often comparatively deserted, will show many quaint old buildings, with overhanging



PRESBURG, FROM THE
RAILWAY.

windows, queer bulbous spires, mouldering fountains—with, perchance, a slow ox-team in the foreground. The mighty mass of the ancient castle is very impressive, as seen from the railway in nearer or remoter view.

A land to whose historic associations are added the charms of nature in mountain and stream, forest and valley, must offer great inducements to the thoughtful traveller, and in a course of papers, which we hope to furnish in later numbers of this *MAGAZINE*, we shall try to examine more minutely the various characteristics of this wild country of Central and Eastern Europe as they are to be seen in its cities and better-known parts of the country.

Lo ! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again,
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE HISTORICAL AND DOCTRINAL DEVELOPMENT OF METHODISM.

A CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.*

Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

IF we accept the dictum of some, Methodism has largely fulfilled her mission and should be relegated out of existence by absorption into the great historic Churches which have been evoked through the ages. But we are not willing to accept this dictum, and to be thus relegated. We plant ourselves upon the premises that Methodism had a great mission in the past, and holds a still greater in the future; and it is for us, this hour, out of our history of the past, to find inspiration and instruction to win grander triumphs in the future.

And here observe what *inspiration* comes to every minister and member of Methodism, from a review of the life-work of our illustrious founder. If we walk the galleries of the past, and stand before those historic niches in which are enshrined the records of those mighty reformatory spirits which God hath given to the ages and the Church, in every instance they are marked by an individuality and those distinctive attributes which adjusted them to their great work. Thus, in Judas Maccabeus we have the military hero, who repelled to the death those Vandal hordes who sought to pollute the temple and altar of God. Thus, when the Post-Apostolic and Patristic ages declined in their spiritual life, when aqueous baptism was declared to be the condition and instrument of pneumatic baptism, when the genuflects held that posture was attendant to grace, Montanus, mystical, fanatical, but true to the doctrine of Divine Indwelling, rang out over the Orient this truth—the life of God in the life of man.

When the Church was advancing in power, Pope Innocent III., mistaken though sincere, aspired to subjugate all kingly power and win for her an empire temporal as well as spiritual over universal humanity. When the decadence of the Papacy had begun and its brilliant assumptions were defeated, Pope Boniface VIII., of whom it is said that he grasped power like the fox,

* A Centennial address delivered June 27, 1882, before the Nova Scotia Conference at Windsor, N.S. The occurrence of the double centennial of the death of John Wesley, and of the introduction of Methodism into the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, makes this eloquent address again especially timely.—ED.

wielded it like the lion, and resigned it like the defeated dog, held, with best intent, that his commission was to restore the Papacy to the splendour of the times of Hildebrand. All unconscious of the grandeur of their mission, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante climbed, with adventurous step, the mountain heights, that first catch and kiss the morning light, and sighted from afar the coming day of intellectual and spiritual emancipation. Erasmus, the recluse, organizing the first Greek Testament; Zwingli, the true, witnessing for the simplicities of Christian worship; Melancthon, formulating the consensus of evangelical truth; Luther, the aggressive herald, who flashed upon the age the old truth of justification; Wycliffe, loyal to the Scriptures—how the brilliant array pass before us in their lustrous individuality. And what was the commanding power which lifted Methodism to an elevation that finds scarcely a parallel along the Christian ages? Wesley was the scholar, logical and classical; but he was more. Wesley, says Macaulay, had the genius of a Richelieu for government; but he was more. Wesley, observed Southey, could gather and hold the elements of power; but he was more. Wesley, writes Sir Walter Scott, had but few equals in the art of popular address; but he was more. Wesley had the soul of an adventurer, that like Columbus would seek out new continents; but he was more. Wesley had a will-power that would look defiant in the face of difficulty and never beat a retreat; but he was more. What constituted the triumphant talisman which lifted Wesley to pre-eminence? *It was his profound, entire and absolute consecration to God.* Wesley as the Oxford ascetic was impotent, as the adventurer of Georgia a visionary, who returned from his journey with the impress of failure. But from the hour when he became a consecrated man, kindled into enthusiasm by the power and love of an indwelling Christ, every element of his great character opened out and made him one of the most potential factors which the centuries have given to the world. And is there not an inspiration in this thought to every minister and member of Methodism?

What lesson do I read on this centennial occasion from the history of Methodism? Give Wesley's consecration to every minister and member, and their manhood and womanhood will be lifted to their highest possibilities, by opening up the intellectual powers to nobler conceptions and giving to the emotional nature the enthusiasm of a diviner love, impelling to the better accomplishment of God's great work among men. By this we do not mean that any consecration will give to rustic ignorance the

resources of scholarship, or to prosaic dulness the magnetic power of genius in its plenary endowments. But it gives the highest spiritual power, "to every man according to his several ability." Give Wesley's consecration to every minister, and it will send us back to our circuits with a passion to save men, and baptize all our churches with a new life that will carry us along the coming century to a more pregnant spiritual destiny, that holds within it the assurance and acclaims of ultimate victory.

And then, again, what instruction comes to us from our historical development as a Church! Of all epochs in the history of England, one of the most stagnant and utterly hopeless was that which marked the opening of the eighteenth century. Whether you read the charming pages of Green, the massive notations of Lecky, or the caustic and searching critiques of Leslie Stephens, all unite in depicting a state of moral degradation and blasphemous impiety well-nigh surpassing belief. With the brilliant Marlborough, corrupting the higher life of the nation; with Horace Walpole, reducing all politics to a game of bribes; with Congreve and Wycherly, the dramatists of the Restoration, for a polite literature; with a poetry without exaltation; with an insolent infidelity, which, from the days of Stillingfleet to Bolingbroke, last of the deists, held captive the leading intellects of the nation, while it smote with paralysis an effete clergy; with a universal wassail and riot and profanity, sinking the lower classes into nameless depths of infamy—what pen can adequately picture the repellant features of this repulsive age? Like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the ministry of Wesley began to be heard. It gathered to itself the elements of power, it multiplied its forces, till with ten thousand tongues it rang out the Gospel in every nook and corner of the mother-land.

What Johnson the moralist could not do; what Hogarth the caricaturist of vice could not do; what Dean Swift the satirist could not do; what the philosophy of Berkeley, the ethics of Butler, the evidences of Paley could not do; what the men of lawn sleeves and stately ritualisms could not do, in reforming the age, that John Wesley, with his grand evangelism; that Charles Wesley, with his hymns, sobbing in penitence, weeping in joy, ringing the battle-cry of advance along the line, springing triumphant on ecstatic wings to the heavens at the thought that Jesus shall reign; that John and Charles Wesley accomplished in the name and by the grace of God.

It has been well said by a recent writer that the unbelief of the eighteenth century was not arrested and overthrown by Butler's "Analogy of Religion," the "Twelve Witnesses" of Paley, or the

didactics of the day, but by the power of God authenticating the divinity of that Christianity as expressed by the early preachers of Methodism, which woke with a mighty resurrection the barbaric toilers in the coal-pits of the north, ploughing their grimy faces with the tears of penitence; the wasted multitudes in the dens of London, cleansing their foulness; and the Cornish miners in their deep galleries, where in the intervals of toil they could hear above them the sobbings of the sea. Now, if there is one lesson more impressive than another which the history of our Church reads, it is to lay hold of every means to ensure success. Wesley in early life was a churchman, an intolerant and bigoted churchman; but when God led him out he was willing to go into untried paths, and to employ the agencies of which the history of the Church supplied no parallel. He invoked the splendour of scholarship and seraphic culture, as in the case of Fletcher; but he did more. He took John Nelson, the mason; Alexander Mather, the baker; Thomas Oliver, the shoemaker; John Haime, the private soldier, and Pawson, the draper, all uncultured, and in the name of God commissioned them to go with homely speech to the perishing masses, justifying the utterance of the historian, "that as by speech the nation was governed, by speech, freighted with gospel truth, the nation was morally regenerated."

The genius of Methodism not only commissioned man, but it vindicates the ministry of woman. I have stood before the sépulchres of statesmen, orators, and divines, whose name and fame have filled the world, but I never felt a deeper emotion than when standing by the tomb of Susannah Wesley. In that presence the orator is dumb; poetry has no lines, and music no notes, to tell the grandeur of her womanhood. Conservative, yet radical and aggressive; deferential to authority, yet firm in her God-like purpose; no mystic was she, though gifted with a depth of insight seldom surpassed. Graceful in person, her tender eyes looked love; wise in her motherhood, it has been well said that if John Wesley ruled Methodism, his mother ruled John Wesley, and revealed to him the power of womanhood as an agency, gentle and persistent, in building up the spiritual Church of God.

And now, out of this history what lesson do I read? Conservative in essentials, yet radical and aggressive in action, I would have every minister remember that he is ordained for victory and that he should command success. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." I would commission every son and every daughter to prophesy in the name of the Lord. Methodism has no greater danger, than a

decorous respectability that resists all innovation. If ordinary appliances fail to draw the people to Christ, I would invoke the very forces of the Salvation Army; I would put trumpets in men's hands to call the people to repentance, anything! anything! The spirit of Methodism, aggressive it shall live—stagnant, it shall die, dishonoured, an anachronism amongst men.

And then look at the sweep of this Methodism of ours. If we go back one hundred and thirty years we see a man in clerical attire passing under the arch that led into the quadrangle of the old Glasgow University. Above the arch, in a little room, sits a homely toiler, engaged in sketching a design. What prophet of destiny could have predicted that, more than kings, statesmen, and congresses, these two men, John Wesley and James Watt, would shape the destinies of this American continent? It was the genius of James Watt which harnessed the forces that slumbered in the water, and gave steamboats to every river and steam-cars to every valley and prairie on this continent, thus giving to it in a single century, a degree of civilization that otherwise would have demanded a thousand years and more. It was the genius of John Wesley to project on this continent his original conception of an itinerant ministry, which would follow the tidal waves of humanity that have diffused themselves from Atlantic to Pacific, and but for this would have sunk into degradation, vandal and destructive as those that followed the train of Alaric and Genseric of old. Before his eyes closed in death he had sent Laurence Coughlin to the misty isle of Newfoundland; Strawbridge to the sunny south; Asbury beyond the Alleghanies; Webb along the valley of the St. Lawrence; and William Black to be the standard bearer of Methodism along the valleys and bays of fair Acadia. While the rolling tides of the ocean sing their thunders along your coast, and toss their crested spray against the granite cliffs, coruscating into perpetual brilliance, the name of Black shall be held in honour throughout this land.

And then, once again, what *inspiration* comes to us from the *full-orbed theology* which is our heritage and the foundation of our power. In our time of pretentious, speculative and unsettling thought, a damaging impeachment is laid at the door of Dogmatic Theology. It is held by some that he who enters here abandons hope of progressive research, since its dogmas are immutable, and its spirit in antagonism to the life and progress of the age; but never was impeachment more false. What is the history of religious thought but one of sublimest evolution? Look at the record. The Oriental or Greek Church formulated the doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ, and established them for

all time. The early Latin Church revealed this humanity of ours, and formulated at once the doctrine of sin and grace. It was the honour of the Mystics and Port Royalists to unfold the possibilities of communion with the Divine. And was it not the glory of the Reformation age that it educated the conscience and brought out broad and clear the doctrines of forgiveness and divine acceptance; while the Remonstrants affirmed the universality of the atonement?

And, now, what constituted the central truth which John Wesley published in advance of all others and which has rallied the million? I answer, the radical existence of a free spirit as the crown of our humanity. When Wesley appeared, the intuitional philosophy of Descartes, of Spinoza, and afterward of Kant and Coleridge, had gone into an eclipse; while the materialistic philosophy of Hobbes, and Locke, and Hume, and Berkeley, and Priestly, which asserted that the world without controlled the world within the man, was everywhere triumphant. The vindication of the universality of atonement, and the freedom of will, and spiritual witness by God to man's inner consciousness, smote to the death this philosophy of necessity, that still languishes in Buckle and Tyndall, while it uplifted this intuitional philosophy which stands by the truth that man is a *prima potentia*, an originating will force, while God is no respecter of persons.

Thus, from age to age, the evolution of Christian dogma has gone forward, and the eternities shall never see its consummation. Theology a stagnant science! I affirm it is the most progressive on the face of this earth, for is not the truth of God infinite, and will not the infinite intellect be ascending for evermore in the apprehending of its wondrous harmonies?

And so it comes to pass that the theology of Methodism is on the ascendant all over this earth. I think the sublimest event in the Methodist Ecumenical Conference was the attestation of this truth. There were gathered men who had come from beneath almost every sky. They had come from the fields and steppes of Scandinavia; they had come from the Confederated Empire of Germany; they had come from the vine-clad hills and sunny vales of France and from the mountain passes of Switzerland; they had come from the wildering fragrance of Andalusian Spain and from beneath the shadow of the Quirinal, the horse of Praxiteles and the Vatican of Rome; they had come from where Stamboul proudly overlooks the Hellespont; they had come from the death-dealing malarial coasts of Western Africa and the arid plains of Kaffraria; they had come from the shadow of the Hima-

layas, where the cactus and magnolia fling their fragrance at the feet of those colossal heights which bear upon their brow the crystal crown of an eternal winter; they had come from the ancient lands of Northern and Southern China, whose standing wonder is the multiplied millions of men; they had come from the isles of Japan, where nestling flowers adorn the creviced heights of volcanic desolation, and from every colony of great Australia; from Tasmania and the fern valleys of New Zealand; they had come from the isles of the South, that, like emeralds set in cameos of coral whiteness, gem the bosom of the great Pacific: they had come from the cooling shades of the palms that skirt the pampas of South America; they had come from the tropic isles of the West Indies, and from the silver canyons of Mexico; from almost every state in the great Republic, and from most of the provinces of our Dominion. And what was their testimony? It was that the Gospel which William Black, one hundred years ago, began to sound throughout this land, is the Gospel which has brought salvation to uncounted thousands and to which 25,000,000 within the bounds of Ecumenical Methodism pay homage, while thousands without accept it as their faith.

“When the work at first begun,
Small and feeble was the day;
Now the work doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.”

Isles of the South! when my eye was undimmed and the dew of youth was on my brow, standing on their hills I watched the tropic sun as he grandly marched to his seeming rest. Dipping into darkness, refracting his light, like a magic builder, in a moment he threw up a triumphant arch wide as the canopy of heaven, garnished with gold, festooned with brilliant blue, while far along the vista there seemed a glory yonder too great for mortal eye to behold. Symbol of our future! As we bid farewell to the century that is gone, tender in its memories, rich in its inheritance of history, I believe we are marching as through a triumphal arch and into a century of more resplendent triumph upon earth. Be it ours to well perform our work, serve our generation, and then rejoin that blissful company whose eyes once met our glances, whose voices fell upon our ears, but who are now enthroned as victors forever.

THE friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods. —Longfellow.

LAY PREACHERS.*

BY THE HON. J. W. F. WHITE, LL.D.

THE words of the saintly mother to her son, who was hurrying to stop the irregularity of Thomas Maxfield's preaching, "John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are," were a revelation to John Wesley, and have been the inspiration of the religious movement that, for a hundred years, has been spreading holiness over all lands. Without the assistance of lay helpers and lay preaching, Methodism would have died in its infancy, and John and Charles Wesley would never have been admitted into the company of England's illustrious sons in Westminster Abbey.

A regularly organized Church, with sacraments and ordinances, and men set apart to administer them, is a divinely appointed institution. It is not merely a politic arrangement, but an absolute necessity, for the moral and spiritual welfare of the race. Without organized churches and regular pastors, Christianity would sink down into a cold philosophy, personal piety cease, and all moral reforms go backward. I have little confidence in any moral reformer who is not a member of some Christian Church, and no faith in the permanent success of any moral reform movement carried on outside of church influence and control. A Church may have a false creed, or may fall into error, or grow corrupt, but the evil can be corrected only inside the Church, or by establishing another and better Church.

It does not follow, however, that the regular ministry are wiser or better than the laity. The age of monastic learning is past. The laity of this day are as intelligent, and as capable of judging and deciding correctly, as the clergy. Men must be moved now by appeals to their judgments and consciences, not by assertions of superiority or claims of divine right. Priestcraft, as a potential agency, was buried in England years ago, and is hastening to its dying struggle in Europe. Nor does it follow that the regular ministry are the only ones authorized to preach the Gospel and offer eternal life to perishing sinners. Every one who is truly "moved by the Holy Ghost and called of God" to preach has a commission superior to parchment roll, and needs not the imposition of human hands. God works by human agency, and often by the humblest instruments. His work is pro-

*A paper read at the Œcumenical Conference, City Road, London.

gressive. The volume of divine truth was gradually revealed, and His great plan of saving man gradually developed. Every age presents a new truth, or a higher development of the old. The indications of Providence and the call of the Church now are for a more hearty and thorough co-operation of the laity in the work of redeeming the world. And the laymen are answering the call; they are taking more active part than ever in all departments of Christian work, and in most Protestant Churches are giving practical illustrations of the efficiency and power of lay preaching.

The world has outgrown Prelacy and Ritualism. They are the offspring of Judaism and Paganism, begotten of the Church amidst the corruptions that overthrew the ancient civilizations. They attained their majority in the age of Gothic cathedrals, and are now far gone in the senility of old age. Here and there there is a feeble, sickly effort to revive Ritualism. But the fashionable folly is not likely to prove contagious, for the world sees, and notes the fact, that the spiritual vitality of a Church always sinks just in proportion as the ritualistic fever rises.

The design of preaching is to save sinners. The providentially appointed mission of Methodism is to offer eternal life to all, but especially to carry the Gospel to the poor. When the Baptist was pining in prison, sorely tempted, and almost doubting his own testimony, he sent his disciples to the Divine Teacher to know if He was indeed the Messiah. "Tell John," said the Master, "what miracles you have seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and," as the crowning evidence of His Messiahship, "the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Methodism started right; let it continue to follow in the footsteps of the Master, by continuing to carry the Gospel to the poor.

Vast cathedrals with massive towers and vaulted aisles are very suitable places for the worship of Jehovah. But it too frequently happens that the piety of the worshippers is in inverse proportion to the height of the towers. Rich men may very properly give of their abundance to erect splendid church edifices and fit them up in elegant style. God delights in grandeur and beauty. But He loves the humble poor more than magnificent temples. It is not written, "Blessed are they who worship in splendid churches," but, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" not "Blessed are the rich," but "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Splendid church edifices are all right, if the right spirit is in the pulpit and pews. But very few of the poor ever hear the Gospel in such places. They must hear

it, if they hear it at all, where the Master preached to them, and where Wesley and his helpers preached to them, on the roadside, at the street corners, in their humble dwellings, or in plain buildings they helped to erect, and where they can feel at home.

Education, refinement, culture, are excellent things. Ignorance is the mother of superstition and fanaticism. The more thorough the education and scholarship of the preacher, the better qualified he is for his divine calling. The ministry must keep pace with the progress of science and the advancement of learning, or fall to the rear in the world's onward march, and cease to have any influence. But in meeting the requirements of the educated few, the wants of the uneducated many must not be forgotten. The great business of preaching is to save the lost. Elaborate expositions of theological dogmas, or beautiful literary essays, never converted a sinner. True refinement and culture are very becoming the pulpit; but it is possible for a preacher to have a kind of "culture," which cultures Christ out of his sermons and all religion out of his congregation. In his effort to please all and offend none, he touches softly the glaring sins of the day, skips over the rough passages of the Bible, and tones down the thunders of the law to a gentle whisper. Of course, there are no revivals in that congregation. They are so highly "cultured" that a hearty amen would startle preacher and people, and the earnest cry of a soul for pardon would be a shocking disorder.

The great mass of mankind are, and always will be, plain, common people. They live by their daily toil, and are daily covered with the dust of the field and shop. They do not want or need learned sermons; they care very little for refined distinctions, elegant passages, or classical allusions, and take but little interest in manuscript performances. But they have good common sense, and big warm hearts. They want a preacher that has soul in it—that has life and power. They want a people whose heart is in sympathy with theirs, and whose earnest pleadings prove that he believes and feels what he preaches. And when the good news enters and fills their big, warm hearts, they are very apt to let the world know something has happened. One of their own class can reach their hearts the quickest and is generally the most successful.

The labouring classes are the hope of the Church and the world. The workers of this generation will be the rulers of the next. The poor of to-day will be the rich of to-morrow. The Church that fishes for the rich has entered upon its decline. The Church that preaches the "old, old story" of the cross, and devotes all its energies to reclaiming sinners and uplifting the lower classes of

society, will be the Church of the future. It was from the common labouring class that Wesley obtained his lay preachers. Men of good sense and noble impulses, but rough, rugged sons of toil, like Nelson and Walsh; with no theological teaching and no previous preparation but the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and hearts burning with the love of Christ, they went forth, working at their trades, reading their Bibles, praying and preaching as they went, until they shook the British Isles with the same power that shook Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom He hath promised to them that love Him?"

In many districts of England, laymen—local preachers—prepared the way for Wesley and his regular helpers. In some places they broke up the hard soil, planted the first Gospel seed, and reaped the first fruit before Wesley came. A layman roused to a sense of duty by a pious woman, preached the first Methodist sermon and organized the first society in America. In an old rigging loft in New York, before less than a dozen souls, the Methodist standard was unfurled in the New World. From that little meeting the glad tidings of a free and full salvation for all, proclaimed by Philip Embury, and the songs of Charles Wesley, sung by Barbara Heck, went forth, feeble at first, but increasing in volume and power, until now they are heard in every valley and echo on every mountain of the continent. Local preachers, marching with the tide of emigration, carried the good news from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If the regular itinerants are the cavalry of the Christian army, as an eloquent historian has said, local preachers are the pioneers and scouts. They cleared the way through the forests, reconnoitered the enemy's land, and often fought the first battle and gained the first victory. When the followers of Wesley shall forget the traditions of the past, disparage and sneer at local preachers, think more of building fine churches and gathering in the fashionable and wealthy than of preaching the Gospel to the poor, the glory of Methodism will have departed.

Lay preachers are needed as much in large cities as in the rural districts—yea, more. Why has not Methodism made more progress in the cities? I fear it is because we are becoming "too much conformed to the world." We build beautiful churches, have excellent music, dress well, and wish to be considered very respectable. We are settling down with regular pastors to have a quiet, genteel, good time. The smoke of battle has disappeared, the hot firing has ceased, and the stentorian shouts of the old warriors are heard no more. The outskirts are neglected, the thousands who daily and nightly congregate in drinking saloons and

dens of iniquity have no warning, the crowds of pleasure-seekers who turn the Sabbath into a holiday of amusement are not disturbed. A battalion of stalwart, zealous local preachers, working under the lead and with the hearty co-operation of the regular pastors, would, in a few years, effect a perfect revolution in our cities.

Local preachers are not a separate order of the ministry. They are not priests or pastors, not ministers in the ordinary meaning of the word. As a class they are not set apart to the work of the ministry and authorized to administer the ordinances of the Church. They belong to the laity; but are laymen approved and certified by the Church as fit persons to preach the Gospel publicly. There should be no jealousy or conflict, but the most perfect harmony and hearty co-operation between them and the regular ministry. As their helpers in the general work, the pastors should give them all encouragement and assistance. If the lay brother lack wisdom, instruct him; if he be weak, strengthen him. Speak not unkindly of him to the membership. Give him something to do, and help him do it.

The lay preacher should be the leader and exemplar of his society when not absent on duty elsewhere, he should be active in the Sabbath-school and always present at the prayer-meeting and class-meeting. He should be always on duty; ever ready to answer a call, or meet an emergency, or drop a word in season to his associates. He should not aim to preach big sermons, or be ambitious to occupy the pulpit of the pastor. His only ambition should be to win souls to Christ. If he must work without pay, and find himself, he has this consolation, that, if faithful to his trust, there is a reward—the joyous consciousness of working for the Master here, with the hope of a starry crown hereafter.

If local preachers have not now the influence they had in the early days of Methodism it is because the Wesleyan test has not been rigidly applied in granting licenses; have they “grace, gifts, and fruits?” The old rule was a good one; first, try them as exhorters, and, if found worthy and efficient, then license them as local preachers. If the local ranks are crowded with unfit persons thin them out, and recruit from the most worthy of the laity. Grant no license to gratify a weak brother or please his friends. Lift up the standard; elevate the class to a higher plane of power and usefulness. The Church should select its best laymen in the various vocations of life—professional men, merchants, bankers, mechanics, common labourers—pray until they are filled with the Holy Ghost, and then thrust them out into the field. Do that, and grand results will follow.

VOLTAIRE AND JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

ABOUT one hundred and ninety-seven years ago, or early in 1694, a boy was born into the family of an obscure notary in Paris. The philosophers tell us that a stone dropped into the sea sends a ripple round the whole world of waters, and that a whisper affects in some degree the whole body of the atmosphere. No man has ever followed these ripples to know where they stop; but many men have seen, not ripples merely, but great waves in the sea of human life, issuing from the point where this boy was dropped into it. The world of France, at the time totally ignorant that anything had happened, was soon to realize all the great meaning of his birth.

Men moved on in their habitual ways for nine years, when another boy was born, this time in the kingdom of Great Britain, at Epworth, in the rectory of a poor Lincolnshire clergyman.

The all-supporting, many-bearing earth has now two boys on her hands. Most mothers find enough to do with one at a time. This mother shall yet stand greatly astonished at the wonderful movements of these two boys of hers.

It is grand to live now; it will be grander to live one thousand years hence; but, taking all into account, it really was not a bad time to have the privilege of living in this world thrust upon one in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Some great men were abroad, and great events were stirring both systems and men. These boys heard the roar of Marlborough's artillery along the fields of Europe, as he was closing his great career. They were witnesses of the opening scenes of two of the greatest revolutions of history, the American and the French. They saw experimental science growing into commanding importance, as represented by Sir Isaac Newton, whose honoured head, like some snow-crowned peak, towered aloft during the first quarter of their time; and by Benjamin Franklin, who was filling two continents with his fame. David Hume had loaded the atmosphere of England with the mists of doubt. Rousseau was labouring to do the same in France. Dr. Samuel Johnson was blazing in the splendour of his great intellect. Really no great spirit needed to be lonely at that time.

After birth, next comes the name. Generally the babe takes the name it gets, and never thinks of asking why he was not consulted in the matter. But this French boy was not one of that

kind. As a babe he was so poor, weak, and pitiful that he could not be carried to church to receive baptism. The sacred rite was therefore administered in private; but at the end of nine months, as he had refused to die, but had improved somewhat in strength and promise, he was publicly baptized in one of the grand churches of Paris. Let us look calmly at the fact—a double Christian baptism as the initiation to his remarkable career!

At this time he received the name, which stood as registered, François Marie Arouet, being the same as that of his plain father, with the addition of Marie. But this young gentleman soon showed that he was not proud of his father's name. It had never been associated with anything very distinguished in thought or action; and he was determined that no effort of his should clothe it with any distinction, for, when about twenty years old, he dropped Arouet, and assumed the name Voltaire. His friends give various fanciful explanations for the change; he never assigned any reason, but that he had not been happy under his old name, and he hoped to be more happy under the new one.

As to the naming of this other boy, it is sufficient to say that his life was to prove that "there was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Let us now turn to the study of the influences which determined the characters of these men, and led them forth each in his chosen path. The French boy was unfortunate in his guardian. A prominent abbé was an intimate friend of his mother. It was thought a very desirable thing to secure so eminent and good a man for the influential position of godfather. And so, certainly, it should have been; but it is a fact which throws much light upon those times, that many who occupied the most exalted positions in the Church were hopelessly depraved in principle, and immoral in life beyond what is easily credible. This particular abbé was a rank libertine, and a reckless unbeliever in the principles of the religion of which he was a prominent teacher. Into such hands at the baptismal font, young Arouet fell. At this time a new poem, most scandalous and irreligious, was growing into popularity in the depraved society of Paris. It bore the name of Mosaïde, and described the career of Moses as an impostor. The unscrupulous godfather put this production into the hands of this child, for the double purpose of teaching him to read, and inspiring him with a contempt of Christianity!

At the same age the boy John was laboriously passing the portal of the great world of knowledge by spelling his way through the first chapter of the book of Genesis. Voltaire—Wesley. The Mosaïde—Genesis. In those four words we have

the germ of a large portion of the literary and religious history of Europe in the eighteenth century. Here is the first gate through which these two pass into their now fast diverging paths.

The unblushing abbé was very proud of his success with his precocious pupil. He boasted that little effect of the double baptism remained upon the boy, for though he was only three years old yet he knew the vile Mosaic by heart. It was the constant study of the guardian of the morals of this child to surround him with persons destitute of all sympathy with Christianity. They were not then hard to find in Paris. We, therefore, find him, at six years of age, in the midst of lewd and blaspheming men, encouraged by their applause of his incipient efforts to exercise his wit by insinuations the most base, and open assaults the most bold, against Christianity. The loud commendation of an exhibition so unseemly, and especially in one of so tender an age, from people in position so high, could not fail to be a determining influence upon the character of any youth. In relation to the Bible and religion he had no chance at all.

Place in contrast the young Wesley, within the Epworth rectory, a model of an almost perfect Christian home. The anointed touch of Susannah Wesley, in early life, was sufficient to determine a boy's direction through the might of an empire opposed. On one side a graceless abbé, on the other a sanctified mother, is it any wonder that, from the first beginnings of life, these two worked out the great problem before them on an entirely different plan? At life's dawn they took the position they held until the end, thus early facing in different directions! What if their circumstances in infancy had been entirely reversed? Is it a thought to be entertained that, in that case, their work in life might have been interchanged? It is hard to admit such a thing even in thought; but possible or not, it is certain that no essential differences of character are sufficient to account for the wide difference in their lives, without taking their education into consideration. And the same facts that warn Christian teachers that their fidelity in cultivating even unpromising soil, may save the world from being afflicted with another Voltaire, also remind us that those who most err may have claims to our sympathy, on the ground of an education grossly at fault. Even Voltaire is not, as some seem to suppose, entirely undeserving of any Christian charity. Different influences during his early years might have made him a wholly different man.

We find in each case the tendency begotten in these early years confirmed by every subsequent step. Voltaire entered college. A thorough course of university study might have developed in

him some steadfastness of purpose; but there was no hand to bend him to this, so he soon left his studies for something more congenial. Then we find him in a low school, which he very soon abandoned. At eighteen he is attached to the French embassy in Holland. Here a foolish amour of youth brought him into disgrace, and he returned to Paris, to become the clerk of an advocate. From this position he was cast into the Bastile, unjustly it must be said, for the severe criticism of the reign of Louis XIV., with the writing of which he was charged, was actually the creation of another. At that time the reward which France gave to mental competency was imprisonment. This tribute was awarded to the brilliant youth of twenty years, because he was thought to be the only person capable of producing the witty and scathing criticism so offensive to the court. A year of imprisonment would silence and discourage for ever any average youth of the age of Voltaire. We have seen children pushing corks into water in the effort to sink them. Voltaire was a cork. He sprang irrepressibly to the surface. He was, to change the figure, better prepared than ever to smite right and left with a blade that pierced as well as flashed. In prison he wrote the dramatic piece which gave him his first taste of literary fame. After this he found more eyes turned upon him than ever before. He had struck a spring which sent him higher than any other. He had never experienced any such gratification. The vanity and selfishness of his undisciplined nature had found their convenient food in the praise given to brilliant literary achievements. As far as he could be confirmed in any decision, his mind was now fixed upon a literary career.

A few years later he drew upon himself the ire of a distinguished statesman, and was rewarded with six months more in the Bastile. On his escape he fled to England, under sentence of banishment from France, and there remained three years. Here he noted the liberties enjoyed by the English people, and their participation in the affairs of government, in strong contrast with the state of things prevailing in France; and from this he drew inspiration in his assaults upon the government of the latter country. Here he met the English deists, Bolingbroke, Collins, Tyndal, and Wollaston. Here he learned enough of English to read Shakespeare, and to ridicule, and steal from his writings. To the last fact may justly be attributed the highest excellence of his own dramatic productions. The intercourse with the English school of freethinkers is claimed by his friends to have led him into open infidelity. After what has been said here, it is plain that we come nearer the truth when we say that his tendencies in the

direction of unbelief, already strong, led him to seek out these men as his most congenial companions. But the intercourse certainly confirmed every thing in him that was before base and unworthy. From this time two points in his character were as nearly fixed as was possible in a nature that was never wholly devoted to anything but the advancement and glorification of self. He will pursue a literary career, and he will lose no opportunity of assaulting Christianity.

Let us now pause a moment, and follow Wesley through the same critical period of youth. There is not much to tell, as there ought not to be. In proportion as youth is full of incidents that become striking and startling in narrative is its development in danger of being depraved. Wesley bows to the same vigorous, religious discipline that met him almost at the gates of life, and bends the energies of his opening mind upon the prescribed course of study at Oxford. The result was that every impulse of youth was taught submission to proper restraint; the rampancy of growing passion met a steady resistance, and found a rational outlet in persistent application to intellectual labour; and the errant tendencies that, with every youth, as years advance, threaten more than all else to defeat the hope of a noble manhood, were taught to step forward with the tread of a well-disciplined soldier. The foundation was laid for a broad and ripe scholarship; he had formed the habit of steadfast application to one purpose; and he was prepared to find in the Church of Christ the agency for the elevation of the human race, with which end his whole nature was in thorough sympathy.

There are those who constantly assume that infidelity, liberalism, free thought, have all the learning and culture; and that Christianity is ignorant, narrow, prejudiced. It is worth while, at this point, to note how far this view is sustained by the contrast now under study. As to Voltaire's scholarship, it is difficult to understand how one who in youth could never be kept long under the restraints of school discipline could apply himself to study with the devotion that achieves success. And it is a notorious fact that he did not. After three years in England he could not write intelligently a letter in the language of that land. Newton's discoveries had exalted physical science to a position of commanding importance. Voltaire, with the eye of genius for effect, saw that there was capital in science. He applied himself for some time to scientific study with as much assiduity as was possible to him. He then consulted a learned man as to the progress he had made. He was informed that he could only become a mediocre *savant* by the most obstinate labour of which he was

capable. And his writings, which yet exist, attest that he has no higher claim to scholarship in the fields of history and philosophy. He was never, in any sense, an exact, profound, or greatly learned man.

But in contrast, Wesley's claim to scholarship has never been put in question. Few men better meet the standard which Lord Brougham set up, in saying that a truly learned man is one who knows something about everything, and everything about something. Here then we find the stability, and the learning, with the capacity of true research, on the side of Christianity; and the ignorance, and flippancy, and pretence, on the side of infidelity. There are, doubtless, exceptions on both sides; but we may rest assured that, as between Wesley and Voltaire so generally stands the question between Christianity and infidelity, as to learning and ignorance—deep culture and superficial display. The leading characters, as well as the followers, on both sides, to-day, furnish the same contrast. Voltaire had not the steadiness of application, nor the knowledge which would have rendered him capable of a patient and thorough examination of the claims of Christianity to man's confidence. To ridicule what, at first glance, appeared weak in it was as much as his powers could do. And no more have his followers to-day those gifts of intellectual culture, and the patient research to which Christianity reveals the unmistakable marks of its divine paternity; and if without these attainments, men are likewise destitute of heart, it is not easy to see how they can be anything but infidels. But Wesley, like Paul and Luther, could receive Christianity alike in the claims it addressed to the intellect and to the heart. The consequence was that his faith had been nourished at deep fountains, never known to the aspiring Frenchman. His soul had touched the Deity, and after that he was prepared to pursue his chosen path though a blaspheming world withstood him.

If we would rightly appreciate these men, Voltaire and Wesley and their life-work, we must take into account as a controlling influence the condition of the two nations to which they belonged. During the reign of Louis XIV., under the masterly manipulation of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, the government of France had become a most perfectly organized machine, all-pervading in its touch, and reaching more intimately into the affairs of the individual and of private life than the world has ever seen elsewhere. The old, oppressive feudal relations, like iron chains still bound the people. A man was not of nearly so much consequence as the lapdog of some lady of the court. It was the

grand Louis who said, "*L'état, c'est moi*," "The state—it is I." And he had no more liberal thought than that every person, and thing, and right in the land should be subservient to his personal pleasure. If the people were worse than slaves, that was, to his thought their providential destiny. The people, the toiling, masses, had no influence whatever in the affairs of the nation; but they paid all the taxes. When the premonitory thunders of the coming revolution began to be heard in the distance, when the only history of the period was continual deficits in the revenue, Turgot, the brave and trusted minister of finance, proposed to tax the nobility and clergy the same as other ranks, in order to raise a revenue; but a great tempest of indignation and astonishment arose, and when it had passed, Turgot no longer had control of the finances. Why, these grand people asked, what was the use of being noble if they must pay taxes like other men? Life would not be worth having. These classes wished, as had been the habit in the past, to be maintained in luxury and idleness by the toil and sweat, and tears, and hunger, and blood, of the despised millions. He would be in sympathy with all tyrannies who could not sympathize with Voltaire's abhorrence of the French Government, and even with the polished shafts his wit hurled against it.

Then there was the Church, degraded and demoralized beyond what is credible to men who live to-day. It was bankrupt in religious principle and conviction; its chief guides were so vicious in life that no statement of their sins could be a slander; it was the nurse of the rankest superstitions; it ruled by judgments formed never in reason, but always in prejudice; it held over the minds of all men the darkening terrors of unspeakable torment, "burning ever, consuming never," for every act of disobedience to its authority. Within its pale, or without, individual thought was infidelity, and manly, independent action was a crime! Of the religious ignorance of the day one instance will furnish a striking illustration. The Baron de Breteuil was the reader—the literary man—the learned member of the court of Louis XIV. At dinner one day a gay lady ventured a wager that he could not tell who was the author of the Lord's prayer. Now as he did not go to dinners prepared to pass an examination, his answer was not ready; but pretty soon a lawyer sitting near whispered in his ear, and then the learned Baron brought up the subject again, and said with becoming dignity that he supposed every one knew that Moses was the author of the Lord's Prayer!

Now in another condition of things would France have given to the world just the same Voltaire it did give? Did not the

abuses of the age both merit and inspire the pitiless hailstorm of mockery and satire poured indiscriminately against Government, and Church, and society? He hated one as much as either of the others; and as instruments of oppression they all deserved the severest condemnation of which the heart of man is capable. Here, then, we must find one factor of great importance in calculating the influences that made this Frenchman the man he was.

The very different state of things in the British nation was one element in determining Wesley's great career. Such a government as that of France would no doubt have tempted an assault from such a man as Wesley. But the long-continued conflict of the English people against the feudal impositions was just about at an end. The career of unparalleled prosperity upon which England entered during the twenty years' administration of Robert Walpole was by this time at its height. The population of the country had been growing with unprecedented rapidity under the stimulus of great material prosperity. A country village arose as if by magic into a town, and towns were swollen into great cities. Artizans from the loom, and forge, and mine, were peopling the lone valley and silent moor.

But the Established Church, not to be compared with that of France at the same time, was in no sense awake to its responsibilities to these crowding multitudes. The parish churches had been built for a far less numerous generation now passed away. They were wholly inadequate to the demands of the time. It never occurred to the pleasure-loving clergy that a work of church extension would regenerate the kingdom. They read their stately services, and their diluted sermons, with a due regard to the proprieties of the sanctuary; but no enkindling passion ever thrilled the hearts of the living men who heard. Among these neglected people came Wesley with a heart throbbing with passionate feeling and sympathy; and with him, and after him, came plain men of the people, whose utterances were all aflame with intense feeling, and their sermons were as firebrands among the standing corn. And these newly arising conditions of life in the nation had as much to do with the far-reaching influence of his work, and its permanency, as the abuses in the French Church and State had to do with the gaining for Voltaire the ear of France.

But why, under these conditions of society, so much alike in the two nations, and yet in other respects so different, should Voltaire become the rampant infidel, and Wesley the devoted evangelist? The later was, in his way, as much at variance with the Established Church of England as the former with that of

France. He saw selfishness, idleness, vice, and contempt of doctrine and morality in leading ecclesiastics as well as Voltaire. All around him, in England as in France, he saw the many neglected by the teachers of religion; without the encouragement in life and the comforting support in death which Christianity alone could give. The Church was but a means for the aggrandizement of the few. But his plan was to seek purification from within rather than to employ scourging from without. Whips never yet cured a fever, but internal remedies have often aided a patient. Voltaire used the whips, Wesley the internal remedies.

And yet more, if abuse should ever drive a man into extremes, Wesley had this reason beyond anything Voltaire ever knew. His name was always regarded as a mark for satire, contempt, falsehood, without foundation or qualification, from great magnates in Church and State, as well as from blaspheming ruffians, drivelling drunkards, and foul libertines. It has yet to appear that this black hailstorm of causeless calumny ever led him to swerve in any degree from his appointed course.

The fact is, and explanation or apology can never alter it, that Voltaire brought to his times a bad heart, and through it looked upon all that he criticised, and was influenced by it in some degree in all that he said and did; hence circumstances similar to those that made Wesley a laborious evangelist made him a fierce-mouthed infidel.

It is no part of the design of this paper to trace in detail the events in the life of either of these men, the present plan being principally a study of influences; but the character of Voltaire's work cannot be properly estimated without considering the influence upon himself of his social relations. With women his intercourse was as depraved as even dissolute France would allow. He had a passion for seeking intercourse with men of note, as if ever reaching upward from his low origin. Boerhaave, of Leyden, was the most celebrated physician in Europe. Voltaire called upon him, stating that he wished to see him. The plain old Dutchman was not flattered by the attention. He coolly replied, "Oh, sit as long as you please, sir, and look at me, but excuse me if I go on with my writing." The nervous Frenchman, not enjoying this reception, waited for his revenge until about ready to leave the country; then he sent back this graceful farewell: "Adieu, canals, ducks, and common people! I have seen nothing among you that is worth a fig!"

Frederick the Great of Prussia had a not uncommon weakness—he thought he could write poetry. Contemplating the benefits of mutual criticism, he cultivated Voltaire, and brought him to

the palace at Berlin. But incessant praise was the only condition of friendship with this vain man, and this was more than a great king could consistently give to a subject, so they soon quarrelled, and this polished light of the French world of literature, in withdrawing, stole some of the king's original poetry, for which he was arrested at Frankfort. He then applied himself to the writing up of Frederick's private life, and so clothed it with falsehood that Carlyle protests in bitterness against so great a wrong to his loved hero. He quarrelled with Rousseau, whom he had sought out in retirement. Rousseau read to him a poem dedicated to posterity. Voltaire submitted a fear that it would never reach those to whom addressed. Rousseau had his revenge when in turn Voltaire read to him the "Epistle of Uranie," a most impious production, expressing the author's fast ripening contempt for religion. The critic advised him to surpress the work, lest the world should think that he had lost all his prudence, and retained only his virulence. This ended their friendship forever.

It is plain that from such intercourse with his fellow-men, continued through life, nothing could result to the subject thereof but an ever-narrowing selfishness, and an ever-increasing vanity. Add this to the development of character we have already witnessed, and we have a pretty correct estimate of the man as he was.

A good deal has been said and written about the style of Voltaire's infidelity. We are told he was not an atheist, because he once said that faith in the existence of God was so necessary that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one. Such a statement seems at first sight to indicate a very exacting theism indeed; but examined more closely, it really means nothing at all. A belief in God is necessary. But the demands of that necessity would be fully met by an invented god. Such an invention could not, of course, be a true god, but only a notion, living in prejudice, a terror to the guilty, a support to the confiding. But it is not necessary to invent such a god, because there is one already existing in the prejudices of the faithful. The language quoted to prove that he was not an atheist, looked at in its true significance, shows that he had no strong conviction at all of the existence of God. He saw that men generally entertained the idea of the existence of the Deity; he believed that such a notion had its value, and he would not try to destroy it. That was not a very near approach to Christian theism, certainly.

Much has been made of the fact that he built a Christian Church at Fernay, which he dedicated to God. This is certainly true. He purchased a house there. The old church interrupted his view, and was altogether unsightly. He tore it down, with

consent of the civil authorities, and built a new one. That fact will not do much to establish for him a Christian character.

Nor yet will another—the fact that he was offered a cardinal's hat. Who offered it? Madame Pompadour, the accomplished courtesan who ruled Louis XV., and, therefore, the court and all France. But as she was not an ecclesiastical authority, a doubt may be stated as to her ability to secure this dignity for Voltaire upon his acceptance; but it is very likely from the way things were done at that time that she could. However, he declined the honour, undoubtedly not on the ground of consistency, but because of his deep-seated and ever-growing malignity towards the Church.

But the controlling feature of his infidelity was hatred of Christ. This was, no doubt, intensified by his contempt of the priesthood who censured and opposed him. Him he cursed; them he stung in luminous words of burning sarcasm. His assaults upon the Bible are wanting in the simplest elements of honesty and truthfulness. He reads the Jewish law. A particularly vile crime is prohibited under severe penalties. He at once assumes and asserts that the Jews were in the habit of committing these abominations, though by reading the next line any one would discover that these warnings were to save the people from the vices of the surrounding heathen nations. Of course, Voltaire knew that such representations were false. But when a man has let go all other moral restraints, we cannot expect him to be very scrupulous about truth.

The closing scenes in these two lives furnish, if possible, a more striking contrast than is found in their lives. Voltaire, at eighty-four years, lying helpless, sending for priests, disclaiming the work of his whole life, and declaring his desire to die in the Church in which he was born; cursing and driving from him the friends who came to his side to prevent his having access to a priest, praying to the Christ whom he had cursed, and realizing that while he had gone through life crying, concerning Jesus Christ, "Crush the wretch," he was now himself the wretch that was being crushed, altogether made up a scene which led his physician to declare that "the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire" in his last hours.

John Wesley, at eighty-eight, lying down to die amid the friends whose love led them with him to the edge of the dark stream, using his last strength in the same efforts that had filled his whole life, singing the hymns that had solaced him in all his active years, and rejoicing in that Saviour whom he had ever trusted, contrasts with the former scene so forcibly as to compel, from even the most thoughtless, the reflection that, in the case of Voltaire, there

must have been some tremendous mistake to result in the end in such bitter consequences!

When the audience has dispersed, and darkness is over all, frost gathering on the windows, and the door closed and locked, it is always appropriate to inquire after the results.

In 1836, John Quincy Adams published at Boston an edition of Voltaire's great philosophical work. In his preface he said:

"Even after the Bible shall be laid aside, for anything more than a book of antiquated curiosity, as being the fruits of ignorance, and filled with absurdities, contradictions, fable, and fiction, this work of Voltaire, being as it were a library in itself, will be read with interest, it being so fraught with useful instruction."

John Quincy Adams is dead! Voltaire is dead! The book so highly commended is to-day unknown by name to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the earth's inhabitants! Not one in ten thousand of all who live ever saw it! But in some way the Bible does find its way into the hands of almost every child! Its truths encourage men's hearts in life, and sustain them in death!

Voltaire would doubtless choose to be known to posterity through his literary labours. How his desire is realized appears from the language of a competent critic, who, writing of Voltaire, says: "Of his dramatic pieces scarcely one rises to the highest line of dramatic art; his comedies, like his epics, are no longer read; his histories are sprightly and entertaining, but not authentic; and his essays, both in prose and verse, with, perhaps, the single exception of his historical disquisitions, cease to instruct."

The above, from the writer of the article on Voltaire in the *American Encyclopædia*, is sufficient to indicate the measure of his influence, both at home and abroad, at the present day.

Certainly no determining influence upon the French literature of his own day can be traced to Voltaire. He had not, like some who went before him, to create the literary taste which he fed; judged by his general habits in all directions, he certainly will not be regarded as capable of this. But in respect to literary achievement he was peculiarly fortunate in living when he did. The taste of Paris had been created by a long line of laborious masters in literature; for with all the evil that must be said of Louis XIV. and his reign, this much good must be accredited to him, that his court encouraged literature. All the great classic names in French literature won their first laurels under his patronage. In stately procession they march through his court—poets, philosophers, historians, and preachers, a brilliant array. Corneille, Molière, Lafontaine, Racine, Boileau, Descartes, Pascal,

Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, all these, some of whom by laborious effort made their standing by creating a literary taste, had passed the portals of the palace, wearing the crown of approval from the vain king, and from the gay gentry and grand dames, the habitués of the palace. The last of them had only disappeared when Voltaire came. He came to a field offering an easy conquest. The gates leading to literary glory were wide open. He had genius enough to enter and draw the popular gaze upon himself, and to hold it while he lived. But there are few of the names above mentioned who have not to-day greater influence in the world of letters than his.

When we leave the literary world little remains to be said of Voltaire's influence. Certainly the infidelity which is most felt in our time owes nothing to him. The study of his writings would never have created a John Stuart Mill, a George Eliot, a Herbert Spencer, or even a Renan. A Bradlaugh and Ingersoll may indeed derive inspiration both in substance and expression from him. Of this fact his truest friends will not feel any particular pride.

As to the results of John Wesley's life, it is enough to say that twenty-five millions of people to-day acknowledge the influence of his work. Some of the noblest tributes ever paid to him have come from those who do not stand among his followers at all. Knight, Green and May, in their histories of England, give such testimonies to the abiding influence of his life and labours, as could not fail to satisfy the most ambitious of men. The present activity in all the Churches, both Established and Nonconformist, has been again and again attributed, by unprejudiced men, to direct influence of the Wesleyan revival. His work abides and grows like a stream steadily reinforced by mountain torrents!

Such a study as this reads to us its lessons as we proceed; but it seems in place to pause upon one thought that grows out of it, that is, as to the prospects relatively of Christianity and infidelity. Men tell us to-day that there is danger of a moral interregnum; that the Bible will for a time lose its influence over the human mind; that faith will become increasingly weak, and a dark night of unbelief will ensue; that even the motives that induce morality will lose their power. With reference to such fears it may be said, that in the eighteenth century infidelity began a race with Christianity under circumstances to an untold degree more favourable to itself than any that now exist. It had pretty well spread over a prepared soil. To-day neither is the soil ready, nor is its influence widely felt. It had as much a scientific basis then as now. The discoveries of Newton and

Franklin were as much calculated to give it character and support as are the more modern scientific developments. Then the existing forms of Christianity were debased and low. Many of its most distinguished representatives were gross and selfish men. There was a certain excuse or apology for the assaults of the infidel. And yet in less than one hundred years a simple earnest Christianity had so thoroughly aroused England that it swept farther back from infidelity than ever! But to-day Christianity is pure. The Churches are active. Every avenue of practical benevolence is open. There is on every hand a tendency to consolidation and unity of effort. It is a fact that every element of encouragement to infidelity one hundred and eighty years ago is absent to-day, with the exception of the tendency of scientific discovery, and that is now no more dangerous than it was then. If we may read at all from the past, we will find at this time abundant encouragement to our faith as long as the Church of Christ remains actively alive. The standpoint of Christian faith to-day is incalculably better than when Voltaire and John Wesley began their marked career.

"THEN ARE THEY GLAD BECAUSE THEY BE QUIET."

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

No noise in heaven;—
No jarring sounds of toil;
No tuneless keys,
No broken strings,
No harsh discordant voices;
No turmoil
Of dashing waves on tempest-beaten shore;
No rush of raging wind;
No thunder's roar;
And nevermore
The cry of terror or the moan of pain.

All discord ceased;
All perfect sound begun;
All harps in tune;
All voices sweet;
All winds blow soft and quiet;
Waves, each one;
Wash softly up that bright and stormless shore.
All suffering at an end,
All peril o'er;
And evermore
The joy of gladness or the hush of peace.

ABOUT THE MORAVIANS.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE history of the Moravian Church is a history of the grand triumph of an earnest brotherhood over the effects of persecution, banishment, and many other difficulties. It tells how a little company of Christians fought, not only to keep their own particular Church and creed unspotted from the world, but how when numbering only six hundred unhappy exiles, they commenced a series of missionary efforts which have been abundantly blessed of God—missions which have been so energetically carried out that they now number over seventy-six thousand converts, and which for the zeal and courage shown by the workers have won the respect of all the civilized world.

The early history of the United Brethren—as the Moravians were first called—is one of peculiar interest, showing as it does, from what small beginnings God can produce the mightiest results.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there existed a religious community to the number of, perhaps, two hundred thousand, called the “Bohemian Brethren.” They were scattered throughout Bohemia and certain parts of Poland, and were remarkable for the zeal and general purity of their lives.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, they were scattered, and to all appearances ceased to exist. Yet there still existed a “hidden seed” which kept alive the tenets and usages of former years. This remnant used to hold their services with as much zeal and more prudence than ever, and in secret crypts and private houses, prayed for a reawakening of their ancient Church. This was eventually granted; and the manner in which it was brought about leads us up to the actual commencement of the so-called Moravian Church.

Let us glance at the early history of the man who was so instrumental in bringing this about.

Count Zinzendorf was the son of parents who were eminently distinguished for their piety and Christian example, and he himself as a child exhibited signs of a precocious piety which has rarely been equalled in one so young. Not only was the Saviour ever present in the events of his daily life, but the young Count even “wrote letters to Him, in which he poured out his religious feelings,” and threw these letters out of the window, “confident that the Lord would receive and read them.”

This religious fervour manifested itself still further in his school-life. At his first school we find him at the head of a society which he founded for the purpose of spreading the Gospel and cultivating personal piety amongst his school-fellows. It was called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," and through its means an excellent moral tone was spread throughout the school. On leaving school the Count entered the University of Wittenberg, and since his pious inclinations led him to prefer the Church as his life-work, he began to study theology. Here, however, he met with opposition from an unexpected quarter. His relatives and many of his most intimate friends strenuously opposed such a course; they would not for a moment entertain the idea of a German Count in their family becoming a preacher; it could not be.

So strong, indeed, was the feeling against it, that the Count gave up the idea of becoming that for which he was obviously most fitted, and began to study law. His course at the university ended, he started on a course of travels through Europe, which was considered part of every young nobleman's education. Study of the law had by no means quenched the fire of religious zeal within his heart; so we find that an occurrence of no unusual magnitude was sufficient to fan it into a flame again. In a picture gallery in Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, he came across a picture that was destined to lead him again into that path whence he had allowed himself so easily to be turned aside. It was an "Ecce Homo," with the words underneath:

"Hoc feci pro te; quid facis pro me?"

"This I did for thee. What hast thou done for Me?"

This picture had such an effect on him that he stood before it for hours, wrapt in oblivion of all else around him. It reawakened in him all his old zeal and fervour in the cause he loved so well; and from that moment he never lost an opportunity to boldly confess his Saviour.

Soon after, in the year 1722, he married, and it is at this point we find him so wonderfully brought into contact with the persecuted remnants of the "Bohemian Church." Just when these were almost despairing of infusing, in any successful degree, new life and vigour into their old Church, or of giving to it a public existence again, we find them mysteriously brought into contact with the man who above all others seemed best fitted to carry out and embody such a resuscitation. Count Zinzendorf was just then moving to a large estate which he had recently bought from his grandmother in Lusatia when he met two

families, by name Neisser, refugees from the persecuted and suppressed sect of the Bohemian Brethren. Without entertaining any further intentions than to show kindness to devout fellow-creatures in trouble, the Count at once invited them to come and settle on the broad lands of his estate, Bertholdsdorf. Knowing little or nothing about their former history or creed, he had at the time no ideas of joining with them in any way; and the gradual manner in which he was brought to see that his line of work and scope for his energy lay in the reawakening of the old Church must be ascribed to the guidance of the Spirit of God.

In the meantime, that between the years 1722 and 1729, over three hundred more Brethren had migrated to the estate of the Count, and these were soon joined by the members of other Protestant communities, and under their united direction a town was built, which they called Herrnhut, or the "Watch of the Lord." The origin of this name is thus given by Dr. Abel Stevens in his *History of Methodism*:

"Christian David, an earnest-minded carpenter, led ten persons of like mind from Schlen, in Moravia, to Bertholdsdorf, in Lusatia; a domain of which Count Zinzendorf, a devout young nobleman, was then lord. He was absent, but welcomed them by Heitz, his major-domo. Heitz led the little band to a piece of land near a mound, the Hutberg, or watch-hill, where, Christian David, lifting his axe, cleaved a tree, exclaiming, 'Here hath the sparrow found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts.'"

Two years later, Count Zinzendorf resigned the office he then held, and deeply impressed by a certain book of one of the Bohemian Brothers, he resolved to devote all his energy to the revival of the ancient Church. He said of Herrnhut that he was convinced it was "the parish to which he had from all eternity been ordained."

Henceforth we find the Count devoting all his time and labour to the Moravians, whose leader he thus became. As a result, in the year 1736, he was banished from Saxony. He then started on a long course of travels, everywhere preaching the Gospel and founding branches of the Moravian Church. In 1741 he visited America, and established a school at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where is still a Moravian community, as also at Letitz and Nazareth. At length the Count died peacefully in Herrnhut, in the year 1760, and on his grave-stone may still be read the legend, "He was ordained to bring forth fruit," and "that his fruit should remain."

Such was the origin of the Moravian Church, and from this source sprung the mighty stream of mission workers and mission

schemes ever associated with its name. Although the death of Count Zinzendorf deprived the Moravians of a splendid worker and an active leader, the Church was too firmly established to again fall into decline. The life in it was strong, vigorous and aggressive.

In 1738 the Moravians had crossed into Great Britain and a flourishing settlement had there been founded; and it was in this same year that John Wesley first came under the influence of the Brotherhood. In crossing from America he found himself in the same vessel with a party of Moravians, and "amid the storms of the Atlantic he had seen in them a resignation and a piety which he possessed not himself." The man, however, who seems to have made the most lasting impression on John Wesley's mind was Peter Böhler. They first met in 1738 in London, and Wesley says in his diary, "It was a day much to be remembered," adding, "From this time I did not willingly lose an opportunity of conversing with him." Again, later on he writes, "By Böhler, in the hand of the great God, I was convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." His brother, Charles Wesley, after attending one of the small assemblies of the Moravians, said, "I thought myself in a choir of angels."

Thus it was that Moravianism played no small part in connection with the history of early Methodism, and had no inconsiderable influence on the wonderful after-lives of the two Wesleys.

At the present day, more especially in its missions, has the Moravian Church been blessed; and although these have not always been successful, the zeal and love of souls which inspired them is ever worthy of the highest admiration. From Lapland and Labrador to the Islands of the East Indies the Moravian missionaries have spent their lives and strength in spreading the Gospel they loved so well.

At the present day the Church has four hundred and fourteen bishops or ministers, over seventy-six thousand converts, besides numerous deacons, deaconesses and assistants. Their schools, which are as much noted for the thoroughness of their education as they are for the wholesome spirit of their religious life, have been long established at several places in Europe. The head school is at Herrnhut, and others are at Neuwied, on the Rhine; Montmirail, on Lake Neuchâtel; Niesky, in Prussia; at Nyon, near Lausanne; and at Königsfeld, in the Black Forest.

To the visitor anxious to see a Moravian settlement to its best advantage, no place offers greater attractions than Königsfeld. Remote from the world, it is a perfect model for its earnest, active life and at the same time its perfect peacefulness. Here the

round of life goes on undisturbed from year to year. Such a thing as a law-suit is unheard of; all the inhabitants call themselves brothers or sisters, and are indeed such in the best and truest meaning of the words. All Moravian settlements have certain institutions for the well-being of their older members; houses where, at a very nominal rate, widows and impoverished old ladies can be boarded, and at the same time furnished with work suitable for their years. For the men there is a similar establishment. Even the inn is the property of the Brotherhood, who give to a salaried man the charge of the house and guests.

At Königsfeld, where the writer lived for a year, are two schools—one for boys, numbering about 80, the other for girls, 60. They are situated at opposite sides of the village, and much of the internal life of the Moravian Brotherhood may be seen from the method of conducting their schools. A long day of hard study is commenced at six o'clock with a reading out of the Bible, the same portion being read in all Moravian settlements all the world over at the same time. After a short prayer, all the boys and masters combined with great heartiness in singing a hymn of Luther or Zinzendorf's. No day passed without a practice of an hour or so in miniature army drill—though this was, perhaps, more a German than a Moravian custom, as was also the very fair orchestra maintained by the little place. The day was ended as begun, with prayer and a hymn; but most of us thought that 8.30 was a somewhat early hour for bed, and we all agreed that 5.30 was far too early an hour at which to rise in the morning.

Nothing was more conspicuous in this school, as in all their other ones, than the beautiful spirit of gentleness and merciful justice, tempered by true brotherly sympathy, with which the boys of as many temperaments as nationalities were taught to live. They learned thus to have regard for the patriotic sentiments and so on of others, and, forgetting national animosities, to live in an atmosphere of real fraternity. Occasionally the most bitter feuds would arise between the banded members of different nationalities, but these were rare and of short duration. When football or rounders were rendered impossible modes of exercise by the state of the weather, the different divisions of the school went for long tramps in the forest, and explored many a lovely glade and deep recess that everywhere surrounded the village. The inmates of the girls' school also indulged in this form of exercise; but if ever the contingent from the one met that from the other, the boys were instantly ordered "right about," and it became a case of "distance lending enchantment to the view."

There are several feast days peculiar to the Church, which are of very ancient origin and of no little interest. Foremost

among these is the *agape*, or love-feast of apostolic times. The whole community assembles in the little church—one of ultra-Puritan plainness—and, after certain prayers and hymns, cups of very sweet tea are handed round to each member of the congregation in turn. This is repeated to those who desire a second cup, and then, in a huge basket, are distributed large currant buns, which are supposed to be eaten *outside* the church. The religious exercises of the meeting consist of extempore prayers, readings from the New Testament, and short addresses from one of the “Brothers” and the “Preacher” of the community. Several hymns are sung, and as all the women sit on one side and all the men on the other side of the church, with a broad aisle between them, the musical effect is very striking. There is no inharmonious mingling of voices, but two distinct volumes of sound; on one side the rich soprano notes of the women, and on the other the deep basses of the men. Music forms a considerable feature of this service. In the organ loft, trumpets and bugles mingle with violins and an occasional flute; and the effect of the whole on a stranger must be, to say the least, surprising. After this service the boys’ school were never allowed to rise and leave the church until the last of the girls had disappeared through their door on the other side of the building. This love-feast is observed about once in two or three months. In the Catacombs of Rome the *agape* is also represented as a somewhat substantial meal.

Another old custom is the *pedilavium*, or feet washing, but this is now very rarely if ever practised, though in certain circles it used formerly to be quite common.

Just before Christmas the schools were in the custom of observing a feast called the “gift feast,” when, in commemoration of the greatest Gift the world has ever known, the schools divided into pairs, and each member presented the other with a handsome present. At Easter, too, the whole community would proceed at sunrise to the cemetery, and there, with trumpets and choir, perform an inspiring service of praise for the resurrection of our Lord.

Another old custom, now abolished, used to be the appointment of ministers by means of the “lot;” marriages, too, were contracted in the same way.

So hurried a glimpse into the inner life of this most *unworldly* little Church cannot do justice to the many virtues of its members, nor depict with any degree of fulness the other interesting characteristics of the Brotherhood. A visit to one of their settlements will give the visitor an insight into the working of a Church whose record and example should be an inspiration to mankind.

THE INDIAN MESSIAH.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, PH.D.

THE red man of the Western Continent is pre-eminently a religious man; superstitious to the same degree as the savage races of other lands, yet none the less honest in his convictions and anxious to do what is right. His religious belief enters into all the concerns of camp-life, and tinges every thought and custom in the lodge, on the war-path, and in the council. His traditions local and general, are affected by his environment, and these again exert an abiding influence upon his religious opinions. Among the tales of the lodges there are some which have a striking resemblance to Biblical stories, some of which, no doubt, have originated indirectly through the influence of religious teachers. In the first years of the writer's residence among the Western Indians, whenever the aged men were asked to relate the story of the creation of the world, or of man's origin, they invariably repeated the native tradition. But in the later years, new stories were told, based upon the instructions given by the missionaries. The natives did not care to be singular, nor did they care to be laughed at, when they told their native tales, so they repeated, as best they could, the stories told by the white men. They were neither Indian nor English, but rather Indianized stories of the Bible.

In the same way has the writer listened to Indian tunes sung to hymns—such weird music, so fascinating and so strange, arising perhaps from its novelty; and these tunes had been taught them by missionaries many years ago, but having passed through the alembic of the Indian's mind, they became essentially Indian.

The Christ traditions of the Mexican Indians have, no doubt, arisen in a similar manner, and have spread to other tribes on the continent. There is, however, a tradition concerning the second advent of a Messiah which was believed to have been fulfilled when Cortez landed in Mexico. The traditions of the Aztecs relate how a saintly personage named Quetzalcoatl, *i.e.*, the *plumed serpent*, came from the East, as a divine helper to the nation. He was a large, well-formed white man, with a long beard, intelligent countenance, having a mitre upon his head, and his white garments flowing to his feet, whereon were painted red crosses. He was a celibate, a man of peace, detesting war so much that at the mention of the name he put his fingers in his ears; an ascetic, who hated bloody sacrifices, but delighted in fruits and

flowers; a man of prayer and purity of life and the author of all that was good for man, producing the arts of peace and sending joy to the hearts and homes of the people. He had a bitter antagonist in an evil divinity named Tezcatlipoca, who by his wiles caused him to wander from the country. Several years after his departure he sent back word that he would return, and then he sailed away to the East in a canoe of serpent skins.

When the Spaniards landed upon the new continent, Montezuma believed that the great white personage had returned, and he sent his interpreter to Cortez welcoming him to his country as his right, for they were all his children. After the Spaniards had treated the natives harshly, the Indians learned to their sorrow the mistake which they had made. They had eagerly kissed the sides of the Spanish vessels as they landed upon their shores, and received the white strangers as gods, sons and brothers of Quetzalcoatl, but they had ultimately to bend their necks before their mighty conquerors. General Lew Wallace, in "*The Fair God*," has given a striking representation of this tradition and its sad consequences to the people with the fall of Montezuma's kingdom. Several Indian tribes have traditions of a Great Teacher, Changer, Supreme Being, a personage resembling Hiawatha, or Christ, who came amongst men and departed, promising to return again.

There have been shrewd, intelligent men in the Indian camps, who were subjects of apparitions and visions, and these have exercised a strong influence over the minds of the natives. Such have been found among the Sioux and Blackfeet. These visions generally relate to spiritual things, and especially to their own religion, but in some instances they point to a time when the Indians shall again be masters of the soil.

These prophets have been successful, until the intelligence of the white men has discovered their deceptiveness, and in a convincing manner fully exposed the wiles of the dreamer. The medicine-men are adepts at this superstitious craze, being able to lead the fearful and unwary through their rites of sorcery and incantations to a firm belief in all their predictions. The greatest medicine-man of the tribe may be the most inveterate thief or rogue in the camp, and yet they will accept his prophecies, believe in his cures, and laugh at his tricks of stealing and lies. The superstitious reverence of the Indian compels him to select the strangely shaped stones and trees that skirt the rivers or dot the prairie as stopping-places of the gods.

The Sioux in the Minnesota massacre believed that the time was ripe for them to rise, and their gods would give them success.

Their medicine-men, their makers of *wakan*, beat upon their medicine drums, danced, sang and prayed, but the gods were deaf to their entreaties, and the Indians failed. The failure of their predictions and the fact that their prayers remained unanswered made them Christians. The purport of the Messiah craze has been well described by Porcupine, who has been preaching the new religion at the Cheyenne Agency. Chief Porcupine says:

"The Fisheaters near Pyramid Lake told me that Christ had appeared on earth again. They said Christ knew He was coming; that eleven of His children were also coming from a far land. It appeared that Christ had sent for me to go there, and that was why, unconsciously, I took my journey. It had been foreordained. They told me when I got there that my Great Father was there also, but I did not know who He was. The people assembled called a council, and the chief's sons went to see the Great Father, who sent word to us to remain fourteen days in that camp, and that then He would come and see us. At the end of two days, on the third morning, hundreds of people gathered at this place. They cleared a place near the agency in the form of a circus ring, and we all gathered there. Just before sundown I saw a great many people, mostly Indians, coming dressed in white men's clothes. The Christ was with them. They all formed in this ring and around it; they put up sheets all around the circle, as they had no tents. Just after dark some of the Indians told me that Christ had arrived. I looked around to find Him, and finally saw Him sitting on one side of the ring. He was dressed in a white coat with stripes. The rest of His dress was a white man's, except that He had on a pair of moccasins. Then He began our dance, everybody joining in, the Christ singing while we danced. We danced till late in the night, when He told us that we had danced enough.

"The next morning He told us He was going away that day, but would be back the next morning and talk to us. I heard that Christ had been crucified and I looked to see, and I saw a scar on His wrist and on His face, and He seemed to be the man; I could not see His feet. He would talk to us all day. That evening we all assembled again to see Him depart. When we were assembled He began to sing and He began to tremble all over violently for awhile, and then sat down. We danced all that night, the Christ lying down beside us, apparently dead.

"The following morning the Christ was back with us and wanted to talk to us. He said, 'I am the man who made everything you see around you. I am not lying to you, my children. I made this earth and everything on it. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends and have seen my father and mother.' He spoke to us about fighting, and said that it was bad, and that we must keep from it, the earth was to be all good hereafter; that we must be friends with one another. He said if any man disobeyed what He ordered, his tribe would be wiped from the face of the earth.

"Ever since the Christ I speak of talked to me I have thought what He said was good. I have seen nothing bad in it. When I got back I knew my people were bad and had heard nothing of all this; so I got them together and told them of it, and warned them to listen to it for their own good. I told them just what I have told you here to-day."

There may be other causes for the expectation of a new Messiah, but these are what in general lead to such a hope. A report of any unusual occurrence rapidly spreads from tribe to tribe by means of Indian runners who can travel swiftly and are seldom discovered. When bands of civilized men and women settle in the vicinity of reservations, there are found unprincipled white men, anxious to gain favour among the red men or willing to reap the reward of dishonesty, who will inform the people of the stories in circulation in the newspapers, and thus incite them to war. The Plain Indians were better informed during the late Canadian Rebellion of the progress of the troops than many of the white people. An Indian outbreak cannot take place in winter unless through great provocation. There must be food for the horses, grass upon the prairie, and favourable weather for the women and children to travel. When hard pressed by any attempt to disarm them, or to imprison them, they will then fight; and when they begin it is no surrender—victory or a glorious death. Naturally we ask, who can be the author of the Messiah craze? and a reply, indefinite, it is true, is all that we are able to give. Yet there is a great probability that it is correct. It is well known that half-witted persons, dreamers and superstitious individuals are always treated with awe, although in times of hilarity they may be imposed upon; and it would be natural for one who had visions or was the subject of religious excitement to inaugurate a religious movement, if he were possessed of the intellectual strength to bring it to a successful issue.

There is, however, another plausible reason which may carry weight, namely, the interference of white men. Who were the instigators who caused the Minnesota massacre? Civilized politicians. Who were the persons that caused the dissatisfaction and unrest which ended in the Canadian North-West Rebellion? Not the Indians. The red men love not the white people, yet they are shrewd enough to retain their rations, if they must not sacrifice all their manhood and become abject slaves upon an Indian reserve. And who would submit in this century of progress and freedom to be trodden to the earth and oppressed by cruel custom? Not the men of the superior civilization. Freedom is the red man's heritage, the precious boon of his nomadic life; and retaining that, he will assume a friendly attitude toward other men if assured of their good-will and love of peace.

MOOSE JAW, Assa., January, 1891.

HOW THE PRAIRIES WERE FORMED.*

THE prairies of the great West constitute one of the most remarkable features of North American topography. Hundreds of thousands of square miles present a scene of almost unbroken level and treelessness. The great prairies are neither a perfect plain, nor in all cases completely undiversified with arboreal vegetation. The surface is generally undulating; and here and there rise gravelly knolls and ridges on which the timber has obtained a foothold. But these wooded spots are often many miles apart, and scarcely serve to rest the eye, wearied with the monotony of an interminable clearing, fenceless meadows, and unsheltered farm-houses.

The traveller crossing these prairies finds himself, as it were, at sea. Looking from his car window, the country landscape seems at first to be entirely wanting. The customary objects—forests, shade-trees, fences, houses, distant hills—which elsewhere lift themselves to the horizontal plane of the eye, are not here. The traveller must make the second effort, and look down upon the level of the country upon whose bosom he has launched. The sensation is that which one experiences in going to sea. The rattling train is easily transformed into the puffing and creaking steamship, while the interminable prairie, mingling its distant and softened green with the subdued azure of the summer sky, can be likened to nothing but the ocean's boundless expanse. The ever-recurring undulation of the prairie is the grand ocean-swell which utters perpetually a reminiscence of the last storm, while the evening sun, with dimmed lustre, settles down into the prairie's green sod, as to the mariner he sinks into the emerald bosom of the sea.

The deep, rich, pulverulent soil of the upland prairie, and especially its readiness for the plough, without the intervention of a year's hard labour in opening a clearing, have always constituted powerful attractions for the settler from the east. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the absence of forests possesses a balance of advantages. Forests possess immense utilities in addition to furnishing lumber and fuel. This discovery was long since made in the denuded regions of the older European countries. Even the cobble-stones of a New England or New York soil are not unmitigated inconveniences. During the day they absorb the warmth of the sun, and at night they retain it and impart it to the soil. In times of drought they

* Abridged from "Sketches of Creation," by Professor Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

screen the soil from the direct rays of the sun, and thus moderate the intensity of the heat. They diminish the evaporating surface of the soil, and thus diminish the effects of continued droughts. A loose stone is a shade; but, unlike a tree, it has no roots of its own to creep about and steal the moisture from weaker forms of vegetation. A few stones do not diminish materially the amount of soil upon an acre; and, with the benefits which they confer, it is doubtful whether they are not actually to be desired, especially in regions subject to drought.

From our earliest knowledge of the prairies, speculation has been rife as to their origin. The old and popular belief was that which attributed their treelessness to the annual burning of the grass by the Indians. But the prairies present other phenomena which the annual burning fails to explain. Besides, the treelessness remains in regions where the burnings have ceased. And, lastly, the treeless prairies were not the only regions burned by the Indians. And if they were, it seems more likely that the Indians burned the rank grass because the region was treeless, than that the region became treeless from the burning of such vegetation as flourishes in the shade of a forest.

It has sometimes been suggested that the region was originally forest-covered, and that the southern cane flourished in such luxuriance amongst the trees as to rob them of their moisture and nourishment, and thus cause their extinction. The cane, having deprived itself of the protecting shade of the forest, was scorched out by the rays of the summer sun. This theory is unsatisfactory.

With others, the absence of trees is to be attributed to the dryness of the atmosphere—and consequently of the soil—at certain seasons of the year. It cannot be doubted that the treeless plains of the Far West, and also other regions, have failed to produce arboreal growths through an insufficient supply of moisture. Still other treeless regions are such from an excess of saline constituents in the soil. But all such regions have nothing in common with the prairies except their treelessness. The topography and soil-constitution of the prairies points to a different and a peculiar history. Moreover, trees occupy the drier knolls of the prairies in the midst of the common atmospheric conditions.

Exactly the reverse of this theory is that which attributes the absence of trees to an excess of moisture in the soil at certain seasons. But we well know that there is no soil or situation so wet or stagnant but certain trees will flourish upon it—the willow, the cottonwood, the beech, the black ash, the alder, the cypress, the tupelo, the water-oak, the tamarack, the American arbovitæ, or some other tree—some of them standing joyously half the year, if need be, in stagnant water. Many swales are indeed

treeless; but is this in consequence of the inability of a willow to take root and maintain itself, or rather in consequence of the formation of the swale in times so recent that the germs of trees have not yet been scattered over it? Moreover, wetness cannot be attributed to many portions of the prairies which are entirely treeless. Is there a different cause for treelessness here?

Lastly, it has been suggested within a few years, by high geological authority, that the lack of trees is caused by excessive fineness of the prairie soil. It can scarcely be denied, however, that other soils, as pulverulent as that of the prairies, are densely covered with forest vegetation, and that in the same latitudes and under the same meteorological conditions. On the other hand, certain soils of a coarser texture are equally treeless. But the final objection to this theory, and to all theories which look to the physical or chemical condition of the soil, or even climatic peculiarities, for an explanation of the treeless character of the upland prairies of the Mississippi Valley, is discovered in the fact that *trees will grow* on them when once introduced—not water-loving trees exclusively, but evergreens, deciduous forest-trees and fruit-trees, such as flourish in all the arable and habitable portions of our country. Every one will now admit that trees flourish upon the prairies. In proof of the fact, the prairie farmers are actively engaged in their introduction. "The prairies . . .," says Gerhard, "may be easily converted into wooded land by destroying with the plough the tough sward which has formed itself on them. There are large tracts of country where, a number of years ago, the farmers mowed their hay, that are now covered with a forest of young, rapidly-growing timber." The introduction of timber as a branch of rural industry is now systematically pursued. The principal drawback to the cultivation of forests and fruit-trees is the violence of the prairie winds and the occasional severity of the wintry weather.

There are pretty satisfactory evidences that the soil of the prairies is of lacustrine origin. It has the fineness, colour, and vegetable constituents of a soil accumulated upon a lake-bottom. We find in it, moreover, abundant fossil remains of a lacustrine character. Fresh-water shells are found in localities many miles from the existing shore. Finally, we have found all around the chain of the great lakes abundant proofs that their waters once occupied a much higher level than at present. We have discovered the obstacle which dammed the waters to this extraordinary height. In short, we have ascertained that the prairie region of Illinois, for instance, *must have been* a long time inundated, whether such inundation contributed to the characteristics of the prairies or not. I think it did. If I ascertain that the cause of inundation exists;

if I see the traces of an inundation all the way from Niagara River to Illinois; if the barrier which shuts out Illinois from the lake is not one-third the height of the ancient lake-flood; if I find throughout the region exposed to inundation the peculiar soil deposited by fresh waters, together with traces of lacustrine animals which never wander over land, do I not discover a chain of facts which necessitates my conclusion?

While the expanse of lacustrine waters was brooding over the region destined to become a prairie, they busied themselves in strewing over the tombs of pre-glacial germs a bed of mud which should forever prevent a resurrection. Lake sediments themselves inclose no living germs. You will see the seeds of grasses and the fruits of trees, washed in by the recent storm, floating upon the surface, and eventually drifting to the lee-shore. If they ever sink to the bottom, and wrap themselves in the accumulating mud, it is after they have lost their vitality. Sunken and buried, they go to decay. Let a lake be drained, and the bottom remains a naked, barren, parching, shrinking waste. No herbs, or grasses, or trees burst up through the pottery-like surface. But everywhere, from beds of ancient glacial materials, vegetation is bursting forth and announcing itself. Lo, here I am! speaks the nodding young pine that had been slumbering just beneath the surface through the long and undisputed possession of the deciduous forest which the axe has just mown down. Not so in a lake-bottom. Here are the cerements of the dead, not the wrappings of the slumbering.

When, therefore, the ancient lake relinquished dominion over Illinois, it left a devastated and desolate country. No turf carpeted the abandoned lake-bottom. No oak, or beech, or pine raised its head through the covering of lake-slime which separated the slumbering-place of vegetable germs from the animating influence of sun and air. By degrees, however, the floods washed down the seeds of grasses and herbs upon the desert area, and humbler forms of vegetation crept from the borders toward the centre. At length the entire area smiled with vernal flowers, and browned in the frosty blasts of winter. In this stage of the history the Indian was here. He plied the firebrand in the brown sedges of autumn, and made for himself an Indian-summer sky, while he cleared his favourite hunting-ground of the rank growths which impeded both eye and foot. While the Indian was engaged in these pursuits, the white man crossed over the prairies, saw the Indian engaged in his burnings, and hastily concluded that this was the means by which the trees had been swept off—ignorant of the process by which, according to the above theory, the prairies had been formed.

IS THERE LIFE AMONG THE STARS?

ONE of the most fascinating questions that astronomical discoveries have ever raised is whether planets revolve in the light of all or any of the millions of stars scattered through space. It has been demonstrated that many, and probably most, of the stars are suns greater by far than our sun as givers of both light and heat. Mr. Lockyer's speculations as to the meteoritic origin of the celestial bodies may lead us to think that many of the stars are, as yet, merely clouds of meteors and not truly solar bodies, but this does not alter the fact that their luminosity exceeds the sun's, or that, no matter what their present condition may be, they will ultimately reach a stage of development closely resembling that of the sun. If the stars are meteor born, so is the sun. And if the great majority of the stars are as yet only condensing swarms of meteors, then we are led to the most interesting conclusion that the universe taken as a whole is in its infancy rather than its adolescence, much less its dotage.

It is common to hear people speak of the possibility of the stars being inhabited. This can only be granted upon the supposition that the inhabitants dwell on planets revolving around the stars, for modern studies of the sun have completely upset Herschel's idea that the heat and light of the solar orb come to us from an envelope of fiery clouds surrounding a cool and habitable globe. It is not easy to resist the simple argument from analogy in favour of the existence of such planets, especially if we admit that the same laws of development which produce our solar system are in operation throughout space. Recent discoveries of spiral nebulae, closely resembling in aspect some of the stages of existence through which the sun's system must once have passed if the nebular hypothesis is well founded, greatly strengthen this view of the case. The phenomena of double and multiple stars not only furnish evidence of the extension of the law of gravitation to other systems, but demonstrate the existence of stellar assemblages whose members sustain to one another relations similar to those which bind our planets to the sun.

Still there has been hitherto no discovery of any body that could properly be called a planet revolving around any of the stars. The well-known double stars are simply pairs of suns, each shedding its light and heat upon the other, while both revolve around their common centre of gravity. In the case of triple stars we find something closely analagous to the phenomena presented by the sun, the earth and the moon. The moon revolves

around the earth, and the earth, carrying the moon with it, revolves around the sun. Just so in a triple star system we behold one star revolving around another, and the two together revolving around a third. The resemblance goes even further, for the smallest star of the three revolves around the second in size, and that in its turn around the largest. Another step, however, and the analogy breaks down, for the earth and the moon are opaque bodies, simply reflecting the light of the sun, while all the members of a triple star system are solar orbs. Moreover, the earth and the moon are practically almost infinitesimal in magnitude as compared with the sun, while the smaller stars in the triple systems are comparatively large bodies. In the matter of distance, too, there is a wide difference, the components of multiple stellar systems being generally separated from one another by far greater distances than that of the earth from the sun.

But some recent discoveries are calculated to awaken the hope that we shall eventually obtain at least a partial solution of the question of the existence of planets in the sidereal systems. The spectroscope, which has achieved so many wonderful things for the astronomers, has again proved their friend in this case, and, aided by photography, has detected the existence of double stars so close that no telescope could possibly separate them to the eye. More than that, some of the stellar doubles thus discovered consist of a luminous star and a non-luminous one. We have but to adopt a different phraseology, suggested by analogy, and these strange couples are presented to our minds as sun and planet.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these interesting doubles is the celebrated star Algol, the periodic variations of whose light have been known and watched for centuries. Prof. Vogel's spectroscopic investigations indicate that there is a dark body revolving around the star in a period less than three days, and at a distance of about 3,250,000 miles. According to computations based upon the data obtained by Vogel, the diameter of Algol is 1,116,000 miles, or 256,000 miles greater than that of our sun, while the diameter of its strange companion, or satellite, is 840,000 miles, being 20,000 miles less than the sun's. But the density of these huge bodies is singularly slight, so that their combined mass is only two-thirds as great as that of the sun. From this it is easy to see that the dark member of the system, the planet if we may so call it, is more than a million times as large as the earth, and about 50,000 times as heavy. There is one consideration, independent of its slight density, which would seem to dispose of the possibility that this strange planetary consort of Algol can harbour living beings. If we assume that Algol's radiative energy equals the sun's, then it must overwhelm

its attendant orb with a gush of heat 900 times as intense as the solar heat that is poured upon the earth. This results from the fact that the distance of the dark companion from Algol is only about one-thirtieth of the earth's distance from the sun, while the intensity of light and heat varies inversely as the square of the distance.

In every case the dark bodies discovered among the stars, which, by a stretch of the imagination, may be likened to planets, are of great magnitude as compared with the planets of our solar system. This may not be as serious an objection to their habitability as their nearness to their primaries is, and yet, according to our terrestrial experience, a globe 50,000 times as heavy as the earth and a hundred times as great in diameter would make a strange abode. On such a globe an average son of Adam would weigh not less than 700 or 800 pounds, unless his dimensions were proportioned to the intensity of gravity, in which case he would be only between a foot and fifteen inches tall. It is more agreeable, however, to suppose that some unthought-of peculiarity in organization, such as the slight density of the planet readily suggests, would enable the man to be at the same time imposing in stature and graceful and agile in movement, for the imagination finds something repugnant in the idea of a race of lively pygmies constituting the population of a planet of the most majestic proportions.

At no time in its history has the outlook for astronomical discovery been more promising than it is at present, so that one can hardly be too sanguine in expecting that these recent advances, which have partially lifted the veil from the inner mysteries of the starry systems, are but preludes to still more interesting discoveries which may reveal the existence of unmistakable planets rejoicing in the light and smiling with life as our earth rejoices and smiles.—*New York Sun.*

FRAGRANCE.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

FALLING asleep awhile, I dreamed of fragrance,
Then waking, at my pillow found a bunch
Of roses sweet, brought by a loving friend,
Half flushed with glowing pink, and half were
All in pure white.

Oft through the night of earth
We dream of heaven, and many a token find
That our Best Friend Himself has been beside us.

TORONTO.

ALL HE KNEW.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER I.

As the express train dashed into the village of Bruceton one bright afternoon a brakeman passing through a car was touched on the shoulder by a man who said: "The man that left this in the seat in front got out three stations back. You don't s'pose he'll want it again an' send back for it, do you?"

The brakeman looked at the object which the speaker held up as he spoke; it was a small fig-box, such as train boys sometimes succeed in imposing upon the travelling public, and it still contained several figs.

"Want it again?" said the brakeman with a scornful curl of the lip that gave his black moustache a twist; "of course not. He left it there so's to get rid of it, like most of 'em do. I wouldn't buy one of them boxes of——"

The brakeman suddenly ceased talking, and put both hands on the passenger's shoulders, with the movement peculiar to train men whose duty it is to rouse sleeping passengers, the effect always being to make the victim throw his head slightly backward. Then the brakeman looked a moment into the face before him—it was small, weak-eyed and characterless—and continued: "Why, Sam Kimper, I didn't know you from Adam; that broad-brimmed low hat makes you look like somebody else. When did you get out?"

"This mornin'," said the passenger, dropping his eyes.

"Did, eh? Well, you needn't feel so bad about it, old man. Anybody's likely to get in trouble once in a while, you know. You got catched; some other folks most always don't; that's about the difference. Let's see; how long was you—how long have you been away?"

"I was sent for two years and a half," said the passenger, raising his head again and looking almost manly; "but, Mr. Briggs, I got all the shortenin' of time that's allowed for good conduct—every day of it. If you don't believe me I'll prove it to you; my term began on the 11th of August, eighteen hundred an'——"

"Never mind the figures, old man; I'll take your word for it."

"But I wanted you to be sure; I thought mebbe you'd tell other folks about it, seein' you're a good-hearted feller, an' know ev'rybody, an' I never done you no harm."

* By the permission of the Rev. Dr. Flood, of the firm of Flood & Vincent, Chautauqua Press, the American Publishers; and of Mr. Habberton, and of Mr. J. A. Taylor, his Canadian Publisher, we have the privilege of reprinting in this MAGAZINE one of the most remarkable stories of the age, "All He Knew," by John Habberton—author of that popular book, "Helen's Babies."

"I'll tell 'em anyway," said the brakeman, cheerily. "I ain't no saint, but I'm always ready to help a fellow up when he's down. I've got to get to the rear now to uncouple a car we have to leave here. S'long, Sam."

"Say, Mr. Briggs," said the passenger, hurrying along behind the brakeman, "you don't s'pose there's any chance for me to get a job in the railroad company's yard, do you?"

The brakeman turned with a sharp look, which speedily softened as he saw an earnest appeal in the little man's face.

"Well, Sam," he replied, his words dragging slowly along, "the yard's always full, and men awaitin'. You'd have to give bonds for good behaviour an' honesty, an'——"

"Never mind the rest, Mr. Briggs," said the ex-convict, shrinking an inch or two in stature. "I didn't know about that—indeed I didn't, or I——"

"Well, you needn't be a-Mr. Briggs'n me, anyhow," said the brakeman. "I was only Jim before—you left town, Sam, an' I want you to go on callin' me Jim just the same. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Mr. Jim, I do, an' may God bless you for sayin' it."

"Here we are; good luck by the carload to you, Sam." Then the brakeman looked back into the car and roared:

"Bruceton."

The discharged prisoner consumed a great deal of time, and distributed many furtive glances as he alighted, though he got off the train on the side opposite the little station. The train remained so long that when finally it started there was no one on the station platform but the agent, whose face was not familiar to the last passenger.

A gust of wind brought to the platform a scrap of a circus poster, which had been loosened by recent rain from a fence opposite the station. The agent kicked the paper from the platform; Sam picked it up and looked at it; it bore the picture of a gorgeously coloured monkey, and the head and shoulders of an elephant.

"Ain't you goin' to put it back?" he asked.

"Not much," said the agent. "I don't rent that fence to the circus, or menagerie, or whatever it is."

"Can I have it?"

"Findings are keepings," said the agent, "especially when they ain't worth looking for—that's railroad rule, and I guess circus companies haven't got a better one."

The finder sat down on the platform, took a knife from his pocket, and carefully cut the monkey and elephant's head from the paper. Then he walked to the end of the platform and looked cautiously in the direction of the town. A broad road crossed by a narrow street led from the station; into the street the little man hurried, believing himself secure from observation, but just then the door of a coal-yard office opened and Judge Prency, who had been county judge, and Deacon Quickset emerged. Both saw

the new arrival, who tried to pass them without being recognized. But the deacon was too quick for him, planting himself in the middle of the sidewalk, which was as narrow as the deacon was broad. He stopped the wayfarer and said:

"Samuel, I hope you're not going back to your old ways again—fighting, drinking, loafing, and stealing?"

"No, deacon, I ain't. I'm a changed man."

"That's what they all say, Samuel," the deacon replied, not unkindly; "but saying isn't doing. Human nature's pretty weak when it don't lean on a Stronger One."

"That's how I'm leanin', deacon."

"I'm glad to hear it, Samuel," said the deacon, offering his hand, though in a rather conservative manner.

"Sam," said the judge, "I sentenced you, but I don't want you to think hard of me and take it out of my orchard and chicken coop. It wasn't your first offence, you know."

"Nor the tenth, judge; you did just right. I hope 'twas a warning to others."

"I think it was," said the judge, thrusting both hands into his pockets and studying the wall of the station as if it were the record of his own court. "I think it was, and here's my hand, Sam, and my best wishes for a square start in life."

As the judge withdrew his hand he left behind a little wad of paper which Sam recognized by sense of touch as the customary American substitute for the coin of the realm. The poor fellow did not know what to say, so he said nothing.

"Hurry along to your family, Sam. I hope you'll find them all well. I've told my wife to see to it that they didn't suffer while you were away, and I guess she's done it—she's that kind of woman."

Sam hurried away; the deacon followed him with his eyes, and finally said: "I wonder how much truth there was in him about leaning on a higher power?"

"Oh, about as much as the rest of us, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" The deacon snapped out this question.

"Merely what I say," the judge replied. "We all trust to our religion while things go to suit us, but as soon as there's something unusual to be done—in the way of business—we fall back just as Sam Kimper used to do."

"Speak for yourself, judge, and for Sam, if you want to," said the deacon, with fine dignity, "but don't include me among the 'rest of us.' Good morning, judge."

"Good morning, deacon. No offence meant."

"Perhaps not, but some men give without meaning to. Good morning."

"I guess the coat fits him," murmured the judge to himself as he sauntered homeward.

CHAPTER II.

Sam Kimper hurried through a new street, sparsely settled, crossed a large vacant lot, went through the grounds of an unused foundry, and finally went through a vacancy in a fence on which there were only enough boards to show what the original plan had been. A heap of ashes, a dilapidated chicken coop, and a forest of tall dingy weeds were the principal contents of the garden, which had for background a small unpainted house in which were several windows which had been repaired with old hats and masses of newspaper. As he neared the house he saw in a cove in the weeds a barrel lying on its side, and seated in the mouth of the barrel was a child with a thin, sallow, dirty, precocious face and with a cat in her arms. The child stared at the intruder, who stopped and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"Pop," exclaimed the child suddenly, without moving.

"Mary," exclaimed the man, dropping upon his knees and kissing the dirty face again and again. "What are you doing here?"

"Playin' house," said the child, as impassively as if to have had her father absent two years was so common an experience that his return did not call for any manifestation of surprise or affection.

"Stand up a minute, dear, and let me look at you. Let's see—you're twelve years old now, ain't you? You don't seem to have growed a bit. How's the rest?"

"Mam's crosser an' crosser," said the child; "Joe's run away, cause the constable was after him for stealin' meat from——"

"My boy a thief. Oh, Lord!"

"Well, we didn't have anythin' to eat; he had to do it."

The father dropped his head and shuddered; the child continued: "Billy's going to school now; Jane's servant-gal at the hotel; Tom plays hookey all the time; and the baby squalls so much that nobody likes her but Billy."

The man looked sad, then thoughtful; finally he put his arm around his child and said, as he kissed and caressed her: "You're to have a better dad after this, darling; then maybe the mother'll feel pleasanter an' the baby'll be happier, and Tom'll be a good boy, an' we'll get Joe back somehow."

"How's you goin' to be better?" asked the child. "Goin' to give us money to buy candy?"

"Maybe," said the father. "I must go and see mother now."

The child followed her father to the house; there was not much excitement in the life of the Kimper family, except when there was a quarrel, and Mary seemed to anticipate some now, for she drawled, as she walked along:

"Mam's got it in for you; I've heard her say so many a time since you were taken away."

"The poor thing's had reason enough to say it, the Lord knows," said the man. "An'," he continued, after a moment, "I guess I've learned to take whatever I'm deservin' of."

As Sam entered his house a shabbily-dressed, unkempt, forlorn-looking woman sat at a bare pine table, handling some dirty cards. When she looked up, startled by the heavy tread upon the floor, she exclaimed: "I declare! I didn't expect you till——"

"Wife," shouted Sam, snatching the woman into his arms and covering her face with kisses. "Wife," he murmured, bursting into tears, and pressing the unsightly head to his breast. "Wife, wife, wife. I'm goin' to make you proud of bein' my wife, now that I'm a man once more."

The woman did not return any of the caresses that had been showered upon her; neither did she repel them. Finally she said: "You do appear to think somethin' of me, Sam."

"Think somethin' of you? I always did, Nan, though I didn't show it like I ort. I've had lots of time to think since then, though, an' I've had somethin' else, too, that I want to tell you about. Things is goin' to be different, the Lord willin', Nan, dear wife."

Mrs. Kimper was human, she was a woman, and she finally rose to the occasion to the extent of kissing her husband, though immediately afterward she said, apparently by way of apology, "I don't know how I come to do that."

"Neither do I, Nan; I don't know how you can do anythin' but hate me. But you ain't goin' to have no new reason for doin' it. I'm goin' to be different ev'ry way from what I was."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Kimper, releasing herself from her husband's arms and taking the cards again. "I was just tellin' my fortune by the keerds, having nothing else to do, and they showed a new man an' some money, though not much."

"They showed right both times, though keerds ain't been friends to this family, confound 'em, when I've fooled with them at the saloon. Where's the baby, though, that I ain't ever seen?"

"There," said the woman, pointing to a corner of the room. Sam looked and saw on the floor a bundle of dingy clothes, from one end of which protruded a head, of which the face, eyes, and hair were of the same tint as the clothing. The little object was regarding the new arrival in a listless way, and she howled and averted her head as her father stooped to pick her up.

"She's afraid you're goin' to hit her, like most ev'ry one does when they goes nigh her," said the mother. "If I'd know'd you was coming to-day, I'd have washed her, I guess."

"I'll do it myself, now," said the father. "I've got the time."

"Why you ain't ever done such a thing in your life, Sam," said Mrs. Kimper, with a feeble giggle.

"More's the shame to me; but it's never too late to mend. When'll Billy get home, an' Tom?"

"Goodness knows; Billy gets kept in so much, an' Tom plays hookey so often, that I don't ever expect either of 'em much 'fore

supper-time. They talk of sendin' Tom to the Reform School if he don't stop."

"I'll have to stop him, then—I'll try it, anyway."

"It needs somebody that can wollup him harder'n I can; he's gettin' too big for my strength. Well! if here they don't both come; I don't know when I've seen them two boys together before, 'less they was fightin'. I wonder what's got into 'em to-day?"

The two boys came through the back garden eyeing the house curiously, Billy with wide-open eyes and Tom with a hang-dog leer from under the brim of his hat. Their father met them at the door, and put his arms around both.

"Don't do that," said Tom, twitching away; "that sort o' thing's for women an' gals an' babies."

"But I'm your dad, boy."

"Needn't make a baby of me, if you be," growled the cub.

"I'd give a good deal, old as I am, if I had a dad to make a baby of me that way, if 'twas only for a minute."

"Oh, don't be an old fool," said Tom.

"I heerd in the village you'd been let out," said Billy, "an' so I found Tom an' told him, an' he said I lied, an' so we come home to see. Did you bring us anythin'?"

"Yes," said the father, his face brightening, as he thrust his hand into his pocket, and took out the fig-box. "Here," as he gave a fig to each of the children and one to his wife, "how do you like that?"

"Good enough," growled Tom, "only I don't care for 'em unless I have a whole box. I lift one out of a train boy's basket at the station once in a while."

"Don't ever do it again," said the father. "If you want 'em any time so bad you can't do without 'em, let me know, an' I'll find some way to get 'em for you."

"An' get sent up again for more'n two year?" sneered the boy.

"I don't mean to get 'em that way" said the father. "But I've got something else for you." Here he took the circus pictures from his breast, where they had been much flattened during the several demonstrations of family affection in which they had been involved. "Here's a picture for each of you."

Billy seemed to approve of the monkey, but Tom scowled and said: "What do I care for an elephant's head, when I seen the whole animal at the show, an' everythin' else besides?"

"S'pose I might as well get supper, though there ain't much to get," said the wife. "There's nothin' in the house but cornmeal, so I'll bile some mush. An'," she continued, with a peculiar look at her husband, "there ain't anythin' else for breakfast, though Deacon Quickset's got lots of hens layin' eggs ev'ry day. I've told the boys about it again and again, but they're worth less than nothin' at helpin' things along. The deacon don't keep no dog. Now you've got home, I hope we'll have somethin'!"

"Not if we have to get it that way," said Sam gently. "No more stealin'; I'll die first."

"I guess we'll all die then," moaned Mrs. Kimper. "I didn't s'pose bein' sent up was goin' to skeer all the spirit out of you."

"It didn't, Nan; but it's been the puttin' of a new kind of spirit into me. I've been converted, Nan."

"What?" gasped Mrs. Kimper.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Tom, after a hard laugh. "You're goin' to be a shoutin' Methodist! Won't that be bully to tell the fellers in the village."

"I'm not goin' to shout, or be anythin' I know of, except an honest man—you can tell that to all the fellers you like."

"An' be told I'm a liar? Not much."

Mrs. Kimper seemed to be in a mournful reverie, and when finally she spoke, it was in the voice of a woman talking to herself, as she said: "After all I've been layin' up in my mind about places where there was potatoes, an' chickens, an' pigs, an' even turkeys that could be got, an' nobody'd be any the wiser. How shall we ever get along through the winter?"

"The Lord will provide," croaked Tom, who had often sat under the church window during a revival meeting.

"If He don't, we'll do without," said Sam. "But I guess we sha'n't suffer while I can work."

"Dad converted!" muttered Tom. "Dad converted—d'ye hear that?" said he, hitting his brother to attract attention. "I must go down to the hotel and tell Jane; she'll steal me a glass of beer for it. Converted! I'll be ashamed to look the boys in the face."

CHAPTER III.

The Kimper family thinned out, numerically, as soon as the frugal evening meal was dispatched. Tom and Billy disappeared separately without remark; Mary put on a small felt hat which added a rakish air to her precocious face, and said she was going to the hotel to see if Sister Jane had any news; half an hour later the cook, all the chambermaids, waiters, barkeepers, and stable boys at the hostelry were laughing and jeering, in which they were led by Jane, as Mary told of her father's announcement that he had been converted and would have no more stealing done in the interest of the family larder. The fun became so fast and furious that it was obliged to end in sheer exhaustion, so when Tom came in an hour later he was unable to revive it sufficiently to secure the stolen glass of beer which he coveted.

Sam Kimper did not seem to notice the disappearance of the more active portion of the family. Taking the baby in his arms, he sat with closed eyes while his wife cleared the table. Finally he said:

"Nan, ain't you got nothin' else to do?"

"Nothin' that I know of," said the wife.

"Come an' set down alongside o' me, then, an' let me tell you

about somethin' that come about while I was in the penitentiary. Nan, a man that used to come there Sundays found me a cryin' in my cell one Sunday; I couldn't help it, I felt so forlorn an' kind o' gone like. I've felt that way lots o' times before, when I was out and around, but then I could get over it by takin' a drink. There's always ways of gettin' a drink—sweepin' out a saloon, or cuttin' wood agin winter when the saloon'll need it. But there wasn't no chance to get drink in gaol, an' I was feelin' as if the underpinnin' of me was gone.

"Well, the man said he knowed a Friend that would stand by me an' cheer me up. His name was Jesus. I told him I'd heerd of Him before, 'cause I'd been to revival meetin's an' been preached to lots by one man an' another. He said that wasn't exactly the way he wanted me to think about Him; he said Jesus used to be alive an' go around bein' sorry for folks that was in trouble, an' He once comforted a thief that was bein' killed in a most uncomfortable way, though Jesus was havin' a hard time of it Himself about that time.

"That hit me where I lived, for I—well, you know what I was sent up for. He said Jesus was God, but He came here to show men how to live, an' he wanted me to think about Him only as a man while I was in trouble. He said the worse off a man was the more sorry Jesus was for him; so I said: 'I wish He was here now, then.'

" 'He is here, my friend,' said the man. 'He's here, though you can't see Him. He ain't got nothin' to make out of you; neither have I, so you needn't be afraid to take my word for it. I'll tell you some of the things He said.' Then he read me a lot of things that did make me feel lots better. Why, Nan, that man Jesus was so sorry for men in gaol that He went back on some high-toned folks that didn't visit 'em—just think of that.

"After a while, the man said, 'You seem to be feelin' better?'

" 'So I am,' said I.

" 'Then believe in Him,' says he, 'an' you'll feel better always.'

" 'I've been told that before,' says I, 'but I don't know how.'

" 'Well,' says he, 'just believe in Jesus, an' you'll be all right in the course of time. Believe that what He said was true, an' get your mind full of what He said; an' keep it full, remindin' yourself over an' over again for fear you'll forget it, or other things'll put it out of your mind, an' you'll be happier while you're in gaol, and you won't get back here again, nor in any other gaol, after you've been let out.'

"Well, that was encouragin', for I didn't want to get in no gaols no more. When the man went away he left me a little book that didn't have nothin' in it but things that Jesus Himself said. I read it lots; some of it I didn't understand, an' I can't get it through my head yet, but what I did get done me so much good that I found myself kind o' changin' like, an' I've been a-changin' ever since. Nan, I want you to read it, too, an' see if it don't do you good. We ain't been what we ought to be; it's all my fault.

The children ain't had no show; that's all my fault, too; but it'll take all that two of us can do to catch up with 'em. I want you to be always side o' me, Nan."

"We can't let 'em starve," said the wife, "an' if what you're believin' is goin' to keep you from pickin' up a livin' for 'em when you get a chance, what are we goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to work," said Sam.

"Sho! You never did three days' work handrunnin' in your life." Then Mrs. Kimper gave a hard laugh.

"I've done it over two years now, and I guess I can keep on, if I get the chance. I can stick to it if you'll back me up, Nan."

"There ain't much to me, nowadays," said Mrs. Kimper, after a moment or two of blank staring as she held her chin in her hands and rested her elbows on her knees. "Once I had an idee I was about as lively as they make 'em, but things has knocked it out of me—a good many kind of things."

"I know it, poor gal," said Sam; "I know it. I feel a good deal the same way myself sometimes, but it helps me along an' stren'thens me up like to know that Him that the visitor in gaol told me about didn't have no home a good deal of the time, an' not overmuch to eat, and yet was cheerful like, an always on His nerve. It braces a fellow up to think somebody who's been as bad off as himself has pulled through, an' not stole nothin' nor fit with nobody, nor got drunk, but always was lookin' out for other folks. Say, Nan, 'pears to me it's gettin' dark all of a sudden—oh!"

The exclamation was called by the cause of the sudden darkness, which was no other than Deacon Quickset, who had reached the doorway without being heard. The deacon's proportions were generous; those of the door were not.

"Samuel," said the deacon, "you said this afternoon that you were a changed man, that you were leaning on a strength greater than your own. I want to see you make a new start and a fair one, and as there's a prayer an' experience meeting around at the church to-night I thought I'd come around and tell you that 'twould be a sensible thing to go there and tell what the Lord's done for you. It'll put you on record, and make you some friends, and you need 'em, you know."

Sam was pallid by nature, more so through long confinement, but he looked yet more more pale as he stammered:

"Me—speak—in meetin'? Before folks that—that's always b'longed to the church?"

"You must acknowledge Him, Samuel, if you expect Him to bless you."

"I hain't no objection to acknowledge Him, deacon; only—I'm not the man to talk out much before them that I know is my betters. I ain't got the gift o' gab—I couldn't never say much to the fellers in the saloon along around about election times, though I b'lieved in the party with all my might."

"It doesn't take any gift to tell the plain truth," said the

deacon. "Come along. Mrs. Kimper, you come, too; so Samuel will have no excuse to stay home."

"Me?" gasped Mrs. Kimper. "Me—in meetin'? Goodness, deacon. Besides"—here she dragged her scanty clothing about her more closely—"I ain't fit to be seen among decent folks."

"Clothes don't count for anything in the house of the Lord," said the deacon stoutly, though he knew they did. "Meeting begins at half-past seven and the sun's down now."

"Nan," whispered Sam, "come along. You can slip in a back seat, an' nobody'll see nothin' but your face. Stand by me, Nan—I'm your husband. Stand by me, so I can stand by my only Friend."

"Deacon ain't no friend o' yourn," whispered the trembling woman in reply.

"I'm not talking about the deacon, Nan. Don't go back on me. You're my wife, Nan; you don't know what that means to me now; you reely don't."

Mrs. Kimper stared—then she almost smiled.

"I mean it, Nan," whispered the man.

Mrs. Kimper rummaged for a moment in the drawers of a dilapidated bureau, and finally folded a red handkerchief and tied it over her head.

"Good," said the deacon, who had been watching the couple closely. "We'll go around by the back way, so nobody'll see either of you, if you don't want them to. I'll take Samuel along with me, and you can drop in wherever you think best, Mrs. Kimper. I'm not going back on any man who's going to turn over a new leaf. Come along."

SONNET : LIFE.

BY THE REV. M. R. KNIGHT.

WHAT is our life? He cannot tell whose eyes
Are bent upon the ground, and see alone
The labour and its wages; who the moan
Of weariness doth hear, the bitter cries
Of sufferer, orphan, starveling; nor doth rise
To that sun-lighted peak where clear is shown
Life's joy and beauty, and above each groan
Hear the lark singing in the laughing skies.

Not in man's abundance, poverty,
His life is; but his life is more than meat
And raiment. He is master—he is free:
Both dearth and plenty bow down at his feet:
Who hath clear eyes 'neath weal and woe can see
The growth and glory in life's royal seat.

BENTON, N.B.

A GLIMPSE OF LONDON LABOUR AND LONDON POOR.

LIFE IN A GARRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES OF AN OBSCURE LIFE."

"THE poor make no new friends," and often experience a still drearier loneliness as they grow old, so far as human fellowship is concerned. They are almost forgotten in the holes into which they have crept to die; and when, now and then, they creep out again into the busy world, they have a very ghost-like look. They don't belong to the bustling throng they feebly thread; they have made no mark in the world—utterly failed to win fame or fortune, and have no chance of doing so now. Preoccupied eyes accordingly, pass over them with as little notice as if they were mere shadows, or glance at them for a moment with a look of semi-contemptuous and semi-puzzled dislike. "How do people come to be so poor in such a money-making world as this? And when they are poor, why don't they die out of the world, instead of crossing respectable people's paths, and making them feel uncomfortable?" That is what the cold, shrinking look seems to say. It is no wonder, I think, that so many of the aged poor sour in their solitude: the wonder to me is, that so many of them should keep their milk of human kindness sweet, and bear their want so patiently. It is hard work loving kindred who take no notice of one; and being heroic, when there is no nobody to praise you if you succeed, or to care a penny if you fail. It is of two poor old women, of very different dispositions, chance-drifted into the same *magna-civitas magna-solitudo* loneliness, a London garret—that I am about to write.

From the back of my house I can see a row of dim red-brick old houses, crowded up and blinking behind a block of more modern drab brick. Where the newer houses stand there were once, I suppose, white rails and grass and trees, pleasantly screening the old from the road; but now their only look-out in front is on the dreary back-yards, and drying linen, and bulging bath-rooms, and untidy back-windows of the usurpers of the roadside grass-plats. The only access to the old houses is through an archway in the new block, and the path that passes them, and ends in a dead wall, is overshadowed by the back-yards' boundary. There is an almost constant rumble of traffic in the great thoroughfare outside, but, built in behind as well as in front, the old houses, which must have been a cosy row of private residences once, seem quite shouldered out of the world.

As are the tenements, so are the tenants. All the adults have a *worsted* look. The little trades they carry on in their own houses are of the most uncertain and shadowy description: if they have work elsewhere they seem, from the numbers that idle

about aimlessly at intervals, to be ever and anon thrown out of work. At no time do they appear to be flush of money. Every room in the row is crowded—each chamber, generally speaking, being a separate home, and sometimes a joint home; but it is not a drunken, noisy neighbourhood. Its pale, pinched occupants are glad enough to work when other people are taking holiday, and take doleful, silent holiday when other people are at work. Just within the archway opens the dark side-entrance to a pawnbroker's. It is conveniently placed for the inhabitants of the row. Their shoulder-rubbings have made the three golden balls painted on the doorposts as dim and dingy as the world, which seems so bright a globe to many, must appear to them. Some one or other of them is almost always slipping into the dark doorway with something or other covered up from sight. Furniture, flat-irons, tools, boots, flannel petticoats, Sunday gowns—almost everything they possess which is hypothecable—they have so often hypothecated, that, when they get them back, they must feel that they only enjoy a precarious usufruct of them, and that the pawnbroker is the real proprietor.

The narrow flagged pathway in front of the houses swarms with ragged, yellow-faced children, and the dirty step of almost every open doorway holds a resting row of tiny nursemaids, some of them very little bigger than the babies which they lug about like kittens. The children are the only noisy people about the place, and though, like other children better off, they wrangle a good deal over their play, as well as laugh, it is a relief to find in that depressed place any sign of life vigorous and self-satisfied enough to venture to be loud—to think that, at any rate, the little ones have a *chance* of doing better than their parents have done, poor as that chance may be.

Through often looking down into the row—Bolingbroke Row, let us call it (it has an aristocratic name like that)—I have got to learn its ways, and take an individual interest in its inhabitants. It has a very fluctuating population. Little eddies of shabby life are ever ebbing and flowing there. A good many of the rooms in Bolingbroke Row, though miserable enough now, are large, and their tenants cease to be able to pay the rent. Accordingly they drag their squalid household goods, and pathetic little household gods, down the broad, shallow staircases, push, and pull, and carry them along the flagged pathway, to the hand-truck or the donkey-cart that is waiting at the end, and trudge out with it under the archway to seek another refuge and patronize another pawnbroker. Rooms do not remain long empty in Bolingbroke Row, although its rents are exorbitant. There are too many poor people in the neighbourhood anxious to get a home of any kind. Fresh tenants generally come in on the same day—to go out similarly in their turn; and so the dreary wheel rolls round.

Of course, however, there are some "old residents" in the Row. One white-haired old woman in faded black—still neat-looking, in spite of its darned rustiness—whom I had frequently seen com-

ing out of the door of the farther-end house, excited my special interest, and I resolved at last to learn something about her. I ascertained her name from one of the Row's nursemaids, who was airing her charge at the mouth of the archway, and was told also that the old woman, who had stopped to chuck the baby under the chin as she went by, lived with another old woman at the top of No. 17.

A few evenings afterwards, I found my way to No. 17, and mounted its broad, dirty, broken, balustraded staircase—curiously stared at by those I passed upon it, and by other tenants looking out through their open doorways. When I reached what I thought was the top landing, I knocked at random at one of the doors which gave on it, but found I had to mount another flight—a short, quite dark, crooked little flight, which led to the garrets. There had originally been four garrets, two in front and two behind; with a passage between; but each one had been halved, and, therefore, I had eight doors to choose from. A candle that had been left burning outside one of them threw its dim light along the passage. At last I found my two old women. It was a cold night, and they had a fire—but such a little one; a sleepy inch or two of red between three small stony bits of coal. They were trying to fancy that they were warming their poor old knees over it as they sat knitting in the dusk. When I went in, my old woman, Hannah Brown, lighted the bit of candle in the tin candlestick that stood upon the mantel-shelf, and offered me her chair—there was no spare one: but I found a seat upon a box. That mangy old hair trunk, a mouldy brown leather port-manteau, the two chairs, a bed upon the floor, quilted with a mouse-coloured “charity-blanket,” a little kettle, and a little crockery, etc., on a shelf in an angle of the garret, formed almost the whole of the furniture.

Both of the old women were very thin, and had a lizard look about their shrivelled necks, but Hannah Brown was a cheerful, uncomplaining old body, whilst her companion, introduced as Mrs. Gusterson, had a half-sour, half-savage expression. For one thing, rheumatic twinges were racking her poor old quarter-clad shoulders.

“I hope you won't think that I am intruding,” I said to her. “I heard about you and Mrs. Brown, and I wanted to hear something more about you.”

“We hain't so many visitors that we need be pertic'lar,” was Mrs. Gusterson's somewhat ungracious reply. “I suppose ye're a parson, or do you belong to the parish?”

“At any rate, I have not called as a parson—you are just outside my parish. I am a neighbour, and have come to pay a neighbourly visit.”

“You've been a long time coming, then, and I don't suppose you'll be in a hurry to come again.”

“That depends on whether you will let me.”

“Oh, you're free to come or stay away, for what I care.”

"She don't mean it, sir," interposed Mrs. Brown, "and I'm sure we're much obliged to you for coming. Mrs. Gusterson is werry bad with the roomatics—ain't ye, Emmer?"

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Brown," was Emma's response.

The production of a little parcel—as affording some intelligible reason for my coming—partially mollified Mrs. Gusterson; and, whilst she was examining the contents, I got into conversation with Mrs. Brown.

"You have been living here for a year and more, I think."

"Two year, sir, and so has Emmer. We took the room betwixt us. We've both a little from the parish."

"But I should a-had to go into the House, if it hadn't been for her," angrily interjected Mrs. Gusterson. "I'd got no sticks."

"I suppose you have known each other a long time."

"No, we hain't. I never set my eyes on her, to my knowledge, till a day or two before we come here. But she would make me come, and a rare plague I've been to her. She don't look half so strong as me, but my roomatics pulls me down, and she've had to nuss me."

"It's a great comfort," went on Mrs. Brown, as if repeating an axiom, "to have a kind, well-conducted woman like Mrs. Gusterson livin' with me. We works together, and that helps to pay the rent; and then she's good company."

"What do you do?"

"We knit stockings, and muffetees, and things like that. Sometimes we get orders, and sometimes we take them out to sell."

"*You* take them, Hanner," growled Mrs. Gusterson.

"But surely, you can't make a living in that way?"

"We couldn't do, sir, if it wasn't for what we get from the parish——"

"And *that's* a fat lot," scornfully snorted the other old woman.

"But this and that together," went on Hannah, "we manage somehow to rub on. There's folks worse off than we are, poor souls. Some of our regular customers give 'andsome prices."

"Because the things wears better than what they could get from the shops," interjected Mrs. Gusterson; "and, Hanner, you can't deny that most on 'em is screws; an' sometimes you don't sell a thing when you've been traipsing about all day."

"Well, I try to do my best, Emmer. Anyhow, sir, we've managed to pay our rent, thank God."

"Does anybody ever call on you?"

"There was a lady come last winter, and give us a trac'," Mrs. Gusterson contemptuously answered.

"Emmer ain't herself to-night," Mrs. Brown anxiously explained. "She do suffer dreadful, poor dear. There was folks in the Row worse off than we was then, and I told the lady so. She 'adn't much to give, and Emmer wouldn't have taken the money, either, out of the mouths of them that wanted it worse than us. She was a kind, sweet young lady. It was as good as a fire to have her in the room, and she *did* send us half-a-hundred, you know, Emmer."

"What church do you go to?"

"Emmer can't go out, poor dear——"

"And Emmer wouldn't if she could," sneered Mrs. Gusterson. "What's the good o' goin' to church when you're poor? You only get shoved about and looked down on. A lot of fine folks with their smart clothes, and their smart prayer-books, settin' on cushions, and you a-settin' on them cold, hard benches."

"Well, Emmer," said Mrs. Brown, with a laugh, "I've got a seat right agin' the stove. But what do it matter," she added, seriously, "whether you're rich or poor when you're in church? Everybody has got the same God, and Christ didn't die for one more than another. Poor folks, I fancy, is best off at church. There's so much about them in the Bible. P'r'aps heaven don't seem so nice to them that have plenty of money, as it do to us. They've got so many things to leave behind them when they die. And yet I can't think that. What's the things rich folk has got to them you read about in Revelation? I like to hear that read out in church, sir—about the holy city and the voice of many waters. Seems as if the organ should be playing all the while. 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.' That's the beautifullest book in the Bible, I think, sir."

As the old woman quavered the noble words which have comforted myriads of the down-stricken and down-trodden, with as near an approach to clerical tone as her piping voice could simulate, she hugged herself enjoyingly as if the scanty fire had suddenly burst out into yule-log blaze; and even Mrs. Gusterson looked up with a gleam of hopeful light glancing over her dreary eyes. But Mrs. Gusterson soon relapsed into grumpy gloom.

"Yes, that sounds werry nice," she said. "I wish I could say off Scriptur' like that. But we've got to live now, you know, Hanner."

"Well, ain't we livin' now, Emmer?" was Mrs. Brown's rejoinder, "and if dyin' means goin' to that, I don't see why you and me need fret ourselves."

From the disjointed autobiographical reminiscences which I afterwards managed to elicit from the two old women, I gathered that Mrs. Brown had had far more than Mrs. Gusterson to damp her spirits. The latter had never had the care which a poor woman's family brings upon her; and up to a very late period of her life had been in good practice as a charwoman. She spoke with regretful pride of the gin and beer she used to get, just as more aristocratical "reduced gentlewomen" speak of the mansions they have been obliged to give up, and the carriages they once rode in. Mrs. Brown, on the other hand, had had to fend for others as well as herself from the time she was eighteen. She had married then—a husband who had thrashed her before their married life was brought to a close by his tumbling drunk off a scaffold. She was left with a large family, some of whom

were sickly, whilst others of them ran wild. In spite of her slaving for her children, she had outlived them all. In her old age she was left to make a fight for a living, without any human familiar except the crusty old woman whom their common loneliness, and her wish to be of some good to somebody, had led her, as it were, to adopt. But old Hannah had faith in a Friend whose close affection makes the warmest human relationship seem cold; she had hope of reaching the beautiful city she was so fond of reading about in Revelation; and so she lived in cheerful charity just under the leaking roof of No. 17 Bolingbroke Row.

She does not live there now; or Mrs. Gusterson either. Mrs. Brown died a few weeks after she had knitted me half-a-dozen pairs of socks; and, in spite of her rheumatism, Mrs. Gusterson insisted on hobbling after her room-mate to the grave, and took fresh cold upon its brink which soon brought her back to her own. There is no lack of such old women, however, still left in London to be looked after.

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY.

SWIFT as a meteor and as quickly gone
A train of cars darts swiftly through the night;
Scorning the wood and field it hurries on,
A thing of wrathful might.

There, from a farmer's home, a woman's eyes,
Roused by a sudden jar and passing flare,
Follow the speeding phantom till it dies—
An echo in the air.

Narrow the life that always has been hers,
The evening brings a longing to her breast;
Deep in her heart some aspiration stirs
And mocks her soul's unrest.

Her tasks are mean and endless as the days,
And sometimes love cannot repay all things;
An instrument that, rudely touched, obeys,
Becomes discordant strings.

The train that followed in the headlight's flare,
Bound for the city and a larger world,
Made emphasis of her poor life of care,
As from her sight it whirled.

Thus from all lonely hearts the great earth rolls,
Indifferent though one woman grieve and die;
Along its iron tracks are many souls
That watch the world go by.

The Christian Life.

WAIT.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

"Be still before the Lord" and "wait" His will;
 Eye hath not seen nor ever ear hath heard
 The things prepared of Him for those who wait.
 If on this earth He paint for us such skies,
 And gilds with liquid gold the crested waves;
 If here such music sweet salutes our ears;
 Such perfumes rise about us—silent falls
 The pen before the thought of what for us
 He keeps in that Far Land. Well may we "wait."
 Yes, "wait" for Him, although the hue of night
 Fall o'er the golden waves; though skies be thick
 With darkling clouds above us, though for us
 The music of this world be stilled for aye;
 The perfume of His love yet breathes on us,
 And for its full fruition we can "wait."

TORONTO.

THE NECESSITY OF HOLINESS.

We affirm, then, that holiness gives power. A comparison of two men in the ministry, will strengthen this conclusion. One is a man of shining talents, of genteel address, or popular eloquence; the other, ordinary in all these respects—in all natural qualities the inferior of his brother. But he is a man of God—a man of faith. His soul is filled with love—"perfect love that casteth out fear." He moves among the people like a spirit from eternity. His rebukes of sin fall with dreadful force upon the hearts of the wicked. His sermons, his prayers, his expostulations, his tears, all indicate the presence of an extraordinary power, and thousands are converted, sanctified, and saved through his instrumentality. But the other man sees no such fruits of his labour. Souls may be converted, but he feels that it is in spite of him rather than through his instrumentality. He wonders at the difference. He increases his exertions—elaborates his sermon with more learning and research—improves the rhetoric and oratory, but all to little purpose. He may increase the admiration of his hearers, but he cannot subdue their hearts, bring them weeping to the foot of the cross, and present them with joy as the trophies of the Redeemer. But let him seek and obtain the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let fire from God's altar touch

his lips and purify his soul, and he is a new man. He does not throw away his talents, his genius, his learning; but they are all sanctified. With the simplicity of a child, and a heart overflowing with love, he preaches the truth, and a reformation follows. Whatever may be the seeming variations arising from the deficiency of knowledge, we have in these particular instances, strong historic indications of a general law.

What is true of individuals is true of churches also. Wherever a number of Christians are associated together, with the evident and exclusive aim of promoting purity of heart and life, they have prospered. Their creed may have included strange inconsistencies—their forms and ceremonies may have frequently been the offspring of conceit, and devoid of taste—they may have been generally uneducated and without the advantages of wealth or influential friends—but with a supreme devotion to experimental holiness, they revealed an inner spiritual and powerful life, which has defied all persecution and survived the rage of enemies.—*Bishop J. T. Peck.*

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

In the last will and testament of our Lord there are many legacies, but the most remarkable is this legacy of joy. The words seem to be connected with the words which Jesus had spoken to them in this last discourse. It is a wonderful discourse, and the central thought is a revelation of a personal God, and a possibility of a union of the believer with this God as the foundation of this joy. We would deduce from this:

I. God is a joyous Being. The doctrine is plainly revealed in Scripture. He is God blessed forever; blessed means joyful. There is in God the joy of perfect being. Any normal, healthy, perfectly organized being finds in existence itself a source of joy. God has this joy of perfect being. All of His powers work with infinite vigor and infinite harmony, one with another, and so there is in God an infinite joy. (a) There is in God the joy of infinite love, or infinite loving. God is love, and He has many objects in which He delights. And because of His love for His people and His desire to save them, it is possible for God to have joy in His children in spite of their natural sinfulness. The joy of redemption, the joy of reaching out to save them, is so great that it leaves no room even in an infinite nature for grief.

(b) There is in God the joy of infinite power. A man never feels the power for work swelling within him without great joy at the consciousness of possessing this power. When the disciples returned to Jesus and reported that the devils were subject to

them at His word, they brought the report with joy. Because God has infinite power and knows that He is using this power for holiness, He has infinite joy, He abides in infinite tranquillity because He has infinite power.

II. This joyousness of God is communicated to the believer. The joy of forgiveness, hope, redemption, is not the only joy. There is a direct joy given to the believer from God, as the branch abiding in the vine partakes of the nature of the vine. The divine nature is given to every believer, and then the joyousness is given.

Some of the results: (1) Our nature will be made healthy by a divine healthfulness. It is possible to make a desert in the soul and call it peace, but it is only a shadow of peace; but when Christ comes into the soul He brings all the faculties into healthy harmony and there is joy of peace. (2) There is the joy of working for the salvation of others. (3) The joy of power not our own, power communicated from God. A power not our own has come in the redemption by Christ restoring our shrunken and deformed nature. This joy does not depend upon outward circumstances, but upon how much of divine grace we have in the soul.

Finally: The joy of the Lord is your strength. (1) In arising superior to adverse circumstances. It does not arise from without, but springs up within; and so as it is not dependent upon circumstances, it cannot be destroyed by them. Paul and Silas in prison singing songs is an illustration. If we have the joy of the Lord in our hearts we shall not be disturbed in calamity.

(2) The joy of the Lord is our strength in overcoming the world. If Christ be in us we shall not hunger after the things of the world. If we have the joy of the Lord in our hearts we shall not crave cards, the dance, the theatre, because we shall have something much better. Come out of the kingdom of this world and let the joy of the Lord abide in you, and you will rise above these things.

(3) The joy of the Lord is our strength for work. It is the joyous heart to whom work is light and easy. Get the joy of the Lord in your heart, and it will come out in songs, in testimonies, and in loving efforts for the salvation of others.

There is a joy in being a Christian that never can come to the worldling. Put Christ up and self down, and the joy of the Lord will abide in your heart and send you forth to do mighty work in His kingdom.—*Rev. A. E. Waffle.*

—When we cannot do what we would in religion we must do as we can, and God will accept us.—*Henry.*

Current Topics and Events.

THE WESLEY CETENNIAL.

In the month of March twenty-five millions of "people called Methodists" will have their thoughts directed to the centennial anniversary of the death of John Wesley. The General Conference has directed that on Sunday, March 1st, sermons commemorative of that event shall be preached in all our churches. We would take the liberty of making the further suggestion that our Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues throughout the country should also have a suitable commemoration. That it may be worthy of the occasion, no time should be lost in beginning to prepare therefor. Where practicable, we would further suggest that, on Monday evening, March 2nd, the combined Epworth Leagues or Sunday-schools in our towns and cities should have a joint meeting, at which short papers should be read, or addresses given on the Epworth rectory, its home-life and influence, and on the different aspects of early Methodism, and its development. A selection of the excellent hymns of John Wesley in our hymn-book might be sung, such as Nos. 54, 131, 207, 392, 494, 594, and 611. In this way the thought and attention of the young Methodists of Canada might be directed as never before to the providential origin of Methodism and its development throughout the world. To hold such meetings successfully will require considerable local energy and effort. A committee representing the Young People's Associations or Schools should take it in hand at the earliest opportunity. If a public meeting on a week-night be not held, we hope that, at least, special prominence will be given in all our Epworth Leagues and Sunday-schools to the lessons of the life and labours of the founder of Methodism.

We shall give several illustrated articles in both *MAGAZINE* and *On-*

ward on early Methodism, and on the life and death of its founder. Dr. Ryerson's book on "Epochs of Canadian Methodism" will also give much interesting information, and so especially will the new centennial volume now in press.

The Rev. Dr. M. P. Morrow, in the *New York Christian Advocate* says:—Students of literature are familiar with the evergrowing fame of Mr. Wesley among the great teachers of our time. Macaulay's declaration that "he had a genius for government not inferior to Richelieu," was followed by Buckle's finer characterization, that "he was the greatest of ecclesiastical legislators;" and now comes Mr. Leckey, saying, "he has had a wider constructive influence in the sphere of practical religion than any other man who has appeared since the sixteenth century."

In spite of this, I do not think that Mr. Wesley is honoured enough by his followers on this side of the Atlantic. Whitefield received his award. Like Petrarch, he put his hand upon his own laurel wreath. A preacher only, yet what a preacher! His work was ephemeral, for it was unorganized. But within Methodism Wesley is immeasurably greater than Whitefield, and we, beyond the touch of his vanished hand, ought to keep his memory green.

To do this we may surely seize the centennial of his death as a providential hour in which to tell the story of his life and speak his praise. Many of our people stand under the shadow of his name knowing not his history or the world-wide, many-sided influences of his conduct and teaching. These justified the historian Green in saying, "The Methodists themselves are the least result of Methodism." Let something be done to arouse interest in the first and greatest Methodist.

REVIVALS.

Encouraging reports reach us of revival work among the churches and of large ingatherings to the household of faith. This is as it should be. Without such growth in numbers the waste through death, removals from the country and other causes, would soon deplete our churches. The philosophy of revivals is becoming more and more widely recognized. They were at one time regarded as specially characteristic of Methodism; but now the other denominations are vying with each other in this blessed work, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists often unite with our own Church, or act independently, in the promotion of such work. The Church of England has its special lenten services and missions with notable success. At the busiest hour of the day in the busiest part of New York, the head of Wall Street, Phillips Brooks from day to day held crowded services in old Trinity Church. Even the Roman Catholic Church has its missions, at which workmen assemble by the thousand at six o'clock in the morning for the promotion of spiritual work.

The series of revival meetings and seavices held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, have been attended with marked success. It is a very significant fact, as well as an encouraging one, that night after night that large church has been crowded to the doors with men and women eager to listen to the simple preaching of the Gospel. Very many have been led to give their hearts to God. We need more and more to utter the prayer of the Psalmist, "Wilt Thou not revive us again that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

ARMED EUROPE.

That was an instructive picture which appeared in one of the journals the other day representing the relative size of the armies of Europe, by overgrown military giants. The Russian army represented 5,000,000 men; the French, 3,409,000; the German, 2,710,000; the Italian, 2,550,000; Austria, 1,912,000, and England's

army was a tiny figure representing 614,000 men. On the same scale the army of the United States, of only 25,000, would be an almost invisible dot. At a time when famine and its inseparable companion, fever, are stalking gaunt-eyed through some of the fairest portions of the world; when, in the richest city of the world, men and women are dying of starvation, it is treason against humanity to wring from the long-suffering taxpayer the treasure of money and the toll of flesh and blood required to maintain these enormous armies.

During Christmas week the churches of Great Britain were urged by the "Peace Society" to preach sermons on the evils of war; and in numberless cases this was done. But the Christian Church has heretofore been largely to blame for the glamour and glory thrown over the profession of arms. The new Democracy of Great Britain and the continent, we believe, will strongly resist and resent this oppressive war burden; and the widespread doctrines of the Prince of Peace will bring in, let us hope, in the twentieth century, if not before, a general disarmament of Europe. Towards this the young socialist Emperor of Germany is directing his thought. If he can succeed, he will be the greatest benefactor the house of Hohenzollern has ever given to mankind, and, compared to his, the glory of "Fighting Fritz" shall wane and disappear.

SCOTTISH STRIKES.

This is a strange picture presented on the Scottish border at the Christmas-tide which would speak to all peace and-good will—an exceedingly painful one. Eight thousand hard-working railway men complain that they cannot obtain their rights as human beings except by striking, which, in its way, is a sort of civil war. They assert that in many cases they have to work for seventeen hours a day at the most wearing employment in which a man can engage. The wealthy railway organizations may perhaps "freeze out" in a very

literal sense these men, upon whom are dependent probably not less than forty thousand helpless women and children. But the inflated dividends purchased at the cost of the famine and suffering of these hapless households are bought too dear. These great corporations can build a Forth bridge, at a cost of millions, to save a few miles' and a few minutes' travel, surely they might do something to improve the condition of the men by whom these millions are earned and upon whose brain and brawn they are dependent for success. Cheap travel and cheap freight are not the greatest necessities of the age, but that stalwart labourers, with their wives and children, should be housed and fed as well as an average cart-horse is one of the rights of man.

INDIAN RISING.

The unhappy outbreak among the Indians at Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies is another illustration of the penalty that always follows wrong doing. The American treatment of the Indians has been notoriously faultful. The leading journals of the country denounce the breaches of faith with the red men and the wretched manner in which they are pillaged and plundered by venal political Indian agents. It is greatly to the credit of the Hudson Bay Company, which for a century controlled the great North-West, that it always kept faith the Indians, consequently they had no Indian wars. It is to be hoped that the Canadian Government will in like manner maintain the traditional honour of the British flag and thus avert a bloody barbarizing Indian war. We shall present a series of articles in this MAGAZINE on the Indian question, by a contributor who will write with authority upon this subject.

PARTITION OF AFRICA.

In the days of our boyhood the centre of Africa was one wide blank space, marked "Unexplored territory." This is now filled with the

names of lakes, rivers and tribes then unheard of. A little girl is said to have complained that this was the work of "that horrid Stanley." But others than he have had a share in it. The heroic band of explorers, Livingstone, Burton, Grant, Speke, Baker, Cameron, and many more. There is now little, if any, unexplored territory, the whole continent being partitioned between the great powers. This will certainly do much to prevent tribal wars, to abolish slavery, and to introduce the civilization of Christianity. The Churches are nobly following, if not in many cases leading, the van of civilization; and the influence of the Gospel of Peace, we predict, will be far more potent in civilizing Africa than Hotchkiss' cannon and the Winchester repeating rifle.

THE NEW VICTORIA.

The engraving of the fine design for the new Victoria which appeared in the *Guardian* and the *Globe*, the contracts for the execution of which have been already let, will give the friends of that institution an idea of the rapid progress which is being made in carrying into effect the decisions of the late General Conference. During the winter the contractors will have an opportunity to procure material and to make preparations for the vigorous prosecution of the work next season. It is expected that sufficient progress will be made to have the ceremony of laying the corner-stone about Conference time. Dr. Potts, the indefatigable Secretary of Education, has devoted himself with all his energy to the task of rolling up the Building, Construction and Endowment Fund. We believe that the completion of this building will mark a forward movement of unprecedented prosperity in the educational history of our Church.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

We are glad to chronicle a very significant sign of the growing fellowship between the Christian Churches of this land, viz., the

presence in the pulpit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Woodstock on Christmas Day of the Rev. Dr. McMullen, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada. It was an exhibition of Christian courtesy between these churches which will be very highly appreciated throughout the country. It will, we trust, be the forerunner of many such pulpit exchanges. Nothing will sooner break down the barriers of prejudice, and lead, if not to organic union, at least, to a cordial and hearty federation and alliance in good work.

His life has been one of faithful devotion to the service of the Lord whom he loved and served. He emphatically ceased at once to work and live.

WE are glad that a joint public meeting, commemorating the two-fold event, the death of John Wesley and the introduction of Methodism into Upper and Lower Canada, will be held in Toronto on March 2. We hope that similar meetings will be held in all our towns and cities, as a thanksgiving commemoration of these two important events.

DEATH OF THE REV. W. H. LAIRD.

The death of our beloved brother came with a very sudden shock to the writer. We had seen him in perfect health a few days before, a man giving promise of a long and useful life. He was full of enthusiasm over his church work and anxious to be of service in connection with the periodicals of our Church. Our personal friendship dated back to over thirty years ago, when we were fellow-students at Victoria College.

THE Rev. Dr. J. W. Clarke's Wesley memorial volume is the best repository of the material upon the life, times, character and works of the Wesleys that we know. The Book Steward has a very few copies left. It is marked down from \$5 to \$2 net, for a handsome volume with several steel portraits.

SOME further notes on Professor Workman's essay, on "Messianic Prophecy," are held over for fuller treatment in a future number.

SAFE.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

Is there a lamb, of all the flock
Most needing tender care ?
That is the one the shepherd loves
In his own arms to bear.

Is there a plant amid the bloom,
Most delicate and frail ?
That is the one the gardener
Will shelter from the gale.

Is there a timid, frightened child,
Who shrinks at every sound ?
Be sure that one will oftenest feel
The mother's arms around.

 Lord, there are weak and timid ones
Amongst Thy children here ;
For them the music of Thy voice—
" 'Tis I, ye need not fear."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The amount required for the "Wesleyan Memorial celebration" having been raised—\$50,000—a fresh scheme has been launched by the Home Missionary Committee to raise a fund of \$100,000 to be expended mainly in those parts of the country where village Methodism is weak, owing to protracted agricultural depression and other causes. The new movement has the sympathy of many of the wealthy laity of the body, and the amount aimed at will probably be easily raised.

The President of one of the Theological Colleges says the four corner-stones of Methodism are conversion, entire sanctification, evangelism and fellowship. This is a good summary of the work Methodism has done, and to which she must apply herself with increasing ardour.

It is said that Dr. Rigg is preparing a new and much-enlarged edition of his "Living Wesley," which will not only deal more fully with Mr. Wesley's personal history, but will present a comprehensive summary of the work and progress of Methodism during the hundred years which have elapsed since Wesley's death.

A ten day's mission, by the Rev. Thomas Waugh, was held at Newbury. In addition to the ordinary services special meetings of men and of women were held. The names of 136 inquirers were taken.

Rev. T. Cook, another evangelist, also conducted a ten days' mission at Burslem. Great preparations were made to secure results: 27,600 cards, bills and posters were printed and distributed. During the ten days, 373 persons, over fourteen years of age, professed conversion. A large proportion of the inquirers were

young men and young women, and a considerable number have met in class before. The majority have been trained in Sunday-schools, sixteen belonged to one class.

A new mission has been commenced in New Guinea. The Church of England and the London Missionary Society both have agents laboring there, but, by mutual arrangement, the agents of the various Societies will not conflict with each other.

The Rev. A. M'Aulay, in writing to England a short time before his death, mentions his visit to Beaconsfield, where he says, "I preached twice at our small native chapel. It is the head of a circuit of 150 members, who support their own minister. Three competent interpreters translated my sentences into Dutch and into two African languages to the mixed congregation. At Kimberley we have an English minister, who has charge of the Cape Dutch. . . . Although there are not sixty members, they support an English married minister without mission aid, on the scale of comfortable circuits in England. At another place thirty-five members support entirely and liberally an unmarried European minister. On Kimberley English circuit two ministers (married) are suitably supported by 130 members. Such liberality, puts many congregations to shame.

A "Children's Sunday" is observed in England. Rev. Robert Calley, the Sunday-school Secretary, makes special arrangements for the services to be held among the million of children. Earnest appeals are made to them for an immediate surrender of themselves to God. The service somewhat resembles the Confirmation Service of the Church of England.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The first General Conference has been held in Australia, under the Presidency of the Rev. Hugh Gilmore. It was resolved to enter upon the work in Western Australia, and to publish a fortnightly newspaper.

In spite of doubts and apparent opposition manifested some time ago towards the Evangelists' Home movement, the Rev. Joseph Odell finds himself unable to supply all the applications made for the services of his young men. All those now under his charge are in full and prosperous employment, and more are still called for.

The Clapton Mission, during the past year, gave 5,200 free meals to destitute children, supplied 6,329 quarts of soup to poor families, and rendered extensive aid to the poor of the district.

A bazaar was lately held at Brampton near Carlisle, when the Countess of Carlisle made a magnificent speech on "Primitive Methodism." She had lately read the life of Hugh Bourne, and clearly pointed out the most striking features of his character and labours. Lord and Lady Carlisle have in various ways contributed to the cause of Methodism in the locality.

The time-limit is becoming more extended. Several ministers have accepted invitations to remain for five and some six years.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

One Sunday in the year is designated "Temperance Sunday." Temperance sermons are preached on that day in all the places of worship. The Connexional Temperance Union now returns 288 Bands of Hope, with 34,985 members, 17,629 of whom are under fifteen years of age.

On a recent Sunday a special collection was made in Shrewsbury chapel, in aid of General Booth's "New Social Salvation Scheme." The General was formerly a minister in the Connexion.

A bazaar was recently held at Hull when \$1,500 were realized.

The "United Methodist Jubilee" car has, for upwards of five months, been at work. During that period 40,000 books, 558 Bibles, and 4,609 Testaments have been sold. A second car will, it is expected, be brought into use before long. In all cases, wherever the car travels evangelistic services are held by the agent in charge.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Writing from China, one of the missionaries presents a terrible indictment against the English, for what they have done in regard to the opium traffic. He says, "England has given opium to China, and every year takes millions of money in return for her gift. A hundred years ago there was hardly an opium smoker in China, now there are 100,000,000. Well has England done her work. A young teacher spoke to me in this way, 'Ah! teacher, you need not talk about the hell that awaits the opium sot. He reaches hell long before he dies. When the money is gone and the craving comes on, the man is in a living hell.' People wonder sometimes why Christianity does not make more rapid strides in China. Where we missionaries have managed to save one man the English Government has damned a thousand Chinese! Strike a blow for the ruined. Think of the hundreds of millions ruined by British opium! For Jesus' sake do something! Can you pray? Then pray. Can you speak? Then denounce the dastard deeds of those in high places. Do it soon. Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Our Indian Empire is built up on the ruin of millions of Chinese souls. 'Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity.'"

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

During the visit of the bishops to Washington eighteen plane trees, one for each bishop, were planted in a circle around the highest point on the Methodist University grounds, known as "the crest." It is the

highest land in the District of Columbia and commands a view of sixty miles in one direction.

Dr. Asbury Lowrey's "Positive Theology" has been translated into Japanese, and introduced into the course of study in the Methodist theological school at Tokyo.

It is said that of sixty-nine ministers who entered the Congregational ministry from other Churches last year, thirty-five were from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some of them declare that in their new relationship they are as much Methodists as they ever were. A certain layman said: "It suits me well enough to have a Methodist minister paid for preaching in a Congregational church."

Dr. Reid, the Honorary Missionary Secretary, recently stated that many years ago, his father as a young man landed in New York, and found his way to a Methodist church, where he received a cordial greeting. He became a member, and through him whole generations became Methodists, and thousands of dollars were deposited in the church treasury. It might have been otherwise but for the kindly greeting to the strange young man.

Bishop Warren says, "The Methodist Church has more colleges, more students and more money invested in educational institutions than any other Church on the face of the globe."

Rev. F. Penzotti, Methodist missionary in Peru, has been cast into prison for the crime of "preaching the Gospel and circulating the Holy Scriptures."

The nine States through which Pennsylvania railroad lines run contain 11,570 Methodist churches worth \$57,336,000, or an average of \$4,050 each. These States contain 1,236,000 members and probationers.

A church was recently dedicated in New York, the cost of which will be \$150,000. The Church Extension and Missionary Society bought the site several years ago for \$6,000; it is now said to be worth \$60,000.

The *Presbyterian* has these kind words: "The Methodists of this country, in that great branch which

bears the name of 'Episcopal,' have somewhat whereof to boast in the fact stated by one of its bishops, that in the last ten years the gifts of the churches for missions has increased steadily by the sum of \$50,000 a year." For the coming year the Committee has appropriated the following sums: Foreign missions, \$566,352; home missions, \$459,648.

Bishop Walden tells of a woman who does not spend over \$100 a year for her clothing, but who has contributed over \$1,700 for missionary work in Mexico.

According to statistics found in the Methodist Year Book for 1891, the total membership is 2,283,154, an increase of 46,691 over last year. There are in the denomination 14,792 ministers, including superannuates, etc. Scholars in the Sabbath-schools number 2,264,852, an increase of 42,124; 29,864 deaths have occurred during the year. The communicants of all the Methodist denominations in the United States number 4,980,240, with 31,765 ministers and 54,711 churches.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. W. I. Shaw, of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, has been appointed one of the six Protestant Public School Commissioners of that city, of whom three are appointed by the Government and three by the City Council.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Sunday-school of the Centenary church, St. John, N.B., was recently held. The occasion was one of unusual interest, in which scholars, ministers and others took part.

The *Wesleyan* is calling for twelve men suitable for evangelistic work, that is four for each of the Annual Conferences in the Maritime Provinces. The writer of the article from which we copy says, "money will easily be raised if the men are forthcoming." He further says, "the evangelist must be a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, who will patiently plead, tenderly beseech, earnestly expostulate and plainly tell of sin, guilt, death and

judgment, and urge to repentance, faith, duty and holiness of heart."

Our readers will be glad to know that work has been commenced on the buildings to be erected in the Queen's Park, Toronto, for the federated Victoria College, the cost of which will not be less than \$180,000. The daily *Globe* in one of its recent issues contained a fine engraving of the new building, with portraits of Chancellor Burwash, Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education, and Mr. Strong, the architect.

During the past decade the communicants of the Methodist Churches throughout the world have gone up from five million to six and a quarter millions. In the United States of America for every one hundred communicants in the Protestant Episcopal Church Methodism numbers over one thousand!

ITEMS.

Archbishop Ireland, a Roman Catholic prelate in the United States, declares in the *Catholic World*, that "intemperance is doing the holy Church harm beyond the power of the pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America."

The Upper Canada Bible Society has decided to make a permanent fund of the late Mr. W. Gooderham's bequest of \$10,000.

Off the continents of Asia and Africa are the Islands of Japan and Madagascar. Three hundred years ago Rome's converts in Japan numbered many thousands, but Rome gave them no Bible. What became of that mission in Japan? Persecution broke out and it was annihilated. Sixty years ago Protestant missionaries planted a church in Madagascar, and gave the people the Bible. Persecution broke out as bitter as that in Japan. Was the missionary work annihilated? No! Madagascar is a Christian country to-day.

In Damascus, where thirty years ago 6,000 Christians were slaughtered with great cruelty, Christianity still flourishes. Beirut is almost a Christian city. Jerusalem itself is more Christian than Mohammedan. At

least the forms of Christian worship are more stubbornly and more consistently observed.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. Alexander M'Aulay was an esteemed minister and one of the ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference. He was a man greatly beloved. Through life he took an active part in Evangelistic and Home Mission services. Some regard him as the father of the "Forward Movement." Since his superannuation, in 1886, he has laboured as an evangelist both in the West Indies and South Africa. His death was sudden and unexpected. He had been fifty years in the ministry.

The Bible Christian Church has lost by death the following ministers:

Rev. John Hicks, who had been in the ministry fifty-seven years, and was the oldest minister in the Connection.

Rev. Thomas Harris died at Tiverton, aged sixty-eight years.

Rev. J. Carter only a year ago went to China as a missionary. He was in the China Inland Mission Institute, at Gan-K'ing, studying the Chinese language, and was ill for a few days only before he passed away. He was a young man of great promise.

Rev. John McMurray, D.D., a venerable minister and a member of Nova Scotia Conference, died in December, at the ripe age of eighty. He was a candidate at the Conference of 1833, and laboured in various circuits in the Eastern Provinces and Newfoundland. For six years he was Editor and Book Steward in Halifax. For several years he was Chairman of District, also President of Conference three times. He was a member of the first General Conference and was a member of the committee which compiled the Methodist Hymn-Book. In 1875 he retired from the active work. He was a man of great energy, well read in Methodist literature, and even in his retirement laboured to the utmost of his ability to increase the efficiency of the Church he loved.

Book Notices.

Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805 to 1815; being the Ridout Letters, with notes by MATILDA EDGAR. 8vo, pp. 389. William Briggs. \$2.00.

Among the very best material for history are the contemporary letters of intelligent observers. Such is the character of the book before us, which thus furnishes an admirable contribution to Canadian history. The earlier letters describe the school-boy adventures of a couple of intelligent Canadian youths. The later ones, of 1811 to 1812, give a graphic picture of London life in "the days of the Regency, when Napoleon ruled Europe, and Wellington was earning his first laurels; when Mrs. Siddons still ruled in Drury Lane, and Scott and Byron walked through London's streets." The condition of the country through the stress of foreign war and menaced trouble in Canada, made it a very anxious period, whose spirit is reflected in these letters.

Immediately thereafter the scene changes, and the letters describe with all the vividness of first-hand experience many of the tragic scenes of the frontier war of 1812 to 1815. There are numerous vivid side-lights flashed upon the scene, which give the narrative a wondrous verisimilitude, for which we seek in vain in the formal histories of the war. Letters from Mr. Ridout, senior, disclose very fully the state of society, the growth of opinion and progress of events in Little York.

The closely printed appendix gives a first-hand account of the captivity of Mr. Ridout, afterwards Surveyor-General of Upper Canada, among the Shawanese Indians, with *fac simile* of a letter from George Washington, to which he owed his preservation. The book is handsomely printed, has two portraits and two folding maps. One of the best features of this book is the accompanying connecting

links and annotations from the pen of its accomplished editor, Mrs. Edgar.

Modern Ideas of Evolution as Related to Revelation and Science. By Sir WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., etc. 12mo, pp. 240. London: Religious Tract Society; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

It is a remarkable fact that the little town of Pictou, N.S., should be the birth-place of the two most distinguished Canadian *litterateurs*, both of whom are college presidents, Dr. Grant, the President of Queen's University, and Sir William Dawson, President of McGill University. No Canadian writer is better known than Sir William Dawson. His deserved reputation in this respect gives to his utterances on a subject lying upon the disputed border-line between science and revelation a special value. He is one of those scientists who is also a devout believer in revelation and a competent student of the Scriptures in their original tongues. He boldly challenges the fascinating and often delusive theory of evolution, as accounting for all the differentiations in species. With at least an equal authority with that of Mr. Huxley, he states that the theory of the latter as to the development of the American fossil horse is purely arbitrary. He draws a strong distinction between agnostic and theistic evolution, but the latter he formally avows to be essentially distinct from Darwinism or Neo-Lamarekianism. The book is deserving of the most careful study by both scientists and theologians. The *Saturday Review* well remarks, "If there is anything calculated to arrest the cock-sure young scientist, who is always the young man in a hurry, this book will do it." An evidence of its recognized value is that it is in its fifth edition.

Henrik Ibsen, 1828-1888. A Critical Biography. By HENRIK JAEGER. From the Norwegian, by WM. ORTON PAYNE. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Ibsen is certainly one of the most striking figures of recent and contemporary literature. Much interest has been created in the man and his work; indeed, he has created a special school of criticism. The present volume gives a record of his life and a critical estimate of his principal works, with illustrative extracts. Ibsen struggled up through many difficulties, first to national recognition, and then to world-wide fame. His personal struggles seem to have invested his poetry with a sombre, pessimistic cast. Mixed with his Danish blood are strains of German and Scottish, but still he is a typical Norseman, like one of the old Scalds speaking in modern tongue. Some of his more recent dramas, "The Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "Rosmerholm," voice a revolt from the conventions of society, which have brought upon him severe criticism. This biography is written from the point of view of an admiring friend, and gives the material for forming an independent judgment on this now famous man and his more notable works. Several portraits of Ibsen in his youth and old age and numerous other illustrations embellish the volume.

Sermons and Addresses, by the late Rev. S. J. HUNTER, D.D., with brief memoir by Rev. W. J. HUNTER, D.D., Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 365. Price \$1.25.

The late Dr. Hunter was one of the most able and eloquent preachers of Canadian Methodism. In these sermons his many friends throughout the country may hear again the echo of his voice and feel the impress of his spirit. We can almost follow the impressive cadences of his tones in the sentences of these sermons and lectures. Many of them have a local colouring from their allusions to Canadian events. Especially is

this true in the addresses on "The Development of the Missionary Spirit;" "The Gospel the Want of Our Age;" "Our Methodist Heritage;" "The Bible Society Address;" and his lecture on "Hymns and Hymn-Writers of our New Hymn-Book." Dr. Hunter was a man of wide culture and reading, and into these sermons he has put his very soul, as well as deep feeling and piety. His brother, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter, contributes a beautiful memorial sketch, and the Rev. Dr. Dewart pays a tribute to a life-long friend in an introduction. The cultured face and the keen black eyes of the preacher are well shown in a portrait.

The Canadians of Old. By PHILIPPE AUBERT DE GASPE. Translated by CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

It is now nearly thirty years since the inaugurators of that patriotic, French-Canadian publication, the "Soirées Canadiennes," resolved that if the life, characteristics and general folk-lore of the early French in Canada were not to be consigned to oblivion, some intelligent effort must be made at once to perpetuate such knowledge, and to put the records of the race into a historical form, which should hand down a true account of the life, customs and struggles of their ancestors of the old regime. M. De Gaspé was already an old man when this resolution was made, but he nevertheless set to work, and as a result we have this charming little historical romance now before us. It has been translated from the original by our well-known *littérateur*, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, who has very happily reproduced much of the quaintness and pleasing simplicity of style, which are by no means the least charming characteristics of the original.—A. B.

God in His World; an Interpretation. Gilt top. Pp. 270. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The anonymity of this book in-

creases its interest. It is evidently written by a practised pen and is the product of a cultivated heart and brain. There is about it a moral elevation, a beauty of thought and diction that lift it into the realm of religious poetry, though cast in form of prose. It recognizes in the ancient faiths of mankind dim adumbrations of the great crowning fact of history, the incarnation of Christ. This incarnation, with its momentous consequences of divine and human fellowship, is beautifully illustrated in the succeeding chapters. The book is an expression of reverent faith and true Christian optimism. It exhibits the vanity of a mere sociological millennium, and shows that the true regeneration of society is through the last words of Christ, "That we love one another." This is a book for a quiet hour. In reading it we breathe a purer atmosphere, a serener air than that of the dusty walks of life.

The Sibylline Oracles, Translated from the Greek into English Verse. By MILTON S. TERRY, of Garret Biblical Institute. Pp. 276. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

One of the most remarkable books of the early Christian centuries was the so-called Sibylline oracles. They date from the first to the third centuries, and were probably written by an Alexandrian Jew, who blended with the Hebrew prophecies and traditions Greek and Christian elements. These are not the sibyls of classic literature, one of whom conducted Virgil through the nether world, and who are depicted in awful form in the frescoes of the Sistine chapel. These later sibyls are often referred to by the early Christian fathers. They purport to give prophecies of remarkable events preceding the coming of Christ. Dr. Terry, for the first time, translates these oracles into English verse. The book is one of remarkable interest to the general reader as well as special value to the Biblical and classical scholar. It is handsomely bound and gotten up.

Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis. By S. FRANCES HARRISON, "SERANUS," Author of "Crowded Out," "Canadian Birthday Book," etc. 12mo, pp. 200. Toronto: Hart & Co. and William Briggs.

Mrs. Harrison is one of the most charming of our Canadian poets, especially in songs of lighter vein. She has a delicacy of touch and sprightliness of manner and a sympathy with her subjects that are admirable if adapted to the themes she treats. In choice of subject she is more thoroughly Canadian than any other of our singers. She understands the *habitant* and *voyageur* through and through. Her sketches of Lower Canadian life have a photographic fidelity, or rather they are delicate etchings which have an artistic feeling beyond any photograph. She uses, too, with rare dexterity the " quaint stiff metres of olden France." Of the "vilanelle" she gives us more than half a hundred examples. This involved and intricate form of verse is capable of great variety, and is, moreover, exceedingly musical and attractive. But the poems are not exclusively Canadian, some of them are *vers de société* that have the deftness of touch and turn of Arthur Dobson. Her "Monologue on Isabel Valancey Crawford," is to our mind akin in musical phrasing, in richness of allusion and sympathetic feeling, to the "Adonais" of Shelley.

A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda. By HIS SISTER. With portrait and folding map, Author's edition. New York: Armstrong & Co. Toronto: A. McAinsh.

This is one of the most stirring biographies of recent times. Mr. H. M. Stanley has said of Mr. Mackay that he was the best missionary since Livingstone. Colonel Grant, the companion of Speke, on hearing of his death, exclaimed, "The blow to civilization in Central Africa is not easily repaired, for a score of us would not make one Mackay." He has been strikingly called the St. Paul of Uganda. His life-story is

told chiefly in selections from his own letters, journals and diary, by his sister. The tale is one of heroic and pathetic interest. The book is an admirable supplement to Stanley's "Darkest Africa." It throws much light upon the solution of the missionary problem in the Dark Continent. He speaks highly of Stanley, but very severely of Emin Pasha. He was educated to be a mechanical engineer, with brilliant prospects before him, at Berlin; but gave up all for mission work in Africa, where his brilliant career ended in his forty-first year.

Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus. By the late J. T. WOOD, F.S.A., etc. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The author of this book may be said to have rediscovered Ephesus. For eleven years he delved and toiled among its ruins. After long search his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of the veritable site of the temple of the great goddess Diana, of such fame in both Christian and Pagan history. By the aid of the trustees of the British Museum he was enabled at great cost to thoroughly explore its important ruins—an account of which, with many interesting and racy incidents, is given in this book. A number of admirable illustrations enhance the value of the work.

The Whole World Kin; A Pioneer Experience Among Remote Tribes, and Other Labours. By NATHAN BROWN. 8vo, pp. 607. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

Missionary literature is year by year acquiring greater volume and greater value; missionaries have in many cases been pioneers in exploration and discovery. Perils have been braved and privations endured with the inspiration of the highest motives. The volume before us is an account of fifty years of missionary life. Nathan Brown and his devoted wife were of good old New England stock—the one a student of

Bennington Seminary, the other a pupil of the famous Mary Lyons, who sent so many female missionaries into foreign lands. The greater part of their life has been spent in Burmah and India. Their later years were spent in Japan. The book is well calculated to deepen the interest in mission lands and mission work. It abounds in interesting incident, anecdotes, sketches, etc., of missionary trial and triumph and records of the power of the Gospel to elevate and sanctify in the darkest natures. We commend it for reading in mission circles and in the home.

Concerning Sisterhoods. By T. BOWMAN STEVENSON, M.A., LL.D. Pp. 96.

This is a dainty little book, printed at the Children's Home, giving a condensed account of woman's work in the early Christian Church and in the Church of the Reformation at Kaiserswirth and elsewhere. It is an admirable *resume* on the subject of deaconesses, ancient and modern. Dr. Stevenson has organized a very successful deaconess movement in connection with the Children's Home, as has also Price Hughes in connection with the West London Mission. This little book will be full of hints and helps to all interested in the deaconess movement, which has been formally recognized by the Wesleyan, Methodist Episcopal and our own Church.

Egypt and Syria: Their Physical Features in Relation to Bible History. By Sir WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., etc. London: Religious Tract Society; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The Religious Tract Society has prepared an admirable series of handbooks on what are called "By-Paths of Bible Knowledge," by such distinguished authorities as Prof. Sayce, Sir J. Risdon Bennett, Sir William Dawson and others. They are popular, neat and cheap editions of handsomely bound and well illustrated books. One of the most interesting of these is that under review. It

describes not merely the surface impressions of a rapid tourist, but the deductions and discoveries of a practised scientific observer, who very literally looks beneath the surface and discerns the past under the aspects of the present. Sir William Dawson treats first the Nile Valley and Egypt, then the geography of the Exodus, Judea, Jerusalem, Jordan and the Dead Sea, and prehistoric and historic man. Thus much additional light is thrown on some of the most difficult questions of Biblical geography. For Bible students especially the book will be of permanent value.

How To Be a Pastor. By THEODORE CUYLER, D.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Certainly if any one man can adequately treat the subject, it is the distinguished man who has recently closed one of the most successful pastorates of modern times. This book should be a constant *vademecum* of the Christian minister. Dr. Cuyler enlarges upon pastoral visiting, training converts, a working church, revivals and the choice of a Christian minister, and kindred subjects.

Canada First: A Memorial of the Late William A. Foster, Q.C. With Introduction by GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

By the lamented death of Mr. Foster, Canada lost one of its most patriotic sons, one of its most accomplished scholars, and one of its most brilliant writers. Had he devoted himself to literature he would have won therein no less success than he won in professional life. The essays and addresses in this volume, especially the stirring paper "Canada First," and his Canadian articles in the *Westminster Review*, increase our regret that he did not enrich our native literature with other similar contributions. Prof. Goldwin Smith furnishes an introduction, which illustrates the saying

of Johnson, "*non tetigit quid non ornavit*," etc. An excellent portrait accompanies the volume, which will be a grateful remembrance to his very many friends.

Wesley His Own Biographer; Selections from the Journals of REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A. With numerous illustrations. Part I. Crown 4to, with sixteen illustrations. Price 20 cents.

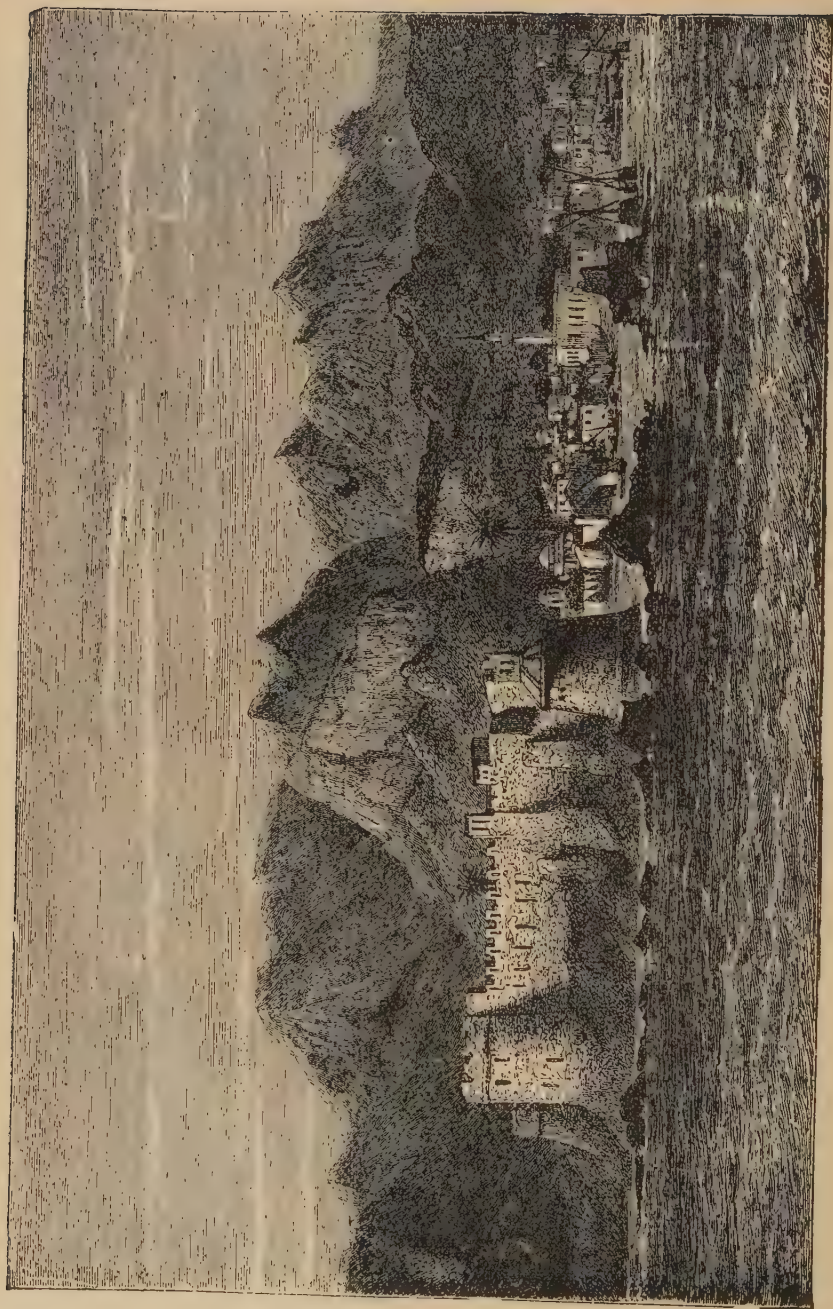
It was a happy thought of the Wesleyan Conference Office to issue a centennial edition of Wesley's Journal, copiously illustrated. For about two dollars may be procured some 640 octavo pages of this remarkable book in which John Wesley is "his own biographer." Doubtless it will have a very large sale.

The Mission of Methodism. By the REV. RICHARD GREENE. 8vo, pp. 226. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Price, paper, 70 cents; cloth, \$1.

This admirable volume is an expansion of the twentieth Fernley lecture, delivered at Bristol, August 4th, 1890. It is especially seasonable in this centennial year. It discourses the characteristics of Methodism as illustrated in Wesley's personal history; the development of the idea of Methodism; its relations to foreign missions and colonial Methodism, and its relations to the future. It is a stimulating and inspiring book.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Critical Review of Philosophical and Theological Literature. Edited by Professor S. W. Salmond, D.D. Edinburgh: T. T. Clark. Toronto: McAinsh. Vol. I. No. 1. This is an admirably printed quarterly of 116 pages. The articles are short, and are written over their own signature, by scholars of recognized ability. It will be a reliable guide to the more important philosophical and theological works of the day. Special attention seems in this number to be given to recent German theological literature. The price is six shillings sterling a year.



KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

THE Methodist Magazine.

March, 1891.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

ON THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—CYPRUS, RHODES AND
SMYRNA.



DRUSE WOMEN OF MOUNT LEBANON.

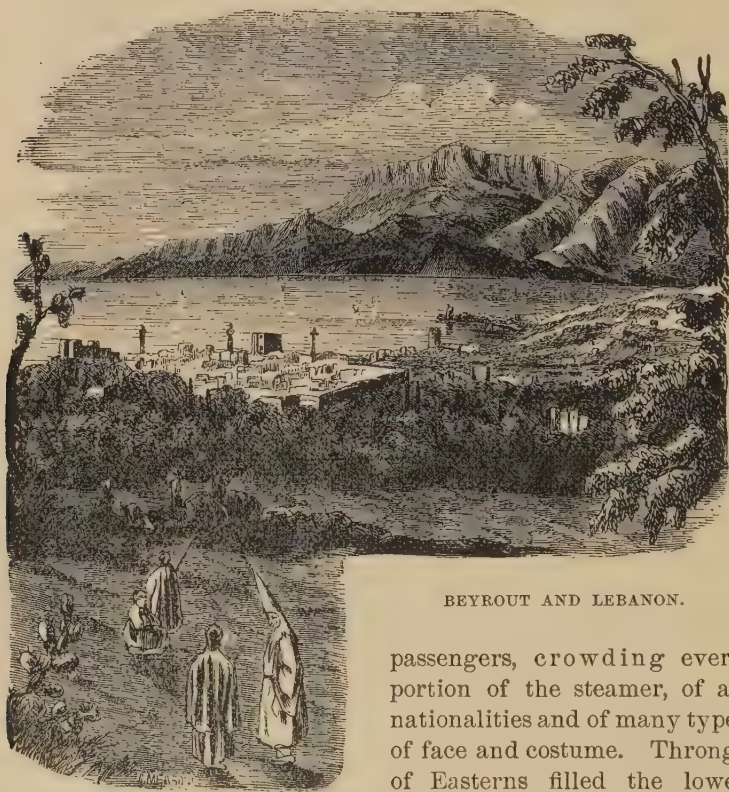
It was late in the afternoon of Monday, the 2nd of May, 1887, that, standing on the quay at Beyrout, I bade farewell to my kind hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Mac-kinnon, and then, stepping into a boat, was rowed off to the Austrian Lloyds' steamer, *Daphne*, lying in the roadstead, with steam up, for Smyrna and Constantinople. It was getting near the end of the season for tourists and pilgrims, and the boat was crowded.

Indeed, we had great difficulty in securing a passage at all, for every berth in the saloon was taken, and every foot of couch in the saloon itself; and my ticket was marked *senzo letto*—without berth—though paid for at full saloon rates. My friend M— had bespoken a berth some days before, to find, when he applied for it, that he could only have a place in the second cabin, though he had paid for first-class passage, long before, in London.

The French line of steamers, one of which was to start next morning, are so roundabout in their circuitous coasting, and a trip on them involves so much extra time, that those anxious to get on expeditiously, and that means most people, after a round

of eastern travel, are eager to take the most direct, as well as, in some respects, the most interesting route, and of that the Austrian Lloyds' boats have the monopoly. Being monopolists, and the rush taking place but once or twice a year, they are not particularly solicitous as to the comfort or accommodation of their passengers on these occasions, as my own experience and that of many others abundantly testifies.

As I stepped on board, I found myself one of a large number of



BEYROUT AND LEBANON.

passengers, crowding every portion of the steamer, of all nationalities and of many types of face and costume. Throngs of Easterns filled the lower decks, and the upper were

equally filled with tourists, among whom English, Americans and Germans predominated. M—— was there ahead of me, with the luggage, and had already found his quarters in the crowded second cabin, where, as I had, as yet, no local habitation, I was glad to deposit my own *impedimenta*.

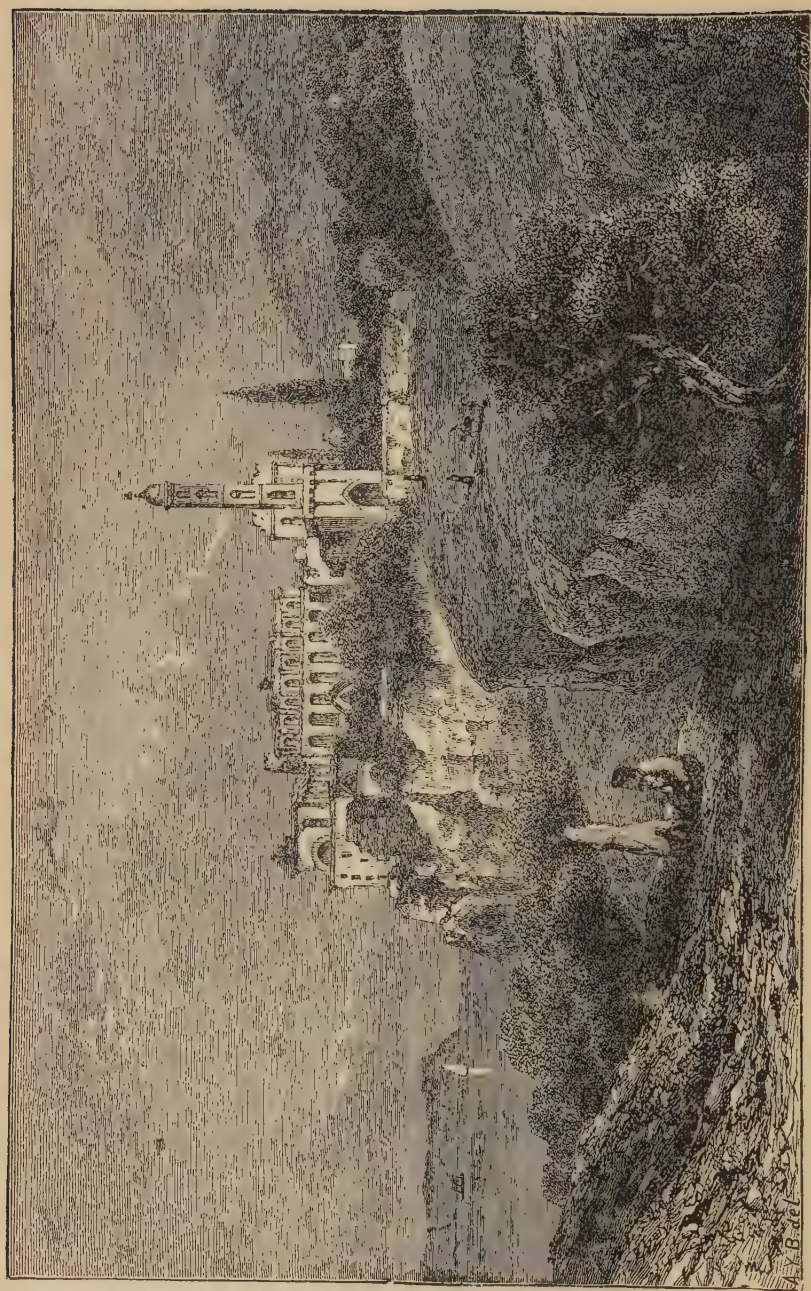
In a little while we were off, and, as the steamer moved out to sea, took our farewell view of beautifully situated Beyrout, daintily dipping her white foot in the sea, while the broad shoul-

ders of lofty Lebanon loomed in the fast growing shadows behind her. The wind had been blowing freshly all day, and there was a short pitching sea, giving me, for a few hours, my first and last experience of sea-sickness on the Mediterranean; so, in company with many others, reduced for the time being to that peculiar quietude and silence begotten of qualmishness, I spent the early hours of the night in a lounging-chair on deck. It was perhaps between ten and eleven at night, that, the sea being now smoother, and the air on deck exceedingly chilly, I went below to seek a place to turn in. A chorus of snores greeted me from the darkened saloon, upon the couches of which seven persons were stretched asleep, comfortably rolled up in blankets and sheets. At the end of the saloon on one side there was an eighth place, with the clothes turned down very invitingly, and, without more ado, I prepared to occupy it.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by some one touching me, and starting up with a *Hallo!* was answered by a figure in the darkness, who apologized for disturbing me and moved away. The morning found us off Larnaca, Cyprus, and after breakfast my friend M—— and I, with many others of the passengers, went on shore, as we were to spend the day there. Here, although on distinctively Oriental ground, there was abundant evidence of the influence and advantage of the British protectorate; and it was a positive exhilaration to find ourselves once more under the ægis of the Union Jack, and in a place where the salutary environment of British law and order was working a wonderful change.

Larnaca is a small town, thoroughly eastern in its appointments and activities, and in the costumes and customs of its inhabitants. We walked about the crooked streets and market-place, and noted the curious ways in which western ideas and laws were making themselves felt.

There is not much to see in the town—no antiquities, no fine buildings—and the few hours of the steamer's detention did not allow us time to make any excursion beyond the outskirts; but it was interesting, notwithstanding, to set foot upon the island so famous in classic memories, so noted in apostolic story, and so long down-trodden and oppressed. A new era has dawned upon it, British laws guard it, and British capital and industry have begun to develop its manifold resources. A bright future, more genuinely brilliant and happy than any of the storied days of the past, undoubtedly awaits the beautiful island gained for Britain by one of the last efforts of the far-seeing and astute diplomacy of Beaconsfield.



CONVENT OF LA PAIS, CYPRUS.

W. B. del.

From the deck of the steamer in the evening light, Larnaca looked lovely indeed, with the lofty ranges of deeply serrated hills behind it, purpling in the twilight, and the placid waters of the harbour banded with rippling lines of light and shade.

There was a great deal of annoyance and dissatisfaction among the passengers on board the *Daphne*, at the rude and impertinent treatment to which some of them were being subjected. I have already spoken of the crowded state of the ship. Not only was every stateroom in the saloon filled, and every foot of room on the couches in the saloon itself, but a half-dozen or more saloon passengers were crowded into the second cabin, and these, on the first evening, in coming into the saloon for tea, had been peremptorily ordered out, and threatened by the chief steward and captain. Imagine their indignation and disgust. At dinner, the evening we lay at Cyprus, my friend M——, for whom I had secured a seat next myself, found his place occupied, and on seeking its restoration was met with a perfect torrent of impertinence from the captain in the presence of the other passengers; and, after the meal, the chief steward, whom I had noticed casting very suspicious looks at myself, came over to me, as I happened to be alone in the saloon, told me that I had been occupying another gentleman's bed the night before on the couch, and that I must go into the second cabin. The fellow's impudent tone and the way in which I had seen my friend treated, aroused all my indignation, and I told him flatly that I would not, I had paid my money for a first-class passage, and I insisted on my right. True, I had no berth, that fact was endorsed on my ticket; but I had arranged and paid for a passage with the agent at Beyrout, and he had promised to see about getting me a place to sleep. It was a short, sharp and amusing colloquy. My blood was up, and my French, though horribly bad, and hardly adequate for a row, was sufficiently forcible and emphatic to gain my point, and I was allowed to remain.

The gentleman whose bed I had so unceremoniously taken the night before was an American, and, very good humouredly indeed, he took my apologies for my unintentional intrusion. It was he whose touch had aroused me in the night. He had come down to turn in, but finding another man in possession, had left him undisturbed. My second night found me again in the saloon, *senzo letto* indeed; and there was nothing for it but to wrap my ulster around me and lie on the table, which I accordingly did. It was pretty hard, *i.e.*, the table, and pretty hard, too, to pay well for so little in the way of courtesy or service from those whose duty it was to accord it. But it was only one night I spent on

the table; the next, my good-natured fellow-passengers made room for me on the couch by lying closer to one another, and I was comfortable enough.



XAR Broudikontis A. Sc.

A DECK PASSENGER.

There was great indignation, however, among the passengers huddled in the second cabin, not so much for the lack of accommodation, but on account of the brutal churlishness and impu-

dence of the captain and steward, and a strongly worded protest was drawn up and signed, to be forwarded to the chief office of the company at Trieste; whether it did any good or not, I do not know. Monopolies have no consciences, and the Austrian Lloyds have the whole thing in their hands in that part of the Mediterranean, so that it is quite probable that the testy and overbearing little captain, and the impertinent and imperturbable chief steward, still worry and bully the unfortunate tourists who travel in the biennial crowded season by the steamship *Daphne*. Be it said, however, in justice to this company's ships and officers, that my own experience and that of the other passengers, was that this was an exceptional case, there being generally the greatest courtesy and attention on the part of officers and stewards.

I have said nothing hitherto of our deck passengers, the crowd of Orientals—returning pilgrims, I suppose, many of them—who filled our lower deck, lying on their rugs over the hatches and along the passage-ways, like sardines in a box—an extraordinary sight. The discomforts of their voyage must have been many, lovely as the weather was; but what these would have been, had it been rough and stormy, I cannot tell. They seemed happy enough, though, as they squatted in groups, chatting or smoking, in the midst of the wilderness of rugs, counterpanes, shawls and other articles of furniture or apparel which strewed the deck or hung suspended as awnings, to keep their owners from the fierce sun. These people found their own bedding and food; they paid for nothing, and they received nothing but the bare boards of the deck and hatches; and off the latter I've seen them unceremoniously hustled, awakened from sleep in the middle of the night, when the hatchways were required on touching at a harbour. My friend M—— succeeded in making two fine instantaneous photographs of these strange groups, as they appeared from the upper deck, and these pictures recall very vividly the curious aspect of our lower deck and its crowding occupants.

The morning after leaving Cyprus found us off the harbour of Rhodes, looking very picturesque, with its tall, castellated tower at the entrance, and the pleasant curve of its beach. Some of the passengers, who were up early, went ashore and rambled a bit through the quaint streets, but the most of us contented ourselves with the view of the famous old place obtainable from the steamer's deck, as we lay for some hours just off the port.

Rhodes has many associations connected with classic history. It was the scene of one of the great sieges of ancient times, when Demetrius Poliorcetes, after vainly endeavouring to conquer its stubborn garrison from the sea, by hurling huge stones against

its stout walls from his bombarding fleet, essayed a land attack, and built a huge machine, four stories high, filling it with armed men, who discharged missiles through openings in its sides. It required the combined strength of two thousand three hundred men to set this huge machine in motion, when in working order; but despite this great "city taker," Helepolis, as he called it, and the further aid of two battering rams, worked each by a thousand men, the stout Rhodians so nimbly repaired the breaches in their walls, that after a year's unsuccessful siege he had to retire discomfited.

Here, too, was erected that mighty statue, the Colossus of

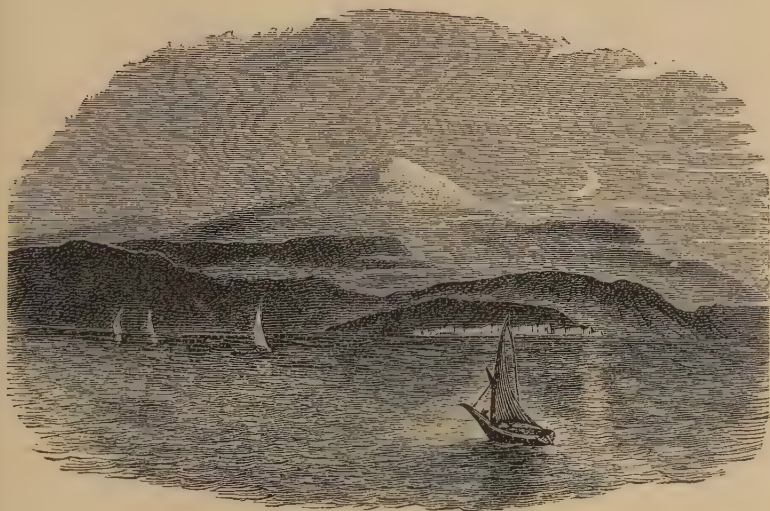


STREET IN RHODES.

Rhodes, commonly said to have bestridden the entrance of the harbour, though there is no authority for the statement. Two hundred years before our era, the Rhodian sculptor, Chares, erected this splendid statue of bronze, one hundred and five feet high, at the entrance of the harbour. It took twelve years in erection, was so large that few men could embrace its thumb, and was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Fifty-six years afterwards it was overthrown by an earthquake. Rhodes was at that early period one of the most famous schools of Greek art, of which the Laocöon group, now in the Vatican at Rome, is the finest existing example.

In Scripture narrative Rhodes is only mentioned casually, as being touched at by the ship which bore St. Paul in his journey from Ephesus to Tyre.

After leaving Rhodes our route lay through the island-studded waters of the *Ægean*, and over a placid, sunlit sea. Every mile brought us within sight of some spot whose name called up memories of ancient history, classic or sacred. Samos we passed close on our starboard quarter, in bright sunshine; and towards the evening, some distance to port, a group of islands, the farthest of which, with sharply serrated hills against the background of the blue sky, was Patmos, the scene of the apocalyptic vision of John the Divine. I can see it now, as I saw it that



CRETE.

evening, as I roughly sketched its outline on the fly-leaf of my Testament, far-off, shadowy, sphered in its secluding seas, where to the Beloved Apostle, exiled, indeed, from home and country, remote from human sympathy or kindred, Jesus Christ made His final special revelation to mortal man.

Far to the left below the horizon lay the island of Crete, into whose Fair Haven the apostle of the Gentiles was driven by stress of weather, with its snow mountain, Ida, the home of the gods, now banished evermore.

It was just after the mid-hour of a glorious moonlight night that we entered the harbour of Chios. It was a fitting time, truly, to make acquaintance with a place so full of poetic associations, the rocky isle which was the birthplace of "the blind old

bard," the immortal Homer. The glamour of the moonlight lay all around, the "loud reſounding ſea" was ſtill, and over the mirror-like and ſilvery ſurface boats glided to and fro between our ſhip and the ſhore, where a few quaint craft lay moored beſide the landing. All was ſilence, ſave for the waſh of the oars in the gliding boats, the low hiſs of eſcaping ſteam, and the hoarſe voice of the ſailors and boatmen as they transferred their packages from ſhip to boat or from boat to ſhip. It required but little play of fancy to repeople the exquisitely beautiful ſcene with ſome of the varied and marvellous *dramatis perſonæ* of Homer's glorious epic.

Early morning brought us to Smyrna; and when we awoke, and went on deck, we found our ſteamer moored at ſome little diſtance from a long ſea-wall or pier running parallel with a broad, open ſtreet, unbroken for a conſiderable ſpace by any projecting jetty. Side by ſide with us lay ſeveral other fine ſteamers and ſhips, moored like ourſelves, ſtern on, to the embankment, but at ſuch a diſtance that there could be no communication with the ſhore except by boat. On the other ſide of the broad ſtreet were ranges of houſes, moſt of them ſolid, ſubſtantial-looking buildings, more weſtern than eaſtern in appearance; hotels, warehouses, ſhops, many of them bearing ſigns in Greek and in French, the juxtapoſition of the classic words with the modern being very ſtrikingly quaint at firſt ſight. Here were *ΞΕΝΟΧΕΙΟΝ Η ΕΛΠΙΣ* and *ΚΑΦΕΝΕΙΟΝ Ο ΓΑΛΑΤΑΣ*, *Hotel d'Angleterre*, etc., etc.; while a moſt barber's eſtabliſhment, with the word *Coiffeur* in big letters, announced to French and Greek the deſire and designation of its proprietor. And here, moſt weſtern ſight of all, were tramcars running buſily to and fro in the centre of the crowded ſtreet. Everywhere was evidence of great ſtir and trade—in the crowding and ſplendid ſhipping, in the buſy ſtreet, in the air of the people, in the ſize and ſtyle of the buildings. We had ſeen nothing like it ſince leaving Europe, nothing ſo genuinely modern and buſineſs-like. For Smyrna is a moſt important ſea-port, next to Conſtantinople itſelf, the moſt important in the Turkiſh Empire. Ships of all nationalities moor at its jetties, and a vaſt and regular commerce binds it in ſtrong links with the markets of the civilized world.

Smyrna is one of the few places in the Eaſt which retain their ancient importance. Its population is, perhaps, as great as ever; and while the neighbouring cities, which once rivalled or ſurpaſſed it in ſplendour or importance, are heaps of ruins, Smyrna is to-day a large, proſperous and wealthy place, with a population of one hundred and fifty thouſand. It was, it will be remembered,

the second of the seven churches of Asia to which the message of the Revelation was addressed, and the terms of the message it received indicate its faithfulness to God, and promise the Divine blessing:



“Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write; These things, saith the first and the last, which was dead and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the

devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

It is surely a remarkable fulfilment of these words, that while the country around has been overrun with Mohammedan superstition, Smyrna continues to be chiefly Christian, only sixty thousand of the inhabitants being adherents of the False Prophet.

Ephesus, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea—their sites are marked by insignificant villages, where the ignorant peasant raises his crops among the sculptured *débris* of their fallen splendour; Smyrna alone of all the seven Asiatic churches of the first Christian century has still a name and a fame among living cities. The "crown of life" promised to her faithful sons has, as it were, become also the guerdon of the city that gave them birth; and strong in strategic commercial position, salubrious in climate, and splendid in the stretch of her cosmopolitan trade, Smyrna promises to renew her youth evermore through the centuries yet to come.

ACROSTIC SONNET.*

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

Written for the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus West Field, New York City, December 2nd, 1890.

COME, Nations! Celebrate this Jubilee.
 Your tribute render to an uncrowned king;
 Render the true heart's grateful offering.
 Undaunted marched he on to victory,
 Scorning the elements—such boon to gain!
 Wedding the two great worlds so happily.
 Earth of her sons no grander feat can sing,
 Since Adam breathed, or time began to be.
 The Golden Wedding of the Hemispheres
 Find these as joyful as this Golden Day.
 In peace may the fond pair pass life away,
 E'en till that anniversary appears;
 Loud should his praises ring from pole to pole,
 Down to posterity's remotest goal!

* Mr. Field's great achievement, that of laying the first Atlantic telegraph cable, and thus making the whole world near of kin and neighbourly, keeps growing in importance. Within the past few weeks the ocean cables have so concentrated and unified the efforts of the great financial centres of the world that a world-wide panic of incalculable destructiveness has been averted. The glory of Mr. Field's achievement, to accomplish which he crossed the Atlantic six times, grows with the years, and will survive as many centuries as anything that any modern man has done.

FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

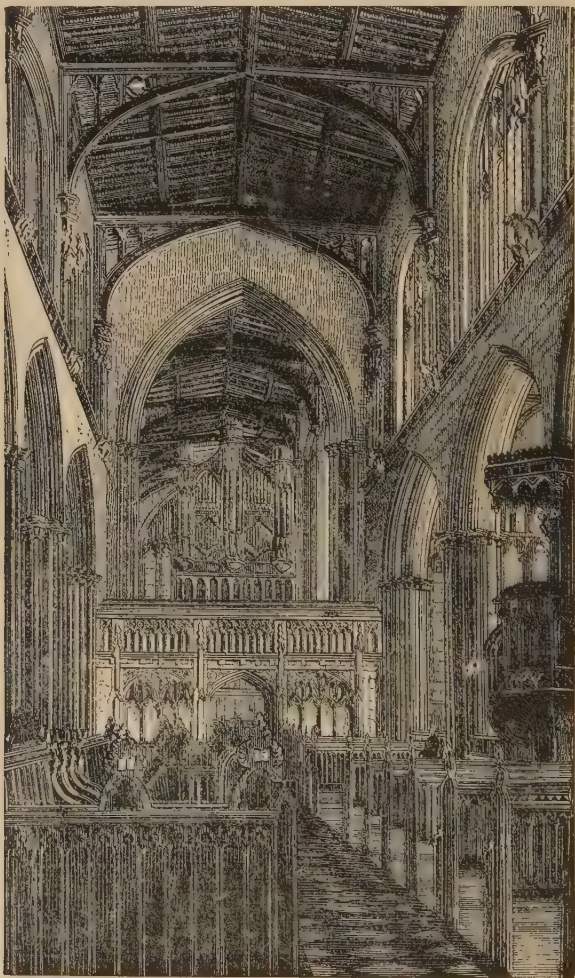


ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

ST. MARY'S Church, Oxford, is invested with some of the most memorable associations of the Reformation. From its pulpit Wycliffe denounced the Romish superstitions of his day, and maintained the right of the laity to read the Word of God, the true

*For the use of several cuts which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of Daniels' "Illustrated History of Methodism" (New York, Hunt & Eaton), from which much of the material for this article is derived. The cuts will give an idea of the sumptuous illustration of this handsome volume, which contains over 250 engravings, maps, and charts.

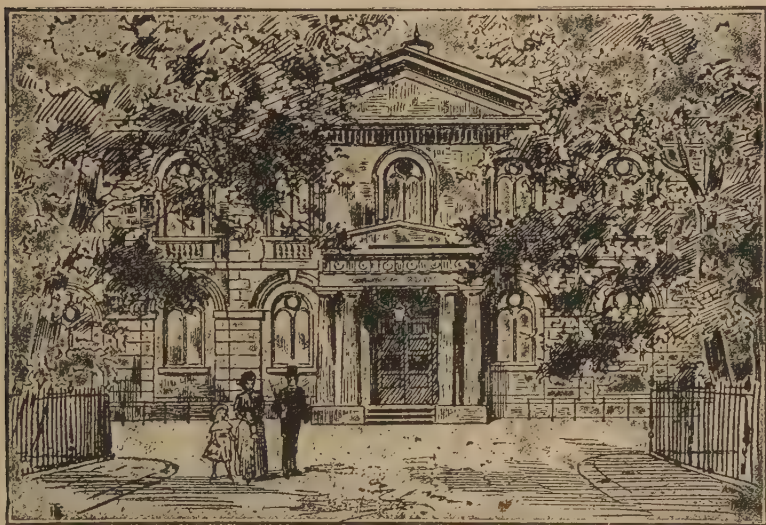
palladium of their civil and religious liberty. Two centuries later, when Romish influence was in the ascendant at the University, the martyr bishops, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were cited here for trial before a commission, appointed by Cardinal Pole,



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

1555; and hither the following year the venerable Archbishop Cranmer was brought from prison for the purpose of publicly recanting his Protestant opinions. "Soon," says Foxe, "he that late was primate of all England, attired in a bare and ragged gown, with an old square cap, stood on a low stage near the pulpit."

After a pathetic prayer, stretching forth his right hand, instead of the expected recantation, he said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand, therefore, shall be first punished, for it shall be first burnt. As for the Pope, I utterly refuse his false doctrines; and as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book, which shall stand at the last day before the judgment seat of God, when the papistical doctrine contrary thereto shall be ashamed to show her face." Having thus "flung down the burden of his shame," he was dragged from the stage, with many insults, to the place where he glorified God in the flames, after having first been compelled to witness the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley.



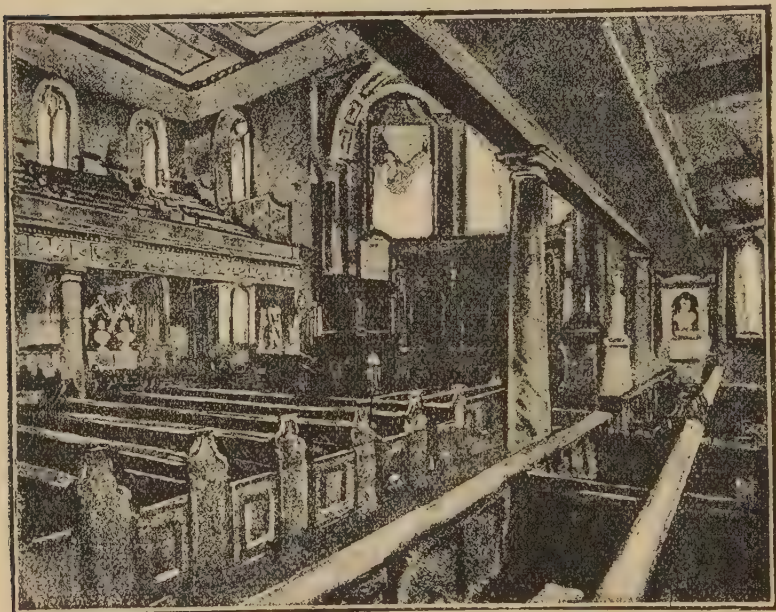
CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Additional pathetic interest is given to this beautiful interior, shown on the opposite page, by the fact that in the choir, in a brick vault, lie the remains of the lovely and ill-fated Amy Robsart, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "*Kenilworth*." Her body was brought from Cumnor Hall, only four miles distant, to Oxford, and lay in state in Gloucester College.

In this venerable church the University sermons are preached, and the celebrated Bampton lectures are delivered.

Leaving Oxford, we follow Wesley's footprints to other memorable scenes of labour. One of the most notable of these was the village of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his early years had been spent, and where a thousand hallowed associations crowded

around the scenes of his childhood, and where his revered father for long years had diligently laboured. A clergyman of entirely different character then occupied the rectory and controlled the pulpit. "He was," writes Dr. Daniels, "a miserable man of dissolute habits, who hated the Methodists with all his might, and on the appearance of their leader in his parish, he poured out his wrath against them in two discourses, which Wesley describes as two of the bitterest and vilest sermons he ever heard. Wesley was desirous of preaching to his old neighbours, and, being shut out of the church, he resolved to preach in



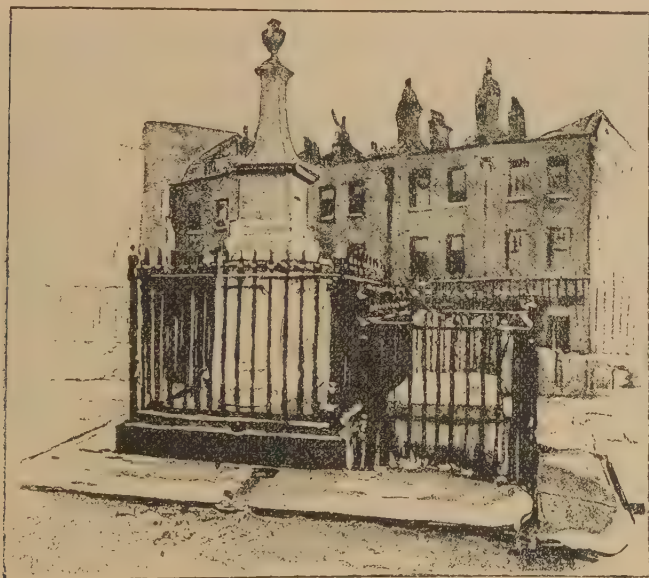
INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

the churchyard, and taking his stand upon the broad low slab which covered the grave of his father, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him.

"During the week of his visit to Epworth, he preached from this strange pulpit every day. On one occasion his voice was drowned by the cries of the penitents; several persons dropped down as if they had been dead, and the quiet old churchyard was turned into an 'inquiry room,' in which many sinners found peace with God, and which then resounded with songs of joy, thanksgiving, and praise."

Wesley has left no record of his emotions as he stood thus on the tomb of him who had given him life, and amid such scenes and surrounded by such touching associations, but they must have been deep and strong." As a result of these labours, a Methodist society was organized, and among the converts of those sermons was a man who had avowed himself an infidel for thirty years.

This affecting scene has often been reproduced in art, and it forms the subject of the beautiful bas-relief on the memorial tablet of the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey. This is one of the first monuments that Methodist visitors to the venerable minster



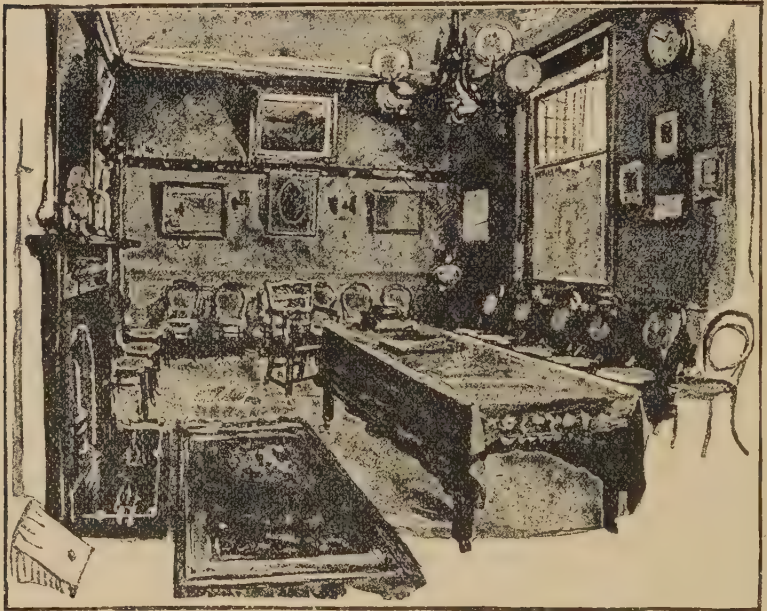
JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB.

seek. It was unveiled by Dean Stanley on March 30th, 1876, in the presence of a large company of invited guests—ministers, laymen, and ladies. Dean Stanley, in unveiling the monument, said:

"It had been my hope that on this day, or on the following Sunday, I should express at length the obligation which the Church of England, which England itself, and which the Church of Christ owe to the labours of John and Charles Wesley. On some future occasion, perhaps, you will allow me to take the opportunity to discharge the duty which it is still my hope and intention to fulfil.

"If the poet has been somewhat overshadowed by the preacher, I trust that neither in Westminster Abbey nor elsewhere will any English Churchman, or any Nonconformist, have cause to complain. As you see, John Wesley is represented as preaching upon his father's tomb, and I have

always thought that that is, as it were, a parable which represented his relation to our own national institutions. He took his stand upon his father's tomb—on the venerable and ancestral traditions of the country and the Church. That was the stand from which he addressed the world; it was not from the points of disagreement, but from the points of agreement with them in the Christian religion that he produced those great effects which have never since died out in English Christendom. It is because of his having been in that age, which I am inclined to think has been unduly disparaged—because in the past century he was the reviver of religious fervour among our Churches—that we all feel we owe him a debt of gratitude, and that he deserves to have his monument placed among those of the benefactors of England.



ROOM IN JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE.

"I must invoke your sympathy, and I would ask your co-operation in carrying on the work still left for me to do—the work of promoting charity and good feeling and generous appreciation among the different branches of our divided Christendom. If I may do so, I will conclude with words familiar to us all, and which are now especially applicable to myself [alluding to the recent death of Lady Augusta Stanley]:

"My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

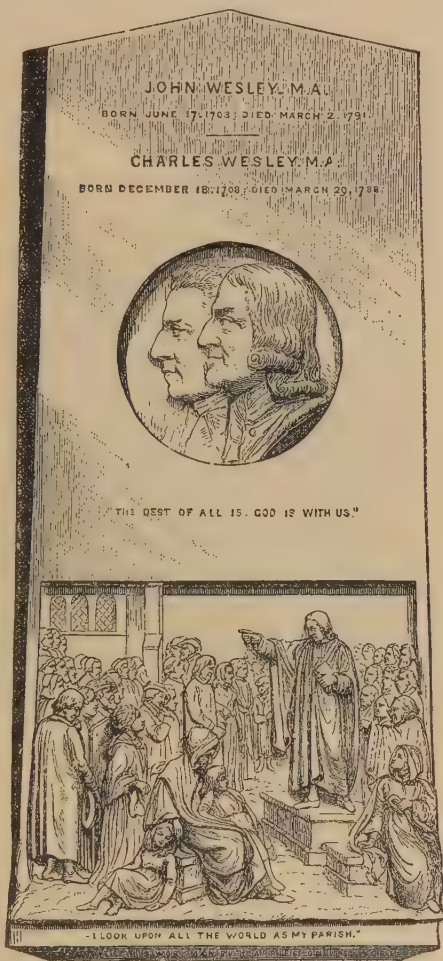
Immediately beneath the sculptured picture of the scene in the churchyard is John Wesley's great philanthropic declaration: "I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH." And under this, on the sloping line at the bottom, is graven Charles Wesley's exultant exclamation: "GOD BURIES HIS WORKMEN, BUT CARRIES ON HIS WORK."

The monument is situate midway between the "Poets' Corner," in the southern transept, and the nave of the Abbey, being near to the smaller monument of Dr. Isaac Watts, and in close neighbourhood to memorials of men of genius and theological learning; so that the position and associations of the monument are highly satisfactory.

"One hundred and thirty years ago," writes Tyerman, "Wesley was shut out of every church in England; now, marble medallion profiles of himself and his brother, accompanied with suitable inscriptions, are deemed deserving of a niche in England's grandest cathedral. The man who, a century since, was the best abused man in the British Isles, is now hardly ever mentioned but with affectionate respect."

In this connection Dr. Daniels eloquently remarks:

"It is but just that some memorial of that royal man should be set up among the tombs of England's princes, bishops, heroes, and statesmen. Other men have been kings by the accident of birth, of royal blood: John Wesley reigned by virtue of the divine anointing. Other bishops have worn the mitre and carried the keys through the de-

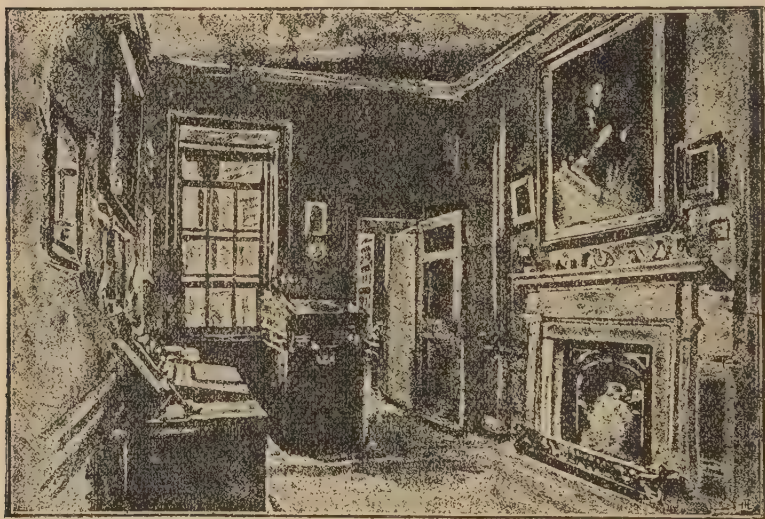


WESLEY MEMORIAL TABLET, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

vious workings of State Church preferment : John Wesley was a bishop by the grace of God. Other heroes have earned their honours by ravaging sea and land to kill, burn, and destroy : Wesley, with equal courage and equal skill, achieved his fame, not by killing, but by saving men.

"Statesmanship, too, was honoured in this memorial in Westminster. Macaulay, in his estimate of John Wesley, says : ' His genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu ; ' and Southey, in a letter to Wilberforce, writes : ' I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long. '

"And if poets are honoured in this splendid mausoleum, who more deserves a place therein than Charles Wesley? His songs have helped more souls to happiness, and holiness, and heaven, than those of any other



ROOM IN WHICH JOHN WESLEY DIED.

bard since the days of the Psalmist of Israel. Like those sacred chants which echo through the ages, the hymns of Wesley, with each succeeding generation, are borne on a higher, grander, sweeter tide of harmony ; giving still the best expression to the prayers or joys of human souls in every time of trial or triumph, from the sorrow of the broken-hearted penitent at the ' mourners' bench,' to the notes of victory with which the dying saint catches his first glimpse of the glory that awaits the people of the Lord."*

When the Wesleys were excluded from the churches of the Establishment, of which they were ordained clergymen, they took to the fields and highways, to Hampstead Heath and Kennington

* Daniels' "Illustrated History of Methodism," pp. 349, 350.

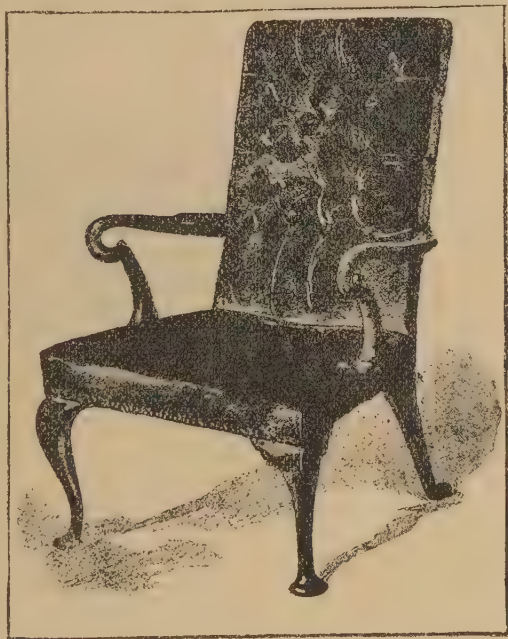
Common, and the market-places of the towns. Like the early disciples, they went everywhere preaching the Word. As the infant societies were organized, it became necessary to have regular places for holding class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and for preaching. Often a large barn, a brewhouse, a malt-kiln, a private residence, was employed for these sacred services, and out of these small beginnings have grown some of the most flourishing societies in the kingdom. Dr. Daniels thus describes some of these early preaching places:

“The Nottingham Society for many years held its meetings in the residence of one of its members, which was ingeniously fitted up to serve this double purpose. The largest room on the first floor being too small for the congregation, the bedroom overhead was made to connect with it by means of a large trap-door in the ceiling, and the preacher, mounted on a chair which was perched on a table, could command his hearers above as well as below.

“But this was elegant compared with some of the regular churches in Wales, one of which Mr. Wesley mentions as not having a glass window belonging to it, but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which the dim light glimmered; while some of the Irish sanctuaries were even more simple, being wholly built of mud and straw, with the exception of a few rough beams required to support the thatch.”†

From such small beginnings has grown the mighty system of Methodism, both in the Old World and the New.

The beginnings of empire, the origin of any important institution, the birthplace of any great movement or great man, will ever engage the profoundest attention of the human mind. Hence

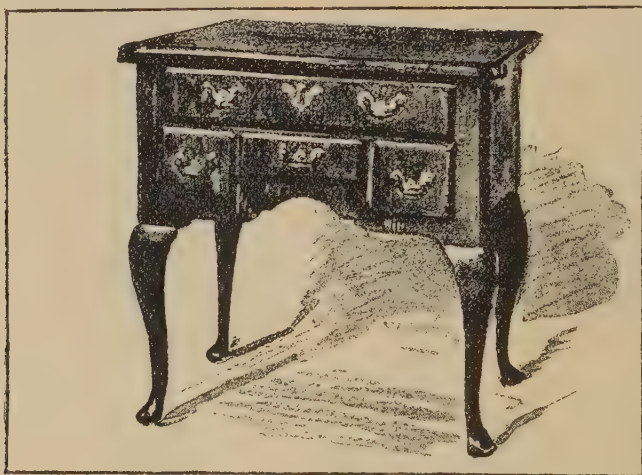


JOHN WESLEY'S CHAIR.

† Daniels' "History of Methodism," p. 233.

men visit with eager interest the cradle-lands of the race, they contemplate with patriotic pride the field of Runnymede, they make long pilgrimages to the humble cottage in which the bard of Avon or the bard of Ayr was born. With not less reverent feelings should we visit the cradle of the greatest religious movement of modern times.

The first home of Methodism was, indeed, very humble, suggesting analogies with the lowly beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. In 1739 John Wesley was urged to secure the Old Foundry, Moorfields, London, as a place of worship. This was a large, rambling pile of buildings, near the present site of City Road Chapel.



JOHN WESLEY'S TABLE.

Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year, from his Oxford fellowship. The sum required for the purchase of the Foundry was £115. But full of faith he assumed the debt, and, some friends coming to his aid, nearly £700 was expended in fitting it up for worship. Instead of the clang of anvils and roar of furnaces, employed in the manufacture of the deadly enginery of war, its walls were to echo the holy hymns and the glad evangel of the gospel of peace.

Part of the building was fitted up with desks for a school. Here, for seven years, Silas Told taught a number of charity children from six in the morning till five in the evening, for the salary of ten shillings a week. Part was also fitted up as a book-room for the sale of Mr. Wesley's publications. A dispensary and alms-house for the poor was also part of the establishment, where,

in 1748, were nine widows, one blind woman, and two poor children. "I might add," says Wesley, "four or five preachers, for I myself, as well as the other preachers who are in town, diet with the poor, on the same food and at the same table; and we rejoice therein, as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." A savings bank and loan fund were also established. High up near the roof, were apartments for Mr. Wesley, in which his mother died. There was also accommoda-

tion for the assistant preachers and for domestics. To this rude and ruinous structure, in the dark London mornings and evenings, multitudes of God-fearing Methodists wended their way by the dim light of their candle or oil lanterns, over the ill-paved streets, to the early morning or evening services; and here multitudes of souls were converted to God. The Foundry Society numbered, in 1743, no less than 2,200 members, meeting in sixty-six classes, having grown in two years from 426 members.

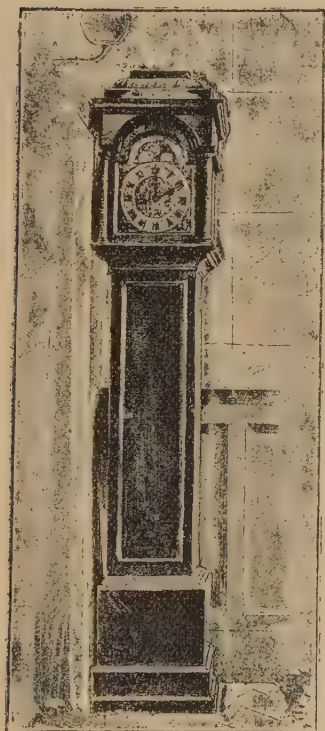
In 1776 Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel."

In 1777 the New City Road Chapel was built near the Foundry, in what was then open fields, but is now a wilderness of brick and stone.

The building is a large, plain, and nearly square structure, without much attempt at architectural display. In the interior on the

walls all around are numerous marble tablets in memory of the distinguished preachers who have ministered within these walls—among others John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, and many others.

For the complete restoration of this mother-church of Methodism, \$50,000 were recently contributed in England. Canadian Methodists are invited to contribute \$500 for one of the marble pillars of the new structure.



JOHN WESLEY'S CLOCK.

In the graveyard without, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, and of many another whose life and labours were devoted to the glory of God in the service of Methodism. In Bunhill Fields burying-ground, just opposite, sleeps the dust of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan. "City Road Chapel burying-ground," said John Wesley, "is as holy as any in England." Ay, truly. From all parts of Christendom come pilgrims to visit that sacred spot. Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree, clippings from which have been transplanted to almost every part of the world—an emblem of the Church which he planted, which has taken root and brought forth its blessed fruit in every clime.

In this venerable mother-church of Methodism, for many years, service was held as at the Foundry, at five o'clock in the morning, and we have records of large gatherings assembling on Christmas-day at four o'clock, and again at ten.

In connection with old City Road Chapel was the

preacher's house, a very plain brick building. In a small room of this, used as bedroom and study, John Wesley died. For well nigh a hundred years it has been occupied by his successors, and the same plain and simple furniture—chair, table, and desk—that he used, are still to be seen.

It seems to bring one nearer to the springs of Methodism to stand in the old pulpit in which its early fathers preached; to sit in Wesley's chair; to see the room in which he died; the study, a very small room, in which he wrote many of his books: the very time-worn desk at which he sat; and then to stand by the grave in which he is buried. In the old parsonage I saw the teapot, of generous dimensions, from which Wesley used to regale the London preachers every Sunday. On one side was the verse beginning "Be present at our table, Lord," and on the other the words "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc.



JOHN WESLEY'S TEAPOT.

One of the chief glories of Methodism, in both hemispheres, has been its deep concern for popular and higher education. This was manifested during Wesley's lifetime by the establishment of Woodhouse Grove School and Travacca College, and since then by the successive establishment of Theological Colleges at Richmond, Headingly, Didsbury and Belfast, and the Normal Training College at Westminster.

In the United States and Canada a similar interest in the cause of education is exhibited, as the existence of nearly 400 Methodist Colleges, some of them munificently endowed, abundantly demonstrates. In the magnificence and beauty of its churches, American Methodism even surpasses that of Great Britain. The stately St. Paul's Church, New York; Grace Church, Boston; Broad Street Church, Philadelphia; Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore; Metropolitan Church, Washington; Metropolitan Church, Toronto; St. James', Montreal; Centennial Church, St. John, N.B., and many others, are demonstrations of the consecrated wealth and liberal taste of the Methodist people.

ON EASTER DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

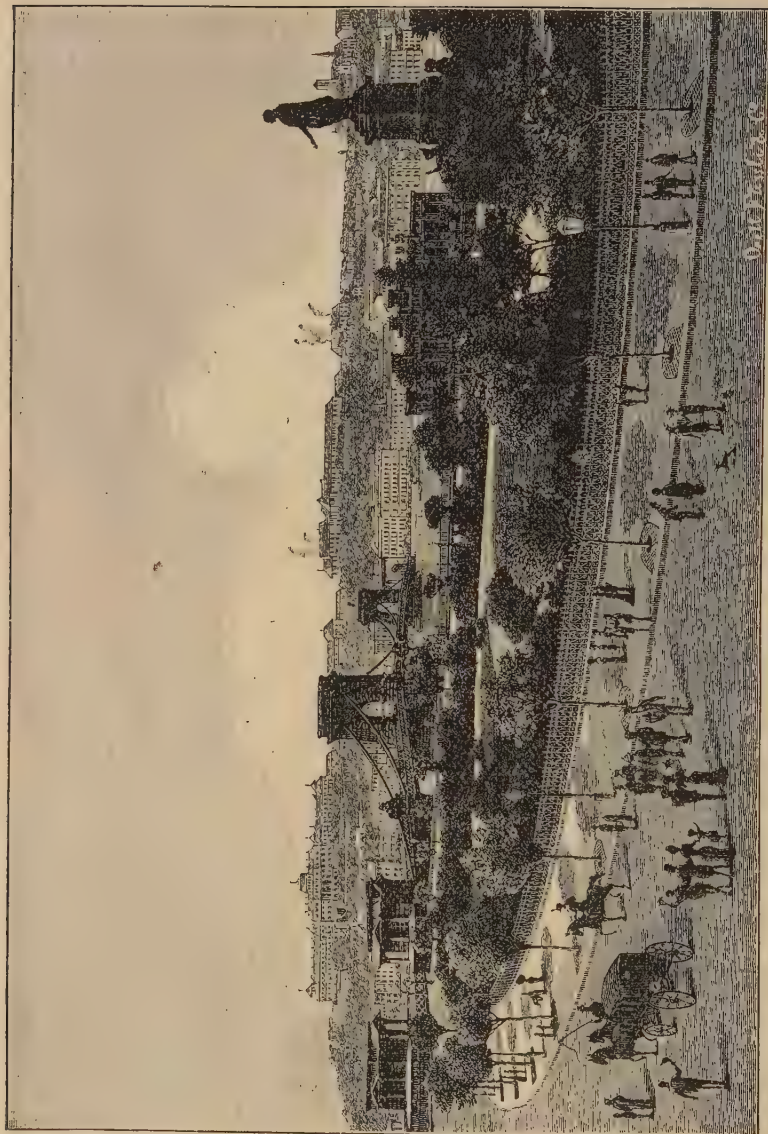
"LIFE" is the strain, and "endless life" the chiming bells repeat,
A word of victory over death, a word of promise sweet,
And as the great good clasps the less, the sun a myriad rays,
So do a hundred thoughts of joy cling round our Easter days.

And one, which seems, at times, the best and dearest of them all
Is this: that all the many dead in ages past recall,
With the friends who died so long ago that memory seeks in vain
To call the vanished faces back, and make them live again;

And those so lately gone from us that still they seem to be
Beside our path, beside our board, in viewless company—
A light for all our weary hours, all along the way—
All, all the dead, the near, the far, take part in Easter day!

They share the life we hope to share, as once they shared in this;
They hold in fast possession one heritage of bliss;
Theirs is the sure, near Presence toward which we reach and strain,
On Easter day, on Easter day we all are one again.

O fairest of the fair, high thoughts that light the Easter dawn!
O sweet and true companionship which cannot be withdrawn!
"The Lord is risen!" sealed lips repeat out of the shadows dim.
"The Lord is risen," we answer back, "and all shall rise in Him."



VIEW OF THE ROYAL CASTLE, BUDA-PEST.

THROUGH HUNGARY.

II.

BUDA-PEST.

THE most beautiful among all the cities reflected in the waters of the majestic Danube is Buda-pest, the prosperous and rapidly-growing capital of the kingdom of Hungary. Although it lacks none of the characteristics of a European metropolis, there is yet a certain air about this city which reminds the visitor from Western Europe of the mysterious Orient, whose personification in the Turkish Empire did, only two centuries ago, extend its boundaries up to this point. Buda-pest occupies a very picturesque situation on either side of the "blonde Danube," as the Hungarians love to call their noblest river, partially upon and between the steep hills—the last counterforts of the Alps—which rise close to the right bank, partly in a plain bounded by undulating hilly ridges of moderate elevation. The city is thoroughly modern in appearance, in spite of the rural character appertaining to certain portions of it, and notwithstanding numerous remains, or traces rather, of a past history extending back through more than fifteen centuries. The metropolis of the kingdom, the apple of his eye to every patriotic Hungarian, Buda-pest is, as regards scenery, architecture, and ethnographical features, a spot in which extreme types do not only occur, but are so obvious and striking as to attract the notice of the most superficial observer, while they cannot fail to render the city of great interest to the foreigner.

But not only is the grand situation of the city calculated to make a deep impression upon every visitor to Buda-pest: the capital of Hungary is attractive as being a centre of life and movement in many directions. It is the seat of the government and the various departments of state, the focus of an unusually active public life, during several months the residence of a numerous and brilliant aristocracy, and the emporium of the trade and commerce of a great country. That pleasing feature of southern cities, so often noticed with approbation by visitors to Vienna—the polite good-nature of the inhabitants, and their friendly demeanour towards strangers—is found in a still higher degree in Buda-pest.

In few places on the continent has the crossing of races proceeded so far, in few are there to be found such numerous and varying types of humanity as in this the capital city of the

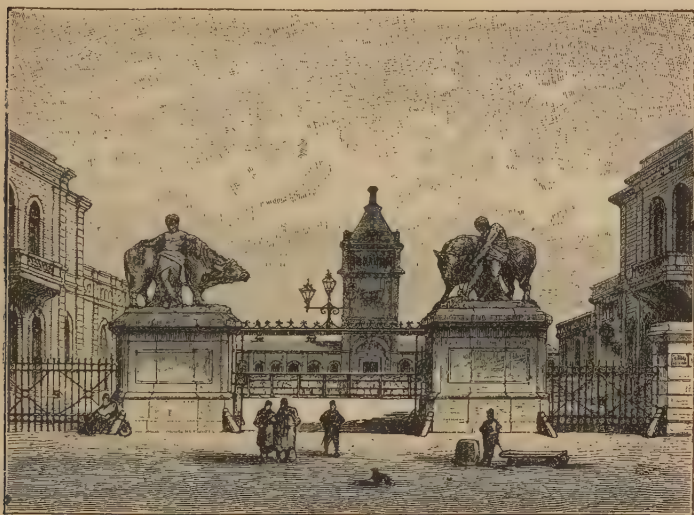
Hungarian monarchy, which counts among its subjects so many different races. The far-famed Hungarian hospitality, although naturally to be looked for rather in the provinces than in the haunts of men engrossed in commercial pursuits, is yet often exhibited, in a manner quite surprising to strangers, in the select circles of the metropolitan society.



CUSTOM-HOUSE AND MARKET-PLACE.

It is true that Buda-pest is still far from being a city of decided and well-defined character; at every step we meet with signs of change and expansion. No other city of importance on the continent has undergone a like development within the last quarter of a century. In those parts of the capital chiefly frequented by foreign visitors everything bears a modern stamp, and the architectural features of the new streets and public edifices may boldly challenge comparison with much that has elsewhere been deemed worthy of unqualified praise. But at the same time venerable traces of bygone centuries are not wanting, and these, although not very prominent, impart to certain quarters of Buda-pest a decidedly antique air.

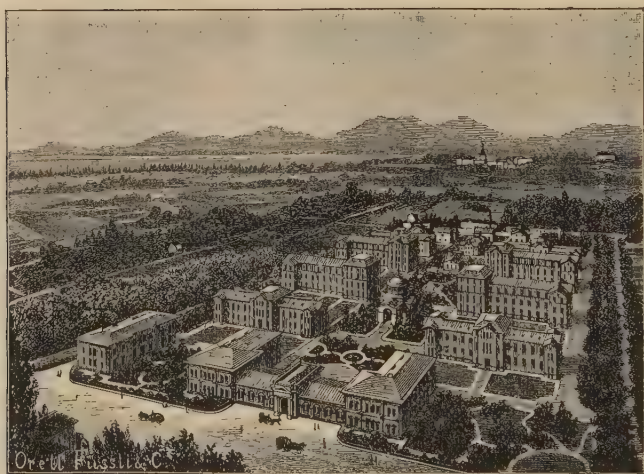
The noble river flowing through the city is spanned within the municipal limits by three striking triumphs of the engineering art: a suspension bridge, an iron arched bridge, and a lattice bridge. The surface of the stream is thronged with vessels of every size and description—for the Danube is the great commercial waterway of South-Eastern Europe—and its shores are lined by magnificent embankments or quays forming delightful promenades. Not only the political and commercial, but also the scientific, literary, and artistic aspirations and endeavours, not to say the entire culture and civilization, of the Hungarian nation are centred in Buda-pest. The numerous institutions devoted to



PUBLIC ABATTOIR.

these purposes differ essentially in character from analogous establishments elsewhere, owing as they do their origin and prosperity, not to the munificence of princes, but to the lively national sentiment and patriotic instincts of the inhabitants, and especially of the nobility. And although the museums and picture galleries of the Hungarian metropolis cannot pretend to rival those of some other European capitals, they present so many characteristics and interesting features that travellers, well acquainted with the similar treasures of western countries, will still find here much that is new to them. The higher educational establishments, the University, the Polytechnic School, the Academy and Conservatory of Music, and recently also the School of Painting, attract the élite of the Hungarian youth to Buda-pest.

The population of Buda-pest is anything but homogeneous. In former centuries the burghers of the royal free cities constituted a little world apart, sundered even by the language they spoke from the politically privileged nobility. The municipality included Bulgarian, Servian, and Greek elements, but the predominating race was the Teutonic, whose representatives had brought with them from their native land their own laws and usages, and to whom special privileges were accorded by the rulers. Only in the present century have the different classes begun to amalgamate to any extent. The lesser nobility have devoted themselves to civil occupations, and from their ranks in particular the lawyers, doctors, government officials, and pro-



METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL, BUDA-PEST.

fessors are recruited. Trade and commerce are principally in the hands of the Jews, who have beyond dispute contributed very greatly to the material advancement of Buda-pest.

All the principal Christian Churches are represented in the city; the Roman Catholics rank first in point of number, but side by side with them exist Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Protestant, Reformed and Unitarian communities. Here, as throughout Hungary, the most exemplary tolerance prevails in religious matters, though the members of the various churches form their own social circles. In a certain sense the higher nobility constitute a world of their own, assembling in the capital chiefly during the winter season, when the two houses of parliament hold their sessions and the court resides in the royal castle.

Music, and that of a good class, is diligently cultivated in Buda-pest; one specialty we may mention, namely, the numerous gypsy bands (*tsigans*), known as Hungarian bands, which were introduced into and patronized in England by the Prince of Wales. These born musicians play without notes, and for the most part even without any knowledge of notes, the most difficult pieces with rare accuracy and in wonderful accord, but their skill is more particularly exhibited in their very characteristic Magyar melodies, which produce quite a peculiar effect upon the foreigner. Among these lowly minstrels are to be found violinists and cymbal-players of really astounding talent.



POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, BUDA-PEST.

Owing to the improved means of transport and intercommunication, in most countries fairs have lost much of their former importance; nevertheless those that are held at stated intervals during the year in Buda-pest attract crowds of strangers to the city.

What strikes the visitor most during his first walk through the town is the vast difference between its older and newer parts, which form a contrast such as it would probably be difficult to find elsewhere. The reason for this is that Buda-pest, unlike other European cities, has not developed gradually in the course of centuries, imperceptibly for the living generation. With the newly-awakened constitutional life of the nation awoke likewise

the thought of beautifying and extending the capital, and in the space of less than twenty years streets and even entire quarters arose where previously fields or a few scattered cottages had existed.

The union of the two cities into one municipality—the metropolis of the country—although proclaimed in 1849, received legislative sanction only in 1873, but already in the early days of the Andrassy ministry measures were taken for the improvement and embellishment of Buda-pest.



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, BUDA-PEST.

Few points indeed, in any European capital, can offer the traveller so magnificent a panorama as that from Francis Joseph Place.

At our feet flows the mighty Danube, spanned by a suspension bridge which even to-day is without a rival; its slender granite piers, masterpieces from an architectural point of view, tower high above the water. Beyond the magnificent river rises the Castle Hill of Buda, the slopes of which are covered with tiers of houses and villas, interspersed with gar-

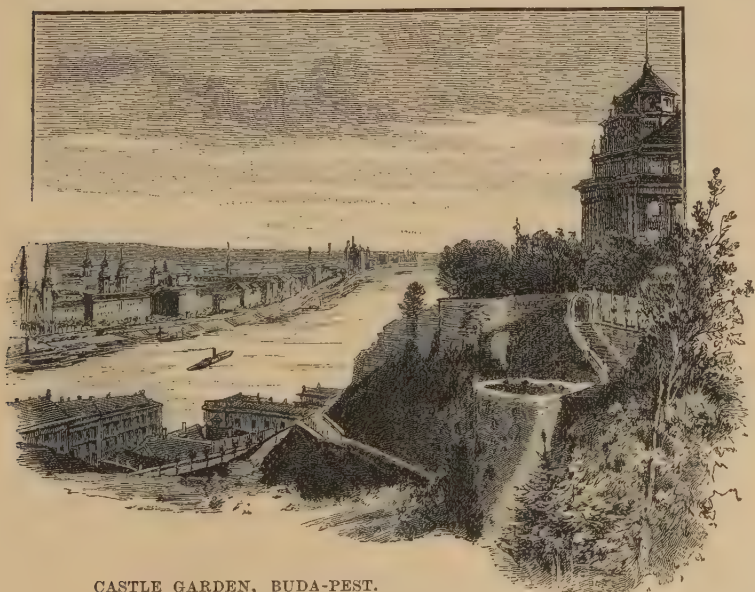
dens The south end of this eminence is occupied by the stately Royal Castle, and the entire plateau is surrounded by ancient walls and bastions.

The new Metropolitan Hospital is a large group of buildings which covers an area of nearly fifteen acres, and will afford room for 720 beds. The hospital is erected on the basis of the most recent experiences, consists of sixteen separate blocks of buildings, of plain appearance, with the exception of the main front building, which is in the Renaissance style, and adorned with a group of statuary representing "Christ healing the sick" above the

principal entrance. In the internal arrangements of this institution every necessity is provided for in the most liberal and practical manner.

The new Polytechnic School, built in the Venetian style, and opened as recently as 1884. Among the numerous similar monuments "more durable than bronze," which will remind posterity of the present Minister of Public Worship and Education, Augustin Trefort, this is one of the most notable.

The colossal structure so conspicuously situated at the end of a long boulevard, with its shady avenue of trees, is the Terminus of the Hungarian State Railways. The railways of Hungary are being extended at the rate of some hundreds of miles annually, and as they all gravitate more or less to the capital, the



CASTLE GARDEN, BUDA-PEST.

necessity of a central station was more and more felt. The imposing façade presents many handsome architectural features, as does also the interior of the buildings, and the whole presents a scene of great interest, especially in the evening when illuminated by the electric light. Adjoining the Hall of Art are the buildings of the National School of Design and the Academy of Music, with the apartments of Francis Liszt.

The principal synagogue of the Jewish community of Buda-pest is a handsome brick building in the Moresque style, built after designs by the celebrated Viennese architect Fürster, with

two elegant minaret-like towers. A visit to it on a Friday evening, during service, is to be recommended, not only on account of the beautiful interior, but also for the sake of hearing the excellent choir and organ accompaniment. The Jewish inhabitants of Buda-pest, numbering considerable over 50,000, possess several other places of worship.

After our wanderings through the modern, progressive, and thickly-populated city of Pesth, the contrast presented by Buda, with its great diversity of architectural features, is all the more striking. The site of the town is anything but level, the elevation varying from the level of the Danube to 850 feet above the river. The streets are not planned on any regular system, and indeed scarcely two houses can be found whose frontages do not form more or less of an angle with one another. In the midst of the old, mediæval, unpretentious structures there rises not unfrequently a building of very recent date, lofty, modern, and elegant—a sign that progress has found its way even across the Suspension Bridge.

Taking the wire-ascension railway we soon find ourselves in front of the Royal Castle, occupying a fit site for the residence of a monarch, with the entire wide-stretching metropolis at its feet. The castle contains 203 rooms. The garden adjacent to the castle is partly open to the public. Its terrace commands a magnificent view of the Danube, the city of Pesth, and the gently-sloping hills in the horizon.

It is a genuine surprise to Western travellers to find in Eastern Europe so magnificent and progressive a city as Buda-pest. Its stately boulevards, parks, gardens, palaces, and public institutions are scarcely to be surpassed in splendour anywhere.

Dr. Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, who has recently been in Hungary, says: "Buda-pest is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. It lies on both sides of the Danube, and has a population of about four hundred thousand, being the third in numbers in the Austrian Empire. Buda is upon the Danube side of a range of hills, and above it is an imposing castle. Pesth is on the other side. The hills all about are covered with vineyards wherein grow the grapes which make the famous Tokay wine. The city is full of monuments and abounds in churches. Among its most beautiful features are the bridges which connect Buda with Pesth. Great use is made of Turkish baths, and also of hot mineral baths, some of which date from the time of the Romans. Here I saw the finest collection, outside of Spain, of the Spanish masters. There are many picture galleries in the city, which begins to consider itself a rival of Vienna."

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS MOTHER.

BY THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.



SUSANNA WESLEY.

"The Mother of Methodism."

CAN we think of the noble women of Methodism without remembering that woman who, above all others, had most to do in fashioning the character of our illustrious founder? My eye rests with peculiar satisfaction upon the queenly form of that "elect lady," whose influence upon John Wesley and upon Methodism cannot be overestimated. The mother of John Wesley was a woman of singular beauty, of rare character, and of extraordinary intellectual accomplishments. Methodism owes a debt of gratitude to Susanna Wesley which can be paid only by

fidelity to the principles which have made Methodism a power, if not a praise, in all the earth.

Susanna Wesley, to indicate her influence over her son, has been called the foundress of Methodism. That we may see the influence of this richly-gifted woman upon her son, let us glance at her remarkable history. In Stevens' classic "History of Methodism" the reader may see a portrait of Mrs. Wesley, which is a study for an artist.

She was one of the most beautiful women of her day, or of any day. It was a stately, commanding beauty, giving evidence of great mental and moral power. In her girlhood this power displayed itself in a choice which led her to abandon the Puritan Church of her father for the Church of England. Her father, knowing her thoughtful turn and great determination, did not exercise his parental authority in compelling her to go with him to a non-conforming Church.

It is, however, in the parsonage, as wife and mother, that she shone with brighter lustre. As a wife she was independent in thought and vigorous in action in her own sphere, but religiously recognized the headship of her husband.

When Mr. Wesley was from home Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to keep up the worship of God in her own house. She not only prayed for, but with, her family. At such times she took the spiritual care and direction of the children and servants upon herself, and sometimes even the neighbours shared the benefits of her instructions.

Mrs. Wesley was the mother of nineteen children. Her means were slender, but her energy, tact, and wisdom were better than thousands of gold and silver. Home was her providential sphere for Christian as well as for maternal services. The parsonage was a school as well as a home; the mistress of the home was teacher as well as mother, and with a discipline bordering upon severity, yet prompted by love, she taught and trained her numerous progeny as few families have been educated at home. Mr. Wesley, doubtless seeing his wife's special talent for the work, wisely left it to her, and seconded her efforts in every possible way. Ever after the fire in which their home was consumed, and from which John, while a child, was almost miraculously rescued, the mother felt that he was spared for some great purpose, and therefore devoted special attention to his character and studies.

When John Wesley left home for school or college, his loving mother followed him with a watchful sympathy and a judicious counsel that moulded his character and helped to fit him for his great destiny, and which was highly prized by him down to his

latest breath. We see the wealth of her mind, and the religious turn of her thoughts, not only in her wise and motherly letters to John, but in her more formal compositions, such as her exposition of the Creed.

She was prepared to meet the spiritual difficulties of her son, and to direct and encourage him by preceptive teachings of the highest order. Indeed, she seemed to combine the wisdom of a professor of divinity with the beautiful tact of a Christian womanliness and tender motherhood. To her John Wesley looked, and never in vain, for help and sympathy which stood him well in times of perplexity.

No one, I think, can read Dr. Clark's "Wesley's Family" without regarding Mrs. Wesley as a true child of God from early life. The blessed privilege of knowing of our acceptance in the Beloved was a strange doctrine in those days, and many struggled along in comparative gloom, not daring to rejoice in the witness of the Spirit. All the evidence of salvation that could be seen in a holy every-day life was evinced in the walk and conversation of Susanna Wesley.

Of her last moments her son John gives the following account:

"I left Bristol on the evening of Sunday, July 18, 1742, and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt nor fears, nor any desire but as soon as God should call, to depart and be with Christ. . . .

"About three in the afternoon I went to see my mother and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside; she was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood around the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered before she lost her speech: 'Children, as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" . . .

John Wesley and the movement called Methodism may be studied and understood without reference to his father; but it would be impossible to do so without recognizing the place and power of the mother. More than any other, she restrained and guided her illustrious son in the wonderful work to which God had manifestly called him.

What would Methodism have been in the absence of lay preaching? It could never have accomplished what, under God, it has been enabled to do, without its powerful aid. But for the emphatic advice of Mrs. Wesley to her son, and but for his respect for his mother's judgment, it is hard to imagine what might have been the result.

"It was in Mr. Wesley's absence that Mr. Maxfield, the first of his lay preachers, began to preach. Being informed of this new and extraordinary thing, he hastened back to London to put a stop to it. Before he took any decisive step he spoke to his mother on the subject, and informed her of his intentions.

"She said (I have had the account from Mr. Wesley himself): 'My son, I charge you before God, beware what you do; for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the Gospel as ever you were.'"

This one thing in the life of Mrs. Wesley renders her worthy of the grateful remembrance of all who have derived spiritual benefit from the lay preachers of Methodism.

John Wesley was a very devoted son, and felt, as his mother advanced in years, that he must take his father's place in caring for her, and smoothing her passage to the tomb. There never lived a more self-denying mother than Susanna Wesley. Here is an incident which equally reflects credit on mother and son. John Wesley, when a young man, was invited to go out upon a mission to the Indians of North America. He at once and firmly declined. On being pressed for a statement of his objection, he referred to his recently widowed mother, and to his own relation to her, in these touching words: "I am the staff of her age; her chief support and comfort." He was asked what would be his decision were his mother agreeable to such a thing. Not thinking that such a sacrifice could be made by his mother, he at once said, that if his mother would cheerfully acquiesce in the proposal, he would be led to act upon it as a call from God. The venerable matron, on being consulted, gave this memorable reply: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice if they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

Rarely has history recorded the names of such a mother and such a son. It is a high compliment to say that they were worthy of each other. It is little wonder that Adam Clarke, in his enthusiastic admiration of Mrs. Wesley, said: "Had I a muse of the strongest pinion I should not fear to indulge it in its highest flights in sketching out the character of this super-excellent woman."

Who can glance over the Methodist world to-day, and see its stately churches, its crowded congregations, its vast missionary operations, its Sunday-schools with millions of scholars, and its educational institutions of every grade and for both sexes, without looking back over the record of its limited history, and wondering at the stupendous result?

If God ever raised up a man for a great work, God surely called and sent forth John Wesley to be the organizer and leader

of the hosts of Methodism; and if God ever prepared a handmaid of His to be the mother of one specially commissioned and qualified to revive His Church, God surely raised up Susanna Wesley to be the mother and spiritual guide of the great reformer of the Churches in the eighteenth century.

Much as John Wesley saw of the goodness of the Lord in the salvation of sinners, and in the gathering of the saved into societies, he was permitted to see little as compared with what has been accomplished since his death. Though dead he still liveth and speaketh in the system which he originated, in the hymns which he sung, and in the glorious doctrines which he preached, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

In an impartial review of John Wesley and his mother, we are constrained to acknowledge that more, far more than any one else, she not only influenced her honoured son as to his own character, but also stamped the impress of her discipline and doctrinal views upon the Methodist system. In many of John Wesley's opinions we see the reproduction of his mother's teaching, as revealed in her letters to him.

Every Christian wife and mother throughout Methodism should make the life and character of Susanna Wesley a constant study, and the good effect would soon be manifest upon the discipline of our families, the welfare of our children, and the piety of our Churches. The distinguished son and no less distinguished mother are reaping the rich reward of their consecrated lives in a "better country, that is, a heavenly."

JESUS IS RISEN.

SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong.

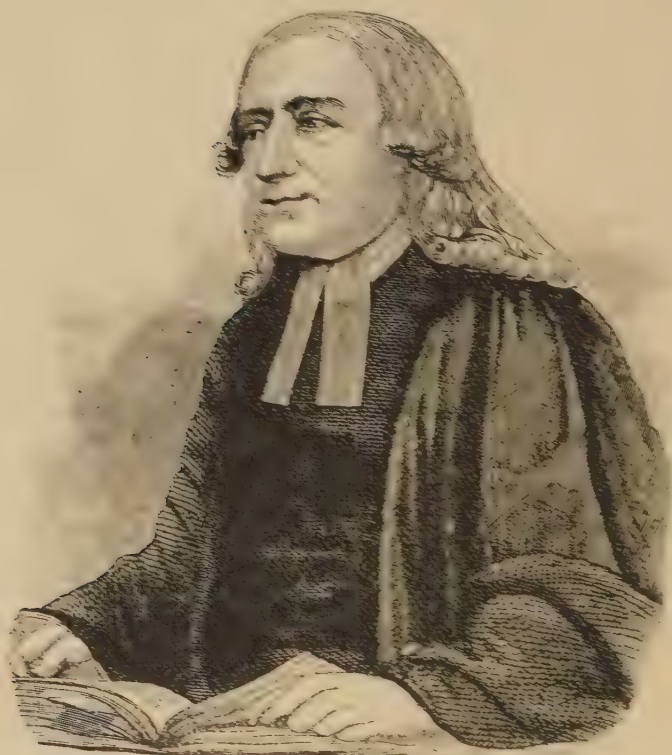
Even now the dawn is breaking;
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.

Life eternal! Heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices!
Child of God, lift up thy head!

—*Dr. Irons.*

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN WESLEY.*

BY THE LATE REV. LUKE TYERMAN, M.A.



JOHN WESLEY.

No sight on earth is more beautiful than that of sunset in a cloudless sky; and the same may be said of the last days of a man like Wesley. Half a century had elapsed since he had founded the "United Societies of the People called Methodists;" and during that interval many had been the counsels, warnings and exhortations he had addressed to them.

Wesley's near approach to the spirit-world solemnized but did not appal him. With the eye of faith he surveyed its vast scenes and endless visions. He mused concerning its inhabitants, their employment, their capabilities, their happiness, or their punishment.

* Abridged from the Wesley Memorial Volume.

He seemed, sometimes, to lose himself in the midst of untold wonders.

Nothing need be said about the strength of mind and the vigorous writing of "the old man eloquent," now approaching the age of eighty-eight. All that is here attempted is to show his frame of mind and heart when he was about to die.

Not much is known of Wesley's labours during the last six weeks of his eventful life. He continued to preach, and he wrote a number of interesting letters.

For sixty-five years Wesley had been an earnest, laborious, and marvellously successful preacher of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;" and, notwithstanding his extreme age and feebleness, he continued in his beloved employ until within seven days of his decease. In a pamphlet, published soon afterward, entitled "A Short Account of the Late Rev. J. Wesley, A.M., during the Last Two Weeks of his Life," it is stated :

"For some time before Mr. Wesley was taken to his reward his strength was evidently on the decline; and his friends had apprehensions of his approaching dissolution. His conversation also indicated a presentiment of his death. He frequently spoke of the state of separate spirits, and seemed desirous to know their particular employments. His preaching during the last winter was attended with uncommon unction, and he often spoke, both in his sermons and exhortations, as if each time was to be his last, and desired the people to receive what he advanced as his dying charge. It is also worthy of remark, that for three months before his last sickness there were scarcely three evenings passed together that he did not sing at family worship the following verses :

"Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

"Numbered among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see:
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

"O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

Miss Ritchie, of Otley, was at this time a guest in Wesley's house, in City Road. "The preacher who usually read to Mr. Wesley being absent," she writes, "he said to me, 'Betsy, you must be eyes to the blind.' I therefore rose every morning about half-past five o'clock, and generally read to him from six till break-

fast time. During the three months I passed under his roof, his spirit seemed all love. He breathed the air of paradise. Often adverting to the state of separate spirits, he would observe, 'Can we suppose that this active mind, which animates and moves the dull matter with which it is clogged, will be less active when set free? Surely no; it will be all activity. But what will be its employments? Who can tell?'

On Thursday, February 17th, 1791, he preached at Lambeth, then a thriving suburban village, from the text, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." After preaching, upward of fifty persons met for the renewal of their quarterly tickets. The brave old man spoke to about twenty-five of them, but was obliged to leave the remainder to James Rogers, his companion. On reaching City Road he seemed to be unwell, and said he had taken cold.

Friday, the 18th, he read and wrote, as usual; and at night, accompanied by James Rogers, went to Chelsea, and preached in one of the dancing-rooms of the notorious Ranelagh Gardens, which had been converted into a Methodist meeting-house. His text was, "The king's business required haste," a text which his own long life had illustrated. Three or four times during the service he was obliged to stop, and to tell the congregation that his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without these necessary pauses. After the sermon, he retired into the vestry till Mr. Rogers had met nearly forty members to renew their tickets. When this was ended, Wesley was so exhausted that he could hardly get into his chaise.

Saturday, the 19th, was principally employed in reading and writing; but he went out to dinner, at Mrs. Griffith's, Islington. During his visit he desired a friend to read to him the fourth and three following chapters of the book of Job, containing the speech of Eliphaz and the answer of Job, and strikingly appropriate to the case of a dying man. He had purposed to conduct the usual weekly meeting of penitents at City Road in the evening, but allowed Robert Carr Brackenbury, a supernumerary preacher, to take his place.

Next morning, Sunday, the 20th, he rose at his accustomed hour, and intended to preach, but was quite unfit for the Sabbath services. At seven o'clock he was obliged to lie down again. After sleeping between three and four hours he roused himself, but in the afternoon had again to go to bed. In the evening he revived, and, at his request, two of his own discourses on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount were read to him. He then came down-stairs, and had supper with Mr. Rogers and his family.

On Monday, the 21st, he appeared to be better, and, notwithstanding the remonstrance of his friends, would fulfil an engagement he had made to dine at Twickenham, a journey, there and back, of twenty-six miles. On his way he called upon Lady Mary Fitzgerald, a noble Methodist, daughter of John, Lord Harvey, and granddaughter of John, Earl of Bristol. "His conversation with her ladyship and his prayer were memorable," says Miss Ritchie, "and well became a last visit."

On Tuesday, the 22nd, he dined at Islington with one of the executors of his will, Mr. John Horton, a merchant, and one of the members of the Common Council of the city of London. At night he preached his last sermon in City Road Chapel, from the words, "We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith." Mr. Rogers says the sermon was "excellent." After the sermon he met the leaders of the Society.

At Leatherhead, a village eighteen miles from London, there resided a gentleman who had lately lost his wife. Up to the present he and Wesley had never seen each other. In his distress the bereaved widower invited Wesley to visit him; and accordingly, notwithstanding his feebleness and the wintry weather, Wesley, on Wednesday, the 23rd, set out on this lengthy journey, which turned out to be his last. James Rogers accompanied him, and wrote, "In less than two hours after our arrival our kind host, who was a magistrate, and well beloved in the neighbourhood, sent his servants to invite the inhabitants to hear Mr. Wesley preach. A considerable number soon assembled, and were ordered up-stairs into a spacious dining-room, covered with a beautiful carpet, and set round with fine mahogany chairs. The plain country people, who had come plodding through the mire, seemed rather out of their element; but they all appeared to hear with deep attention while Mr. Wesley gave them a most solemn warning from the words, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.'"

This was Wesley's last sermon; and, like many of his sermons, was preached under unusual circumstances. There was no Methodist Society at Leatherhead. He had never preached there before. Methodistically speaking, he had no interest in the place. He was tottering on the brink of his own sepulchre, and was far more fit to be in bed than to undertake a journey of nearly forty miles in the depth of winter. But then there was a bereaved gentleman in great distress, who urgently desired to see him.

That was quite enough; and away the old man went, and closed his long and illustrious ministry in the gentleman's up-stairs dining room. Wesley's last sermon was preached in this dining-room to a congregation small and rustic, and comprising of only two who were Methodists, or who had ever seen him until now—James Rogers, the "assistant" at City Road, and Richard Summers, the driver of Wesley's chaise. The three drank tea with the clergyman of the village, in whose house they also slept.

On Thursday, February 24th, Wesley, as usual, rose at four o'clock, and drove as far as Balham, then a small, beautiful village, five miles distant from the city. There he halted at the residence of Mr. George Wolff, the Danish consul in England, and another of the appointed executors of Wesley's will. This was one of the veteran's favourite retreats, where, twelve months before, he had written his terribly faithful sermon on "God said unto him, Thou fool!" During his present visit James Rogers read to him an account of "the sufferings of the Negroes in the West Indies," after which he immediately wrote his well-known letter—the last he ever penned—to Wilberforce on slavery. For about sixty years he had been accustomed to note his daily doings in his journals, and here, at Balham, he made his last entry in these remarkable productions.

On Friday, February 25th, he again rose at four o'clock and seemed to be in better health. At breakfast there was a sudden change, and Mr. Rogers became extremely anxious to get him home. Accordingly Mrs. Wolff drove him in her coach to City Road. Miss Ritchie was waiting to receive him, and was struck with the alteration that had taken place. He managed to walk up-stairs. Miss Ritchie ran for some refreshment; but, before she could bring it, Wesley had requested Mr. Rogers to leave the room, and "desired not to be interrupted for half an hour by any one," adding, "not even if Joseph Bradford come." Joseph did come a few minutes after; but, of course, this *fidus Achates* did not dare to enter until the half-hour was ended. Mr. Bradford found his chief extremely ill, and immediately requested Miss Ritchie to bring him wine mulled with spices.

Until Sunday morning, February 27th, his time was principally passed in bed. On Sunday morning he seemed much better, and, with a little of Joseph Bradford's help, got up, took a cup of tea, sat in his chair, looked cheerful, and repeated, from one of his brother's hymns—

"Till I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And O, my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end!"

Soon after, with marked emphasis, he said: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." He tried to converse with his assembled friends, but was quickly exhausted and obliged to lie down. "Speak to me," he said, after a little quiet. "Speak to me, I cannot speak." His niece, Miss Wesley, and Miss Ritchie prayed with him, and he responded with a fervour which thrilled them.

About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, he said, "I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow-creatures; and now it is probable that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this:

" 'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.' "

After this his fever increased, and he became delirious; but even during his delirium he was either about to preach, or was meeting classes.

In the evening he again got up, and while sitting in his chair, remarked: "What are all the pretty things at B. to a dying man?" And then, again exclaimed:

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

"We must be justified by faith, and then go on to sanctification."

On Monday, February 28th, his weakness increased apace. Most of the day was spent in sleep. He seldom spoke; but once, in a wakeful interval, he was heard saying in a low voice, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus." At another time, he asked Thomas Rankin what the text was from which he (Wesley) had preached at Hampstead, a short time before. Rankin answered, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." "Yes," said Wesley, "that is the foundation—the only foundation—there is no other. We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

It was evident now to all that Wesley was beginning to sleep his last sleep. His friends around him were broken-hearted. His friend, poor Joseph Bradford, despatched numerous notes to the preachers, in the following terms:

"Dear Brother: Mr. Wesley is very ill; pray! pray! pray!

"I am, your affectionate brother,

"JOSEPH BRADFORD."

All was unavailing. Wesley's work was finished. On Tuesday, March 1st, after a restless night, he began singing:

“All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored!
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy people return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.”

Here, while breathing faith and joy and universal benevolence, his strength failed. “I want to write,” said he. A pen was put into his hand, and paper was placed before him. His hand had forgot its cunning. “I cannot,” said the dying man. “Let me write for you,” remarked Miss Ritchie: “tell me what you would say.” “Nothing,” he replied, “but that God is with us.”

In the forenoon he said: “I will get up.” And while his clothes were being prepared for him, he again commenced singing in a way which surprised his friends:

“I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.”

Being dressed and seated in his chair, he appeared to change for death; but, in a low voice, said: “Lord, Thou givest strength to them that can speak, and to them that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest tongues!” And again he began to sing, what turned out to be his last song outside of heaven:

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,”—

but here his voice failed, and gasping for breath, he said: “Now we have done—let us go.”

Full of happiness, but utterly exhausted, he was put to bed, where, after a short but quiet sleep, he opened his eyes, and addressing the weeping watchers who stood around him, said: “Pray and praise;” and, of course, they at once complied. On rising from their knees he took their hands, drew them near to him, kissed them, and said to each, “Farewell, farewell.” He asked Joseph Bradford, his old travelling companion, about the key and contents of his bureau, remarking, “I want to have all things

ready for my executors. Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." And then, as if no other earthly matters required his attention, he again called out, "Pray and praise." Down fell his friends upon their knees, and fervent were the dying saint's responses. And now each watcher, including James Rogers' little boy, drew near to the bed of the expiring veteran, and, with affectionate solicitude, awaited the coming of the shining ones to conduct him home. With the utmost placidity he again saluted them, shook hands, and said: "Farewell, farewell!"

There was no conflict, no struggle, no sigh, no groan. He was ready and waiting and willing, if not wishful, to go. The scene was the peaceful setting of a glorious sun, undimmed by the smallest intervening cloud.

He tried to speak, but his friends found it difficult to understand what he meant, except that he wished his sermon on "The Love of God to Fallen Man," founded on the text, "Not as the offence, so also is the free gift," to be "scattered abroad, and given to everybody." The group of watchers thought him dying—there was a solemn pause—silence reigned supreme, until at length the grand old Christian soldier summoned for a final effort all the little strength he had remaining, and exclaimed, in a tone well-nigh supernatural: "*The best of all, God is with us!*" And then, after another pause, and while lifting his arm in joyous triumph, he repeated, with an emphasis which thrilled his friends, "*The best of all is, God is with us!*" an utterance which henceforth became the watchword of his followers.

James Rogers and Thomas Rankin were standing by his bed; but his sight was so nearly gone that he was unable to recognize their features. "Who are these?" he asked. "Sir," said Mr. Rogers, "we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," replied Wesley, "and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Being told that the widow of his brother Charles had come to see him, he thanked her, affectionately endeavoured to kiss her, and said, "He giveth His servants rest." She moistened his lips, and he immediately repeated his almost invariable thanksgiving after meals, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies. Bless the Church and the king, and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!" Then, after a brief pause he cried, "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace;" and after another, "The clouds drop fatness;" and after a third, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is

our refuge! Pray and praise!" And again his friends fell upon their knees, and complied with his request.

It was now Tuesday night—his last on earth. During its silent and slowly-passing hours he often attempted to repeat Dr. Watts' noble hymn, two verses of which, to the astonishment of his friends, he had sung on Tuesday forenoon; but he always failed in getting further than the first two words, "I'll praise—I'll praise."

On Wednesday morning, March 2nd, his loving watchers knelt round his bed, and Joseph Bradford offered prayer. On rising from their knees, Wesley said, "Farewell!" the last words he was heard to articulate.

James Rogers writes:

"Perceiving that the closing scene drew very near, about half-past nine o'clock, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. Horton, Dr. Whitehead, Miss Wesley, Miss Ritchie, my wife, myself, and my little James, all knelt upon our knees around the bed of this man of God; while his breath, gently decreasing, ceased. What we felt at that moment is inexpressible. The weight of glory which seemed to rest on the countenance of our beloved pastor, father and friend, as he entered the joy of his Lord, filled our hearts with holy dread, mixed with ineffable sweetness. Surely God was in that place! Just as Mr. Wesley breathed his last breath Mr. Bradford was saying, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors! and let this heir of glory in!'"

John Wesley died at twenty minutes before ten o'clock, on Wednesday morning, March 2nd, 1791.

What followed? "Children!" said John Wesley's mother, "as soon as I am dead, sing a song of praise!" As soon as Wesley died, his friends, standing about his corpse, sang:

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love."

Miss Ritchie then said, "Let us pray for the mantle of our Elijah!" on which, she adds, "Mr. Rogers prayed for the descent of the Holy Ghost on us, and all who mourn the general loss the Church militant sustains by the removal of our much-loved father to his great reward. Even so, Amen!"

The day fixed for Wesley's funeral was March 9th. In his will there was the clause following: "I give six pounds to be divided among the six poor men, named by the assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that love me and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I

solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, to observe this." The intention of the executors was to take the coffin into City Road Chapel, and place it before the pulpit, and while there, that Dr. Whitehead should preach the funeral sermon, at the conclusion of which should be the burial.

The crowds who came to look at Wesley's corpse, both in the house and in the chapel, were enormous. Business in City Road was to a great extent suspended; and carriages could hardly find room to pass each other. The multitude included many besides Methodists. The Rev. John Mitford says that in the last drive he ever took with Samuel Rogers, when returning by City Road, the poet pulled the check-string opposite to Bunhill Fields burial-ground, and said, "You see that chapel opposite; get out and look carefully at the house which stands to the left of it, and then come back again." Mitford having done what Rogers directed, the latter said: "When I was a young man in the banking-house, and my father lived at Stoke-Newington, I used every day, in going to the city, to pass this place. One day, in returning, I saw a number of respectable persons of both sexes assembled there, all well dressed in mourning. The door of that house was open, and they entered it in pairs. I thought that without impropriety I might join them. We all walked up-stairs, and came to a drawing-room, in the midst of which was a table. On this table lay the body of a person dressed in the robes of a clergyman, with bands, and his gray hair shading his face on either side. He was of small stature, and his countenance looked like wax. We all moved round the table, some of the party much affected, with our eyes fixed upon the venerable figure that lay before us; and as we moved on others followed. After we had gone the round of the table we descended as we came. The person that lay before us was the celebrated John Wesley."

Such was the excitement caused by Wesley's death, and such were the crowds that came to see his corpse and were likely to attend his funeral, that, in the evening before the day appointed for the funeral sermon and the burial, the executors changed the hour that had been named for them, and arranged that the interment should take place between the hours of five and six next morning. The time was unusual, for it would still be dark, and the weather, of course, was wintry. The notice given to Wesley's friends was short, and, had they not been so accustomed to attend five-o'clock services, the hour would have been exceedingly inconvenient. To a great extent the stratagem of the executors succeeded; but still hundreds were present to see the

coffin put into its tomb. In conformity with a custom which then, and long afterward, existed, a funeral biscuit was given to each of the assembled mourners, wrapped in an envelope, on which was a most beautifully engraved portrait of the departed, dressed in canonicals, with books for a background, a cross and a crown above the portrait, and about it a border, with the words: "O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee. For soon man's hour is up, and we are gone."

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

GLOOM AND GLADNESS.

BY REV. T. CLEWORTH.

HERE we sit repining, weary, sad and lone,
No light on us shining, on our hearts a stone,
All our hope is banished, all our joy is fled,
Israel's sun has vanished ; Christ our Lord is dead.

Past the Sabbath resting—let us seek His tomb,
Changeless love attesting, bringing sweet perfume,
We shall find Him sleeping who could calm the wave,
Death is grimly keeping Jesus in the grave.

He who broke the slumber of the dead before,
Bound in rocky chamber, shall He wake no more ?
Oh ! when He was dying, rending rocks could groan,
Now our hearts are crying, " Who shall move the stone ? "

Soul-entrancing wonder ! Lo ! the stone is gone !
Christ the tomb can sunder. Christ and Life are one.
Here we stand rejoicing by the vanquished stone,
Hymns of triumph voicing, Christ is on the throne !

Holy powers are bending, veiled from human sight,
All our steps attending, leading to the light !
Oh ! the gracious dawning of a glorious day,
Blessed Easter morning comes to gild our way !

THOMASBURG, Ont.

WESLEY AS SEEN BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

DR. JOHN WHITEHEAD was one of Wesley's confidential friends, his chosen medical adviser, and one of the three trustees to whom he bequeathed his books and manuscripts. He writes thus of his life and character :

Mr. Wesley was richly furnished with literature in its various branches. He was a critic in the Latin and Greek classics ; and was well acquainted with the Hebrew, as well as with most of the European languages now in use. Sacred learning occupied much of his time and attention. He was well read in the Hebrew Scriptures ; and was so conversant with the original language of the New Testament that when he was at a loss to repeat a passage in the words of our common translation he was never at a loss to repeat it in the original Greek.

His industry was almost incredible. From four o'clock in the morning till eight at night his time was employed in reading, writing, preaching, meeting the people, visiting the sick, or travelling. Before the infirmities of age came upon him, he usually travelled on horseback, and would ride thirty, forty or fifty miles in a day, and preach two, three or four times. He had a constant correspondence with persons all over the three kingdoms, and with the preachers in every part, and answered his letters with great punctuality. He read most publications that were deemed valuable, if they related to religion or natural philosophy, and often made extracts from them.

Mr. Hampson became one of Wesley's itinerant preachers as early as the year 1752. He writes as follows :

Mr. Wesley's figure was remarkable. His stature was of the lowest ; his habit of body, in every period of his life, the reverse of corpulent, and expressive of strict temperance and continual exercise. His step was firm, and his appearance, till within a few years of his death, vigorous and muscular. His face, for an old man, was one of the finest we have seen. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and the most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever to be found at his years, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure. Few have seen him without being struck with his appearance ; and many who had been greatly prejudiced against him have been known to change their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence. In his countenance and demeanour there was cheerfulness mingled with gravity, and sprightliness accompanied with every mark of the most serene tranquillity.

In dress he was a pattern of neatness and simplicity. A narrow plaited stock, a coat with a small upright collar, no buckles at his knees, no silk or velvet in any part of his apparel, and a head as white as snow, gave an idea of something primitive and apostolical.

His attitude in the pulpit was graceful and easy ; his action calm and natural, yet pleasing and expressive ; his voice not loud, but clear and

manly ; his style neat, simple, and perspicuous, and admirably adapted to the capacity of his hearers. He often appeared in the pulpit when totally exhausted with labour and want of rest ; for wherever he was he made it a point to preach if he could stand upon his legs.

In social life he was lively and conversable, and of exquisite companionable talents. He had been much accustomed to society ; was well acquainted with the rules of good breeding ; and, in general, perfectly attentive and polite. He spoke a good deal in company ; and as he had seen much of the world, and, in the course of his travels, had acquired an infinite fund of anecdote, he was not sparing in his communications ; and the manner in which he related them was no inconsiderable addition to the entertainment they afforded. Neither the infirmities of age nor the approach of death had any apparent influence on his manner. His cheerfulness continued to the last, and was as conspicuous at fourscore as at twenty-one.

A remarkable feature in his character was his placability. His temper was naturally warm and impetuous. Religion had, in a great degree, corrected this ; though it was by no means eradicated. Persecution from without he bore, not only without anger, but without the least apparent emotion.

Perhaps he was the most charitable man in England. His liberality to the poor knew no bounds. He gave away not merely a certain part of his income, but all he had. His own necessities provided for, he devoted all the rest to the necessities of others. We are persuaded that in about fifty years he gave away twenty or thirty thousand pounds, which almost any other than himself would have taken care to put out at interest upon good securities.

His travels were incessant, and almost without precedent. His prodigious labours, without great punctuality in the management of his time, would have been impossible. He had stated hours for every purpose. He retired to rest between nine and ten, and rose soon after four ; and no company, no conversation, however pleasing ; in short, nothing but stern necessity, could induce him to relax. His rules were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, absolute and irrevocable. He wrote, he travelled, he visited the sick, he did everything in certain hours which he had prescribed for himself, and those hours were inviolable.

In his younger days he travelled on horseback. He was a hard but unskilful rider ; and his seat was as ungraceful as it appeared uneasy. With a book in his hand he frequently rode from fifty to sixty or seventy miles a day ; and from a strange notion he had taken up of riding with the bridle on his horse's neck, many were the tumbles they had together. Of his travels, the lowest calculation we can make is four thousand miles annually, which, in fifty-two years, will give two hundred and eight thousand miles.

More than once he declared to the public that his own hands should be his executors ; and that if he died worth above £10, independent of his books, he would give the world leave to call him "a thief and a robber." In this, as all who knew him expected, he kept his word. His carriage and horses, his clothes, and a few trifles of that kind, are all, his books excepted, that he has left. And even the value of his books is of no consequence, since they are entirely left to the Conference ; his relations

deriving no advantage from them except a rent charge of £85, to be paid to his brother's widow during her life, as a consideration for the copyright of his brother's hymns.

Few men had a greater share of vivacity when in company with those he loved, especially on his journeys. If the weather or the roads happened to be disagreeable, or if any little accident befel any of his fellow-travellers, he would strive with inimitable turns of wit to keep up their spirits; so that it was almost impossible to be dull or dissatisfied in his company. The first time I was introduced to him I was greatly struck with his cheerfulness and affability. I never saw him low-spirited in my life, nor could he endure to be with a melancholy person. When speaking of those who imagine that religion makes men morose or gloomy, I have heard him say in the pulpit, "Sour godliness is the devil's religion." I once heard him remark, "I dare no more *fret than curse and swear*." He was a truly well-bred man. Had he lived in a court all his days his address could not have been more easy and polite, and yet he could be quite content among the most homely peasants, and suit his discourse to the meanest capacity. His courtesy to every one was engaging, but especially to the young. He was very fond of children, though he never had any of his own. Hundreds of these will remember with pleasure, perhaps with profit, the notice he took of them.

His powers of persuasion were great, especially when engaged in behalf of the poor. Hence frequent applications were made to him to preach charity sermons in many of the churches in London. The poor lay near his heart. I myself have gone with him from house to house, both to our own people and others, to beg money to buy bread, coals and clothing for the poor in London; and that not when the weather was warm and dry, but in the depth of winter, when the melted snow has been over our shoes.

Thus, literally, having nothing, he possessed all things, and, though poor, he made many rich. His manner of bestowing his charities was truly pleasing. He never relieved poor people in the street but he either took off or moved his hat to them when they thanked him; and, in private, he took care not to hurt the most refined feelings of those whom he assisted.

His modesty prevented his saying much of his own experience. In public he very seldom, hardly ever, spoke of the state of his own soul; but he was sufficiently explicit among his friends. He told me in 1781 that his experience might almost at any time be found in the following lines:

"O Thou, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

"There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise."

I could indulge a melancholy pleasure in expatiating on his humility, his love, his communion with God, and all the graces of the Spirit which he so largely possessed, but want of space forbids. Very few of his sons in the

Gospel have had greater opportunities of being thoroughly acquainted with him during the last seventeen years than I have had. I have slept with him hundreds of nights. I have travelled with him thousands of miles. I lived in what he called his own family, in London and Bristol, five years together. I have conversed with him on many subjects. I knew his opinions, his disposition, and the very secrets of his heart. Had he not discovered that he was a *man*, by a few instances of human frailty, those who knew him would have been in danger of idolatry.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1791, Mr. John Nichols, himself not a Methodist, inserted a long biographical account of Wesley. The following is extracted from it:

No sect, since the first ages of Christianity, could boast a founder of such extensive talents and endowments. The great purpose of his life was doing good. For this he relinquished all honour and preferment; to this he dedicated all the powers of body and mind; at all times and in all places—in season and out of season—by gentleness, by terror, by argument, by persuasion, by reason, by interest, by every motive and every inducement—he strove with unwearied assiduity to turn men from the error of their ways, and awaken them to virtue and religion. To the bed of sickness or the couch of prosperity—to the prison or the hospital—the house of mourning or the house of feasting—wherever there was a friend to serve or a soul to save—he readily repaired to administer assistance or advice, reproof or consolation. He thought no office too humiliating, no condescension too low, no undertaking too arduous, to reclaim the meanest of God's offspring.

One hundred and fifty years ago John Wesley and George Whitefield were the most abused men in England. Now Wesley is hardly ever mentioned but with affectionate respect. In the literature of the age; in its lectures and debates; in chapels and in churches; in synods, congresses, and all sorts of conferences; even in Parliament itself, by the highest lords and the most illustrious commoners, the once persecuted Methodist is now extolled; and the judgment of Southey, in a letter to Wilberforce, is confirmed: "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long."

Wesley was not without faults. No man ever has been, except "*the Man Christ Jesus*;" but it may be safely asserted that Wesley's faults were, when compared with those of other distinguished men, few and trivial. There was a wholeness about his character such as is seldom equalled. His *physique* small but beautiful; his genius; his wit; his penetration; his judgment; his memory; his courteousness; his dress; his manners; his voice; his eloquence; his diligence; his beneficence: his religion—made him as perfect as we ever expect man to be on this side

of heaven. He was employed by God in beginning one of the greatest works ever wrought on earth. He was ahead of his age, and commenced most of the great movements that are now so popular.

His industry is almost without a parallel. In many things he was gentle and easy to be entreated; but his earnestness in redeeming time was inexorable. "I have lost ten minutes forever!" he once exclaimed, when kept waiting for his carriage. "You have no need to be in a hurry," said a friend. "Hurry!" he replied, "I have no time to be in a hurry!" His journeys, all things being considered, were quite enough to exhaust the strength of any ordinary man; so, again, were the sermons he preached; and so, again, were the books he wrote. Labours amply sufficient to fill three men's lives were in him united in one. Looking at his travels, the marvel is how he found time to write; and looking at his writings, the marvel is how he found time to preach. His hands were always full, but he was never flurried. He was ever moving; but showed no more bustle than a planet in its course. His work was too great to allow trifles to divert him; his engagements were too many to permit him to employ more time upon any than was absolutely requisite. Hence, in his sermons, his books, his letters, the reader always finds *multum in parvo*.

This man, under God, moved the United Kingdom by his activity and religious power; his stalwart itinerants laid the foundations of the great Methodist Churches in the United States, and also in the West Indian Islands; at the present day there are tens of millions of human beings adhering to his principles, and reading something that he wrote—a hymn, a tract or a sermon—all over America, in Canada, in the West Indies, throughout Europe, in Africa, in India, in China, in Japan, in Asia Minor, in Australia, and in the numerous islands of the Pacific Ocean, almost every day they live. But, in the case of Wesley, panegyric is out of place. He needs it not. He is one of the very few of the distinguished dead whose memory can afford to do without it. We conclude by applying to Methodism's "wise master-builder" the appropriate inscription on the tomb of the great architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which Wesley worshipped on the very day he first found peace with God, May 24, 1738:

"Lector! si monumentum requiris, circumspice!"

—ALL Christians must work. What would happen in battle if only the officers fought?

EPWORTH.

BY THE REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, D.D.

MOTHERLAND across the sea,
 Home of bards and sages,
 Crowned amid the ages,
 Shrines unnumbered are in thee
 Where the pilgrim reverently
 Stands like one upon a shore,
 Looking far the billows o'er,
 Waiting till the echoes float
 From the wastes that lie remote ;
 So we lean, with ear attent,
 For some wingéd message sent.

In the distance here we stand ;—
 'Tis a deep devotion,
 Mother isle of ocean,
 Speaks a blessing on thy land,
 For thy heroes, strong of hand,
 Brave of heart, the ages through ;
 'Tis a shining retinue
 Thou hast given for the lead
 Of a world in restless speed ;
 Seas are wide, but chains of gold
 Bind us each, the New and Old.

Where the Trent with easy flow
 Seeks the Humber, gliding,
 Winding oft, and hiding,
 Through the "levels" rich and low,
 There a manor long ago
 Rose beyond, on heights of green,
 Looking down the river sheen ;
 That is Epworth, parish old,
 Of a date that is not told ;—
 Hence the echo o'er the sea,
 Worthy theme of minstrelsy.

Parsonage of Epworth ! where
 Came there brighter angel,
 With a glad evangel ?
 Never on the burdened air
 Was a sweeter breath of prayer,
 Than the words by priest intoned,
 When the mother, love-enthroned,
 Gave the new-born one caress,

With God's seal of blessedness ;—
 Write that mother's queenly soul,
 England, on thy royal scroll !

Thatched the cottage where he
 dwelt,
 Shepherd and protector,
 Epworth's saintly rector ;
 Dim the chancel where he knelt,
 'Neath the mossy tower that felt
 Shock of storm, and sunlight kiss,
 Pointing from the world that is
 To the higher towers of gold,
 In the glory manifold ;
 Bless St. Andrew's with its chime,
 Relic of the olden time !

From the parish of the priest,
 Humble in its story,
 Spread a wave of glory ;
 Like the day-star in the East
 To the daylight broad increased ;
 Till a morning song is heard
 Like the carol of a bird ;
 Song of prisoned souls unbound
 Rising all the wide world round ;
 Palaces have heard the strain,
 And the lowly keep refrain.

Epworth hath its legends old ;
 Tales of ancient Briton,—
 Chivalry unwritten,—
 Deed of Dane and Saxon, told ;
 But no dauntless chief or bold
 Gives the manor such renown,
 Gives its beauty such a crown,
 As the knight with shield and lance,
 Leading on the world's advance
 From the river isle Axholme,
 Over land and ocean foam.

Epworth born, and Oxford bred,
 Student, fellow, master,
 Thence a world-wide pastor ;

Where the rubric had not led,
There his parish field was spread ;
Mid the Newgate felons bold,
On the Moorfields, temple old,
Where the Kingswood colliers met,
While he spread the gospel net ;
Wider than a bishop's see,
His a priesthood by degree.

Westward rolled the glory-wave
With the wave of freedom ;
As from ancient Edom
Came the mighty One to save,
So the stalwart and the brave
Entered through the forest doors,
Trod the great cathedral floors,
With their arches old and dim,
Where, as from the cherubim,
Fell the beauty and the gold
With a rapture never told.

Now the marble tells his fame
Where the kings are sleeping,
Guards the meanwhile keeping
Watch o'er his illustrious name ;
While his words, an angel flame,
On the breath of morning fly
With a trail of victory,
From the rock of Plymouth old
To the western gate of gold ;
Vale to vale, and State to State,
Rolls the song "free grace," elate.

On to old and distant climes,
O'er the wild Pacific,
Speeds the light omnific ;
Hark, the hurried crash betimes
Of the old embattled crimes,
In the Tycoon's crowded isles,
'Mid the Rajah's palace piles ;
From zenana and bazaar

Hear the "Amen" rising far ;
See the guns dismantled stand,
Spiked by Christ's own priestly
hand.

Through the Flowery Kingdom
wide,

Up its river passes
Thronged with teeming masses,
O'er the mountains which divide
Dynasties of wealth and pride ;
Lands of Caliph, Czar, and Khan ;
In the shade of Vatican ;
'Tis the same old conquering charm,
'Tis the heart made strangely warm ;
Swifter than the Moslem's sword
Flies the everlasting word.

Onward is the sacred march
Through revolted regions,
Filled with hostile legions ;
Wild sirocco storms but parch
All the way to victory's arch ;
"God is with us," best of all ;
He will smite the bastion wall ;
We shall write upon the bells
Of the horses, as He tells,
"Holiness" for His renown,
His the glory and the crown.

'Tis a birth-song we have sung ;
Whispered as we listened,
When a babe was christened ;
When the parish bells were rung,
And two souls together clung,
Child and mother. Onward time !
'Tis a battlefield sublime ;
Turn the kingdoms ; islands wait ;
Chimes the jubilee elate !—
Parish of the world ! behold !
Christ is crowned with stars of gold.

LIKE the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best.

—Goethe.

WESLEY AND METHODISM.

BY THE REV. J. O. A. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.*

METHODISM, as a system, was not the work of a day ; nor did it spring from the brain of Mr. Wesley a perfect system, as the fabled Athene, full-panoplied, from the brain of Jove. It has grown by the teachings of years into the grand system it now is. But to Mr. Wesley pre-eminently belongs the honour of being its heaven-appointed author and genius. Its illustrious founder, however, was not without obligation to others. It is questionable whether he would have met anything like the unprecedented success that crowned his labours if he had not been seconded, from the first, by those who were specially qualified to push forward the great work to which they were mutually called of God.

It is doubtful if an equal array of learning, talent, and genius ever stood sponsors to any other Church since the days of the apostles—certainly never did such a variety of special and appropriate gifts as nurtured Methodism from its very birth. Its infancy was cradled in the rectory at Epworth and rocked by the hands of Susanna Wesley ; and its early youth was nurtured in the classic halls at Oxford. John Wesley, Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, William Morgan, James Hervey, and other scholars at Oxford were its earliest professors. It afterward numbered among its followers John Fletcher, Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Richard Watson, and Thomas Coke. And who are these ? John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Presbyterian of the Church of England—the eminent scholar, profound logician ; Charles Wesley—the sweetest singer in Israel since David, Israel's great lyric poet, swept the chords of his tuneful harp—to write its songs ; George Whitefield—the greatest pulpit orator, living or dead—to preach it to the multitude ; John Fletcher of Madeley prince of polemics—with wit well tempered and keen as blade of Saladin, and with logic ponderous and crushing as mace wielded by arm of Cœur de Lion, but with heart as tender and loving as a woman's—to defend its doctrines ; Adam Clarke, the great encyclopædic and oriental scholar of his day, and the learned Joseph Benson—to write its Commentaries ; Richard Watson, who “soared,” said the great Robert Hall, “into regions of thought where no genius but his own can penetrate”—to write its Institutes of Theology ; and Thomas Coke, of Jesus College,

* Abridged from a paper in his “ Wesleyan Memorial Volume.”

Oxford, doctor of civil law, and the father of modern missions—to carry Methodism “into the regions beyond.” Such were the authors and illustrators of Wesleyan Methodism. Well may it challenge the Churches to present a greater array of various and peculiar gifts!

When these things are considered, it is no wonder that Methodism has made comparatively greater progress than any other evangelical Church. Its effects are seen and felt not only in the millions who have lived and died, and the millions now living in its communion, but in all the evangelical Churches from Wesley’s time to the present. Martin Luther delivered the human mind from the bondage and superstition of Rome; John Wesley rescued English Protestantism from the dead formalism and sinful lethargy of national churchmanship. Luther revived the Pauline doctrine of justification; Wesley, the Pauline doctrine of sanctification. Luther showed how we are justified by faith alone; Wesley, how by faith in the blood of the Lamb we are cleansed from all sin.

The Methodism of Wesley is everywhere felt outside of itself. Its true mission is acknowledged; its claims undisputed. Chalmers called it “Christianity in earnest.” Judged by its spiritual power, by its marvellous effects in the awakening and conversion of souls, its scriptural and apostolic authority has received the highest and weightiest sanctions. Nor is its mission ended. Its conquests have been greater in the past twenty-five years than in any other quarter of a century of its history. Its field is still “the world,” not only the world of sinners, but its sister Churches, to lead them to a higher life and greater devotedness to Christ. And this will be its mission so long as Methodism is true to the work and genius of its founder, till some greater than Wesley arise, commissioned of God to conduct the Church to higher and nobler things.

The spirit of Mr. Wesley projected itself not only into the millions called by his name, but into all Christians of whatever name. The great enterprises of the evangelical Churches which have distinguished the last century and a half received their origin and impetus from his labours and zeal. Mr. Wesley was a writer and distributor of tracts long before the Society in Pater-noster Row had an existence. John Wesley and Thomas Coke, seventeen years before the Religious Tract Society of London was formed, organized the first Tract Society the world ever had. Methodism gave birth to the Naval and Military Bible Society, the first Bible Society that was ever formed, years before the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The great

missionary awakening belongs to the Wesleyan period. The London Missionary Society and the Church Missionary Society are traced directly to Mr. Wesley and his preachers. At the old Foundry in Moorfields Mr. Wesley projected and started the first Medical Dispensary the world had ever known. John Wesley and Adam Clarke founded the first Strangers' Friend Society, in 1789. Before Bell and Lancaster, Wesley provided day schools for the education of the children of the poor. And children were gathered by Mr. Wesley into a Sabbath-school in Savannah nearly fifty years before Robert Raikes had a Sabbath-school in Gloucester. The leaders of the great revivals of the present day have all drank into his spirit. John Wesley preaches in the lay-sermons of Moody; Charles Wesley sings in the songs of Sankey.

The power of Methodism as a pioneer spiritual force was long ago acknowledged. To awaken and convert sinners hardened in sin; to reach the poor and outcast; to occupy the outposts, or to be thrown out as skirmishers in time of a general engagement with the powers of darkness—these, and things like these, were said to be its mission. But how different the judgment of the world at the close of the centennial of Methodism! Methodism, especially in America, has been the pioneer Church. Its axemen have plunged into the wilderness, and with sturdy strokes felled the trees of its forests. Its ploughshares have turned up the virgin soil; its husbandmen have not only committed the precious seed to the furrow, watered the tender plant, kept it free from weeds, and watched its growth with sleepless care, but they have thrust in the sharp sickle, reaped down the fields bending to the harvest, gathered the loaded sheaves into barns, and from their great granaries supplied famishing millions with the bread of life. Methodism, in its great revivals, has been to the nations like the River Nile. It has often overflowed its banks and spread itself far and wide. Its fertilizing waters have enriched and softened the hard soil beneath, and prepared it to receive into its yielding bosom the harvest-bearing seed; and, like the same Egyptian river, these overflows, in their results, have been perennial.

Methodism, too, has not only carried the war into the enemy's country, but taken his strongholds, and fortified and held the places it has won. That man, indeed, but little understands the true genius of Methodism who does not see that the wonderful elasticity by which it adapts itself to times, and places, and circumstances, is one of the chief characteristics which its common-sense founder gave to it from its beginning. Whitefield preaches

in the open air and shocks Wesley by his irregularity; Wesley, when driven from the pulpits of the Establishment, follows the example of his Oxford disciple, and is soon heard addressing multitudes in Moorfields and on Kennington Common. At the old Foundry Thomas Maxfield, without orders and without imposition of hands, warns sinners to repentance, expounds the Word of God to the faithful, and arouses Wesley's indignation; Wesley, acting on his mother's advice, hears Maxfield for himself. Persuaded that the same divine power attends Maxfield's preaching which had attended his own, Wesley from that moment makes lay-preaching a part of the Methodist polity. Methodism extending its borders, soon numbers, "in the regions beyond," thousands without the sacraments. Wesley, seeing that lay-ordination is a providential need, ordains lay-preachers for America and Scotland. The American colonies separate from the English hierarchy and become politically and ecclesiastically independent; the ordination of Thomas Coke to be General Superintendent, or Bishop, over the Methodist Societies in the New World immediately follows. And when these Societies, in General Conference assembled, erect themselves into a distinct and separate Church, John Wesley sanctions the deed, believing that the Methodist Episcopal Church in America is as much a New Testament Church as the apostolic Churches at Philippi and Thessalonica.

All that has been here said about Mr. Wesley and Methodism—much more—is now confessed. Lord Macaulay long ago sentenced to oblivion those "books called Histories of England, under the reign of George II., in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned." To Mr. Wesley a pre-eminent place in history—especially in ecclesiastical and English history—is now well-nigh universally assigned. The literature of the eighteenth century was leavened by the optimism of Pope and Shaftesbury, and the skepticism of Hume and Gibbon. "Its theology," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "was for the most part almost as deistical as the deists." The picture of English life drawn by Mr. Wesley in his "Appeal to Men, of Reason and Religion"—the irreligion, false-swearing, Sabbath-breaking, corruption, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, disregard of truth among men of every order, and the profligacy of the army and immorality of the clergy—was no overdrawn picture. Leslie Stephen confesses that these things, "described in the language of keen indignation" by the pen of Wesley, "lead to a triumphant estimate of the reformation that has been worked by the Methodists." "The exertions of Wesley, and their success," he adds, "are of themselves a sufficient proof that a work was to be done of which neither the rationalist nor the orthodox were capable."

The religion of England from the Revolution till the Methodist movement pervaded the Establishment with its spirit, says Mr. Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," "was cold, selfish, and unspiritual." "The standard of the clergy"—especially outside of the great cities—"was low and their zeal languid."

It was owing, in a great measure, to Wesley's powerfully conservative influence upon the thought of the eighteenth century that England was indebted for her escape from the infidelity, disorders, and horrors of the French Revolution.

While the revolutionary spirit, which was of foreign birth, was thus menacing the established order, and seeking to introduce political and religious chaos, England was threatened from within by dangers scarcely less portentous. The great mechanical inventions "which changed with unexampled rapidity the whole course of English industry, and in a little more than a generation created manufacturing centres unequalled in the world," gave rise to an angry contest between capital and labour, between rich and poor, that "brought with it some political and moral dangers of the gravest kind."

"Wesleyanism," Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "is, in many respects, by far the most important phenomenon of the eighteenth century," and that "its reaction upon other bodies was as important as its direct influence." Mr. Buckle, the skeptical author of the "History of Civilization in England," confidently affirms that the effects of Methodism in England were hardly inferior to the effects exerted by Protestantism, in the sixteenth century, upon the Church of Rome. And when he compares the success of Wesley, whom he calls "the first of theological statesmen," with the difficulties which Wesley surmounted, Mr. Buckle is of the opinion that Macaulay's celebrated estimate of the founder of Methodism is hardly an exaggeration, when that great essayist and historian pronounced Wesley's "genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu."

Buckle condemns Methodism for its "mental penury," because it has produced no other equal to John Wesley. This, if true, is no reflection on Methodism: it is directly the greatest compliment to Mr. Wesley, and indirectly equally so to Methodism. As well condemn the "mental penury" of Christianity, because it has produced no greater apostle than St. Paul; or the "mental penury" of the Reformation, because it has produced no greater reformer than Martin Luther. The truth is, neither Methodism nor the whole Christian Church has had more than one John Wesley since the days of the apostles. As Mount Everest lifts its tall head not only above every other peak of the Himalayas, but above the

tallest peak of every other mountain range in the wide world, so does John Wesley, as a revivalist and reformer, tower not only above the other great men of Methodism, but above the greatest in all the other Churches of Christendom. "Taking him altogether," writes his latest biographer, Mr. Tyerman, "Wesley is *sui generis*. He stands alone: he has had no successor; no one like him went before; no contemporary was a coequal." "A greater poet," says Dr. Dobbin, a writer of the Church of England, "may arise than Homer or Milton; a greater theologian than Calvin; a greater philosopher than Bacon; a greater dramatist than any of ancient or modern fame; but a greater revivalist of the Churches than John Wesley—never!"

The time, indeed, is not distant when every historian who regards the truth of history, or respects the judgment of his contemporaries and posterity, will give to Mr. Wesley his true place in both ecclesiastical and English history. High-churchmen, against whose theories of the sacraments he protested; rationalists and infidels, whose skepticism he refuted; poets, historians, and essayists, whose irreligion he condemned; and statesmen and philosophers, whose loose morality he assailed, have been slow to acknowledge his powerful influence upon almost every phase of English thought. But the time will come—if it has not already come—when all will say with Mr. Lecky: "If men may be measured by the work they will have accomplished, John Wesley can hardly fail to be regarded as the greatest figure who has appeared in the religious history of the world since the days of the Reformation."

The writings of John Wesley, it is true, have not the splendid diction of the grandiose author of "The Decline and Fall," or the classic eloquence of Hume. But they have been read by millions now testing, beyond the grave, the realities of the things in which Wesley believed, and by millions more now living whose religion and lives have been moulded by the great truths which he preached, and about which he wrote. Judged by this standard, did he not accomplish far more than any other religious writer of his day? Are not his writings even now influencing more minds than the writings of any other uninspired religious teacher since Martin Luther wrote his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans? Wesley, as no one will question, was a master of English thought and of the English tongue. Few in his day were more skilled in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin. To him, at an early day, the principal languages of the continent of Europe were familiar studies. Excellent grammars in English, of several of these tongues—the old and the new—were made by Mr. Wesley at a

time when, in England, grammars in English of the ancient tongues were things unknown, and philology was an undeveloped science. His translations from three of the languages of modern Europe are among the best hymns of the Wesleyan Hymn Book. He was not only a master of tongues, but a master of logic and rhetoric. His education was classic; his culture all that the oldest English university, severe study, a retentive memory, and great intellectual powers could bestow. Lord Macaulay says: "He was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature." But all mere literary fame John Wesley sacrificed, and he sacrificed it for a purpose. He who would not wear "a fine coat," that he might satisfy the hungry with bread, laid aside "a fine style" that he might make the Gospel of our salvation plain to the miners of Cornwall, the colliers of Kingswood, and the felons of Newgate. His words may not have been, in the judgment of his critics, "with excellency of speech," but they were "in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power." Like St. Paul—whom Wesley more nearly resembled than any other man has resembled that great apostle—Wesley was called a babbler by the Epicurean statesmen and philosophers of his times. The Gospel preached by Mr. Wesley was foolishness to Horace Walpole, but to millions it has been "Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Mr. Leslie Stephen, the skeptical author of the "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," who says that Wesley "added nothing to the stores of English rhetorical prose," also says:

"It would be difficult to find any letters more direct, forcible, and pithy in expression. He goes straight to the mark without one superfluous flourish. He writes as a man confined within the narrowest limits of time and space, whose thoughts are so well in hand that he can say everything needful within those limits. The compression gives emphasis, and never causes confusion. The letters, in other words, are the work of one who for more than half a century was accustomed to turn to account every minute of his eighteen working hours. Wesley's eloquence is in the direct style, which clothes his thoughts with the plainest language. He speaks of what he has seen; he is never beating the air, or slaying the dead, or mechanically repeating thrice-told stories, like most of his contemporaries." "We can fancy," he adds, "the venerable old man, his mind enriched by the experience of half a century's active warfare against vice, stained by no selfishness, and liable to no worse accusation than that of a too great love of power, and believe that his plain, nervous language must have carried conviction and challenged the highest respect."

Wesley's plain, terse and direct English had almost as much influence upon what Mr. Buckle calls "the cumbrous language

and long-involved sentences" of the times which immediately preceded the great revivalist, as his preaching had upon a lethargic Church and a sinful world. For it was Wesley's powerful influence upon the literature of his day which, more than anything else, discarded the old, and introduced what Mr. Buckle calls "a lighter and simpler style"—a style "more rapidly understood," adds Mr. Buckle, and "better suited to the exigencies of the age."

But we are further told by Mr. Leslie Stephen that Wesley's writings possess "nothing more than a purely historical interest;" that Wesley's theology, because of its "want of any direct connection with speculative philosophy," is "condemned to barrenness;" that, having "no sound foundation in philosophy," Wesleyanism "has prevented the growth of any elevated theology, and alienated all cultivated thinkers."

And has the great revival been "condemned to barrenness?" Have all "cultivated thinkers" been "alienated" from it? Has Wesley left no permanent influence on English thought? Do his writings possess "nothing more than a purely historical interest?" How is it, then, that his followers are numbered by millions? How is it that these are found all over the Christian world, numbering thousands whom the Christian world regards as "cultivated thinkers?" If it has been "condemned to barrenness," what mean its myriad Christian temples? its many hundred universities and colleges, and seminaries of learning? its many thousand educated men in the ministry, in law, in medicine, in philosophy, in science, and in government? What will one say of its thousand printing-presses? of its great publishing houses? its newspapers, its magazines, its reviews? its tracts and books? its great benevolent institutions? its orphan asylums, its homes for the poor and outcast? its great missionary and Sunday-school societies? What means the aggressive force which constantly enlarges its borders? How is it that in a little over a hundred years it has accomplished results which are the wonder of the world? How is it that in many parts of the world, the Old and the New, it is to-day increasing in a greater ratio than at any period since its beginning? What means its influence upon other Churches, upon their theology and practice? Is Calvinism, or any other phase of Christian theology which Wesley combated, the same it was when Wesley began to write against it? Have they not been greatly modified by Wesley's teachings, by Wesley's spirit, and by Wesley's catholicity? Since Wesley spoke and wrote, and exemplified what he spoke and wrote by his own beautiful life, have not the evangelical Churches been drawing nearer and

nearer together? Are they not more sweetly striving together for "the faith once delivered to the saints?" Is there not a more harmonious endeavour to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace?"

And have Wesley's writings "nothing more than a purely historical interest?" How is it that there are over *a hundred thousand* Methodist preachers now living, who have not only read Wesley's sermons, but studied them, prayed over them, and before received into the travelling connexion been examined on them? And who will say how many thousands more are now in heaven who did the same thing? And has this great army of itinerant and local preachers, the living and the dead, exercised no influence upon English thought? And have not millions of pages in newspapers, in magazines, in reviews, and in tracts and books, been written to illustrate, to defend, and to enforce the writings which Wesley left to his followers? The writings of what other religious teacher outside of revelation have been so extensively read, or left a wider and deeper trace on the Anglo-Saxon mind and heart?

As already noticed, the only influence John Wesley exerted upon "English thought," in the sense of skeptical writers, has been to save millions of the English-speaking race from its blight and its curse. Had it not been for Wesley's burning love of souls for whom Jesus died, and his apostolic zeal to pluck them as brands from the burning; had it not been for his faithful Gospel-preaching in church and chapel, in barns and the open air; and had it not been for the thoroughly evangelical tracts, and treatises, and hymns, and sermons which came trooping from his unresting pen, the so-called "English thought" would have embraced millions delivered by Wesley's labours from its skepticism and death.

If John Wesley has left no trace upon true English thought—not the English thought of the skeptics—how is it that his name, his life, and his labours are now filling a much larger space in the English literature of the day than those of any other uninspired Christian teacher that has ever lived? How is it that these are so much the theme not only of the religious newspapers, and magazines, and reviews, and books issued from Methodist printing presses and the printing presses of other evangelical Churches, but of the secular histories and quarterlies of the times? How is it that there is, at this moment, a revival of thought on his life and work all over the world? How is it that so many, in other evangelical Churches, are emulating one another to do honour to his memory? How is it that even the skeptical historians of English thought and of English life—though they do not give to him the full place to which he is entitled—are yet assigning him,

with Mr. Buckle, the chiefest place among "theological statesmen," and, with them all, the highest rank among Church revivalists and reformers? And how is it that the Established Church of England, from whose pulpits he was so rudely shut out, is now, though late, claiming him as her own—as the one to whom she is most indebted for deliverance from rationalism and French infidelity on the one hand, and a lifeless formalism and an arrogant claim to Popish infallibility on the other?

Nor is all acknowledgment of England's indebtedness to the Wesleys a thing of such recent date. When the music of Charles Wesley, junior, like the effect of David's harp on King Saul, revived the spirit of King George III., the old king, laying a hand on one of the shoulders of the musician, said: "To your uncle, Mr. Wesley, and your father, and to George Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon, the Church in this realm is more indebted than to all others."

If the Bible is the inspired word of God; if God out of Christ is a consuming fire; if the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation; if, without faith in Christ as the only sacrifice of sin, no one can be delivered from its condemnation and guilt; if the blood of Christ alone can cleanse the defiled and polluted heart; if the fruits of the Spirit are the only sure evidence of acceptance with God, and holiness the only fitness for an inheritance with the sanctified; if Christ is judge of quick and dead; and if believers in Christ are rewarded with the crown of eternal life, and all unbelievers punished with the pains of eternal death—then an impress, greater than that made by any other Englishman, has Wesley made upon the Anglo-Saxon mind and heart. If it be a supreme work to revive a lifeless Church and awake it to its true mission on earth—then John Wesley must be regarded the greatest of English revivalists and reformers. And if, after death, to speak to millions of the English-speaking race, in the writings which one has left behind him, with the same authority with which his utterances in life were received by comparatively a few thousand, be any evidence that one has left an impress upon English thought—then John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, has exercised a more powerful influence upon true English thought than any other Englishman, living or dead. Finally, if John Wesley, claiming the world as his parish, with no spirit of a sectarian and with no thought of founding a Church, has founded a great Church which has been instrumental in winning more trophies to the Cross of Christ than any other—if he has infused his own apostolic spirit into the other evangelical Churches and made them better witnesses for Jesus and the resurrection—then John Wesley is not only "the greatest figure

who has appeared in the religious history of the world since the days of the Reformation," but since the days of the apostles. And such will be the deliberate judgment which the ages will pronounce upon the life and labours of John Wesley, "who devoted," says Lord Macaulay, "all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species."

"No one," says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, "so nearly approaches the fulness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the Early and Middle Ages as John Wesley. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine, with St. Vincent Ferrier and Savonarola, than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced."

THE BELLS OF EASTER MORNING.

SWEET bells that cry aloud : " Arisen !

Follow your Master to the skies ;

He broke the bars of every prison—

Glad hearts, arise ! "

Clearly they ring : " He lives forever—

Lift up your eyes, and have no fear ;

He leads—across the silent river

He brings heaven near. "

They swing, they chime : " Oh, see ! Remember !

Sorrow itself leads up to light,

As April follows on December,

Or morn on night. "

Thy clang, they clash : " Wake ! wake from slumber !

Joy flood thee with a fuller life,

'Twere vain thy past misdeeds to number ;

Cease now from strife. "

Softly they say : " Ye heavy-hearted,

Throw all your weary load away ;

He bore your burdens, and departed

To light your day. "

They swell, they peal : " Oh, blest is being !

He made the eye, He made the light ;

Trust Him who formed them both for seeing

To guide aright. "

They rise and fall : " O love eternal,

In which all human life is bound,

Stream down from azure skies supernal

The wide earth round. "

WESLEY AND HIS LITERATURE.*

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D., LL.D.

IN the various aspects of Wesley's many-sided life, his use of the press and his voluminous contributions to the literature of his age must not be forgotten. It should be premised that he was not by choice an author. The all-pervading consecration of his days to his life-work of evangelism prevented his adoption of literature as a profession, and deprived him both of the leisure and of the will to graduate among the prizemen of letters. All he wrote was subordinate to his supreme design, and not a little of it was wrung from him by the necessities, controversial or otherwise, which arose in the progress of his work. Still, impressed as he was that God had sent him upon a mission of testimony, and casting about for all possible means of usefulness, he could not overlook the press—that mighty agent which moulds, for weal or woe, so large a portion of mankind. It is not, therefore, surprising that he began early to write and to compile, in order that he might at once enlarge the constituency to whom he could speak about the things of God, and secure that permanent influence by which printing perpetuates mind, and by which the appeal or entreaty goes plaintively pleading on long after the living voice is hushed in the silence of the grave.

There was something in the state of things around him which operated as a constraint in this regard. England, in the reigns of the first two Georges, had fallen into a sad state of religious degeneracy. If it be true that the literature of any age is a mirror in which the spirit of the age is reflected, the image presented of the early Georgian era is not "beautiful exceedingly." Pope's pantheism divided the fashionable world with the bolder infidelity of Bolingbroke. The loose wit of Congreve was said to be the "only prop of the declining stage." Smollett and Fielding were the stars in the firmament of fiction; and of literary divines, the most conspicuous were Swift and Sterne. Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" about the same period, but his life was not equal to his poetry. He who sang with rapture of the glories of heaven had a passion for the amusements of earth, and he exhibited the "prose of piety," which he reprobates, by his undignified applications for preferment; applications so persistent as to elicit

* Abridged from a paper in Dr. J. O. A. Clark's "Wesley Memorial Volume."

from Archbishop Secker the rebuke that "his fortune and reputation raised him above the need of advancement, and his sentiments, surely, above any great desire for it."

The literature of the Churches, properly so called, was in some aspects equally degenerate. It was a literature of masculine thought, of consummate ability, of immense erudition, and of scholarly and critical taste. To this the names of Warburton, Jortin, Waterland, and especially Butler, bear sufficient witness. But while there was much light, there was little heat. Those were great hearts which were felt to throb in the works of Howe, of Barrow, and of the Puritans, but in their successors the heart element was largely wanting. Spiritual religion—the informing soul of Church literature—was hardly a matter of belief; indeed, in some cases it was a matter of derision. The doctrine of justification by faith, that *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, was caricatured as a doctrine against good works in not a few of the treatises of the time. Lower motives were appealed to by popular divines. "Obedience, moderation in amusements, prayer, resignation, and the love of God," were enforced in discourses preached in St. Paul's and in Oxford, "on the ground of the reasonableness on which they rest, and the advantages which they secure." Shaftesbury's "Virtue its own Reward" was thus echoed from metropolitan pulpits—"Virtue must be built upon interest, that is, our interest upon the whole." There was, indeed, a narrowing of theological thought until it was almost circumscribed by questions of evidence, and, as has been well said by Dr. Stoughton, "Miracles were appealed to as the seals of Christianity in the first century, but the work of the Holy Spirit on the souls of men in the eighteenth was pronounced an idle dream."

It may well be conceived that upon a fervent soul like Wesley's, just awakened to the importance of spiritual things, and longing to employ every available resource in his Master's service, the sense of the influence of the press, and the conviction that it was being abused, or at best worked for inferior uses, would be an obligation to labour for its rescue, and for its supreme devotion to the cause of Christ. The singleness of his aim in authorship is a marked characteristic. He wrote neither for fame nor for emolument, but solely to do good. The *rationale* of his life may be given in his own remarkable words: "To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf till, a few moments hence, no more seen, I drop into an unchangeable

eternity." Thus consecrated, he desired to attain and utilize all knowledge, and he adds, "what I thus learn, that I teach." The same spirit led him to be independent of any affectation, whether of subject or style; of set purpose he cultivated plainness, "using words easy to be understood." "If I observe any stiff expression I throw it out, neck and shoulders." "I could even now [in his old age] write as floridly and rhetorically as even the admired Dr. B——, but I dare not, because I seek the honour that cometh from God only. I dare no more write in a fine style than wear a fine coat. But were it otherwise—had I time to spare—I should still write just as I do."

Whether this estimate of his own power to rival Blair or Massillon be correct or not, the complete subordination of the scholar and the critic, of the man of culture and the man of taste, to the one purpose of extensive usefulness, cannot fail to win the admiration of right-thinking minds; displaying, as it does, a heroism of self-abnegation which could mark only one of the highest styles of men. The first time John Wesley ventured to print anything, in 1733, he published a "Collection of Forms of Prayer" for his pupils at the University, and for the poor who were visited by the early Methodists at Oxford. He wrote on, amid incessant toil and travels, well-nigh without an interval, for more than fifty years, making a recreation and a privilege of his labours, until, at eventide, almost with his dying breath, he lingered in the Beulah-land to express a desire "that his sermon on 'the Love of God' should be scattered abroad and given to everybody."

Few but those who have studied the matter have any idea either of the number or of the variety of Wesley's writings. To enumerate his works would be a tax even upon a book-worm's memory. Their titles would swell into a good-sized catalogue, and the variety of subjects touched upon in his original or selected volumes would almost suggest an encyclopædia. Reckoning his abridgments and compilations, more than two hundred volumes proceeded from his fertile pen. Grammars, exercises, dictionaries, compendiums, sermons and notes, a voluminous Christian library, and a miscellaneous monthly magazine, tracts, addresses, answers, apologies, works polemical, classical, poetic, scientific, political, were poured forth in astonishing succession, not in learned leisure, but in the midst of the busiest life of the age—for the industrious writer was an intrepid evangelist and a wise administrator, a sagacious counsellor and a loving friend; gave more advice than John Newton; wrote more letters than Horace Walpole; and managed, a wise and absolute ruler, the whole concern of a society which grew in his life-time to upwards of seventy thousand souls.

It is necessary, if we would rightly estimate Wesley's use of the press, to remind ourselves that he wrote under none of those advantages on which authors of note and name float themselves nowadays into renown. There was but a scanty literary appetite. The voracious love of books, which is characteristic of the present age, did not exist. Here and there were those prescient of its coming, who dreamed of a time when a cry should arise from the people, waxing louder and louder until it became as the plaint of a nation's prayer, "Give us knowledge, or we die." But these were the seers of their generation, and they were few. The masses had not awakened from the mental slumber of ages. The taste for reading had to be created and fed. Even if men had wished to make acquaintance with master-minds, their thoughts were only given forth in costly volumes beyond the means of the poor

Though there had been some improvement since those days of famine, when "a load of hay" was given "for a chapter in James," nothing, or but little, had been done to bring wholesome literature within the reach of the hamlet as well as of the hall. So far as we can ascertain, the *first* man to write for the million, and to publish so cheaply as to make his works accessible, was John Wesley. Those who rejoice in the cheap press, in the cheap serial, in the science-made-easy, which, if he so choose, keep the working-man of the present day abreast of the highest thought and culture of the age, ought never to forget the deep debt of obligation which is owed to him who first ventured into what was then a hazardous and unprofitable field. The man who climbs by a trodden road up the steep of Parnassus, or drinks of the waters of Helicon, will surely think gratefully of him whose toil made the climbing easy, and cleared the pathway to the spring. The harvest-man, who reaps amid the plenty and the singing, has not earned half the reward due to him who, alone, beneath the gray wintry sky, went out for the scattering of the seed. We claim for John Wesley, and that beyond gainsaying, the gratitude of all lovers of human progress, if only for his free and generous use of the press, for the loving purpose which prompted him to cheapen his wealth of brain that others might share it, and for the forecasting sagacity which led him to initiate a system of popular instruction which, with all their advantages and with all their boast, the present race of authors have scarcely been able to improve.

In noticing a little more in detail the nature of John Wesley's works we feel bewildered with their variety. He deals with almost every useful subject, and, considering his incessant public

labours, the wonder cannot be repressed that he wrote so much, and that he wrote, for the most part, so well.

His writing of *tracts*—short essays, narratives, letters or treatises, which could be read without much expenditure of time—was a favourite occupation with him.

In 1745, the year of the Stuart rebellion, he says: "We had within a short time given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people, and it pleased God thereby to provoke others to jealousy; insomuch that the Lord Mayor had ordered a large quantity of papers, dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed and distributed among the train-bands."

Wesley's preachers were furnished with these short, plain messengers of mercy, as part of the equipment with which their saddle-bags were stored. Regarding "a great book," as he quaintly said, as "a great evil," he used these "small arms" with great effect and perseverance throughout his unusually lengthened life. Everything he wrote was practical and timely. Particular classes were particularly addressed: A Word to a Drunkard, to a Sabbath-breaker, to a Swearer, to a Street-walker, to a Smuggler, to a Condemned Malefactor; A Word to a Freeholder, just before a General Election; Thoughts on the Earthquake at Lisbon. These show that, while his quiver was full, his arrows were not pointless, and they were "sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies" all over the land.

The circumstances under which some of the tracts were written invest them with much interest, while they illustrate the character of the man of one business, and show that one of his secrets of success was to be frugal of time as well as of words. He got wet through on a journey, and stayed at a halting-place to dry his clothes. "I took the opportunity," he says, "of writing A Word to a Freeholder." At an inn in Helvoetsluys, in Holland, detained by contrary winds, he took the opportunity of writing a sermon for the magazine. After a rough journey of ninety miles in one day, he required rest. "I rested, and transcribed the letter to Mr. Bailey." "The tide was in," in Wales, so that he could not pass over the sands. "I sat down in a little cottage for three or four hours, and translated 'Aldrich's Logic.'" These are but samples of his redemption of time for high practical uses, and of the conscientious generosity with which he crowded his moments for God's glory with works of usefulness and honour.

Of his poetical publications it is not needful to write at length. They have spoken their own eulogy, and are still speaking it, in so many thousand hearts, that they need no elaborate praise. John Wesley is not credited by his critics with much imagina-

tion, but he had that even balance of the faculties from which imagination cannot be absent, though it may be chastened and controlled by others. He was wise enough to know that "a verse may strike him who a sermon flies;" and that as a ballad is said to have sung a monarch out of three kingdoms, the power of spiritual song has often been of the essence of that "violence" which "the kingdom of heaven suffereth." Hence he began early to print collections of hymns (the earliest known having been compiled at Savannah, and published at Charleston, during his stormy residence in Georgia), and followed these, at intervals, by poetical publications for the space of fifty years. Wars, tumults, earthquakes, persecutions, birthdays, festivals, recreations, were all improved into verse.

Hymnology may be said almost to have had its rise, as a worthy provision for worship, with Watts and Wesley. Tate and Brady had been substituted for Sternhold and Hopkins, but with a vigorous church-life these faint and fading echoes of the strains of the Hebrew Psalmist were felt to be insufficient. Isaac Watts first realized the need, and did much to supply it. Then Charles Wesley was raised up, endowed with the poetic genius, and enlivened with a cheerful godliness which found themes for its loftiest exercise. The hymns of both, and all others that were deemed evangelical and worthy, were gathered by the taste and skill of John Wesley, and under his prudent censorship, into a series of hymn-books such as the Church of Christ had never seen before. The most covetous seeker after fame need covet nothing higher than to have sent forth lyrics like these, treasured in the hearts of multitudes as their happiest utterances of religious hope and joy, chasing anxiety from the brow of the troubled, giving glowing songs in the night of weeping, and, in the case of many, gasped out with the failing breath as the last enemy fled beaten from the field.

His homiletic writings, consisting of some hundred and forty sermons, were carefully revised and prepared for the press in some of those quiet retreats where, as it would seem, mainly for this purpose, he snatched a brief holiday from perpetual toil and travel. He regarded himself pre-eminently as a preacher: this was the work for which he was raised up of God, and to this all else was subordinated: but he wished a longer ministry than could be compassed in sixty years, and accordingly the truths which, when uttered on Kennington Common or in the Moorfields, had produced such marvellous effects, were revised and systematized, that they might preach in print to generations who lived too late to be subdued by the quiet earnestness of the speaker's voice. Wesley's

sermons may be said to have been the earliest published system of experimental religion. The press had been used largely for printing sermons before; critical light had been let in upon obscure passages of Scripture; scholarly essays abounded; homiletic literature was rich in funeral sermons, the improvement of passing incidents, and arguments for the external defence of the faith; but no such plain, clear, pungent, practical exhibition of the whole method of God's dealing with a sinner had ever enriched the literature of the English language. He was anointed to prophesy to a congregation of the dead, and he spake of the truths by which the dead can live, and spake with a prophet's singleness, self-unconsciousness and power.

His expository writings comprised "Notes" on the Old Testament and on the New. Not only did he study the means of the poor who could not purchase elaborate commentaries, and the lack of culture of those who were not able to understand them; he wrote briefly and suggestively, with an educational design. The notes on the New Testament were begun in the maturity of his powers, on the 6th January, 1754. His health had partially broken down under his exhausting labours, and he was ordered to the Hotwells, Clifton. There he began his work; a work which he says he should never have attempted if he had not been "so ill as to be unable to travel and preach, and yet so well as to be able to read and write."

Wesley used the press for educational purposes to a great extent. They utterly misconceive his character who suppose that he was an abettor or favourer of ignorance, or that he unduly depreciated the intellectual and unduly cultivated the emotional part of the nature. Few men in any age have done more for the mental emancipation of their fellows. He was systematically giving both secular and Sabbath-school instruction to children in Savannah when Robert Raikes was in his infancy. He had systematized education there before Bell and Lancaster were born. When his ministry was successful among the masses, if he found the people bores he did not leave them without the means of improvement, and was prodigal in his endeavours for their benefit. Wesley had not the large advantage which association affords to philanthropists. He was determined to send the school-master abroad, trusting that under the providence of God he would gather his own scholars. He *would* uplift the masses, though they themselves were inert, and even impatient of the experiment. Hence he prepared and published grammars in five languages, English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He printed, also, editions of the classics, which, as the "Excerpta ex

Ovidio," might be properly placed in the hands of ingenuous youth. He published "The Complete English Dictionary," which, in its way, is curious and valuable.

Besides these grammars and this dictionary, Wesley ventured into the domain of the historian. He wrote a short Roman history, and a concise history of England in four volumes. He had many qualities which fitted him for this particular work. A calm, judicial mind; a sensitive taste, which could separate, almost without an effort, the precious from the vile; a loyal love of constitutional government, as he understood it; and, above all, a reverent insight, which saw God moving in history to the working out of His own plans, whether by vessels of wrath or instruments of deliverance or mercy, are advantages not often found in combination in the same individual. Later in life he also published an ecclesiastical history on the basis of Mosheim, correcting what he deemed erroneous, and appending a "Short History of the People called Methodists." Natural philosophy and electricity also engaged his attention, and he tried to popularize them. Fragments on ethical and literary subjects, on memory, taste, genius, the power of music; remarks on recently published works, or works of standard interest, all tending to familiarize the masses with elevating and improving subjects, proceeded at intervals from his diligent hand. Indeed, it may be fearlessly affirmed that in the forefront of those who deserve to be remembered as the educators of the race, his name should be recorded—a brave pioneer, who ventured, axe in hand, to make a clearing in the forest, with no friends to cheer him on, and but for whose early and patient toil the highway to knowledge, upon which so many are easily and gladly walking, would have been delayed in its construction for years.

Connected with this use of the press for educational purposes ought to be mentioned the powerful aid which his writings afforded to the creation of a healthy public opinion on sanitary and social matters, and in reference to existing evils whose foulness was but half understood. While as a practical philanthropist he had no superior, dispensing food and help and medicine, caring for the outcasts who "sacrifice to gods which smite them;" while "Strangers' Friend Societies," dispensaries, and orphan houses grew up around him—the comely expressions of his goodness—he was directing, from his quiet study, the silent revolutions of opinion. His great warm heart beat tenderly for suffering humanity, and against every evil which degraded the body, or dwarfed the mind, or cursed the soul, he wrote with warmth and freedom. He pitied the harlot, and pleaded for the downtrodden

slave. He denounced, in ready and eloquent words, domestic slavery, cruel intemperance, and other social ulcers which eat out the vigour of national life. His political economy, if not philosophically sound, was practically uplifting and charitable. No regard for class interests was allowed to interfere with his one purpose of doing good and bettering the individual, the nation, and the world. For the healing of the sick he disregarded the prejudices of the faculty, and though wits make merry at his "Primitive Physic," no medical works of that day are more free from folly or empiricism. For the simplification of necessary legal documents he wrote so as to incur the wrath of the lawyers, whose "villainous tautology" moved his righteous anger; and in Church matters, he denounced pluralities and absenteeism as vigorously as the most trenchant Church reformer in the land. He cheered philanthropists, like Howard and Wilberforce, in their arduous work, and they blessed him for his loving words. There is scarcely an active form of charity now blessing mankind which he did not initiate or dream of; scarcely an acknowledged good which he did not strive to realize. In fact, he was far beyond his age, and his forecasting goodness projected itself, like a luminous shadow, upon the coming time.

Of Wesley's *polemical* writings it were not seemly, in an article like this, to speak at length. He was not naturally inclined to controversy, and personally was one of the most patient and forgiving of men. He framed his United Societies on the principle of comprehension: any could be Methodists who accepted the essentials of the Christian system, and lived godly and peaceable lives; and though he warred ceaselessly against sin, he was tolerant of intellectual error, except so far as it was connected with or tended to sin. In matters of mere opinion he displayed the broadest liberality, and avoided the too common mistake of making a man an offender for a word. In comparatively early life he records that he spent "near ten minutes in controversy, which is more than I have done in public for months, perhaps years, before." Later he says, "I preach eight hundred sermons a year, and, taking one year with another for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons upon the subject." The reference is to mere opinions.

The most voluminous controversy in which Wesley engaged was the Calvinistic one, in which the Hills and Toplady on the one hand, and Wesley and Fletcher on the other, were doughty combatants for a series of years. The good men who tilted at each other's shields, sometimes with rude assaults, have long since met in the land where they learn war no more, and have doubtless

seen eye to eye in the purged vision of the New Jerusalem. It were idle, nay cruel, to revive these controversies now. Wesley did not wrangle about trifles. "Religious liberty, human depravity, justification by faith, sanctification by the Holy Spirit, universal redemption"—these were the truths which he explained with convincing clearness, and defended with indomitable energy, and with a temper which, if not absolutely unruffled, rarely forgot the counsel, although terribly provoked to do so,—

"Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy."

A large portion of Wesley's contributions to the literature of his time consisted of his *abridgments* of the works of other men. These number one hundred and seventeen, inclusive of the Christian Library, which consists of fifty volumes. Perhaps a more unselfish boon was never given by any man in any land or age. It was a largess of intellectual and spiritual wealth flung royally out for the masses, without thought of personal gain or grudge of personal trouble. Wesley's purpose was to bring to the notice and within the reach of his Societies and others the best works of the best minds on the best subjects, that by the light of this sanctified intellect "sons might be as plants grown up in their youth, and daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." In this Christian Library the great Christian minds of the generations are brought together. Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp—St. Ambrose, Arndt and John Fox—Hall, Leighton, Patrick and Tillotson—are parts of the renowned company. South, Cave, Manton, Cudworth and Jeremy Taylor are in friendly companionship with Charnock, Howe, Flavel, Baxter and Owen. Brainerd and Janeway lay bare their spiritual experiences. Chief Justice Hale and Young are pressed into the service, and authors from foreign lands, such as Pascal, De Renty and Bengel, are naturalized for the same liberal and useful end. The experiment, as has been well said, "had never been attempted before, and has never been surpassed since."

His *miscellaneous* works were numerous, and so various as to defy classification. On whatever topic it seemed to him that the people needed guidance, he was ready to offer it; he provided for them instruction and counsel on the great problems of life and its more serious duties, and did not forget, either in his poetical selections or in "Henry, Earl of Morceland," to indulge them with morsels of lighter reading for their leisure hours.

All mention of the *Journals* has been reserved to the last. They must be studied by any who would see the man. They are

his unconscious autobiography. His versatility, his industry, his benevolence, his patience under insult, his indifference to human honour, his single-mindedness, his continual waiting upon Providence (which involved him in inconsistencies which he was not careful to reconcile, and which gloriously vindicate the disinterestedness of his life), his culture, his courtesy, his combination of the instincts of a gentleman with the blunt honesty of a son of toil, his true dignity, his womanly tenderness of feeling, his racy wit, his discriminating criticism, his power of speech, his power of silence, all the elements which go to make up the symmetry of a well-compacted character—if any want to find these, let them go, not to the pages of his biographers, who from various stand-points and with much acuteness, have told the story of his life, but let them gather what he was and what the world owes to him from these records, as he daily transcribed them, in which he has shown himself, as in a glass, with the self-consciousness and transparency which only the truly great can afford to feel. We need not anticipate the world's verdict. Men woke up to know that a prophet had been among them ere yet he had passed from their midst. A life of such singular blamelessness and of such singular devotion is a rich heritage for any people. He was not covetous of any fame but God's; but fame has come to him, notwithstanding, and sits upon his memory like a crown.

EASTER BELLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

RING, happy bells of Easter time,
 The world is glad to hear your chime;
 Across wide fields of melting snow
 The winds of summer softly blow,
 And birds and streams repeat the chime
 Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
 The world takes up your chant sublime,
 "The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
 Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
 We breathe the air of that blest clime
 At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
 Our happy hearts give back your chime!
 The Lord is risen! We die no more;
 He opens wide the heavenly door;
 He meets us, while to Him we climb
 At Easter time.

METHODISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THIS magnificent work has at length reached its conclusion. These eight volumes, averaging about 600 pages each, with copious notes, furnish, without doubt, the best apparatus for studying the historical and social condition of England during the important transition period of the eighteenth century. This is not a dry-as-dust chronicle of parliamentary proceedings, nor is it a mere drum-and-trumpet history. With the judicious exercise of the historical imagination the author makes the dead past live again; and with masterly skill he analyzes the causes and traces the courses of the great movements of the age. These volumes are of special interest to Methodist readers at this centennial of the death of John Wesley. For, pre-eminent among the events of the eighteenth century, Mr. Lecky recognizes as prominent the great religious revival of which the Wesleys and Whitefield were, under God, the chief instruments.

Lord Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Isaac Taylor, Robert Southey, and other able writers have also recognized this agency, but none so fully as Mr. Lecky.

That religious revival, which proved the great moral antiseptic to the social corruptions of England, he treats in one hundred and thirty closely-printed pages.

"Although the career," he says, "of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won under his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. The creation of a large, powerful, and active sect, extending over both hemispheres and numbering many millions of souls, was but one of its consequences. It also exercised a profound and lasting influence upon the spirit of the Established Church, upon the amount and distribution of the moral forces of the nation, and even upon the course of its political history."

* "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century." By William Edward Hartpool Lecky. 8 vols., crown, 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. \$2.25 per vol., or \$18.00 the set.

A book without an index is like a knife without a handle. That is not the case with this history. An ample index of one hundred pages enables one at once to follow any subject through the whole eight volumes.

Referring to that memorable evening when, while listening to Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans in the little Moravian assembly, Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed," and received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, our author remarks:

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place in that humble meeting in Aldergate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism."

We shall here make some copious quotations from Mr. Lecky's, *History*, in illustration of his insight into the spirit of Methodism, and of his recognition of its potent influence on the destiny of the English nation and of the world.

"The secret of the success of Methodism," says Mr. Lecky, "was that it satisfied some of the strongest and most enduring wants of our nature, which found no gratification in the popular theology, and revived a large class of religious doctrines which had been long almost wholly neglected." "The utter depravity of human nature," he adds, "the lost condition of every man who is born into the world, the vicarious atonement of Christ, the necessity to salvation of a new birth, of faith, of the constant and sustaining action of the Divine Spirit upon the believer's soul, are doctrines which, in the eyes of the modern evangelical, constitute at once the most vital and the most influential portions of Christianity; but they are doctrines which, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, were seldom heard from a Church of England pulpit. The moral essays, which were the prevailing fashion, however well suited they might be to cultivate the moral taste, or to supply rational motives to virtue, rarely awoke any strong emotions of hope, fear, or love, and were utterly incapable of transforming the character, and arresting and reclaiming the thoroughly depraved.

"The evangelical movement, which directly or indirectly originated with Wesley, produced a general revival of religious feeling, which has incalculably increased the efficiency of almost every religious body in the community, while at the same time it has seriously affected party politics. . . . The many great philanthropic efforts which arose, or at least derived their importance, from the evangelical movement, soon became prominent topics of parliamentary debate; but they were not the peculiar glory of any political party, and they formed a common ground on which many religious denominations could co-operate. . . .

"A tone of thought and feeling was introduced into European life which could only lead to anarchy, and at length to despotism, and was beyond all others fatal to that measured and ordered freedom which can alone endure. Its chief characteristics were, a hatred of well-constituted authority, an insatiable appetite for change, a habit of regarding rebellion as the normal as well as the noblest form of political self-sacrifice, a disdain of all compromise, a contempt for all tradition, a desire to level all ranks and subvert all establishments, a determination to seek progress, not by the slow and cautious amelioration of existing institutions, but, by sudden, violent, and revolu-

tionary change. Religion, property, civil authority, and domestic life, were all assailed; and doctrines incompatible with the very existence of government were embraced by multitudes with the fervour of a religion. England, on the whole, escaped the contagion. Many causes conspired to save her, but among them a prominent place must, I believe, be given to the new and vehement religious enthusiasm which was at that very time passing through the middle and lower classes of the people, which had enlisted in its service a large proportion of the wilder and more impetuous reformers, and which recoiled with horror from the anti-Christian tenets that were associated with the Revolution in France."

"But few thinkers," continues Mr. Lecky, "would now deny that these evils and dangers were greatly underrated by most of the economists of the last generation. The true greatness and welfare of nations depend mainly on the amount of moral force that is generated within them. Society never can continue in a state of tolerable security when there is no other bond of cohesion than a mere money tie; and it is idle to expect the different classes of the community to join in the self-sacrifice and enthusiasm of patriotism if all unselfish motives are excluded from their several relations. Every change of conditions which widens the chasm and impairs the sympathy between rich and poor cannot fail, however beneficial may be its other effects, to bring with it grave dangers to the State. It is incontestable, but the immense increase of manufacturing industry and of the manufacturing population has had this tendency; and it is, therefore, I conceive, peculiarly fortunate that it should have been preceded by a religious revival which opened a new spring of moral and religious energy among the poor, and at the same time gave a powerful impulse to the philanthropy of the rich.

"The chief and blessed triumphs of Methodism were the consolation it gave to men in the first agonies of bereavement, its support in the extremes of pain and sickness, and, above all, its stay in the hour of death. The doctrine of justification by faith which directs the wandering mind from all painful and perplexing retrospect, concentrates the imagination on one Sacred Figure, and persuades the sinner that the sins of a life have in a moment been effaced, has enabled thousands to encounter death with perfect calm, or even with vivid joy, and has consoled innumerable mourners at a time when all the common-places of philosophy would appear the idlest of sounds.

"This doctrine had fallen almost wholly into abeyance in England and had scarcely any place among realized convictions, when it was revived by the evangelical party. It is impossible to say how largely it has contributed to mitigate some of the most acute forms of human misery. Whatever may be thought of the truth of the doctrine, no man will question its power in the house of mourning and in the house of death. 'The world,' writes Wesley, 'may not like our Methodists and evangelical people, but the world cannot deny that they die well.'"

To a brief examination of the political and social condition of England in the eighteenth century, as described by Mr. Lecky, and the influence of Methodism in saving the nation, we will devote a few pages. The second half of that century was a

period of peculiar importance in the history of England and of Europe. The good king who, through two long generations, continued to sway the sceptre over the British Empire, was on the throne. For the first time since the restoration of Charles II. the nation was unanimous in loyalty to its sovereign.

In 1763 the war, wide-wasting, which had blazed around the world, gave place to the blessed calm of peace. But this peaceful calm was not long to endure. Already were gathering the clouds from which flashed forth again the lightnings of war. Britain was to lose, by the revolt of the American colonies, more than she had gained in those she wrested from the French.

Amid these absorbing public interests was planted in the United States and Canada the feeble germ of Methodism which to-day shakes like Lebanon, and covers the whole land with its shadow. Unnoticed among the great events which were then convulsing the world, it was, nevertheless, greater than them all in its hallowed influence on the souls of men.

The wonderful invention of Watt, the greatest of the eighteenth century, has more than realized the wildest legends of Aladdin's lamp and the magician's ring. Applied to the printing press, it has given wings to knowledge wherewith it may fly to the ends of the earth. To it Manchester and Leeds owe their enormous manufacture of textile fabrics. To it Sheffield and Birmingham are indebted for the fame of their cutlery among the Indians on the Peace River and the Negroes on the Senegal. To it the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow owe their vast docks, crowded with shipping from all quarters of the globe, and their huge warehouses, filled with the treasures of the Orient and the Occident. England, by means of its magnificent railway system, has become but a suburb, as it were, of its great metropolis. A journey to Land's End or to John o' Groat's House a hundred years ago was as difficult as one to St. Petersburg or to Constantinople is now.

Clive's great Indian victory was unknown at the Company's office, in Threadneedle Street, for many months after it was achieved. To-day an irruption of the hill tribes at Cashgar, or a revolt of the Mahrattas, throbs along the electric nerve over thousands of miles of land and under thousands of miles of roaring billows, and thrills the auditory nerve of the world from Calcutta to Vancouver. The people of Shetland were found praying for George III. when his successor had been a year on the throne. To-day the Queen's speech is hawked about the streets of Montreal and Chicago on the very day it wakes the applause of St. Stephen's Palace. We are disappointed if last evening's news from Bucharest and Vienna, from Paris and Berlin, with yesterday's

quotations from the Bourse of Frankfort and Hamburg, are not served with the coffee and toast at breakfast.

A century ago books and newspapers were the luxury of the few; they are now the necessity of all. Every department of literature has been wonderfully popularized. For this reason, with many others equally beneficial, the world is greatly indebted to Methodism. No man of his age did more than John Wesley to give a cheap literature, that characteristic of our times, to the people. He wrote himself one hundred and eighty-one different works, two-thirds of which sold for less than a shilling each. They comprised histories, dictionaries, and grammars of several languages, editions of the classics, and the like. He established the first religious magazine in England. His manly independence hastened the abolition of the literary patronage of titled know-nothings, and of obsequious dedications to the great. He appealed directly to the patronage of the people, and found *them* more munificent than Augustus or Mæcenæ, than Leo X. or Lorenzo il Magnifico. He anticipated Raikes by several years in the establishment of Sunday-schools. The Tract Society, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but carried out more fully plans of usefulness which he had inaugurated. In imitation of the Moravian Brethren, he also actively promoted the cause of Christian missions. But these were only the germs of those magnificent enterprises which, in our time, have brought forth such glorious fruit. The present century may be characterized as especially the age of missions. Never since the days of the apostles have men exhibited such tireless energy, such quenchless zeal in going forth to preach the Gospel to every creature. The miracle of Pentecost seems to be repeated, as by means of the various Bible Societies, men of every land can read in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Lecky paints the very deplorable condition of public and private morals during the early part of the century. The veteran premier, Walpole, unblushingly asserted the doctrine that every man has his price; and his conduct was conformable to his theory. Borough-mongering was openly practised, and places at court and in the Church, in the army and navy, were shamelessly bought and sold. It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a by-word. It was not even thought necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility," Charles

Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted to a majority of horse. The secret service estimates were enormous.

Few things are more painful to contemplate than the moral obtuseness of the Court of the early Georges. From the King to the lackey there seems to have been an almost entire absence of moral sense. The card table was the main resource from *ennui*. Faded dowagers sat late into the night playing the magic cards. The Newmarket races were the haunt of profligacy and dissipation. So also were the favourite resorts of Bath and Tunbridge Wells. Immense sums were lost and won in bets. The fashionable literature to be found in fine ladies' *boudoirs* was such as few now care to acknowledge having read. Intemperance was a prevailing vice. No class was free from its contamination; the ermine of the judge and the cassock of the priest were alike polluted by the degrading practice. The dissipation of the lower classes was almost incredible. Smollett tells us that over the spirit-vaults in the streets of London might frequently be seen the inscription: "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; straw (to sober off on) for nothing."

Profane swearing was awfully prevalent. The judge swore upon the bench, the lawyer swore in addressing the jury, the fine lady swore over her cards, and it is even said that those who wore the surplice swore over their wine. "The nation was clothed with cursing as with a garment." The profligacy of the soldiers and sailors was proverbial; the barrack-room and ship's fore-castle were scenes of grossest vice, for which the cruel floggings inflicted were an inefficient restraint. Robbers waylaid the traveller on Hounslow Heath, and footpads assailed him in the streets of London. The highways, even in the metropolis, were execrable, consisting of large round stone imbedded in a stratum of mud. Sedan chairs were the ordinary means of conveyance in the city. Goods were carried through the country on trains of pack-horses, or in waggons with enormous tires, from six to sixteen inches wide, and, unless accompanied by an escort, were frequently plundered. In the northern part of the island, rieving, raiding, and harrying cattle still often occurred. On the southwestern coast, before the Methodist revival, wrecking—that is, enticing ships upon the rocks by the exhibition of false signals—was a constant occurrence, and was frequently followed by the murder of the shipwrecked mariners. Although the mining population of the kingdom was greatly benefited by the labours of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, still their condition was deplorable. Many were in a condition of grossest ignorance, their

homes wretched hovels, their labour excessive and far more dangerous than now, their amusements brutalizing in their tendency. Even women and children underwent the drudgery of the mine. For no class of society has Methodism done more than for these.

The introduction of gas has greatly restricted midnight crime in the cities. A hundred years ago they were miserably dark, lit only by oil lamps hung across the streets. Link-boys offered to escort the traveller with torches. Riotous city "Mohawks" perambulated the streets at midnight, roaring drunken songs, assaulting belated passengers, and beating drowsy watchmen, who went their rounds with a "lanthorn" and duly announced the hour of the night—unless when they themselves were asleep. Bear and badger baiting was a favourite amusement, as were also pugilistic encounters. Even women, forgetting their natural pitifulness and modesty, fought half-naked in the ring.

One of the greatest evils of the time was the condition of the laws affecting marriage. Prior to 1754 a marriage could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. Such marriages fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. It was proved before Parliament that there had been 2954 Fleet marriages in four months. One of these Fleet parsons married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its acme in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married, says Lecky, in platoons. There was a story that once when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. "Never mind," said the parson, "you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards."

The state of religion previous to the Wesleyan revival was deplorable. Even of professed theologians, but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these bemoaned, with a feeling akin to that of Nehemiah and the exiled Jews, that the house of the Lord was laid waste. One of these, the venerable Archbishop Leighton, of pious memory, in pathetic terms laments over the national Church as "a fair carcase without spirit." A sneering skepticism pervaded the writings of Bolingbroke and Hobbes, of Hume and Gibbon. The principles of French philosophy were affecting English thought. In the universities a mediæval scholasticism prevailed. Even the candidates for holy orders were ignorant of

the Gospels. A hireling priesthood often dispensed the ordinances of the Church, attaching more importance to mere forms than to the spirit of the Gospel—to the wearing of a surplice than to the adorning of the inner man. Some of them were more at home at the races, at a cock-pit, at a hunting or a drinking party, than in their study or their closet. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no redeeming features to this dark picture. The names of Butler, Lowth, Watts and Doddridge would cast a lustre over any age. But they, alas, only made the surrounding darkness seem more dark.

At this time the Wesleys entered upon their sacred mission. They carried the tidings of salvation to regions where it was unknown before. Amid moor-fields, fair-grounds and coal-pits they boldly proclaimed their message. On the mountains of Wales, among the tin mines of Cornwall, on the chalk downs of Surrey, in the hop-fields of Kent, on the fen-lands of Lincolnshire, in the corn-fields of Huntingdon, on the wilds of Wiltshire, and among the lakes of Cumberland, they proclaimed the joyful tidings to assembled thousands. They adapted themselves to the capacity of miners and pitmen, of uncouth rustics and rude fishermen. They recognized in the ignorant and embruted the sublime dignity of manhood. With tireless energy they laboured on. From the ranks of those who were rescued from degradation and sin arose a noble band of fellow-workmen—earnest-souled and fiery-hearted men: men who feared not death or danger, the love of Christ constraining them. Nor was this new apostolate without confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death. They were stoned, they were beaten with cudgels, they were dragged through the kennels, and some died under their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even bishops, as Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective. But, like the rosemary and thyme, which, “the more they be incensed,” to use the words of Bacon, “the more they give forth their sweetest odours,” so those holy lives, under the heel of persecution, sent forth a sacred incense unto God, whose perfume is fragrant throughout the world to-day. Thus the influence spread till its great originator ceased at once to work and live. At that period this despised sect numbered in England 77,000, and in America 55,000 of people called Methodists.

The lofty and lowly were alike brought under the influence of divine truth. The trembling plumes of the weeping court-dame in the *salons* of the Countess of Huntingdon, equally with the tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of the Cornish miners, attested the power of the message. Whitefield especially gained

wonderful influence over many persons of noble rank. The wanton Duchess of Suffolk winced under his burning words, and thought them highly improper as applied to sinners of elevated position. "I shall not say to you what I shall say to others," said the patronizing popinjay, Chesterfield, "how much I approve you." Much the fiery preacher valued his "approval"—as much as Paul did that of Felix. Hume, though one of the coldest and most skeptical of men, said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. The philosopher, Franklin, as he tells us, listening to a charity sermon, resolved to give nothing; but under the power of the preacher's appeals he "emptied his pocket wholly in the collector's plate—gold, silver, and all."

This great movement was not without its alloy of human imperfection, to which Mr. Lecky, with honest criticism, refers. One manifestation of this was the unhappy controversy and temporary alienation that, fomented by over-zealous followers, took place between the leaders of the great revival. But they loved each other too well for permanent estrangement. Whitefield to the last spoke of Wesley with a touching affection. On one occasion, when a censorious Calvinist asked him whether he thought they would see John Wesley in heaven, "I fear not," said the great preacher, "he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that we shall hardly get a sight of him." He remembered him warmly in his will, and it was in obedience to the expressed wish of Whitefield that Wesley preached his funeral sermon.

IN THE HOPE OF RESURRECTION.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

I.

GLISTEN the marbles tall ;
 Blossoms the sweet white rose—
 When will God's angel call
 The dead from their long repose ?
 Morning climbs in the sky ;
 Thrushes are building nigh ;
 Silent the sleepers lie
 Under the bloom or snows.

Under the bloom and snows
 They wait 'neath the watchful skies.
 In the Day of the Lord, who rose
 From the grave, shall His saints
 arise.

II.

Earthward the marbles fall ;
 Withers the sweet white rose—
 When will God's angel call
 The dead from their long repose ?
 Suns dip low in the west ;
 Thrushes forsake their nest ;
 Silent the sleepers rest
 Under the bloom or snows.

Under the bloom and snows
 They wait 'neath the watchful skies.
 In the Day of the Lord, who rose
 From the grave, shall His saints
 arise.

SYMPOSIUM.

THE METHODIST CHURCH—HER WORK AND INFLUENCE.

BY THE REV. W. T. M'MULLEN, D.D.,

Ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

OUR privileged lot has fallen to us in times in which the people of God in all the Churches are drawing nearer to each other, and their mutual attraction for each other arises from their having more of the spirit of Christ in them, drawing them nearer to Himself as the centre and source of their life and unity. Nor is the spirit referred to limited to individual Christians; it is giving tone and tendency to the Churches also. A process of approximation has manifestly been at work.

Were I asked to cite particulars in illustration and proof of the opinion expressed, I would, without hesitation, point to the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches as examples, and assert that a process of assimilation to each other has been going on in both, in doctrine, polity and worship. The type and tone of the Presbyterian preaching on the Divine decrees, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man is not precisely what it was fifty or a hundred years ago. If asked to define the nature of the modification which has taken place, my reply would be that man's free agency and responsibility is emphasized more than formerly.

On the other hand, the teaching of the Methodist Church on the doctrines of grace has approximated more towards the type of Presbyterian belief. As regards public worship, the process of assimilation has been marked and rapid; so much so, that in respect of attitude, music, hymns and order of service, in town and city congregations, scarcely any difference is discernible.

In Church polity a similar process of assimilation has been at work as regards lay representation and other features of church government. Both Churches have been approximating each other, whether consciously or unconsciously, and to the advantage of each. The noble and generous efforts of the Methodist Church in respect of a liberal and efficient college training for her rising ministry reveal a determination to keep abreast with the culture and spirit of a rapidly advancing age. In the early history of Canada, when the country was new, population sparse and people poor, the Methodist Church, by her system of local preachers and itinerant ministry, did noble work in supplying the Gospel ordinances in the new settlements, and the work then done has redounded to her rapid growth, and won

for her a large measure of popular favour. The conditions have now changed, and she is adapting herself to the changed conditions.

The great service which she has rendered and the influence which she has exerted in the cause of a living Christianity in Canada is, I believe, largely due to the ceaseless and burning emphasis with which from all her pulpits she has proclaimed and insisted that true religion is a thing of the heart, the work of the Holy Spirit, a radical change of nature, a new birth, and not to be confounded with mere participation in any external rites, ordinances, or church connexion; and on this, as well as on many other grounds, evangelical sister Churches will rejoice with her in her centennial celebration.

METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

METHODISM was born, not like the Reformation Churches, of controversy and ecclesiastical conflict, but of spiritual resuscitation. It was in its origin not a revolt or a secession, but a revival. It was a revolt only against the scepticism, deadness and vice of the eighteenth century and against the torpor and corruption of the State Church. To an outside observer, while he appreciates its extraordinary strength, elasticity, power of growth, adaptation to the needs of the people, and combination of hierarchical force with democratic participation of all in Church work, its weakness seems to be that it strives to perpetuate the forms of enthusiasm which, when the revival is over, are apt to become hollow. Of course, Methodism could not secede from Anglicanism without casting off all that had been left of Rome in the Anglican system, in the shape of sacerdotalism and sacramentalism, at the time of the Reformation. It may in this respect be regarded as the last stage and the completion of the Reformation movement which had pursued its fitful course in England during several centuries. It is needless to tell Methodists that Wesley never intended secession, but continued to enjoin attendance at the services of the Church and to regard Methodist preaching and exercises as only supplementary, while his brother Charles remained an officiating clergyman of the Church of England. John Wesley even retained to the last a tincture of High Church asceticism, punctiliously keeping and enjoining the Friday fast. The secession was inevitable, it is true. The destinies of Methodism, as the

Church of the people, were too lofty to be permanently confined within the pale of the Tudor Establishment, while its enthusiasm could find no home in the abode of the "High and Dry" Anglicanism of that day.

A part, however, of Methodism remained in the Established Church and there, under the name of the Evangelical party, produced, besides a spiritual revival, great movements of social and philanthropic reform, as well as a memorable renewal of missionary effort. It gave birth to Cowper, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Simeon, Shaftesbury, and other men whose names are bright in the annals of religion and humanity. Though in the Establishment, the Evangelical party was scarcely of it. The Evangelicals kept up their connection with the Methodists and with other Nonconformist Churches through the Bible Society, which as a union of Churchmen with "Dissenters" was regarded with aversion by all High Churchmen. They may be said almost to have had an ecclesiastical organization of their own in the shape of the Board of Simeon Trustees. They remained for some time, as it were in an uncovenanted state, deemed half *hétérodox* and excluded from the highest preferments. It was long before they were considered eligible for bishoprics, and there was a general shudder among orthodox churchmen when Sumner, a very mild Evangelical, was promoted by Lord John Russell to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Thus excluded, or partly excluded, from the favour of the State, the Evangelical party retained some of the advantages of the Free Church, though it was not wholly free from social weaknesses which gave its opponents occasion for mockery, such as its tendency to secure the pulpits of the fashionable watering-places and the sort of following which fashionable watering-places produce. As a rule, the Evangelicals stood aloof from politics and political parties, deeming them too closely identified with this world. But in an evil hour for them, the wily Palmerston fixed his eye on the possibilities of the Evangelical vote. Lord Shaftesbury was connected by marriage with Palmerston, and with all his virtues he was not above the vanity of exercising power, while he, no doubt, persuaded himself that in exercising it he was using the opportunities given him by Providence for the good of the Church. Palmerston made Shaftesbury his Ecclesiastical Vicar-General, and allowed him, to the dismay of High Churchmen, to appoint a whole series of Evangelical bishops. The result was the corruption of the Evangelical party, which dishonoured itself and Christianity by voting with Palmerston for the infamous Lorcha War, and by adulating in language almost profane, a Prime Minister who was not more conspicuous for political sagacity than for pri-

vate vice and indifference to religion. The Evangelical party by its subservient alliances with Palmerston won promotion, but its spiritual dignity and influence were lost.

The Evangelical party has now been overpowered, and among the clergy almost thrust out of existence by the Anglo-Catholic reaction, the latest phase of which is Ritualism. Ritualism, however, besides the element of ecclesiastical reaction has in it an element of religious revival which may be traced originally through Evangelicism to Methodism. Newman was Secretary of the Bible Society at Oxford before he entered upon the course which led him to Tractarianism, and hence, by a process of transition logically inevitable, to Rome. Methodism, on the other hand, in common with all the Protestant Churches, is undergoing, to some extent, the influence of Ritualism. It has become æsthetic and taken to Church art, anthems, flowers. Wesley's "Foundery" has developed into the Metropolitan Church of Toronto, rivalling cathedrals in architectural magnificence. Methodists seem even to be giving Catholic names to their places of worship. Into High Church doctrines, Methodists are absolutely debarred from lapsing, since Methodism cannot lay claim to the fundamental basis of the High Church system, which is Apostolic Succession.

Though the Evangelical party proper, which was originally a wing of Methodism, can hardly be said any longer to exist, there is still in the Church of England, principally among the laity, a Low Church party, in doctrine akin to Methodism, as well as to the other Protestant Churches. This party has watched with sorrow and misgiving the progress of Ritualism, till now in Ritualistic "celebrations" nothing is wanting of the Mass except the bells and incense, while monasticism, vows of celibacy and poverty, the confessional, and the whole priestly system are restored without disguise. To combat the advance of Ritualism is for a body so loosely held together and so devoid of theological experts, as the Low Church party, very difficult, and at the same time extremely odious. The effort would make Church life a perpetual controversy and wrangle, to the ruin of charity and all the objects for which Christian Churches exist. The most practical, and at the same time the least acrimonious course open to Low Churchmen is to assert, as Dr. Wade has done, their connection with the other Protestant Churches. Their historical right to take that position can hardly be contested, and if contested can easily be made good. A Ritualist who asserts that the Church of England always held his doctrinal system and repudiated the communion of the Protestant Churches would lay himself open to swift and overwhelming confutation. In this

case there may be a union of Methodism with such representation as still exists of the wing which it left behind it in the Church of England. The uncontroversial and undogmatic character of Methodism to which reference has been made, as the consequence of its special origin, in contrast to that of other Reformed Churches, may render it a specially suitable instrument of reunion

WESLEY AND METHODISM—THEIR INFLUENCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN BURTON, M.A., B.D.

Pastor of Northern Congregational Church.

THE influences which mould societies and form character are at once so multiform and subtle as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to reduce to the rigidity of sentences what they are. Did the Reformation make Luther? or Luther the Reformation? The Evangelical revival of the last century in England, as through the age the eternal purpose ran, was it a wave of religious life on the crest of which the Wesleys were borne? or did John Wesley create the movement inseparable from his name? We leave the answers to the philosophers. Enough that the work was needed and the workmen were found to be ready. The Reformation and Luther are facts, so also are the Wesleys and Methodism. We can trace some of the results of each movement; our purpose is to treat briefly of the latter. This we shall endeavour from the standpoint of an English Nonconformist and a Canadian Christian.

When Methodism began "the preaching of the Gospel had disappeared, not by denial, but by lapse, from the majority of Anglican pulpits." Thus wrote Mr. Gladstone, in 1879, in a leading review. English Presbyterianism had practically fallen into an indifferent Unitarianism. Independence, under the ban of social ostracism and civil disabilities, lingered on in out-of-the-way alleys and forbidden conventicles, musing in bitterness of soul and grim submissiveness upon the mysterious decrees of Providence. And so it sang:

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

From Nonconformity, poor, crushed, chilled, little, humanly speaking, could be expected; the Established Church was the nation, and its religion was social respectability, conformity, salvation *en masse*, national worship in which the individual must be absorbed.

Earnest souls wanted more—a living Christ instead of a dead Church; and Wesley, with his coadjutors, voiced and responded to that want, moving the people as John the Baptist stirred the very souls of Sadducee and Pharisee to crowd to his baptism. Wrath to come was made very real to the individual soul, and Christ the Saviour made correspondingly the more precious. All reforms tend to onesidedness, and Methodism, in its intense individualism, lost sight largely of the oneness of the body of Christ; individual conversion and consecration, personal salvation were the burden of its preaching. Nevertheless, the class-meeting brought about fellowship, and its practical excommunication from the Church in which it had its birth gave, under the hand of its masterly organizer, John Wesley, coherence and unity. All classes felt the power, Nonconformity lifted up its head, Unitarianism melted before its glow, and the Anglican community was compelled to strive after at least a living respectability. The anti-slavery movement owed much of its vigour to the fire enkindled by Methodism, the poor had the Gospel preached to them, not from high pulpits of sacerdotal dignity, but from hearts aglow with holy zeal, and the Sunday-school was largely the result of the great Methodist revival.

Canada has great cause for being grateful to Methodism. Outside the centres of population, the earlier years of English-speaking settlement in the Old Canadas would have been, so far as the Gospel is concerned, almost a desolation, had it not been for the Methodist preacher. Possibly, the sturdy Scotch settler, with his Bible and Shorter Catechism, had a firmer and broader grasp upon the verities of Scripture than the average circuit and local preacher; but while he would instruct his children at the family hearth, the scattered souls were longing for the “assembling of themselves together.” Methodism made every school-house ring with the songs of salvation, and its protracted meetings stirred the entire community to a sense of responsibility before God. There was much that lay open to criticism in that old-time Methodism. Sometimes the Gospel was presented in what to us seem grotesque forms; but the Gospel was preached, and the terrors of the law urged as an incentive to that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. When an over-excited Methodist cried for the Holy Ghost to come down, “right straight down through the roof, and never mind the shingles,” there was, at least, a directness and a point which may well rebuke our cold indifference; and the vagaries of Scripture interpretation, by no means unfrequently heard, were nevertheless accompanied by definite denunciations of sins which went often home with irresistible power.

The sturdy temperance sentiment of our Canadian yeomanry, too, had its foundations laid chiefly by the Methodist pioneer.

Believing in the unity of the Church of Christ, and viewing its denominations all with a sympathetic eye, I prefer to view those denominations not as divisions but as distributions. Each has or had its distinct testimony to bear. Methodism brought *ferveur* into the entire community of the English-speaking world, and incalculable is the blessing thereby conferred. Is it a dream that the glad time is hastening on when the churchliness of the Anglican, the mental vigour of the Presbyterian, the sturdy freedom of the Independent, and the glow of the Methodist should so pervade all bodies that, like kindred drops of quicksilver touching each other, they shall spontaneously rush into one?

WESLEY AND METHODISM.

BY THE REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, M.A.,

Pastor of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

SUCH a career as John Wesley's offers profitable thought to mind and heart in its rich suggestiveness regarding God's ways in providence and grace. Of course, in such compass as necessarily restricts one writing in present circumstances, only a few things can be jotted down respecting the wonderful workings of God displayed in and through John Wesley.

Wesley possessed intense, yet well regulated individuality of character, suggesting important considerations regarding the influence of heredity. The truth that in religion, in the matter of our obligation to God, individualism holds a place superior to institutionalism must have had a latent attraction for Wesley from his very nature, when we consider the non-conforming attitude of both his paternal and maternal ancestors towards the Church. And yet his intense personality in a striking degree timed itself to the demands of a most rigorous method of carrying on his daily work. This orderliness of action in things devotional and practical is what we might expect from one connected by blood with Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

In these two strong features of his character—the centripetal and centrifugal forces—the love of order and also personal freedom, so rarely harmonized in the same person as in his case, we recognize a wonderful providence in the life and work of Wesley.

Wesley was always true to his light. That light in the days

of his Oxford Methodism was correct intellectual belief and exemplary devotion to rubrical appointments. Under the influence of William Law the centripetal element in his character was in danger of bringing his whole nature under the power of patristic traditionalism.

His contact with the Moravians delivered him from this snare by convincing him that religion was not a matter consisting in the outward observance of ceremonial enactments, but was primarily a concern of the heart. From that time the vital and the formal took their true place in the experiences and achievements of John Wesley, so that his faith became henceforth that of the dawning light which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Chancellor King's book on the Primitive Church convinced him that "bishop" and "presbyter" was one and the same office, and that he had Scriptural authority for ordaining men to the Christian ministry, which rendered his ordination of preachers to their work as truly valid as that performed by men affecting to have exclusive connection with apostolic authority. It is to be hoped that Wesley's example in this matter will be remembered by us all in efforts, however well-meant, put forth at the present time to secure larger organic union among Protestants, by attempting to impose upon us what he, and I trust all of us, despite plausible disguise, will not fail to see is a myth, namely, the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession." Wesley held in theory and practice the Presbyterian belief regarding the teaching of Scripture on the matter of ministerial ordination.

Whatever may be the doctrinal divergencies of Wesley from Presbyterian teaching, we rejoice to attest that in all the great principles of divine truth, Methodists and Presbyterians are *essentially* one. Wesley magnified as emphatically as we the sinfulness of sin, justification by faith through Christ alone, the necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit to begin and sustain the life of Christ in the soul; that religion must be an experience, a life, and not a barren orthodoxy or mere outward profession; and that holiness of character is the only true test of a man's being really in Christ. His diagnoses of Christian experience on such points as "perfection," and "falling from grace," are perhaps what we might anticipate from one called to do the specific work to which he was summoned. Upon others, rather than him, devolved the duty of stating and developing adequately theological truth.

No one man is equal to the task of attending to all sides of Christian work. He did what was given him to do with all his

might, and he did it wisely and well. If he has not exhibited the doctrine of "final perseverance" in his teaching to suit Presbyterian thinkers, he illustrated in most glorious fashion that truth in his life. Would that all, Methodists and Presbyterians alike, displayed in their conduct his noble fidelity to the Master unto the end. Making his realization in this respect ours, we can afford to shake hands over such doctrinal divergencies. Through Wesley, God redeemed Britain from heathenism in morals, and formalism in religion.

His life is an inspiration to us all—to mothers, to consecrate their children to the Lord, would they have for time as well as eternity "the work of their hands established upon them;" to individuals, by illustrating the far-reaching results of consecrated personal endeavour; and to the Church, the necessity of giving a foremost place to the obligation of every believer being called upon to testify, "I know that my Redeemer is mine and I am His," in order that she may be vital within and strong to go forth "to rescue the perishing." The touch of grace makes all Christians akin.

METHODISM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY HIS HONOUR SIR SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY, C.B., K.C.M.G.

I LEARN from your letter just to hand that you are issuing a special number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE, in commemoration of the two-fold centennial of the death of John Wesley and the introduction of Methodism into this country, and ask me for a brief opinion on the influence of "Wesley and Methodism in Canada."

You are, no doubt, aware that I am not a member of the Methodist Church, but it affords me great pleasure to bear testimony to the great work accomplished, especially in New Brunswick, my native Province, by the members of that Church, both clerical and lay, since its introduction here.

I need but to refer to its present position to prove how great these results have been. The large number of church members and attendants, the number of places of worship in the Province, some of them of the most spacious character and of the finest architectural design; the high standing of her educational institutions, the liberality and devotion of her members, all combine to establish the successful character of the work performed by her devoted ministers during the present century.

The spiritual results, great as they certainly have been, cannot be stated, but may be estimated in part by the visible results referred to. The Methodist Church has, in every respect, been one of the most successful in Canada.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN.

JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

BY THE HON. G. W. ALLAN, D.C.L.,

Chancellor of University of Trinity College and Speaker of the Dominion Senate.

YOUR letter dated January the 30th reached me this week, when I was unfortunately very much engaged, and was obliged to leave a good deal of correspondence unanswered. In any case, however, I am afraid it would be impossible for me to find time just now to deal with so large a subject as "the influence of John Wesley and Methodism in general," even if I felt myself competent (which I do not) to write upon a matter to which my reading or attention has never been specially directed. This much I may say, that I believe that John Wesley was raised up to do a great and glorious work for Christ, in rousing men from a state of religious torpor and apathy, which had more or less overspread England in those days, and that his ministrations and those of his immediate followers were singularly blessed to the souls of thousands. And as regards Methodism in Canada, I know that in many parts of Ontario, Methodist ministers were the pioneer messengers of the Gospel, and that but for them, many a backwoodsman in the early days of the country would never have been cheered by the ministrations of religion.

May I add further, that I believe John Wesley until the day of his death, considered that he was doing God's work *within* the Church of England, and not outside of it and I earnestly hope that in the good providence of God, some way may yet be found for reuniting us all—Methodist people and members of the Church of England—once more in one communion.

METHODISM IN CANADA.

BY REV. PROF. GREGG,

Knox College, Toronto.

HAVING given a good deal of attention to the history of the different Churches in Canada, and formed opinions respecting

them, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion in regard to the Methodist Churches, that they have been instrumental in doing a vast amount of good in many ways in this country. In the earlier part of the century, when religion was at a low ebb, their ministers, amidst many difficulties and hardships, were greatly honoured by God, not only in promoting spiritual life among their own people, but in stimulating the adherents of other Churches to greater Christian activity. The Methodists were long subjected to humiliating disabilities in regard to the celebration of marriages and the holding of land for church purposes, yet they remained patient, law-abiding, loyal citizens, and they have contributed their full share in bringing about, by constitutional means, the excellent system of government which Canadians now enjoy. When shut out from privileges which others enjoyed in colleges supported by public funds, they established colleges open to all, at their own expense. Half a century ago they were the smallest, but are now the most numerous of the three largest Protestant Churches. Formerly divided into several organizations, they now form one united Church in the Dominion of Canada. In missionary enterprise the Methodists have been particularly active. They have laboured long, earnestly and successfully for the instruction and conversion of the native Indians, and they are doing valuable service in the work of evangelizing the heathen in distant lands.

CANADIAN METHODISM.

BY THE HON. O. MOWAT,

Premier of the Province of Ontario.

IN consequence of my official and public engagements at the present time, it is impossible for me to prepare anything for your "Symposium" worthy of a place in it. Otherwise I should have been glad to write something by way of testifying my profound appreciation of the good done and doing in this Canada of ours by the various Methodist bodies now happily united. I do not know that I could express to you that appreciation more strongly than by saying I wish a union were practicable and at hand between the Methodists and Presbyterians (as has occasionally been suggested of late) by which these great branches of the Church of Christ should form one ecclesiastical body on the basis of mutual toleration and forbearance in regard to the doctrinal matters now in difference between them.

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE church at which Deacon Quickset worshipped was not large, nor was it ever well filled when prayer and experience were the only attractions. When Sam Kimper entered, however, the place seemed so immense and the throng so great that nothing but the bulk of the deacon, which had been prudently placed in the rear of the new convert, kept him from turning about and escaping into the darkness. Even when placed in a seat, the outer end of which was occupied by the deacon, the frightened man cast his eyes appealingly toward his keeper—for such was the relation he felt the deacon bore toward him. Finally he slipped slowly along the seat and whispered:

"Deacon, I can't speak; I can't think of a word to say. It's a shame to have a feller like me talkin' to good church members about what they know more about than him."

"You'll have to acknowledge Him before men, Samuel, if you expect Him to acknowledge you."

"Well, I hain't any objections to ownin' up to ev'rybody I know. Didn't I tell you an' the judge? Didn't I tell Nan an' the children? I ain't seen anybody else yet or I'd have told them, too. But I can't say nothin' to a crowd like this—I don't know how."

"He'll give you words, Samuel, if you've got the right heart in you."

"Is that a dead sure thing?"

"Certainly."

Further argument and protest were ended by the formal opening of the meeting. It appeared to the deacon that the first hymn was sung with more sound and spirit than was usual, and on looking around he saw the cause—it was literally a "packed house"—the first one the church had ever known on a prayer-meeting night. The deacon immediately let his own voice out a little more, for he felt personally complimented by the large attendance. He had told a number of persons of Sam's conversion and of his own intention to have the man "put himself on record" before a number of witnesses; evidently this word had gone about and caused the great gathering.

Prayers, hymns, short speeches and confessions succeeded one another for a little while, and the deacon, glancing aside frequently, saw his charge look more and more uncomfortable, helpless and insignificant as the exercises continued. This would not do; should the fellow become thoroughly frightened he might not be able to say anything; this would be disappointing to the assemblage and somewhat humiliating to him who had announced the special attraction of the evening. Sam's opportunity must come at once; he, the deacon, did not doubt that his

own long experience in introducing people to the public in his capacity as chairman of the local lecture committee, would enable him to present Sam in a manner which would strengthen the weak knees and lift up the feeble heart.

"Brethren," said the deacon, arising during the closing cadence of a hymn, "the consolations of our blessed religion often reach a man in most unexpected ways, and we have among us to-night a living example of it. One of our fellow-citizens who left us, against his will, I may say, about two years ago, found the pearl of great price in the cell of a prison. He has come here to-night to testify to the hope that is within him. He feels that he is weak and halting of speech, but, blessed be the spirit of our Master, that makes all of us brothers, it does not take eloquence or superfluity of words to let out anything that the heart is full of. I ask the attention and sympathy of all present for our brother, Samuel Kimper."

As the deacon sat down he put his powerful arm under* the shoulder of his companion, and Sam Kimper found himself upon his feet. The frightened man looked down at the cushion of the seat in front of him; then he tried to look around, but there was so much hard curiosity in each face upon which his eyes fell that he speedily looked down again, and leaned heavily upon the back of the bench upon which his hands rested. Finally he cleared his throat, and said: "Ladies an' gentlemen, I've been in States prison nearly two year—I deserved it. Lots of folks talked kind to me before I went; some of 'em's here to-night, an' I thank 'em for what they done. A good many of 'em talked religion to me, but the more they talked the less I understood 'em. I guess 'twas my fault; I never had much headpiece, while some of 'em had. But when I was in the prison a man come along that talked to me about Jesus like I never was talked to before. Somehow I could understand what he was drivin' at. He made me feel that I had a Eriend that I could foller, even if I didn't keep up with Him all the time, owin' to things in the road that I hadn't knowed about. He told me if I'd believe in Jesus I'd pull through in the course of time. I've been tryin' to do it, an' while I was in the gaol I got lots of new idees of how I ort to behave myself, all from a little book that man left me, that didn't have nothin' in it but Jesus' own words. I'm a-goin' to keep on at it, an' if I can't live that way, I'm goin' to die a-tryin'. I believe that's all I've got to say, ladies an' gentlemen."

There was an awkward silence for a moment after Sam sat down. The minister in charge of the meeting said afterward that the remarks were not exactly what he had expected, and he did not know, at such short notice, how to answer them. Suddenly a hymn was started by a voice which every one knew, though they seldom heard it in prayer-meeting. It belonged to Judge Prency's wife, who had been for years the mainstay of every musical entertainment which had been dependent upon local talent. The hymn began:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

and the assemblage sang it with great force and spirit. The meeting was closed soon afterward, and as Sam, in spite of an occasional kind greeting, was endeavouring to escape from the hard stare of curious eyes, Mrs. Judge Prency, who was the handsomest and most distinguished woman in the village, stopped him, grasped his hand, and said: "Mr. Kimper, you gave the most sensible speech I ever heard in an experience meeting. I'm going to believe in you thoroughly."

Deacon Quickset, who was closely following his new charge, listened with fixed countenance to the lady's remark. He followed Sam from the church, snatched him away from the wife, who had joined him, and said: "Samuel, that experience of yours rather disappointed me. It wasn't all there. There was something left out—a good deal left out."

"I guess not, deacon; I said all I knowed."

"Then you ought to know a good deal more. You've only got at the beginning of things. No church'll take you into membership if you don't believe more than that."

"Maybe I'll know it, in the course of time, deacon, if I keep on a-learnin'."

"Maybe you will if you do keep on. But you didn't say anything about your hope of salvation, nor the atonement, nor your being nothing through your own strength."

"I couldn't say it if I didn't know about it," Sam replied. "All my troubles an' wrong-doin's have come of not livin' right, so right livin' is all I've had time to think about an' study up."

"You need to think about dying as well as living," said the deacon.

"Him that took care of another that was dyin' 'll take care of me if I get in that fix, if I hang on to Him tight."

"Not unless you hang on in the right way," said the deacon. "You must believe what all Christians believe, if you want to be saved. You don't feel that you are prepared to die, do you?"

"I felt it a good many times, deacon, when I was in that gaol, and sometimes I half wished I could die right away."

"Pshaw!" muttered the deacon, "you don't understand. You're groping in darkness—you don't understand."

"That's so, deacon, if you mean I don't understand what you're drivin' at."

"Don't you feel Christ in you the hope of glory?"

"I don't know what you mean, deacon."

"Don't you feel that a sacrifice has been made to atone for your sins?"

"I can't follow you, deacon."

"I thought not. You haven't got things right at all. You haven't been converted; that's what's the matter with you."

"Do you mean, deacon," said Sam, after a moment, "that what I'm believin' about Jesus is all wrong, an' there ain't nothin' in it?"

"Why, no; I can't say that," the deacon replied; "but you've begun wrong end first. What a sinner needs most of all is to know about his hereafter."

"It's what's goin' on now, from day to day, that weighs hardest on me, deacon. There's nothin' hard about dyin'; leastways, you'd think so if you was built like me, an' felt like I have to feel sometimes."

"You're all wrong," said the deacon. "If you can't understand these things for yourself, you ought to take the word of wiser men for it."

"S'posin' I was to do that about ev'rythin', then, when Judge Prency, who's a square man an' a good deal smarter than I be, talks politics to me, I ought to be a Republican instead of a Jackson Democrat."

"No," said the deacon sharply, for he was a Jackson Democrat himself. "I'll have to talk more to you about this, Samuel. Good-night."

"Good-night, deacon."

"He knows more'n you do about religion," said Mrs. Kimper, who had followed closely behind, and who rejoined her husband as soon as the deacon departed.

"He ought to, seein' his headpiece an' chances, an' yet I've heerd some pooty hard things said about him."

When the couple reached home, Sam looked at the heap of straw and rags on which his children should have been sleeping, but which was without occupant except the baby. Then, by the light of the coals still remaining in the fireplace, he looked through some leaves of the little book which the prison visitor had given him. When he arose from the floor, he said to himself: "I'll stick to Him yet, deacon or no deacon—stick to Him to the end."

CHAPTER V.

Sam Kimper spent several days in looking about his native town for work. He found many sympathetic assurances, some promises, and no work at all. Everybody explained to everybody else that they were sorry for the poor wretch, but they couldn't afford to have a gaol-bird around.

Meanwhile, Sam's stock of money, accumulated by overwork in the State prison and augmented by Judge Prency's present, was running low. He kept down his family expenses as much as possible, buying only the plainest of food material, and hesitating long to break a note, though it were only of the denomination of one dollar. Nevertheless the little wad of paper money in his pocket grew noticeably thinner to his touch.

His efforts to save the little he had in his possession were not assisted by his family. His wife, thanks, and perhaps blame, to the wifely sense of dependence upon her husband, had fallen back upon him entirely after what he had said about his intention as to the future of the family; and she not only accepted his assurances as bearing upon the material requirements of several mouths from day to day, but she also built some air-castles which

he was under the unpleasant necessity of knocking down. The poor woman was not to blame. She never had seen a ten-dollar note since the day of her marriage, when, in a spasm of drunken enthusiasm, her husband gave a ten-dollar treasury note to the clergyman who officiated on that joyous occasion.

One evening Sam took his small change from the pocket to give his son Tommy money enough to buy a half-bushel of cornmeal in the village. As he held a few pieces of silver in one hand, touching them rapidly with the forefinger of the other, his son Tom exclaimed:

"You're just overloaded with money, old man! Say, gi' me a quarter to go to the ball game with? I'm in trainin', kind o' like, and I ain't afeared to say that mebbe I turn out a first-class pitcher one of these days."

"Tom," said his father, trying to straighten his feeble frame, as his eyes brightened a little, "I wish I could; I'd like you to go into anything that makes muscle. But I can't afford it. You know I'm not workin' yet, an' until I do work the only hope of this family is in the little bit of money I've got in my pocket."

"Well," said Tom, thrusting out his lower lip, slouching across the room and returning again, "I don't think a quarter's enough to trouble anybody's mind about what will happen to his family afterwards. I've heard a good deal from mother about you bein' converted and changin' into a different sort of a man, but I don't think much of any kind o' converted dad that don't care enough for his boy to give him a quarter to go to a ball game."

"Food before fun, Tom," said the father resolutely, closing his hand upon such remaining silver as he had, and then thrusting the fistful into his pocket—"food before fun. Ball isn't business to this family just now, and money means business ev'ry time. When I was away and couldn't help it, things mebbe didn't go as they ort to have gone, but now that I'm back again there sha'n't be any trouble if I know how to stand in the way of it."

This expression of principle and opinion did not seem to favourably impress the eldest member of the second generation. Master Tom thrust out his lower lip again, glared at his father, took his hat, and abruptly departed. There was no dinner at the Kimper table that day, except for such members of the family as could endure slices of cold boiled pork with very little lean to it. Late in the afternoon, however, Tom returned with an air of bravado, indulged in a number of reminiscences of the ball game, and at last asked why supper was not ready.

"Tom," said the father, "why didn't you come back to-day with what I gave you money to buy?"

"Well," said the young man, dipping his spoon deeply into a mixture of hasty pudding, milk and molasses, "I met some of the boys in the street, an' they told me about the game, an' it seemed to me that I wouldn't 'pear half a man to 'em if I didn't go 'long, so I made up my mind that you and the mother would get along some way, an' I went anyhow. From what's in front o' me I guess you got along, didn't you?"

"Tom," said the father, leaving his seat at the table and going round to his son's chair, on the top bar of which he leaned—"Tom, of course, we got along; there'll be somethin' to eat here every day just as long as I have any money or can get any work. But, Tom, you're pretty well grown up now; you're almost a man; I s'pose the fellers in town think you are a man, don't they? An' you think you're one yourself, too, don't you?"

The young man's face brightened, and he engulfed several spoonfuls of the evening meal before he replied: "Well, I guess I am somebody, now'days. The time you was in gaol I thought the family had a mighty slim chance o' countin', but I tumbled into base-ball, and I was pretty strong in my arms and pretty spry on my feet, and little by little I kind o' came to give the family a standin'."

"I s'pose that's all right," said the father; "but I want you to understan' one thing, an' understan' it so plain that you can't ever make any mistake about it afterwards. When I put any money into your hands to be used for anythin', it don't matter what, you must spend it for that, or you must get an awful thrashin' when come back home again. Do you understan' me?"

The feeding motions of the eldest member of the Kimper collection of children stopped for an instant, and Master Tom leered at his father, as he said: "Who's goin' to give the thrashin'?"

"I am, Tom—your father is, and don't make any mistake about it. He'll do it, good an' brown, too, if he's to die used up right away afterwards. This family is goin' to be decent from this time on—there ain't to be no more thieves in it, an' any member of it that tries to make it diff'rent is goin' to feel so bad that he'll wish he'd never been born. Do you understan'? Don't you go thinkin' I'm ugly; I'm only talkin' sense."

The cub of the family looked upward at his father from the corners of his eyes, and then he clenched his fists and turned slightly in the chair. Before he could do more his parent had him by both shoulders, had shaken him out of the chair, and was leaning upon him with both knees.

"Tom," said Sam to his astonished son, "you was the first young one I ever had, an' I'd give away my right hand rather than have any real harm come to you, but you've got to mind me now, and you've got to do it until you're of age, and if you don't promise to do it now right straight along from this time forth, I'll give you the thrashin' now. That ain't all, either; you've got to be man enough to stand by your dad, an' say somethin' to the fellers, an' explain that you're goin' to stop bein' a town loafer, and goin' into decent ways."

Tom was so astonished by this demonstration of spirit that he made all the desired promises at once, and was released.

—WHAT is less difficult to awaken than a self-love which has grown drowsy? What more difficult to lull to sleep again than a self-love once awakened?

Current Topics and Events.

OUR CENTENNIAL NUMBER.

WE greatly abridge any editorial remarks of our own on this number in view of the many contributions from the ablest pens in recent Methodism and the generous tribute of writers outside of Methodism on the character and work of John Wesley and his moral influence on mankind. The Wesleys in a special sense belong not so much to the Methodist Church as to Christendom. As Prof. Goldwin Smith has well remarked, "Methodism arose, not from controversy, like many other Churches, but as the outcome of a religious revival." This has communicated its influence to all the Churches, and by this fact it is allied to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

We are glad, therefore, to present tributes from leaders of thought in the other Churches of this land. We have also been kindly promised expressions of opinion on the influence of Wesley and Methodism in general and on Canada in particular, from Rev. Dr. Sheraton, of Wycliffe College; Dr. Newman, of McMaster University; Mr. James Croil, Editor of *Presbyterian Record*; and we expect also contributions from Prof. Clark, of Trinity College; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. Dr. MacVicar, Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal; Rev. Dr. Wells, American Presbyterian Church, Montreal; Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., and other prominent persons.

We believe that this symposium will be greatly beneficial in knitting bonds of sympathy and fellowship and good-will with other Churches of this land with which we desire to be co-workers in every Christian endeavour. The April number of this MAGAZINE will give a special prominence to the centennial of Canadian Methodism, as this gives prominence to the centennial of the death of John Wesley. The Rev. E. A.

Baker, B.D., has written a paper on a visit to Epworth Rectory, which we regret is too late for this issue. We have had engraved from a drawing made especially for this MAGAZINE an excellent picture of the old Blue Church near Prescott, and of the grave of Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada, as she has well been called. Other articles of permanent interest in connection with this current celebration will also be found in that number. We solicit the hearty co-operation of every loyal lover of Methodism in making this centennial a pronounced success.

The Rev. Dr. Potts writes: "I fear that the young people of Canadian Methodism do not know as much of the life and work of John Wesley as they should, nor of the position, extent and influence of their own Church.

"I write, indulging the hope that you will call the attention of Sunday-school superintendents and Epworth League officers to the important duty of making suitable arrangements to honour the event, and to impress the youth of our Church with the importance of studying the life of Wesley and the history of Methodism."

We hope that the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Potts in his letter, given above, will be very widely adopted in all our churches, Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues and Young People's Associations, if not on the 2nd of March at least soon after that event.

In Toronto great mass-meetings are arranged to be held, and we expect that similar meetings will be held elsewhere throughout the country. It will be for our young friends an event of their life-time; the only centennial of the sort they can ever attend, and one on which they may look back with life-long pleasure. It is hoped that it will awaken an

interest in the providential mission and heroic traditions of Methodism, both in the land of its origin and in our own country, that shall create a much more profound and intelligent sympathy in their hearts for the Church of their fathers than they ever had before.

A great wave of influence is sweeping over the continent and around the world in connection with this movement. In Chicago there is to be a monster meeting in the new auditorium, which holds 8,000 persons. In New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and other great cities, similar meetings will be held. It will be a demonstration of the solidarity and brotherhood and enthusiasm of Methodism, we believe, such as the world has never seen. Let us, as Canadians, do our part towards making it in our own country a great and unique success. "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."—*Joel* i. 3.

PRIZE ESSAYS ON METHODISM.

We are authorized to announce the following prizes for the six best essays on "The Influence of Methodism, especially in Canada." The essays must contain between 1,500 and 2,000 words, and must be written by Methodist Sunday-school scholars or teachers of either sex, in Canada, Newfoundland, or Bermuda, under twenty-one years of age. They must be sent to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, before the first of May, with certificate of the Methodist minister superintendent on the circuit, station or mission, as to the age and Sunday-school relationship of the writer. The essays are not expected to give a history of Methodism; but to give re-

flections on its influence, religiously, socially, educationally, and otherwise. The prizes will be as follows: First prize, \$30; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$20; fourth prize, \$15; fifth prize, \$10; sixth prize, \$5.

Essays must be written on one side of paper only, and must be folded, not rolled.

The pages must be numbered and fastened together at upper left-hand corner, and must be legibly signed with the name and address of writer.

Awards will be given by first of June. All prize essays will be the property of the committee. Competitors must take copies, as the essays cannot be returned.

The Rev. John Philp, M.A., the Rev. William Galbraith, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., and Rev. George Bishop will act as adjudicators.

The best sources of information will be the "Centennial Volume on Canadian Methodism," now in press, and the numbers of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* for January, February and March; price fifty cents for the three. The price of Centennial Volume will soon be announced. These may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Please do not write for any additional information. The above contains all that can be given. Names of donors will be given later.

W. H. WITHROW,
Sec. of Committee.

We have prepared a beautiful form of programme, containing portraits of John Wesley, Susanna Wesley, and a picture of the Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey, with space for local programme. This will be furnished, \$2.50 for 100; \$3.75 for 500; \$5 per 1,000, with any local programme inserted on one of the pages.

O BREATH from out the Eternal Silence! blow
Softly upon our spirits' barren ground!

The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence, may abound.
G. Tersteegen.

Book Notices.

Our Old Home. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with passages from the author's note-book, and illustrated with photogravures. Two volumes; pp. 594. New edition. New York and Boston: Houghton & Mifflin. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$4.00.

Hawthorne has been well called "the prose poet of Puritanism." His poetic feeling is seen in everything he touches. It finds, especially, ample scope in his account of his social and historical studies over the sea in that dear old land which so many of the best sons of New England affectionately style, in the words of our author, "our old home." Upon Canadian readers the book has a special claim. No one has brought in more marked degree the "seeing eye" and the sympathetic soul to the study of the Old Land than has Hawthorne; and none, we think, have better interpreted its thousand suggestions, tenderly sympathetic or broadly humorous, than Mr. Hawthorne. Of the humorous there is, indeed, more than we would expect in an author of so sombre a genius. The accounts of the Yankee abroad and of the English dowager are saturated with fun. For the latter *jeu d'esprit* it is said that he paid the penalty of ostracism in certain social circles.

Among the topics on which the genial prose poet discursively sketches and amuses are "Leamington," "About Warwick," "Recollections of a Gifted Woman—Delia Bacon," "Lichfield and its Memories," "Old St. Botolph's Town," which has so many vital connections with its New England namesake, "Around Oxford," "Up the Thames," "Haunts of Burns," "A London Suburb," "English Poverty and Civic Banquets." One of the most charming embellishments of the book is its series of fine photogravures. Most of these succeed in interpreting the deep shades and

high lights of the photograph, the softened gradations of middle distance and back-ground, in a real work of art. The very texture of the bark and of the leaves of the trees, or stone and wood, can be discerned. The softness of the mossy woods, of the ivied walls and green shaven sward, and the cloud effects, and the architectural details, as of St. Paul's, are wonderfully given, and would bear study under a glass. It reminds one of Hamlet's expression, "Seems, madam! Nay, it *is*!" A fine etched portrait of the author is added. The quaint binding and title page of the book, and its general old-style, make it a very attractive present for all the year round.

Grammar of Painting and Engraving. From the French of Charles Blanc's *Grammaires des Arts du Dessin*. By KATE NEWELL DOGGETT. With the original illustrations. 8vo, pp. xx. 330. Chicago, Ill.: G. C. Griggs & Co.

The taste for art is becoming more and more widely diffused. People buy pictures and visit art exhibitions more than ever, yet the facilities for understanding art are still comparatively limited. Hence people often buy and admire atrociously bad pictures. The present volume is well called an art grammar, as it points out the principles which underlie the arts of design. Its purpose is "to place in the hands of those who are groping for reasons for the love they feel for the beautiful a book that should teach them the principles that underlie all works of art; a book not voluminous enough to alarm, plain and lucid enough to instruct, and sufficiently elevated in style to entertain." Charles Blanc certainly *knows* of what he writes. He has a Frenchman's artistic feelings and intuitions, and a Frenchman's facility of expressing in lucid brilliance what he means. To know how to judge a picture, a statue, a noble

building, would greatly enhance the pleasure of life. It would ennoble the taste, and often, too, prevent enormous waste in the purchase of faulty pictures and the erection of viciously constructed buildings. Many of the public buildings of Great Britain, the United States and Canada are a crime against good taste.

This book is not designed to be of service only to the professional, or even amateur, but to the general reader. While the French excel in artistic technique, they often fail in the moral significance of art. Our author endeavours to point out this moral element in art, without which it fails of its noblest purpose. He treats also of the many methods of popularizing art by its reproduction by means of engraving on wood, copper, steel, and stone, etching, mezzo-tint, aqua-tint, etc. The subject under treatment is illustrated by over forty engravings, some of them of the *chef d'œuvres* of art by the great masters. In discussing these and other great paintings, the merits and demerits of the composition and arrangement are pointed out, and thus one is taught himself to judge and criticise as well as to enjoy art.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated by E. H. Garrett. New York and Boston: Houghton and Mifflin. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

In our judgment, "Sir Launfal" is Lowell's most charming and characteristic poem. It is a beautiful interpretation of the legend of the Holy Grail, first published long before Tennyson wrote his noble Arthurian cycle. Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, rides forth from his castle "to seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

"He was 'ware of a leper that crouched by the gate,
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"After painful travel and doughty
gests
The war-worn knight returned from
the weary quest,

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy
Grail."

Again the leper asked for alms.

"Sir Launfal sees nought save the
gruesome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd
bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as
lone
And white as the ice-isles of northern
seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.'

Then Sir Launfal

"Gave to the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown
bread;
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl;
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the
leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his
thirsty soul,
And the voice that was calmer than
silence said:
'Lo, it is I; be not afraid.
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy
Grail.
Behold, it is here! This cup, which
thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but
now,
This crust is my body, broken for thee;
This water, His blood, that died on the
tree.'
The holy supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's
need."

A portrait of the poet in his youth, a number of exquisite etchings and photogravures from water-colour sketches, and a dainty crimson and white binding, make up a charming little volume.

The Miracles of Our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated. By W. L. TAYLOR, B.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. vi. 449. New York: A. C. Armstrong. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal, Toronto and Halifax. Price \$1.75.

The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle is one of the brightest lights in the American pulpit. At least, three previous volumes of sermons have been received with great favour. The present volume forms an admir-

able companion work to his "Parables of our Saviour," which has reached a fourth edition. Dr. Taylor has a keen spiritual insight into the very heart of the teachings of our Lord, both in parable and miracle, and has a rare expository skill in giving point and application to these teachings. The work is not so much apologetic as practical, and the preacher's purpose is to turn these Biblical subjects to the best account for meeting the necessities of modern life.

An introductory chapter discusses succinctly the apologetic aspect of miracles. The remainder of the work is devoted to their practical lessons. The lucid and picturesque style and moral earnestness of the writer will make this book, we predict, not less successful than his previous volumes. We do not know that we can quite agree with Dr. Taylor's views on the subject of the miracle at Cana of Galilee. Eminent writers take opposite views as to the character of the wine made by our Lord. But Dr. Taylor is none the less a valiant soldier on the side of temperance reform.

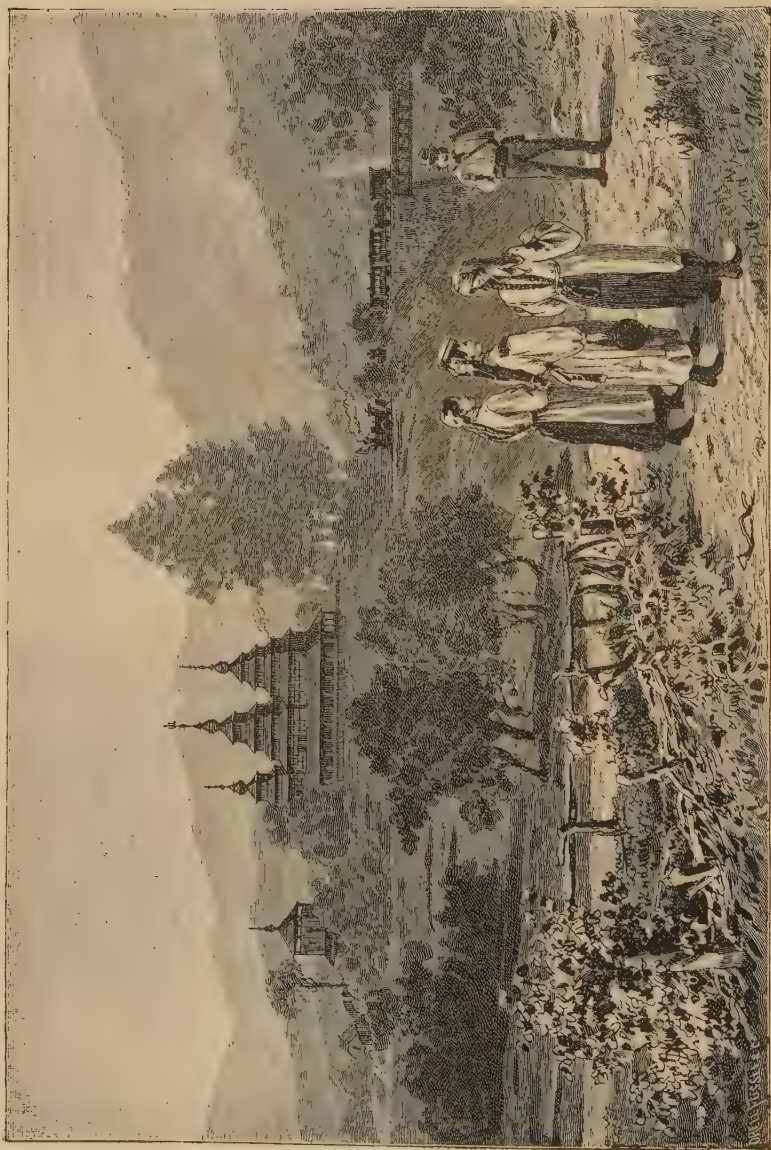
Eschatology, or the Doctrine of Last Things, According to the Chronology and Symbolism of the Apocalypse. By F. C. HIBBARD, D.D. 12mo, pp. 368. New York: Hunt & Eaton; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Dr. Hibbard is well known as a skilful and judicious Biblical commentator and exegete. His commentary on the Psalms and history and geography of Palestine have won deserved commendation. The present work is one of the most difficult that he has undertaken. Where so many able commentators have so widely differed, and many have so signally failed, it cannot be expected that Dr. Hibbard's interpretations will carry conviction to every mind. Dr. Clark frankly says that he does not profess to understand the Apocalypse at all. Canon Farrar deplores the many false interpretations of their mysteries which have

done disservice to the cause of religion. The difficulty is that, while interpreting prophecy, most of the writers become prophets themselves. From this error Dr. Hibbard very largely keeps free. The last things in the history of our race and of God's redemptive purpose certainly present an intense and undying interest for the thoughtful mind. The study of this carefully written volume will do much to give greater definiteness of conception of the august and tremendous issues to which it refers. Our own judgment is that the predictive element of the Apocalypse is not designed to foretell the day nor the hour of the fulfilment of its predictions, as so many prophecy-mongers falsely and foolishly teach, but to be a perpetual evidence of the inspiration of Holy Writ after the things foretold have come to pass. "God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain."

Asaph's Ten Thousand. BY MARY E. BENNETT. Pp. 325. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1 50.

Strikes and labour difficulties, occurring frequently as they do, make people more willing to listen to any one who can talk or write well on social relations. In this story a writer who, in other writings, has shown herself competent to advise, describes the condition of affairs in a manufacturing town, where one man is the owner and sole director of a large business which he has built up himself. He owns the village as well as the mills, and his family of educated sons and daughters form the aristocracy of the place, in striking contrast to the mill-hands. Outsiders finally manage to stir up the hands to strike. The struggle is disastrous to both sides. Neither wins a victory, but by the triumph of Christian common-sense, both sides learn a lesson for the future. It is certainly a most suggestive study of the "labour question."



GREEK CHURCH.

EASTERN PEASANT GIRLS.

SCENE IN RUTHENIA.

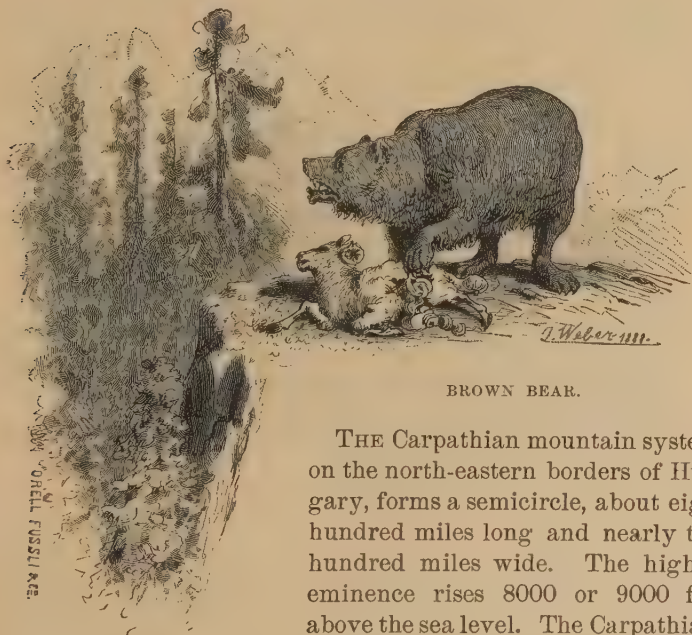
THE Methodist Magazine.

April, 1891.

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THROUGH HUNGARY.

III.

AMONG THE CARPATHIANS.

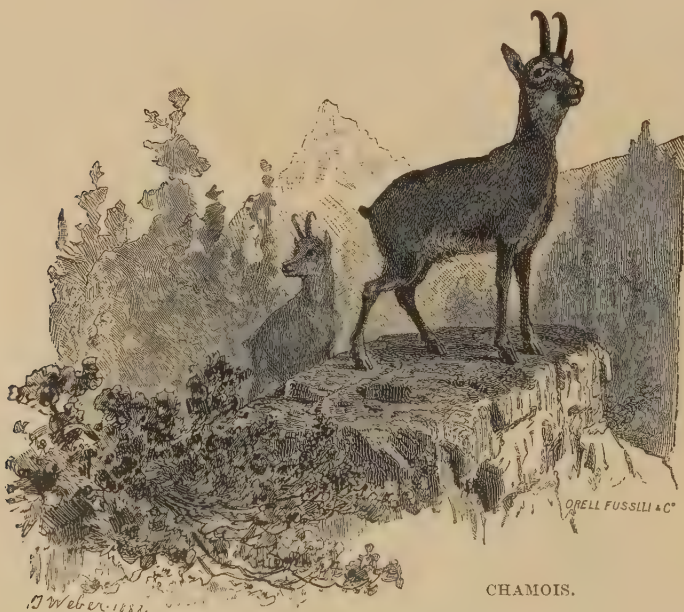


BROWN BEAR.

THE Carpathian mountain system, on the north-eastern borders of Hungary, forms a semicircle, about eight hundred miles long and nearly two hundred miles wide. The highest eminence rises 8000 or 9000 feet above the sea level. The Carpathians stand pre-eminent among the mountains of Europe in respect to mineral wealth. Nearly every metal is produced abundantly from their sides, and rock-salt lies in immense deposits throughout both sections of the chain.

The Carpathians present four zones of vegetation, rising successively. There is first the woody region, where the oak, the chestnut, and the beech thrive, which reaches to a height of more

than 4000 feet above the sea. Then the *pinus abies*, or Scotch fir, appears and occupies a zone of 1000 feet. This is succeeded by the moss pine, which diminishes in size as the elevation increases, and at the height of 6000 feet appears only as a small shrub and in scattered patches. The open places of this region produce a few bluebells and other small flowers. From the termination of the moss pine to the summit the mountains have a barren and dreary look, their conical peaks being of naked rocks, or covered only with small lichens; yet even at these heights a straggling bluebell or gentian may sometimes be found. None of the Carpathians are covered with perpetual snow. Small mountain lakes of great depth, called the "eyes of the sea," are met with in various parts.



CHAMOIS.

Numerous passes intersecting these mountains facilitate communication between the countries lying at their base. All these passes were formerly strongly fortified, to prevent the entrance of the Turks into Transylvania, but several of them have nevertheless at various times been forced.

In the Eastern Carpathians the beech is the commonest forest-tree, forming as it does entire virgin forests. In the hilly country on the southern border of the mountains, and in the subjacent plain, extensive forests of oak formerly existed, but unfortunately they have been for the most part destroyed. There are whole



meadows of *Rhododendron*. The virgin forests of these highlands are well stocked with animals of the chase, such as bears, foxes, and wild boars; herds of red-deer and roebucks browse in the forests of the less elevated mountains, and on the rocky ridges of the Rodna chain the chamois finds a home.

Few things are more striking than the alert and fearless attitude of the chamois goats on the mountain crags. Their senses of sight, hearing and smell are wonderfully acute, and it is exceedingly hard to get near enough to have a shot at them. Yet stalwart cragsmen, with their iron-shod shoes, will track the



THE KOSARI TUNNEL, HUNGARY.

chamois to their most inaccessible resorts. Having got your chamois, however, it is almost a greater difficulty to fetch him home, as the mountain paths and rocky ledges are more than sufficiently difficult without any load whatever; nevertheless, these sure-footed hunters hardly ever leave their prey behind them.

Cropping the scanty herbage of the upland meadows and higher mountain slopes are a number of hardy mountain sheep. Their chief enemies are the great-horned eagle, which will sometimes swoop down and carry off a lamb, and the brown bear, which is their remorseless foe.

These mountain regions are traversed by several railways.



The wheezing locomotive takes the train through the romantic valleys. The rocks echo to the sound. A delightful picture attracts our attention: not far from the railway a herd of deer are quietly feeding; as the train passes they look up at it inquisitively for a moment, but show no signs of fear, and do not take to flight.

The ascent soon becomes somewhat steep and the train climbs higher and higher up the slopes by means of the winding track, till it crosses a number of valleys and torrents by a series of lofty viaducts, like that shown in our cut.

In many places the Greek Church has a strong hold upon the population, and the strange and grotesque appearance of the buildings meets the eye with their terraced towers and bulbous spires,



RUTHENIAN  
COTTAGE.

as shown in the cuts. The peasants' cottages have enormous roofs, two or three times the height of the walls, which gives them a curious expression, like a little man under an enormous hat.

Market-day in the mountain villages is a very busy time, and the concourse of people presents many interesting features for the tourist. The Ruthenian and Wallachian peasant-women sit on the street pavement, and offer for sale, besides vegetables, fruit and poultry, products of their domestic industry, such as linen, carpets, etc. The Wallachian women, in their long gowns with red embroidery on the sleeves and breast, and their two aprons, one in front and one behind, make a very picturesque appearance. Their hair hangs in long braids down their back. The men, mostly tall and lean, with long black hair hanging straight down, are of grave and earnest aspect. A principal part of their attire

is the broad leather girdle ornamented with shining brass buckles and buttons. Then, too, there are numerous representatives of the Hebrew race, dressed in their caftans, and with long locks of hair hanging down on either side of their temples.

The traveller's attention is also attracted by the grayish-black buffaloes, with their peculiarly formed, backward-curving horns. These animals are highly valued here on account of the rich milk they yield.

The salt mines have been worked for centuries; they still contain an enormous quantity of pure salt, estimated at more than two hundred million tons—a supply sufficient for many centuries. A steam lift conveys us in three minutes to the floor of the pit, about 460 feet below the surface of the earth. We find ourselves in an immense hall, the size of which may be imagined when we say that the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, spire and all, would have room in it. In the midst of the hall stands a huge obelisk of salt, which is left intact as the salt around it is excavated, so that it is constantly increasing in height. It already contains over 63,000 cubic feet of salt, representing quite a large sum of money. At the foot of this lofty pillar is an altar, where mass is celebrated every year on the festival of St. Kunigunde; the miners' band then plays the solemn church music, which echoes through the spacious hall and produces a sublime effect. The fine old hymn, "*Hier liegt vor Deiner Majestät,*" never made so much impression upon me as when I heard it sung in this immense cathedral of salt, with its glittering walls of crystal. The entire space in which mining operations are going on is illuminated with the electric light. In one of the rooms are preserved the ropes of hemp and bast, the ladders and other utensils formerly employed by the miners, before modern science and invention had come to their aid.

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## WINTER SUNSET.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

THE door of heaven opens,  
And floods of golden light  
Stream out across the pathway  
With winter fruitage white,  
O'er which the day, awearry  
With life's unceasing quest,  
Hastes onward to the haven  
Of everlasting rest.  
MOOSUP VALLEY, R.I.

But ere the portal closes  
Behind her lagging feet,  
I fain would ask what raptures  
The weary stranger greet.  
O, tell me, swift-winged angels  
Who at the entrance wait,  
What are the bright revealings  
Beyond the sunset gate?

## CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

## STRASSBURG TO HEIDELBERG.



COURT-YARD, HEIDELBERG.

THE first thing we did, after arriving at the city of Strassburg, was to saunter through the narrow streets to the Cathedral Square, to have a look at the grand old minster by moonlight. The deep shadows of the many arches and niches, and the silvery high-lights on the buttresses and pinnacles, made a very impressive picture. As the clouds swept across the sky, and the bells tolled forth from the tower, we thought of the stirring scene in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," where he represents the powers of the air as striving in the midnight tempest to tear down "the ponderous cross of iron," to

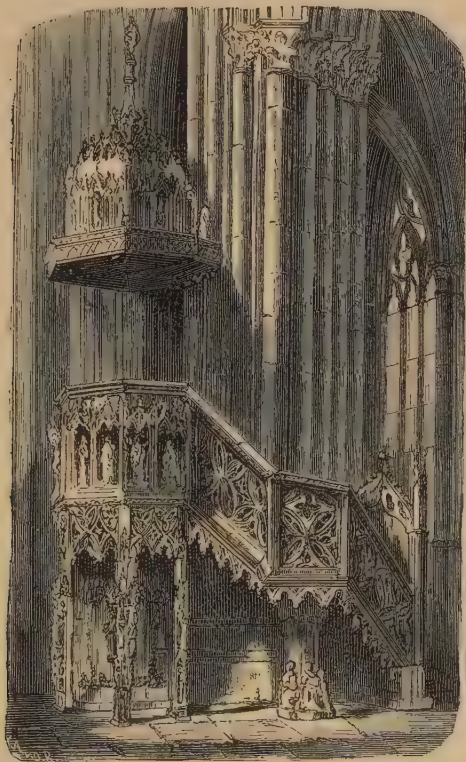
"seize the loud, vociferous bells and hurl them from their windy tower." But all in vain; for "the saints and guardian angels throng in legions to protect it," and "the bells have been anointed and baptized with holy water; all the apostles and the martyrs, wrapt in mantles, stand as warders at the entrance, stand as sentinels o'erhead." These same carven figures, which we visited next day by daylight, are wonderfully impressive.

There are also figures of the seven cardinal virtues, beautiful angelic figures, trampling under foot the seven deadly sins, groveling demoniac beasts. The great church has a somewhat lopsided aspect, from the fact of only one of its twin towers being crowned with a spire. To the other we may apply that quaint figure of Longfellow's:

"Unfinished there in high mid-air,  
The tower halts like a broken prayer."



From the time of Clovis, in the sixth century, a church has stood upon this spot, though the present structure was begun in 1179. The great rose window, forty-two feet across, filled with "stone lace-work," in whose painted panes St. Michael and the angels war against Lucifer and the fiends, and the storied windows, richly dight, cast a dim religious light on the vast interior. Service was in progress as we entered. The deep roll of the organ, and the



PULPIT IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

pure, sweet, innocent voices of the white-robed choir boys, and the deep and solemn chanting of the priests, echoed through the vaulted aisles in cadences sublime. The clouds of incense rose, and its fragrance filled the air. Then the procession of priests in white surplices, and boys "with tapers tall," passed into another chapel behind a screen, where more singing and chanting followed. However the judgment may condemn this dramatic sort of worship, it is certainly profoundly impressive.

The pillars that support the vast tower and spire are enormous. I walked around one and found it thirty-two

paces in circuit. At the south door is a statue of Erwin Von Steinbach and his daughter Sabina. They are thus commemorated by Longfellow:

"The architect

Built his great heart into these sculptured stones;  
And with him toiled his children, and their lives  
Were builded with his own into the walls,  
As offerings unto God. You see that statue





bonus, which I am afraid was to be used as a "trinkgeld," he somewhat mended his pace, which the other carriages duly followed.

More attractive than the fine parks, however, were the quaint, narrow streets and the drive along the sluggish canal, lined with ancient houses with high, steep roofs, which have three, four and even five rows of dormer windows. These are wonderfully picturesque, but they must be decidedly inconvenient to live in. The shadow of the great cathedral sweeps daily, and has swept

for over six hundred years, over a vast area of human misery. It was pitiful to see the old women kneeling bare-headed at the water-side washing clothes beneath the burning sun. One old woman I saw dragging an empty handcart, and pushing before her four others. The boys and girls going to school were very coarsely clad.

Some of us went to the grand new palace of the young Kaiser, a very *chef d'œuvre* of modern art, with exquisite frescoes, carving, gilding and upholstering. So smoothly polished was the floor, that we had to shuffle about in great overshoes of felt, which served the twofold purpose of preventing the scratching of the marble and the slipping of the tourist, unaccustomed to such grandeur. It was



LIBRARY TOWER, HEIDELBERG.

amusing to see the quaint country people from the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest, with their homely aspect and gaping countenances, the scarlet waistcoats and quaint coats of the men, and the indescribable costumes of the women, following about the voluble guide as he conducted them into the finely frescoed state apartments and beautifully decorated private rooms of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. The decoration of the latter was exceedingly beautiful, in very delicate and harmonious colours.

This quaint, old Alsatian city, Germany holds with iron hand. Everywhere the spiked helmets and the black and white chevrons

of the sentinel boxes, the imperial eagle and moving masses of troops are to be seen. It is to be hoped that the young Emperor's new-born socialism will lead to some amelioration of the condition of his subjects.

Strassburg has been pretty fully described and illustrated in a recent number of this MAGAZINE, so we abridge our present notes.



"CHARITY."

*From the Otto Heinrichsbau.*

On a bright afternoon we rode through the Grand Duchy of Baden, with its rounded, fir-clad hills, to Heidelberg. Baden, which used to be the rendezvous of most of the titled professional blacklegs of Europe, has lost much of its "bad eminence" through the abolition of its gaming tables. It is still a favourite resort of the fashion, on account of its mineral waters, its gaiety, and its beautiful natural surroundings.

Carlsruhe, the capital of the grand duchy, is a strangely laid out town, most of the streets radiating from the central schloss or palace, like the spokes of a wheel. The schloss garden is one of great extent and beauty. But these grand dukes will have to enjoy their pleasures on a more economical scale, now that their local revenues are considerably reduced through the unification of the Empire.

Heidelberg is delightfully situated on terraced slopes beside the Neckar. Our hotel stood near the public garden, in which a fine band discoursed sweet music beneath the illumined trees. In the words of Goethe, "the town has in its situation and entire surroundings, one may say, something ideal." A variety of very beautiful features here unite to compose one

harmonious picture: the narrow valley, the broad plain, the vine-crowned hills, the woody heights, the green waters of the Neckar, the silver-flowing Rhine, the venerable castle ruins, the modern town, the neighbouring villages, the majestic castle in the distance, rising against the light-blue mountains of the Hardt.



Herr Karl Pfaff writes thus of the grand old structure: "Its monuments bear reliable witness to the history of more than six centuries, from the splendour of the Hohenstaufen emperors, through the sorrowful times of the humiliation of the Fatherland, down to the glorious restoration of the ancient empire by the Hohenzollerns. The Palatinate bled for its faith from a thousand wounds, the superb castle of its princes fell into decay, the town sank in dust and ashes, unshielded by the Fatherland.

The compassionate ivy would fain hide the gaping wounds of the castle ruins. And those ruins of the castle—who would exchange them for the most superb of palaces? Poets and artists have spread the fame of Old Heidelberg through every town and hamlet of Christendom."

We set out in carriages through the quaint streets and up the steep hill to the famous Heidelberg castle. As we ascended, ever-widening views of the winding Neckar and its vine-covered hills met our view. I was reminded of an incident in my former visit, illustrative of the unsophisticated simplicity of peasant life. I wanted to ride up on a donkey, but the donkey-ward was nowhere to be seen. I therefore inquired of an honest shoemaker, working in his stall, as to where the donkeys were to be found, and on obtaining the desired information, was about to drop a penny in his hand by way of thanks, when he cordially grasped mine in a hearty hand-shake. These homely, kind-hearted people greatly appreciate

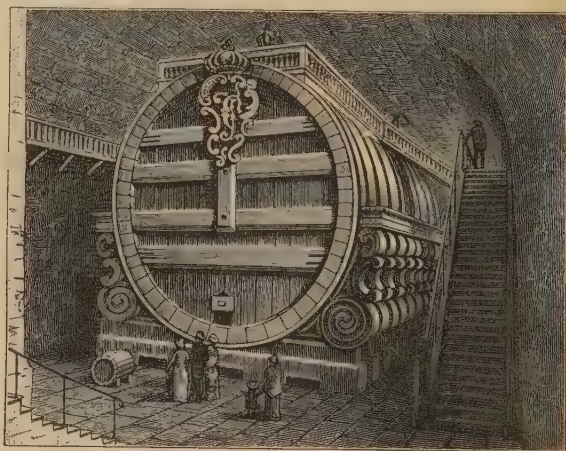


RUPERT I.  
*From the Friedrichsbau.*

the exhibition of human sympathy and goodwill. Another honest fellow who took much trouble to give me information and show me the way, positively refused to accept anything for his services; he evidently felt that he was playing the rôle of a host. The German frauleins are not very good-looking, but they make amends for that by being very good-natured. One kind hearted girl, from whom I bought some photographs, on taking her leave, dropped a pretty courtesy with "Goot-bye, dank you.



Next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, Heidelberg castle is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages. Its older portions date from 1294, but it was frequently enlarged, till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers—at once a fortress and a palace—have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was captured by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent ruin we now behold. Beneath a grim portcullis, with its gate drawn up, we enter the great court-yard (shown in our initial cut), once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train.



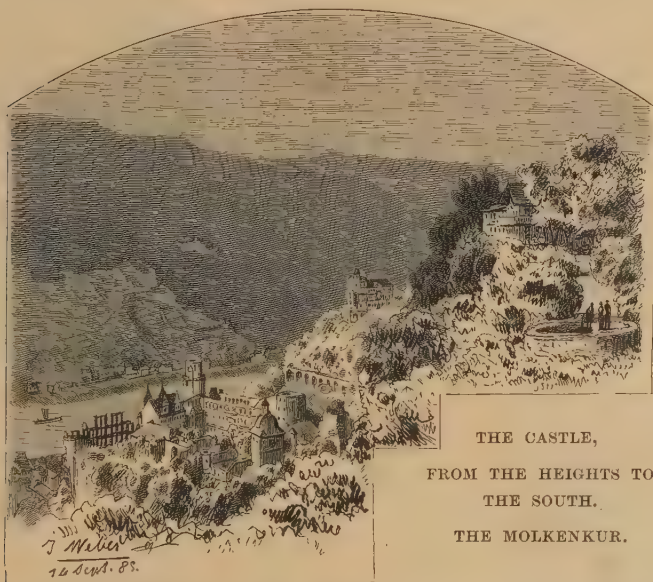
THE GREAT TUN.

All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture, adorned with exquisite arabesques, garlands of fruit and flowers, mouldings and fluting and lace-work admirably carved in stone. In niches on the wall stand rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable; but all, alas! marred and dismembered by the iron mace of war.

We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless banquet halls, where kings once feasted; through a ruined chapel and up stone winding-stairs to the bower-chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fire-place, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprenge Thurm*, or “shattered tower,” was, as its name signifies, blown up by the

French. One-half of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in thickness, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all.

The historian Ranke writes thus of this vandalism of his most Christian Majesty Louis XIV.: "Like Spires, so too, Worms, Mannheim and Heidelberg were given over to destruction—the castles and villages, the battlements of the walls and the burghers' dwellings, the council-houses and cathedrals, the bridges arching



THE CASTLE,  
FROM THE HEIGHTS TO  
THE SOUTH.  
THE MOLKENKUR.

the rivers, the tombs of the ancient emperors, the possessions of the living generation and the monuments of the past—priceless in this ancient land of culture.

"Upon the news of the destruction of Heidelberg Louis XIV. caused a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung, and a medal to be struck bearing his own effigy and the inscription '*Rex christianissimus*'; the reverse showed Heidelberg in flames, with the legend '*Heidelbergae deleta, 1693.*' It would seem almost like a divine retribution that, exactly one hundred years later, similar outrages were perpetrated upon the royal tombs at St. Denis."

In an old gallery is preserved a collection of historic portraits, relics and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially in-

terested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa, of Luther and his wife, and the wedding-ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

From the castle terrace overhanging the valley, we enjoyed a glorious view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-billowed Odinwald—the ancient haunt of the “Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein”—and the more remote “blue Alsatian Mountains.” Of course nobody leaves without seeing in the castle vaults the “great tun,” which will hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine. It lies on its side, is as high as a two-story house, and one goes up a ladder to a platform, twelve by eighteen feet on the top, on which many a dancing party has been held. The hogshead shown in front of the tun, gives some idea of their relative sizes. To the left is shown the guardian of this treasure, a gnome carved in wood, modelled after the old-time court fool of the castle. The tourist is invited to pull a cord by his side, when a hideous figure springs out of a box.



VIEW-TOWER, ON  
THE KÖNIGSSTUHL.



THE ELISABETHEN-PFORTE.

On the occasion of a former visit it was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loophole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of heaven's loud artillery."

The famous Heidelberg university, with seven hundred students,

dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a student's duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two Churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

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## JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.\*

"When He beheld the city He wept over it."

O CITY of my love—Jerusalem !  
 Thou sittest as a queen, with diadem  
 And royal mantle on :  
 O city of my heart—I see thy glory gone !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !  
 I mourn for thee, and worship's richest gem  
 Of snowy stone :  
 I see the foe rush in and thou art overthrown !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !  
 I mourn for thee, but more I mourn for them—  
 Thy stubborn sons, self-willed :  
 I see their hate return—their awful doom fulfilled !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !  
 I came to save—I came not to condemn ;  
 To guard and gather thee,  
 As bird her brood, I came—but ye would none of Me !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !  
 Hadst thou but known the things revealed to them  
 Whose hearts are timely wise ;  
 But *now* they must be hid forever from thine eyes.

O city of my love—Jerusalem !  
 I see thee sit without thy diadem,  
 Sunk from thy queenly state !—  
 Behold thy house is left unto thee desolate !

CHERRYFIELD, Me.

\* This is one of Mr. Lockhart's poems referred to by the Rev. M. R. Knight in his monograph on this young Canadian poet.



## ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

## IV.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A LITTLE group of coal-owners sitting round the parlour table of Eastwood Inn in Nottinghamshire were the first pioneers of the great Midland Railway. Five miles to the north, a tramway, worked by horses, had for twelve years or more wound its devious way among the hills, carrying coal and cotton up to Mansfield, and bringing back stone, lime and corn to the canal.

Though the Midland Company had so small a beginning, it has had a great ending. It now extends more than 1700 miles in length through half the counties of England and Wales, from the Bristol Channel to the Humber, from the German Ocean to the Mersey, and from the English Channel to the Solway Firth. It has cost more than £80,000,000 of money; it has an income of more than £7,000,000 a year; it employs more than 45,000 servants; and its engines run a distance equal to five times round the world every day.

The tourist who travels by it from Liverpool will find that the Midland Railway offers him remarkable attractions. In an hour's ride he will reach the High Peak of Derbyshire, with its engineering works, its spots full of historic interest, and its picturesque and beautiful scenery. He can visit the Caves of Castleton, and the Castle of William Peveril, which Sir Walter Scott has im-

mortalized ; Buxton, 1100 feet above the sea, where Roman roads converged and Roman invalids resorted ; Chatsworth, the magnificent "Palace of the Peak;" the mullioned windows and pro-



LIVERPOOL, FROM THE MERSEY.

jecting bays, the towers and turrets, the park, river and woods, of the old baronial hall of Haddon ; Darley Dale, with its gigantic quarries and rockeries, its larches, firs and ferns, and its yew, said



CHAPEL MILTON VIADUCT, CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

to be two thousand years old ; Matlock, with its mighty limestone hills tangled over with hazels, honeysuckles and roses, with its healing waters and petrifying springs ; Derby, where the silk manufacture was first introduced into England ; Nottingham,

with its hosiery and lace, and teeming historic associations; Newstead Abbey, the home of Byron; the Minster town of Southwell, and the ancient cathedral city of Lincoln. A few miles farther, and the battle-field of Naseby may be visited from Market Harborough; Bedford, where John Bunyan was imprisoned; Elstow, where he was born; Luton, the centre of the straw manufacture; St. Albans, with its noble abbey and martyr and warlike memories; and, twenty miles more, the Metropolis itself.



BEAUMONT LEYS, LEICESTER.

The busy aspect of the Mersey forcibly recalls the description of a local bard:

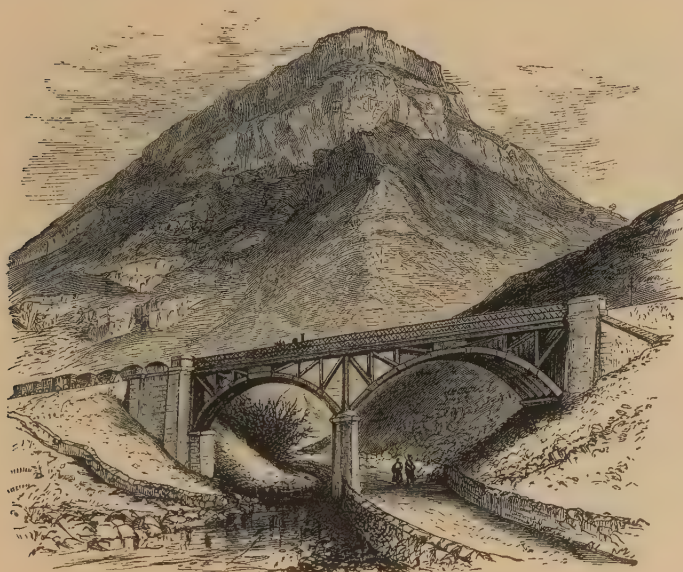
“Behold the crowded port,  
Whose rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burns, and echoes to the shout  
Of hurried sailors, as they hearty wave  
Their last adieu, and loosening every sail,  
Resign the speeding vessel to the wind.”

Liverpool bears little of the impress of antiquity. The splendid public buildings that we see, the palace-like hotels, the crowded and busy streets are all of comparatively recent construction. It has more the air of New York or Chicago, than that of an Old World town. The famous St. George's Hall, the Exchange, the City Hall, and especially the massive warehouses and miles and miles of docks, give a striking impression of its commercial greatness.



The town of Liverpool, once a fishing hamlet on a "little creek" frequented by the birds called *livers*, is now the queen of British ports.

The line from Liverpool to Manchester crosses what was once the impassable bog of Chat Moss. At one time it covered an area of twelve square miles, was thirty feet in depth, and consisted of spongy vegetable pulp of so soft a nature that a piece of iron would sink into it by its own weight. George Stephenson, with much difficulty, carried the first Liverpool and Manchester line over Chat Moss; and it is now crossed and recrossed by



TOPLEY PIKE, NEAR BUXTON.

massive railway works and ponderous trains, and is everywhere being encroached upon by rich pastures and waving cornfields.

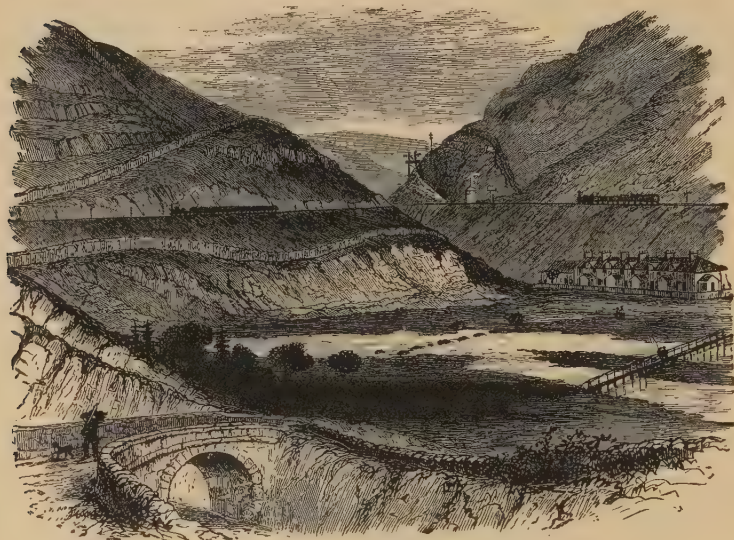
Soon we pass through some of the finest scenery in England; through the celebrated Peak of Derbyshire, and down the beautiful valley of the Derwent. The memories of our first ride through this old historic land will never be effaced—the soft-rounded hills the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures.

Near Buxton the scenery is full of interest. We are in the



heart of the most beautiful part of Derbyshire. "The visitor who would know this country," says James Croxton, "must follow the sweet meanderings of the mountain streams hither and thither through shady nooks and fairy glens, all fringed and festooned with greenery; where the tributary rills come trickling down from the mossy heights, gladdening the ear with their tiny melodies."

Buxton is delightfully situated at the head of the fine upland valley of the Wye, 1100 feet above the sea. Its warm springs were famous even in Roman times, and have been visited by



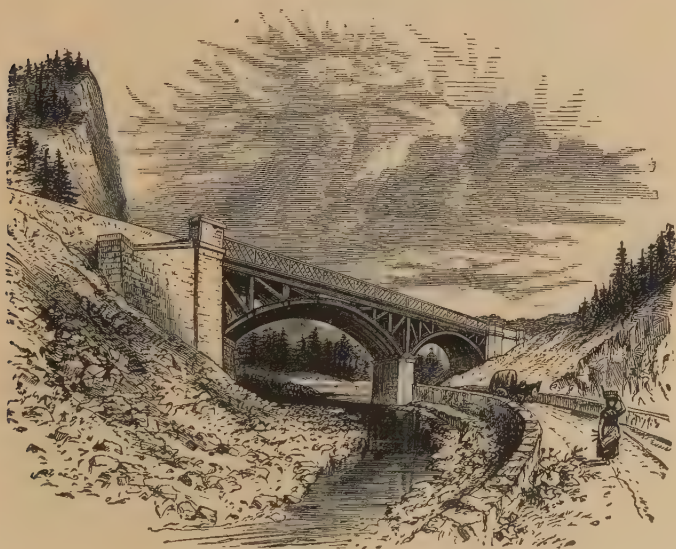
BLACKWELL MILL JUNCTION.

invalids from that day to this. It offers to the tourist many fine walks and drives, part of the enjoyment of which arises from the elevation of the country through which they run, and the extensive views they thus supply.

The village of Castleton lies in a dale at the foot of Mam Tor, "the shivering mountain," which rises 2000 feet above the level of the sea. On the southern side are the ruins of the old castle of "Peveril of the Peak." This was one of the most powerful strongholds in the kingdom, and is one of the most interesting Norman fortresses in England. The Peak Cavern extends 2250 feet into the mountain, and is six hundred feet below its surface.

Returning to Buxton, and taking up our quarters there, we find

many spots worthy of a visit. One of these is past the Lover's Leap, the rocks of which rise abruptly upon our right, and are crested with firs; amid the romantic beauties of Ashwood Dale; round by Pig Tor, "a savage looking headland, nearly broken by the parent cliff, which thrust its misshapened form far out into the dale;" under the base of Topley Pike, which "lifts its huge form to an immense elevation, its steep front clothed almost to the summit with dark firs and a matted undergrowth of brushwood and brambles." This walk will well repay the visitor. "The precipitous limestone cliffs are split into romantic masses;



ASHWOOD DALE BRIDGE, NEAR BUXTON.

the loftier crags, weather-worn, are covered with a rich embroidery of lichens, moss and ivy; the lower acclivities are closed with tangled underwood;" while at the foot of all, the Wye babbles on its devious way.

A short distance north of Miller's Dale Station the train passes through a tunnel, then over a beautiful wooded ravine into another tunnel.

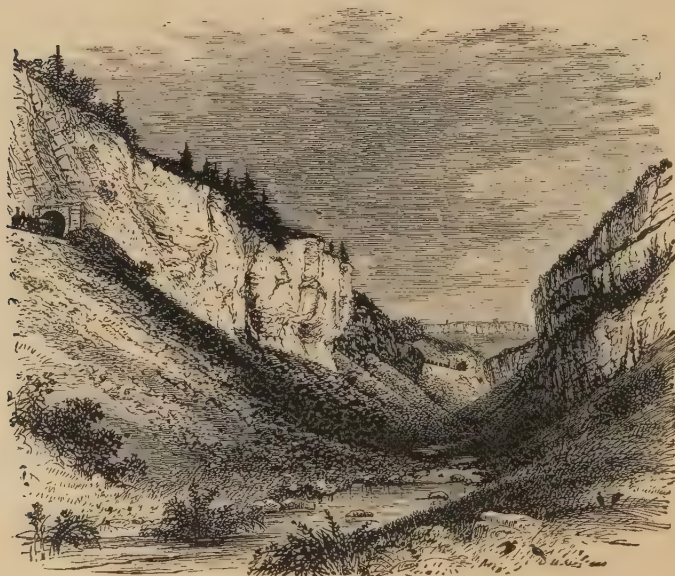
We are now near the middle of Chee Vale, one of the most beautiful spots in England. "The dale suddenly contracts. Vast limestone cliffs, rugged and uneven, tower up to considerable height, and the river, pent up within its narrow bounds, rushes onward with noisy tumult. Creeping round a jutting promontory, the first grand view of the sequestered dell in which Chee Tor is

situated is obtained." After a while the vale narrows into a ravine. Here the overhanging rocks refuse to yield ; and

“ Along their rugged base,  
A flinty footpath's niggard space,”

we continue our way by the brink of the river.

Immediately adjoining the Miller's Dale Station the line is carried over the River Wye by a viaduct, the three centre arches of which are ninety feet span and nearly a hundred feet high. The contrast presented between the light and graceful outline of



CHEE VALE.

the iron bridge, the green vales, and the white limestone rocks, is very striking.

The train, high up on the hill-side, now passes through a tunnel, and looks down from the railway, which is held back by a retaining wall of masonry ninety feet high, upon the bend of the river, shut in by precipitous cliffs—a scene of very unusual beauty. Again the line burrows into the limestone hills, and, on emerging into the light, we have entered Monsal Dale. From the station we look down upon the bright stream and pleasant cottages and “leaping” stones that lie below us at the bottom of the lovely dale.

Monsal Dale has been called “the Arcadia of the Peak.” The

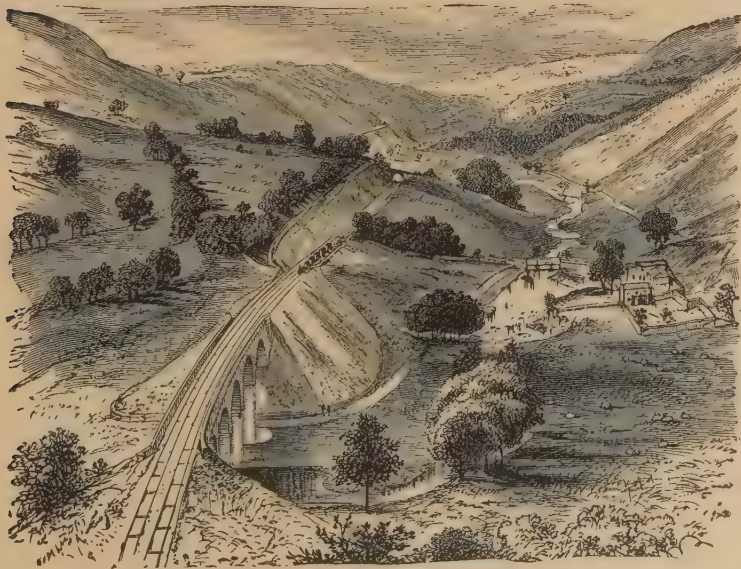


deep valley, the little farm, its clustering cottages, the winding river, the green hills, and the brown moors that stretch away in



THE "PEACOCK," AT ROWSLEY.

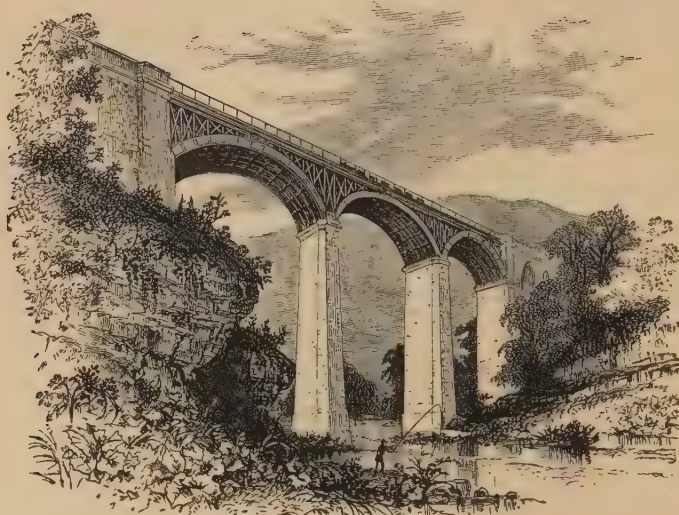
the hazy distance, have secured for Monsal Dale the praises of almost every writer who has attempted to describe the beauties of Derbyshire.



MONSAL DALE.

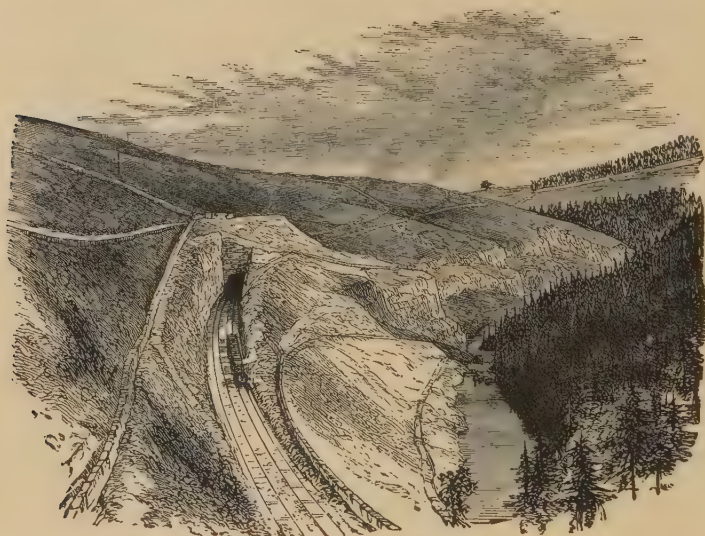
"The Peacock," at Rowsley, is an ancient and well-known and comfortable hostelry, with many gabled roofs, clustering chimneys, mullioned windows, and a projecting porch—nearly over-





MILLER'S DALE VIADUCT.

grown with ivy—in the upper part of which is a porch-chamber surmounted by an embattled parapet and with the figure of a peacock with tail outspread—the crest of the Manners Family.



MONSALE DALE.

From thence we proceed to Chatsworth, one of the residences of the late Duke of Devonshire. For pedestrians there is a delightful walk for part of the way over the meadows and beside the

River Derwent. At Chatsworth may be found whatever taste and wealth, art and nature could do to create a palace meet for a king. It stands on gently rising ground overlooking the Derwent, with bright parterres, carpet-like lawns and pleasure-grounds, surrounded by a park more than eleven miles in circumference, backed by the wooded hills of Beeley.

The Manor of Chatsworth came into the hands of the family to which it now belongs in the sixteenth century, when it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, the third husband of the famous "Bess of Hardwick." Upon his death, this lady married the Earl of Shrewsbury, the custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots, and thus it was that Chatsworth became one of the prisons of this princess. The present mansion, aptly styled the "Palace of the Peak"—the finest of the residences of the Duke of Devonshire—was founded in the reign of James II. Of its noble proportions, its rich embellishments, its store of literary and artistic treasures, we cannot stop to speak, nor can aught be said of the extensive gardens, or of the splendid conservatory, covering nearly an acre of ground, and designed by Sir Joseph Paxton. To attempt description, or even enumeration, of the glories of Chatsworth, indeed, would, as old Charles Cotton intimated, be an act of madness: "twould be as long in writing as in building."



CHATSWORTH.

—To grow old is quite natural; being natural it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.—*Friswell*.

## A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BARBARA HECK.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

On the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here, on a gently rising ground over-looking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre," in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October, I made, in company with my friend the Rev. Dr. T. G. Williams, then of Prescott, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. An old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is still used on funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it on every side "heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound," for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white marble slab on a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF  
PAUL HECK,  
BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

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BARBARA,  
WIFE OF PAUL HECK,  
BORN 1734, DIED AUG. 17, 1804.

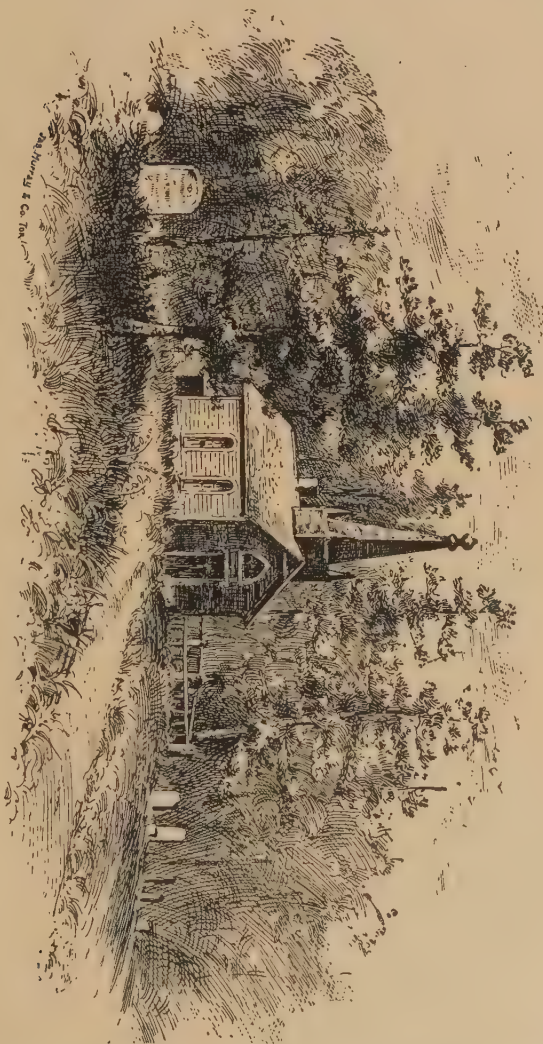
And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity ; no laboured epitaph ; no fulsome eulogy ; her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

\* We reprint from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, the accompanying article on a subject which is attracting much attention in connection with the Centennial of Canadian Methodism.



Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, "who laboured in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life

OLD "BLUE CHURCH," AND BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE, NEAR MAITLAND.



in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months,



fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves lying side by side I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 53, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of a little Barbara Heck, aged three years and six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described by my friend Dr. Williams, who, while I made these notes, sketched the old church, as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated, and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who married at the age of sixteen Philip Embury. Here, also, is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honoured graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of over eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honours paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out a large tin box containing many interesting *souvenirs* of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon with the monogram

P. B.  
H.,

stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's sermons, dated 1770; Wesley's Journal, dated 1743; Gen. Haldimand's "discharge" of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the following clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben darin zu lernen die Neiderreiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book:

"Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died. Dr. Abel Stevens thus describes the scene: "Her death was befitting her life; her old German

Bible, the guide of her life in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the greatest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in the Methodist Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee-steward of three of the largest Methodist churches of Montreal.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr. George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large, old-fashioned structure, dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombard poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the windows are like its embrasures. The huge, stone-flagged kitchen fire-place is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlour the panelling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must with little change have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago. Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulchre is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if in death as in life she belonged to each country.

The Methodists of the United States have worthily honoured the name of Barbara Heck by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., to be known forever as Heck Hall—"a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies." "Barbara Heck," writes Bishop Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against

the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and in the order of Providence it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her earnest piety in my hands, I felt myself brought very near the springs of Methodism on this continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections shaped themselves into verse:

#### BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn book,  
 Wherein the brave-souled woman oft had read  
 The oracles divine, and inly fed  
 Her soul with thoughts of God, and took  
 Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook  
 All lesser learning for what God hath said;  
 And by His guiding hand was gently led  
 Into the land of rest for which we look.  
 Within her hand she held this book when came  
 The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.  
 Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,  
 Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.  
 O book divine, that fed that lofty faith,  
 Enbrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death.

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With all sails set, swift gliding down time's river  
 Toward the broad ocean of eternity,  
 Take Thou the helm, Thou mighty to deliver,  
 And steer my frail barque safely through the rapids,  
 And on to that calm sea.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

## MORAL MOMENTUM OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

MOMENTUM carries two elements of power, weight and velocity. When the velocity is great, though the weight be small, there is effect; for instance, the rifle or cannon ball. When the mass or weight is great, though the velocity be small, there is effect; for example, the glacier or iceberg. So a rifle ball is good in its place, and may do what the glacier or million-ton landslide could not accomplish. And the grinding glacier or ploughing iceberg will reduce the rocky barriers, and pulverize the granite ledge or battlemented mountains into the fertile plain, when sharpest minie or most ponderous Krupp would be of little use. But what will you do without either weight or velocity?

There are some very nice things in the world, and in their way harmless, even if not particularly necessary or useful, to which you can give neither of these elements of power. They will never be guilty of either weight or velocity. Such a beautiful thing is a feather. One of them can choke a man, but a hundred of them would not make a cannon ball. One of them may make an ornament, a thousand of them a pillow, and a million of them a bed; a nice thing to look at or sleep on, but not the thing for rugged work, aggressive toil, heroic warfare; not the thing for labourers and conquerors. Old King William in his oaken chair and bed would have no cushions, plush and finery. "They were not the stuff," he said, "for valiant, robust Hohenzollerns." Going softly, and mincing as they go, living deliciously and clad in purple, are not in the Bible written of the Church of God, or of the saints of the Most High.

And jelly, unguents, pulp and pomatum are nice things in their way and have their uses. They are not bad for the delicate, and even for dandies. They make simpering and superficialism gliding and endurable. They are sometimes refreshing in the chambers of the sick, or soothing to the couch of the dying. They can make the soft softer; the gentle, gentler; and the weak, weaker. But they will do the work of neither weight nor velocity. They are good for the hospital and infirmary, though scarcely the thing for the active campaign and the battle-field. It is somewhat too bad when the whole army is in the hospital, on perfume and gruel; the whole labouring gang in the infirmary, on broth and disinfectants. It is hard when the troops and toilers are all down to jelly and olive oil. They must have had a sore fight, a



terrible defeat, a crushing fatigue, or been smitten with fell disease. Perhaps they were caught sleeping upon their arms; or perhaps miasm or foul water swept the camp with cholera or typhus. It is a strange church that has "carded" all its fibre into floss, or danced all its joy into gelatine. It is scarcely ready for the hard knocks and sharp thrusts implied in the cleansing of the heart and life from sin, and the subjugation of the world to Christ by the way of the cross. It may be ready to fight the "dogma" battle, or the "ritual" battle, or the "hierarchy and apostolic succession" battle, or the "form and ceremony" battle; but some of the wickedest and bloodiest men the world has seen have relentlessly and savagely fought these battles. There is a better way, when the soul is humbled before God by the terror of its own crime and the enormity of its own guilt, and proves this salvation is great and omnipotent because it saves such a soul. "It must be omnipotent, for it saves me," is the argument. There is a better way, when the machinations of sin are frustrated and the structures of selfishness and pride are demolished by the sharp two-edged sword of the Eternal Word.

There is a better way, when the Ajax of the Gospel, not skilled in the dainty touch of the finger or the artful shuffle of the hand, but with an arm like a Hercules, well poised, hurls the metal of divine truth, swift-winged and straight-aimed by the Holy Ghost, upon the glittering and tasselled helmets of iniquity and wrong. Oil and balm, to be sure, after the wounding; but first let the flying shaft go crashing through the tinsel and false defences. If we would build up character, have a robust and prolific religion, and achieve the ends for which Christ died, the best way is a Gospel of spiritual force, of divine energy, to produce men of fibre and fire. What a church-life, that is for ever asking, "Is this indulgence any harm? Is this selfish gratification any sin? How far can I go toward evil and maintain among men my consistency? How far can I argue and descend toward hell and yet not slip into it? How much worldly pleasure can I enjoy, what slackness can I allow myself, the natural mind, and keep my religion and get to heaven? And if it weren't that I believe there is a hell to which the evil tends, it is not much I would trouble myself about the truth on earth or the heaven of glory." In view of such a Gospel and such a church-life, what a barren thing the Atonement must be! How little satisfaction spiritual-mindedness must bring to the believer in Christ! What an ado about nothing for Christ to die for sin, when sin on its prettier side and upper crust is, after all, so harmless, indeed, so beautiful! You are all right, forsooth, if you do not break through the "upper

crust" and tumble into the steaming, stenchful pits beneath. How vain the self-denial and agony of the Lord Jesus, and the zeal, labours, privations and afflictions of the holy apostles! What poor occupation for the mind are the doctrines of God's Word and the developments of His providence! What poverty-stricken amusements for an eternity-bound soul are the social means of grace and the behests and employments of a Christian beneficence. How much better are the ways, maxims and delights of the world, so long as enough religion can be thrown over them to keep them fairly respectable!

It all may be so; but does that bring up a church to the conceptions of genuine Methodism, to the ideal and aim of the Holy Scriptures? Wesley, not that we would like to say Christ and the apostles, may have been mistaken. The fathers of our Methodism may have been mistaken. But in the providence of God Methodism, as Dr. Paley says of Christianity, is a fact. Methodism, by their labours, self-denials, and sacrifices; by their denunciations of sin and their proclamations of holiness; by their condemnation of things that some would be pleased to allow, and their encouragement of things that many now neglect, has acquired momentum. In God's wonderful goodness, it has both weight and velocity. It is not a pulp, that bespatters everything if moved quickly; it is not a feather, that falls harmless when hurled with energy into the air. By the grace of God it ploughs in the movements of the century like a resplendent glacier. By the power of the Holy Spirit it crashes through obstacles to revival like a cannon ball. So may it continue.

The mind of the writer was set upon this train of reflection by a recent Sabbath's ministrations to a grand congregation of Methodist people in one of our country circuits, and his involuntary contrast of it with what he knew of some other places. And how, when there were only about four hundred people, were they a "grand congregation," considering we have congregations of sixteen hundred and two thousand and over? To come direct to a focal answer, this congregation had produced many Gospel ministers; and it was but one band in a section of the country that had sent them forth in the Master's name by scores. The region round about had produced enough Boanerges and Barnabases for a Conference, and had enriched every Conference in our Canadian Methodism.

But is this the only end of the Church's existence, to raise up and send forth ministers? Is it not a grand work to lead forth earnest, intelligent laymen, devoted Sabbath-school workers, and consecrated toilers in other fields? Is it not potent, prolific Christianity when a central church colonizes into mission churches,

and plants and sustains outposts for the kingdom of Christ? Be it observed, in reply, that the churches that are so truly living and energetic are also training ministers of the Gospel. They have bands of devoted toilers from which ministers arise. Further, let us answer this question with another. What kind of a church is it, though large, learned, wealthy and refined, that does not raise up and send forth ministers of God? How much divine energy, if there be no "Here am I, send me?" If all churches were like some opulent, beautiful and luxurious churches, bringing forth and training up no consecrated warriors of the cross, what would become of our Methodism except what has happened to the proud, the gay and the dissolute since the beginning of the world? If all were like the more zealous and meeker sort, birthplaces and training schools of soldiers in the fight and labourers in the vineyard, how long would it be till Jesus Christ had His own, and the uttermost parts of the earth were His possession? Why must the Church of God as soon as it becomes a little wealthy, become also luxurious and sluggish? Why must the Church of God as it becomes learned, become also proud, indifferent to spiritual life, and indolent? There is no good reason it ever should have been thus; and there is no necessity that it should be so to-day. But there is only one remedy. Consecration! Consecration! If wealth comes upon us, as always it must come by the Christian life under the Christian covenant, we must avoid and avert its damning power, its softening, enfeebling and corrupting energy, only by offering it up to God and using it as He would have us use it. The living God, not selfish indulgence, must be in our wealth as well as our knowledge. By self-denial and liberality riches may become a ministrant to spiritual power and enhance the glory of eternal life.

If learning comes upon us, and it must always come to awakened and truth-loving and truth-seeking souls, its harmful and fatal derelictions may be avoided by laying all acquisitions on the altar of the cross, and in meekness of humility making all attainments subservient to the work of God. Knowledge alone puffeth up, but knowledge controlled by love buildeth up; that is, it becometh part of the material, and only a part, wherewith love buildeth up a noble character. There is no need that either wealth or learning should bring us into softness and sin and alienate us from God. By as much as they do this they destroy our moral momentum. By as much as they do this thing, by so much we admit and prove our apostasy and tendency to worldliness and irreligion. The opportunity has been given again and again, and the experiment tried over and over, of putting

the means of the conversion of the world into the hands of the Church, and likely shall have to be repeated till selfishness and selfish religion shall have been overcome, and faith's triumph shall have been consummated.

Christians must become true enough, Christ-like enough, and the Church get religion and spiritual power enough, to turn wealth, learning and social energy outward upon the world in benevolence, instead of having them turn inward upon the moral life in corruption, eating the very energy out of the soul. Whoever heard of mighty faith and godly heroism wrapped in purple and fine linen and there in this rough world abiding? They that wear soft clothing are in the splendour and too often the folly and sin of kings' courts. The deliverers of the people, the saviours of men, never arose from those quarters; certainly not, unless by stern discipline they kept the possible luxuries beneath their feet, and, rising superior, first conquered themselves and then the world. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." Can a church in which this is in any considerable degree true, preserve its moral power? Could you expect such a church to be the birthplace of heroes after the mind and pattern of Christ? There are moral impossibilities in the world; we know it, and this is one of them. Yet we give ourselves willingly into their bonds, and then faintly, feebly struggle to break away. Must the pious, then, be all and alway poor? Nay, verily, but they must conquer wealth by the power of God. The day must come when we in consecration and holiness can be trusted with riches and learning for God. Until that day we may struggle onward; God may keep a church in the world; but the conversion of mankind will never till such an era be achieved. The time to favour Zion, even the set time cometh, when the servants of God take delight in her stones and favour her dust. Why may it not be to-day?

It is ill enough with a church when the very test, sign and demonstration of its power is corrupted, when the stream is polluted at the fountain. It is sad enough when men enter the holy ministry or continue therein for other motives than the spirit of Christ and the salvation of men. What if the ministry be sought as a place of ease by idle men! "Impossible," you say, "for the ministry is a place of hard, and often of rough, work." Yes, but this very thing has been done, and idle men have neglected grand opportunities and perverted the right way of the Lord. What if the ministry be sought as a place of emolument by covetous men!



"Impossible again, for the Gospel ministry is a place of privations and hardships." Still men have entered the ministry for pelf, or for a piece of bread; and too often have coloured or slackened the truth for money or bartered the law and righteousness for gold. What if the ministry be sought as a place of honour, of the flattery of the crowd, of the favour of princes! "Impossible again, for the Gospel minister is everywhere spoken against and always scorned by the mighty, the dissolute and the proud." Yes, but justice has fallen in the street and truth has not been allowed to enter, because cringing ambassadors of the cross for fear of the great have put the jewelled crown of their Lord beneath the feet of His enemies; or for the applause of the multitudes have degraded their embassy, falsified their commission, and deluded those to whom they professed to be sent. The raising up and perpetuation of a true and faithful ministry, while not everything in a church, is so central, focal and pivotal, that in its sweep it includes about everything. The church that does that will likely come to do everything. Hence, when we look upon a congregation, a church, that has proved itself by supplying the Church at large with tried ministers of the Gospel, mighty and successful, we say, here is the moral momentum of Methodism. Compared with it what are larger and richer congregations, if they live but for themselves in refinement, luxury and ease? What would become of them if the poorer, plainer, solider congregations did not find out and build up their ministry?

But, of course, there are other things a church is for and can do besides sending out preachers. A church can play the lyceum, the lecture-room; give a general diffusion of religious knowledge; cultivate religious sentiment; secure the outer decencies and some of the inner desires and affections of piety; instruct in the emotions and obligations of humanity; provide society, agreeable acquaintance, and friendly intercourse; rear a generation somewhat respectful to virtue and good manners, and educate children and youth in the same mould and groove; attempt to form public opinion for righteousness—howbeit, the history of nations that have depended on natural religion demonstrates that the attempt is futile without spiritual force, moral momentum; foster liberality, generosity, magnanimity, fraternity—all of which things heathen peoples have done without revealed religion, and Christian peoples have done with a pretence and show of religion, and left themselves an easy prey to multiform error, to blinding and despotic systems, to a cruel and artful Satan and seductive sin. Dissipated has been the moral force, sapped the moral foundations, honeycombed like spring-rotted ice

the moral fabrics, faded the moral beauty, and lost the moral joy, when such views of human duty and destiny are cherished, or such an indifference to them allowed; such conceptions of God, truth and religion are formed and entertained as are harmonized with soft living, self-indulgence, self-seeking; to say nothing of the deeper sins and grosser vices to which the gentler worldly maxims and quieter natural desires offer no obstruction or so readily open up the way. "Fit via vi," said the martial old Roman; and often Napoleon proved it in military campaign, and again the victorious Wolseley, bursting upon the affrighted Arabs in the gray of the dawn after his all-night's march over the sands, when the men of the desert were fancying themselves secure behind the ramparts of Tel el Kebir. And so it has been, and so it will be; the way opens to conviction, earnestness and power. Awake even the Gospel ministry to a keen sense of that old heathen postulate in the spiritual realm, and the conversion of the world is nigh at hand, yea, even at the door. And a greater than a heathen hath said: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Love is good, meekness is good, gentleness is good and the quiet of assurance forever. But softness, luxurious ease, questionable amusement, mere sensual delight and worldly pleasure have again and again proved, and must to the end prove, the bane of spiritual life; the danger, and, if persisted in, the doom of the Church of God.

Also there may be a higher level for a church than the one of heathen philosophy and morality we have spoken of; to which some have attained, and yet have not reached the throne of spiritual power, or vindicated their affinity to Christ by preparing men of His spirit, and sending them forth on His mission. There are Christian churches—dare we say Methodist churches?—in which Christ, despite the anguish of faithful souls, is repressed, suppressed, moulded to maxims, and allowed only in certain associations and places. They talk of more than probity, morality and virtue, as did Socrates and Cicero; and yet, perhaps, fail to possess and spread even these. Christ may come into the lyceum of debate; His office and character into the intellectual symposium of rational and satisfactory knowledge, and His spirit and example objectively into stated instruction and cheerful admiration. But Christ as the revealed of God, Christ as the sent of Heaven, Christ as guide of the intellect, instructor of the conscience, lord of the will and ruler of the life, Christ as the renewer of our nature, the purifier of our hearts, the framer of our convictions and habits, the power repressing and uprooting all wrong and the incitement of all good; Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sancti-

fication and redemption; Christ the supreme authority and the supreme satisfaction, in all things accepted with implicit obedience and perfect rest; such a Christ, so admitted, alone can make a Christian church, and raise up and send forth faithful messengers of God and His truth.

We return then to the church where the moral and spiritual forces are in full sweep, and where at least, one of the products is mighty men for the ministry of the Word and urging outward the Gospel evangelism. Such a church in Methodism will likely have its class and prayer-meetings in intense glow, its Sabbath-school at white heat, and turn a strong blast upon the mission cause and possibly upon our educational institutions and publishing interests. Though, true as you live, this is by no means always the case. We have seen it, indeed, quite otherwise. It must be admitted that churches that are the more impressed with their belief in the human agencies, more freely support the human instrumentalities. So here, as elsewhere, we often to our damage rend asunder what God, in the counsels of infinite wisdom for extended personal improvement and successful co-operative enterprise, has joined together. On the other hand, life is so short and the human heart so sinful, there can be no doubt the chief part of religion in this world, whatever may be true in the next, is abiding in Christ, cleaving to God, filled with the Spirit; so that the man and the church that have the most of this actual divine indwelling, this personal spiritual experience, will, scripturally estimated, be the grandest and most successful man, the mightiest and most fruitful church. This may explain some things that many people have their queryings and wonderings about, and their questionings with themselves, why God does not do this and that by them when they are so much nicer, better informed and more refined than some other people whose spiritual power they turn a sidewise glance at.

More spiritual momentum is what God prizes in a church. Spiritual force, in humble reliance, is the force that manifests God, secures His favour, and brings Him most glory. The blasts of the Spirit must kindle and heighten our fires; the glow of divine life must warm and brighten our churches; the white heat of God's truth under pressure of keenest activity and severest, most self-sacrificing toil, the Holy Ghost's intensest flames, must burn up the dross of our sins, destroy every weight, dispel every cloud, and purify our souls to leap free and glad in the fellowship of Christ, in the enjoyments of religion, in the self-denials of the cross, and in the service and work of God. No wonder some sing with zest; let all the churches sing:

“O that He now from heaven might fall,  
And all our sins consume !  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee we call ;  
Spirit of burning, come.

“Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul,  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.”

If the Word of God made no promise, no demand ; offered no privilege, no holy joy ; enjoined no duty, no self-discipline ; assured no triumph, no reward, let us consider nature, how she operates, and go to the volumes of the centuries and the treasure-houses of the mountains for the lessons they teach. It happeneth that the firm oak and resinous pine fall to the earth, and by quiet air and gentle dew, by zephyr and rain, and silent heat and cold, by the soft influences of the sky and the tender embrace of the moistened earth, are gradually loosed of their strong bands, weakened and destroyed in their fibre, and scattered upon the fitful winds and trickling waters, and carried no man knows where. A great treasure is lost, a great strength is gone ; what man shall gather the good thereof ? Only God in His opulent kingdom and infinite resources knoweth whether it is loss or gain. For humanity of this generation, for this particular man, it seemeth well-nigh all loss. Again, it hath happened that the oak and pine have fallen, they have been swept by the torrent in violence over the brow of the mountain and buried in its gorge. All seemed desolation and quick decay. Men would call this ruin, and the other salvation and peace. But the pressure hath come on from above, and the fierce heats have heaved and seethed from beneath. Fibre, integument, fissile wood and twisted knot, and fat and gum have been fused and compacted into the coal bed, and sublimated, purified and hardened into the diamond. And now we have ornament and glory for kingly coronet, and resources of mechanical power and physical energy that are awaking the nations, revolutionizing travel and trade, and transforming the face of the globe. Why all this difference ? It is the same majestic pine, the same massive oak. Why coal and diamond in one case and weakness, decay, and fetid, death-dealing rot in the other ? The one was seized with violence, and bore heat and pressure ; the other was left to sweet air and softness, to roseate dawn and perfumed flowers, was let alone in most delicate touch and gentleness and perpetual quiet. The storm and the pressure made the coal ; the perfume and the softness wrought decay, and spread miasm and death.



This also cometh to pass in the Church of God. Some churches are like those subterranean furnaces; you can put on the pressure and the heat. There are produced the diamond and the coal. Other churches, mayhap, are like the mossy, leafy bed of the wood, or the tangled, grassy hillside, all softness, chilliness, dampness, decay. Instead of coal and diamond, the products are baser wood and degenerate grass. The pressure must be slight, the heat moderate; they will endure neither heat nor pressure. Ferns and fungi grow there; fox fire abounds and lichens and mosses; and thistles and briars find good nurture and lodgment. When on a church you can lay the pressure of the truth of God, and duty to God and men, and the obligations of labour and sacrifice for Christ's sake; when you can kindle the fires of genuine conviction, regeneration and entire sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and the people will receive the truth in the love of it, young men will crystallize into faithful ministers of the Word; light gases and volatile elements will become wood; wood, coal; and coal, diamond. Such a force must develop into consecrated labours and colonizing Sabbath-schools and churches. But when on a church you lay the pressure of such sacrifice and attempt to kindle the fires of conversion and perfect love, and it begins to sputter and fly in your face, or insist upon lightness, ease and softness, that it may float as it has been wont upon the gentle streams or in thin air, possibly there may be a nice people and a pleasant time, but there will be no outpost missions planted and no preachers for God; and if there is anything in religion, there will be at the end a strange eternity.

In such circumstances there will be quite likely a demand for a new preacher, who must be unctuous without unction, eloquent without argument, powerful without plea, seraphic without the Spirit, and captivating without Christ, without alarming the conscience or distressing the gentle soul; dispensing a gentle doctrine, floating like the down on the zephyr, or the lily on the quiet pond. Possibly it sometimes happens that people that like the limber things become very stiffnecked; that like soft things, become very hard of heart; that like light things, become very dull and gross of hearing; that like gentle things from the pulpit, become raging in their own passions; and that prefer quiet things from the men of God, become very violent in their own excesses. There is such a thing as being heady, high-minded, and having itching ears, heaping to ourselves teachers to suit the itching. There is such another thing as being humble, teachable, receiving the truth of God in the love of it, and believing that men are called of God to preach, and accepting them and their faithful instruction because they are so called.

## LOYAL ORIGIN OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.\*

THE birthplace of Methodism in Canada was in the bosom of loyalty and in the heart of benevolence; it was first preached by men who had borne arms in defence of their King and country. As early as 1780, a Mr. Tuffey, a commissary of the 44th Regiment, came to Quebec with the regiment. At that time there was one clergyman of the Church of England in Montreal and another in Quebec—none elsewhere, except a chaplain of some regiment. There were, of course, priests in the Roman Catholic churches. Mr. Tuffey, who had been a Methodist local preacher in England, seeing and lamenting the state of the soldiery and Protestant emigrants in Quebec, commenced preaching to them, and continued to do so with success as long as he remained in the country. On the restoration of peace between Great Britain and the thirteen American colonies, some regiments, including the 44th, were disbanded at Quebec, leaving it to the option of officers and men to return to England or settle in the country. Many remained, taking up land and settling as farmers, or becoming traders. Though Mr. Tuffey returned home, the good influences of his life and labours remained among the soldiers and other Protestant emigrants forming the first scattered settlements; which were much increased, at the close of the war, by emigrant Loyalists from the valleys of the Hudson, Susquehanna and Mohawk rivers. Some of them were Episcopalians, some Presbyterians, some Lutherans, some Baptists, some Methodists.

As Mr. Tuffey, of the 44th Regiment, was the first Methodist preacher in Lower Canada, so Mr. George Neal, of a British cavalry regiment, was the first Methodist preacher in Upper Canada. Mr. Neal was of Irish descent, born in Pennsylvania, but he had resided mostly in the Southern States. On the breaking out of the American revolution he joined the British army, in which he was first appointed captain, and then promoted to be a major. He had become religious while serving in the army. Major Neal crossed the Niagara river into Canada, at Queenston, the 7th of October, 1786. He taught school, and soon began to preach on the Niagara frontier, not without opposition from some quarters, but with encouraging success.

\* We reproduce here, as an appropriate centennial article, by one of the fathers of Canadian Methodism, a paper abridged from Dr. Ryerson's book, written eleven years ago and long since out of print.—ED.

It was thus from the British army came the first Methodist preachers in both Lower and Upper Canada—true soldiers of both an earthly and heavenly King.

Nor was it in the first preachers alone that Methodism in Canada had a loyal origin; it was also in the first emigrants, and in the first missionary preachers that followed them into the wilderness, and ministered to their spiritual wants.

The exodus of Methodists from New York State, and their migration to Canada, on the ground of loyalty to the King of Great Britain, commenced with the first year of the American Revolution in 1774. Nearly ten years before—three years after Canada became a British Province, and thirteen years before the American Declaration of Independence—a small number of Methodist emigrants arrived in the city of New York from Ireland. They were called Palatines, having fled from the persecutions raging against them in the German Palatinate, and having found protection and hospitality under the British Government, for which they and their descendants have ever cherished a grateful and loyal attachment. Among those pious Irish Palatines who came to the city of New York in 1765 (some accounts say in 1760) was a family named *Embury*, of which there were four brothers—John, Peter, Philip and David—all pious. John and Peter preached in the German language, and died at an early age. David left his property in the United States, after the Revolution, came to Upper Canada, and settled in the township of Fredericksburg, where he died in 1810. Philip Embury was a carpenter and local preacher before he left Ireland; in 1766 he was joined by his cousin and her husband, best known as Paul and Barbara Heck. That pious and energetic woman prevailed upon her cousin Philip to commence preaching in his own house and to his own company, which consisted on the first Sabbath of five persons. These with others were soon formed into a class. This was the beginning of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America—now the largest Protestant denomination on the American continent.\*

\* Dr. Stevens says as follows: “The little company soon grew too large for Embury’s house; they hired a more commodious room in the neighbourhood [a rigging-loft, 30 by 40], where he continued to conduct their worship; its expenses being met by voluntary contributions. In a few months there were two ‘classes’—one of men, the other of women—including six or seven members each. No little excitement began soon to prevail in the city on account of these meetings, and they were thronged with spectators. Three musicians of a regiment in the neighbouring barracks, attracted probably by the peculiar charm of Methodist singing, were converted, and became active co-workers with Embury as exhorters. The

Philip Embury and his little society soon proceeded to erect a place of worship in John Street, 60 feet by 42 feet, called Wesley Chapel, in which Mr. Embury exercised the pastoral office for three years. In October, 1769, Mr. Wesley, in answer to the repeated and urgent applications of Mr. Embury and his friends, sent to their assistance two preachers, Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor, the former of whom relieved Mr. Embury of his onerous charge.

The spiritual wants of the little society in New York being then provided for, Mr. Embury and some of his relatives removed in autumn of 1769 from the city to the country, and settled at Camden, a village in the township of Salem, Washington County, where he continued to labour as a local preacher, and formed a society, chiefly of his own countrymen, at Ashgrove—the first Methodist class within the bounds of the Troy Conference.

The removal of Barbara Heck and family, and the surviving members of the family of Philip Embury, to Canada, is thus stated by Dr. Stevens:

“Barbara Heck, with her husband and all her sons (John, Jacob and Samuel), removed to Camden, N.Y. (the new home of Embury), in 1770 or 1771, and thence to Canada as early as 1774; in 1778 they were in Upper Canada, and resided in Augusta (where they formed a part of the first Methodist class, under the leadership of Samuel Embury, son of Philip) till their deaths—Mr. Paul Heck dying in 1792, Mrs. Barbara Heck in 1804—and they lie side by side in the burying-ground of the ‘Old Blue Church in the front of Augusta.’”

It is thus seen that Methodism in New York and Canada was founded by the same parties; that it was first preached in both Lower and Upper Canada by officers of the British army, and that its first societies were formed of those who had, on the outbreak of the American Revolution, fled to Canada for peace and safety, on account of their grateful and loyal attachment to British institutions.

Such also were the loyal feelings and devotion of the first regular Methodist ministers who volunteered and were sent to

lower classes of the people received the word gladly; the interest reached the Alms-house; Embury was invited to preach there, and the Superintendent of the Institution and several of its inmates were soon recorded among his converts. Thus American Methodism, like British Methodism and primitive Christianity, of which it was a reproduction, began among the poor, and thus was foreshadowed its honourable mission throughout the continent and throughout the world. With Christ it could say, as the supreme proof of its genuineness as a dispensation of the truth, that ‘the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.’”—*Wakeley's Lost Chapters*, pp. 55, 56.



minister to the spiritual wants of the new settlements in Canada, in compliance with their earnest petitions. The Rev. William Losee was the first regular preacher who came to Canada; he was sent by Bishop Asbury, at the New York Conference in 1790, in compliance with an earnest request of the Canadian people. *Losee was a Loyalist*, and knew some of the settlers in Adolphustown before they left the United States. He desired to see them, and preach to them the glad tidings of salvation. Had he been on the revolutionary side, the warm Loyalists would not have received him—rather would have driven him from the country. Having preached a few times, he spoke of leaving (his visit being voluntary). The people were now anxious for a missionary to reside and labour among them, and circulated an extensively signed petition in the Midland District, to the New York Conference, for a missionary to labour in these new townships. He carried the petition to Conference, which assembled in New York, and offered to be the first preacher in these northern climes. Bishop Asbury and the preachers were willing that an entrance should be made at this new door. William Losee was therefore allowed to return, with instructions to form a Circuit. As the Conference sat so late in the year (October, 1790), he had not time to prepare, and return to Canada before the winter.

In 1791, however, as soon as the winter was well set in, and the ice in the St. Lawrence strong enough to allow crossing with a horse, Mr. Losee was on his journey. He went through the wilderness of the western part of New York State, in the track of the emigrants coming into Canada, suffering hardships and many privations in journeying for some weeks through a country almost without roads and nearly without inhabitants, crossed the frontier at Kingston, and appears to have been safely in Adolphustown again in the month of February.

The good impression made by Losee on his first coming, was strengthened by his second. The people received the Word with a ready mind, and a number were soon enjoying the salvation of the Gospel.

Losee was accompanied the following year by Darius Dunham, and afterwards by other preachers who volunteered to come to Canada and labour among the sparse inhabitants, and who were of like British feelings and self-sacrificing zeal with Losee himself. Though privations and poverty and hardships awaited them, the "love of God constrained them,"—a true British patriotism impelled them, and they counted not even their lives dear unto them, that they might impart to the dispersed emigrant Loyalists of Canada the instructions and consolations of our holy religion.

We know of no country the early religious history of which presents such a stamp of loyal patriotism as that of the Methodist Church of Canada in its first preachers, its first Church members, and regular missionary ministers, wholly dependent, as they were for support, or rather slender sustenance, upon their own exertions and upon the voluntary contributions, mostly in articles of food and clothing, of the widely scattered people among whom they lived and laboured.

Yet, singular to say, and incredible as it may appear, the chief charge against Methodism in Canada, and the most common ground of opposition to it, during more than thirty years was that its ministers were disaffected to the Government and institutions of the country. Such were the pretexts for the persecutions against Christianity during the first three hundred years of its history, and against Wesleyan ministers in the United States during the Revolutionary War; and so it was in Canada. Some of the preachers were interrupted and insulted, and seized by constables while preaching—in one or two instances headed by the sheriff—under the pretext that they were vagabonds—the vagabond offence being the preaching the Gospel from place to place, to a spiritually destitute people; their assailants declaring that none but clergy of the established Church of England should preach in the colonies, though there were at that time but two such in all Upper Canada.\*

\* In one instance, in the Midland District, near Kingston, while Mr. McCarty, a Whitefield Methodist, but recognized by the Wesleyans, "was preaching," says Mr. Playter, "one Sunday at Robert Perry's, four armed men came up; and leaving their guns outside, rushed into the house to seize the preacher, intending to carry him off to Kingston gaol. But the congregation opposing, and Mr. Perry agreeing to give bail for the man's appearance in Kingston on the morrow, the men went away. The next day Mr. Perry took the preacher to Kingston, and brought him to the sheriff, who refused to have aught to do with the man. Under some false pretext he was arrested and cast into prison; but was liberated again on his friend again becoming bail, and returned home [where he had a wife and four children, among whom is Mr. John McCarty, of Cobourg]. On the expiration of the bail, Mr. McCarty repaired to Kingston. And now his enemies resolved that he should never go back to preach. [Having obtained the condemnation by Judge Cartwright of Mr. McCarty, as a vagabond, for preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, where his family resided], he was seized, thrown into a boat under the care of four Frenchmen, who were directed to leave him on one of the then desolate islands of the St. Lawrence; here they landed him, left him, and he was never heard of afterwards." "Undoubtedly McCarty was a martyr for the Gospel; and so he was regarded by the early inhabitants."—*Playter*, pp. 17, 18.

Amidst privations, and labours, and sufferings—to be noted hereafter—the pioneer Methodist preachers toiled on their vast circuits, and adding new ones, until the war of the United States against Great Britain from 1812 to 1815, during the whole of which not a single Methodist was found in the ranks of the invaders of their country, but very many of them were amongst its defenders.

The only shadow of pretext for the imputation against the loyalty of the first Methodist preachers was their ordination and appointment by an American bishop. As well might disaffection to the American Government have been imputed to the Episcopalian clergy because, on the ground of ecclesiastical order, they received ordination from English bishops. Besides, for twenty years, the voluntary preachers for the then wilds of Canada were accepted, ordained and appointed by the venerable Asbury, who had retired into concealment during the American Revolutionary War rather than abjure his oath of allegiance to his King, or take an oath of allegiance to any American State authority until after the acknowledgment of American independence by Great Britain.

Canadian Methodism is no less remarkable for its *benevolent* than for its *loyal* origin. Benevolence itself is among the first of the God-like virtues—pitying the destitute, helping the distressed, “upholding those that fall, and raising up those that are bowed down.” And that benevolence never shines with a purer lustre than when it voluntarily suffers wholly for the sake of others—accompanies the lonely emigrant into the wilderness, and cheers the first months of his isolation, privations and labours, by warming and illuminating his bark-covered log cottage with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and the angel songs of devotion and praise. If the indigenous industry of the new settlers felled the first tree of the forest, erected the first shanty, turned the first sod, made the first enclosure, planted and gathered the first crop; so did the first Methodist preachers follow in the footsteps of the first emigrants, traversing the same wildernesses, braving the same privations and hardships, and, like emigrants themselves, without extraneous support. Losee himself, the first itinerant minister from the United States, during his first journey through an almost interminable forest from Lake Champlain to the Bay of Quinte, came “on a warfare at his own temporal charges,” and therefore endured the severe hardships of ordinary emigrants. And thus travelled and endured Losee’s colleagues and successors—the Dunhams, the Colemans, the Woolseys, the Keelers, the Coates, the Jewels, the Sawyers, the Bangs, and others of that epoch of Methodism in Canada—especially Upper Canada.

Through long roads, or rather roadless deserts, they came to the Canadian wilderness settlements in the faith and spirit of the first Gospel mission established by the Saviour (Matt. x. 9, 10), provided with "neither gold, nor silver, nor scrip, nor two coats," resting with assurance and dignified confidence that now, as in ancient days, "the workman is worthy of his meat."

If the character and labours of the first preachers of Christianity demonstrated the divinity of the religion they preached, the first Methodist preachers in Canada, by their self-denials, purity of life and doctrine, and extraordinary labours, demonstrated the divinity of their mission, and produced in the public mind the conviction that they were actuated by higher than human motives and were sustained by higher than human power, while their ministrations were instrumental in creating hundreds of happy homes, and the fruits of righteousness in the lives of thousands of individuals.

We will give a few examples of the self-sacrifice and hardships of these volunteer apostles of Methodism to the first loyalist emigrants in Canada.

Losee's first visit to Canada in 1790 was spontaneous—by permission, not by appointment. In 1791 he was appointed the primary missionary to the Bay of Quinte. "*Losee having taken part with the Loyalists during the American Revolution, and having acquaintances in Canada, was not the less acceptable on that account; and a pretty extensive circuit was soon formed, where he preached during the year. The people were soon aroused to the subject of religion, and conversions occurred in various places, so that 165 members were reported at the close of the year.*"

"James Coleman volunteered and was sent to Canada in 1794. On his route to and in his travels in the Provinces, he endured the severest privations. While passing up the Mohawk river he was obliged to go on shore *fifteen nights in succession*, and kindle a fire to keep off the wild beasts; and his food failing, he was reduced to a cracker per day."

Under date of 1801, Dr. Bangs, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," thus states the manner in which the earliest Methodist preachers prosecuted their work in Upper Canada:

"Upper Canada was at that time but sparsely populated; so that in riding from one appointment to another, the preachers sometimes had to pass through wildernesses from ten to sixty miles' distance, and not unfrequently had either to encamp in the woods or sleep in an Indian tent; and sometimes, in visiting the newly settled places, they have carried provender for their horses overnight, when they would tie them to a tree to prevent their straying in the woods; while the preachers themselves had to preach, eat, and sleep in the same room, looking at the curling smoke ascending



through an opening in the roof of the log cabin, which had not yet the convenience of even a chimney.

“But in the midst of these labours and privations they seemed to be abundantly compensated in beholding the blessed effects of their evangelical efforts, and the cordiality and high gratification with which they were received and treated, more especially by those whose hearts God had touched by His Spirit. For though the people were in the wilderness, and many of them poor, they seemed to be ripe for the Gospel ; and it was no less gratifying to its messengers than it was pleasurable to its recipients to behold its blessed effects upon the hearts and lives of such as ‘believed with the heart unto righteousness.’ While those who resisted the truth often manifested their enmity by persecuting those who proclaimed it ; such as did ‘receive it in the love of it,’ evinced their affection and gratitude to those who published it by making them welcome to their habitations and entertaining them in the best manner they could. For these self-denying labours and sacrifices of these early Methodist preachers, thousands of immortal beings in Canada will doubtless praise God in that day when He shall come to make up His jewels.”

In a summary review of his fifty years’ perils, sufferings and labours in Canada, Mr. Case employs the following expressive and touching words :

“Five times have I been laid low by fevers, bilious and typhus ; and although with no home of my own, I was provided for among strangers, who watched at my bedside for weeks together, faithfully administering to my recovery. The Lord reward them in ‘that day !’ Sometimes in those afflictions, but more afterwards, I found they ‘yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness ;’ and then how sweetly could I sing :

“ ‘Oft from the margin of the grave,  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;  
Sudden, I found Thee near to save :  
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.’ ”

“In my labours it has been my lot to be much on the waters. Once I was shipwrecked on Lake Ontario ; five times have I been through the ice with my horse on bays, rivers, and lakes of Canada. Through all these dangers the Lord in His providence delivered me, and then I have sung with delight :

“ ‘Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
And given me back at Thy command :  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,—  
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand.’ ”

From Bishop Asbury’s Journal we learn his feelings and views of Canada. He says :

“Our ride has brought us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen : the timber of noble growth ; the cattle well-looking ; crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. To the people my soul is much united. We

crossed the St. Lawrence in romantic style. We had four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together, and put our horses into them, their fore feet in one canoe, their hind feet in another. It was a singular load ; three canoes, three passengers (the Bishop, Bela Smith [the Canadian preacher], and myself), three horses, and four Indians. They were to take us over for three dollars. It was nearly three miles across to where we landed. It was late in the afternoon when we started, and we were a long time crossing, for some part was rough, especially the rapids ; so we did not reach the other side till late in the evening. Then the Indians claimed an additional dollar. They said, 'Four men, four dollar,' intimating that three dollars could not be so easily divided among four. We cheerfully paid the additional dollar, and were full of gratitude for our crossing in safety."

Dr. Bangs writes thus of the hardships and privations which were the common lot of the Methodist itinerant of the early days of Canada :

"With but fifteen dollars in my pocket I set off on a journey of 600 miles. My money was at length all expended, and I had eighty miles still to travel before I could reach my destined field. I went into the woods, kneeled down, and wept and prayed. Finally the words came forcibly to my mind, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' I arose with renewed courage. Before I left these parts, one friend and another put into my hands money amounting to eleven dollars—enough for my journey. August 10th we rose at break of day, took a little food, and started for a ride through the wilderness [Long Woods], forty miles long, with no roads, and only 'blazed' or marked trees to guide us. There being not even a beaten path, we were often at a loss to know whether we were right or wrong ; but we got safely through at last. We had a little Indian bread and dried beef in our pockets, of which we partook ; but the water we occasionally met looked so black that we dare not drink it.

"We arrived about sunset, weary, hungry and thirsty, at a small log hut inhabited by a Frenchman. My tired horse lay down as soon as the saddle and bridle were taken off. I asked the woman of the cabin if she could give me a drink of tea, but she had none. Being almost famished, I requested the woman to procure us some water, which we sipped a little at a time, as if it were nectar ; we then ate some Indian pudding and milk. After praying with the family, we lay down on a bundle of straw, slept sweetly, and rose in the morning much refreshed and invigorated in body and mind. The poor woman was so kind as to send early to a distant neighbour, to beg some tea for us ; but she had neither tea-kettle, tea-pot, nor tea-cup ; she therefore boiled it in a 'dish-kettle,' and then poured it into a tin-cup, from which we drank it with more relish than ever king drank wine from a golden goblet. I thought it was the most refreshing beverage I had ever drunk."

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I'm ready now to work,  
To work for God and suffer for His Christ,  
Adopt His measures and abide His means.

—J. G. Holland.

## REV. SAMUEL ROSE, D.D.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.

THE memory of the fathers of Methodism, who have laid the foundations and reared the superstructure of the Church, should be treasured with peculiar sacredness. From the dim and distant past we discern their shadowy outlines, and though we have but uncertain records and fugitive documents which record their consecrated lives and heroic deeds, yet we cannot permit their memorials to perish. The story of their struggles and successes, their trials and triumphs, cannot but strengthen our faith, stimulate our energy, and inspire us to emulate their spirit and follow their example. Among the heroic band who have made the past of our Church history illustrious is the name of Samuel Rose; and it would be a dishonour to Methodism to allow that name to go down into silence with no more extended biographical notice than has yet appeared. I desire in these pages to pay a loving and respectful tribute to his memory, and though few materials for such a biography are at hand, yet do I bring to the task a tender and true personal affection, an acquaintance of over twenty-five years, and special opportunities of studying his character in the golden autumn of his declining days. I am chiefly indebted to his sons (the Honourable Mr. Justice Rose, of this city, and the Rev. Samuel P. Rose, of Montreal) for the facts and incidents which enable me to portray some of the characteristic features of this departed father in Israel, who during his long and eventful life achieved so much for the cause of his Master.

Samuel Rose was born at Marysburg, near Picton, Prince Edward county, September 13th, 1806. He was of English extraction on his father's side, but his paternal grandmother came from Germany. His mother died in July, 1812, when he was a lad of six years; but, cradled in the very birthplace of Canadian Methodism, he must have been early inspired with a love for the Wesleyan doctrines and economy, for at twelve years of age he was converted to God, and united with the Church in which he continued in useful membership for seventy-two years. When he joined the Church, the membership in Upper and Lower Canada was 2,736. The Wesleyans in the Eastern Provinces numbered 2,728, making a total membership of 5,464. He lived to see the Church grow to the thronging multitude of more than a quarter of a million members. He received a fair education in his early life, and being fond of reading and study, and possessing ready gifts

of speech and fervent piety, the attention of the Church was soon called to his talents and usefulness. Having been an exhorter, he was licensed by William Ryerson to preach in 1830, and in April, 1831, he was put in charge of the Lake Simcoe Indian Mission as preacher, school instructor and church-builder.

By a striking coincidence his son, Rev. Samuel P. Rose, was appointed to this very spot, Orillia, just fifty years later. The son reached his station in a few hours by a railway train. The pioneer father left his home, near Picton, on the 13th of April, and reached his mission after seventeen days' travel, accomplishing the last twenty miles of his journey in a bark canoe, paddling his way with an Indian who could neither speak nor understand English. The young missionary neither knew the way nor the premises, but implored Divine direction, and as they paddled along in the dark, when they came near to the Mission House the Indian, as if influenced by some higher power, cried out, "Methodist!" They landed, and it proved to be the very house to which he had been directed. On Sunday, May 1st, 1831, he writes: "I have met the people of my charge, a school of about seventy or eighty Indian children, and while addressing them for the first time God greatly blessed me."

In the vigour of youthful manhood, his voice clear and powerful, a master of sacred song, his manner persuasive and often deeply pathetic, and his soul on fire with holy zeal, he was ready for every emergency of his arduous position, and performed prodigies of Christian valour. The following year he spent partly in study and partly in pastoral work in what was then called the Toronto Circuit, of which Streetsville was the principal appointment. In 1833 he was labouring on the newly-formed Albion Circuit. At the session held in York, October, 1833, the Union between the British and Canadian Conferences was ratified, and the remaining years of his probation were spent on Westminster and Hamilton Circuits. In 1836 he was ordained to the ministry, and from the hour of his consecration to this work every moment of his time, every endowment of his nature, and every energy of his being was placed at the service of the Church and of God, for the achievement of the highest moral and spiritual results. The Conference which received him into full connexion numbered scarcely more than fifty members; he lived to see the itinerant band increase three-hundred-fold. How much his denominational loyalty, Christian spirit, sound judgment and untiring labours had to do with this progress and development, eternity alone will fully disclose.

Stamford, St. Catharines, London, Brantford, Yonge Street, and



Dundas were his fields of labour until the year 1850, during which time he rose steadily in influence and power. We speak of self-made men. All men that are really made are self-made; none become great by accident. Pre-eminently is this true of the fathers in Canadian Methodism, who have made all succeeding generations their debtors. There were good sense and learning in our fathers' days, as well as in our own; but though they were not the days of theological seminaries and university training, yet, under the supervision of experienced ministers, by industry, singleness of purpose, and devotion to their work, young men overcame their disadvantages, and learned practically and thoroughly the work of successful Methodist preachers. Dr. Rose was such a man. He was a Bible student. He kept himself abreast of the literature of the day. He made constant accessions to the stores of his knowledge; but his mental storehouse had no dead stock in it. All that he had was usable, and he used it. He was, perhaps, more a student of men than of books. He was a man of affairs, as well as of pious offices. His administrative ability, business habits, and knowledge of the Indian character, joined with other qualifications, led to his appointment to the governorship of the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution for the Muncey Indians. This position he filled successfully for six years. He was an early and unwavering friend of the Red Man, was always interested in Indian evangelization, and to the end delighted in giving his friends a salutation in the Ojibway tongue. He was early impressed with the Church's need of higher educational facilities, and his name stands among the original founders of the Upper Canada Academy, which in 1841 was endowed with university powers, and became Victoria College, the "Old Vic" of revered memory.

He was ever watchful over all the interests of the Church, and his mind was fruitful in measures for her prosperity and enlargement. As he overlooked her wide domain, he had eyes to see her resources and opportunities; and was ever ready to waken her energies and stimulate her hope.

On his return to the pastorate he laboured wisely and effectively for another three years in Dundas, then in Thorold, St. Catharines and Belleville, until called, in 1865, to take charge of the interests of the Book and Publishing Establishment in Toronto. While Governor of the Industrial School at Muncey, he was Chairman, first of the London, then of the Chatham District, and while superintending large and important circuits, he had also the oversight of the District in which his field of labour lay. He was an excellent administrator, and his knowledge of ecclesi-

astical law led him to take a prominent part in the discussions and deliberations of Conference.

Elected to the office of Book Steward, he entered with unwavering fidelity upon his task, and concentrated all his powers to the enlargement of this most important department of church work. For fourteen years he managed, with energy and efficiency, this ever-expanding interest. Amid the diversified duties of a vast and perplexing business, under circumstances most trying to one's patience and temper, often distressed by the financial cares of the Concern, suffering from overwork and nervous wear, he was yet enabled to keep his mind stayed on God and to enjoy perfect peace. Our Connexional Editors, Drs. Dewart and Withrow, both bear testimony to his conscientious integrity and untiring industry; and those most intimately associated with him during those years of official labour, had abundant evidence in his daily life of the sincerity and purity of his Christian character. This was due to his uniform piety, his life-long habits of prayer and constant study of the Word of God as the infallible guide in daily life. He was abundant in labours. Toiling all the week in the office, he did not relax his pulpit labours on the Sabbath. He kept no regular diary, but this note, found among many pencilled records, is suggestive of his love of work and of a power of endurance much above that of most men: "After a busy week, accompanied Dr. Wood to the Northern Station." When the Sabbath's delightful and successful pulpit toil was over, he thus speaks: "Blessed be God whom we serve, He only shall be praised." The next morning, though in his sixty-fourth year, he rose at five o'clock and enjoyed (?) a sleigh-drive to Georgetown, they making their way through snow as high as the fences. Back at the Book Room office at 11.30, where, working on until evening, he concludes the day with this testimony: "I find it an advantage to soul and body to get away from office work."

In 1879, he was superannuated, and relinquished all active ministerial duties. But with his enthusiasm of labour, to remain unemployed would have been the hardest task that could have been imposed upon him. Accordingly, his fine business capacity was still given to the service of the Church, and he was Treasurer of several Connexional Funds, notably the General Conference Fund, and the Endowment Fund of Victoria University. Always a public-spirited man, he now gave increased attention to the more general religious enterprises of the city. As one of the Vice-Presidents of the Upper Canada Bible Society, he took an active part in the management of its affairs. He maintained a deep

and lively interest in many of our charitable institutions. His growing personal piety was manifested by his kind attentions to the bereaved and distressed, and he was a regular attendant upon the services of his Church until, at the age of eighty-four, crowned with years and honours, he was translated to the Church triumphant in heaven.

What were the elements of character that gave to him such great power and influence in his day and generation? In all the qualities that give efficiency to Christian manhood he abounded.

First, his stalwart and symmetrical physique. Size in a man counts everywhere, especially in public life. Dr. Rose possessed an impressive personal appearance. What a magnificent specimen of a man was he! I have often looked with pride upon him; his Herculean frame compact and strong; his forehead high, his soft gray hair falling over a massive brain; his clear complexion, his faultless dress, his manners indicating the born gentleman; and thought how ruddy and beautiful must have been his countenance, and how Apollo-like his form, in the prime of his young manhood! "There were giants," indeed, in those days. The pioneer fathers were many of them of the mould of Hercules, and fitted for those prodigies of physical strength which had to be undergone when lonely forests were to be traversed, unbridged rivers to be swam, and untold privations endured. Such kingly men as Case, Ryerson, Green, Evans, Rice, Williams, and others, are indissolubly connected with our early history. Shall we ever see their like again? Shall we ever again have such a goodly fellowship of sturdy, physical, noble manhood?

His intellectual endowments were more than ordinary. Making no pretensions to broad or profound scholarship, as scholarship is measured by present-day standards, Dr. Rose, nevertheless, possessed the instincts and cultivated many of the habits of a student. His early advantages were few, but his mind was well improved, and there had been a general educing of latent powers. His small but well-chosen library was filled with books that had become his very own by the diligent use he made of them. What he knew he knew thoroughly. Neither was he without a taste for metaphysical discussions. His reasoning powers were of a high order; he possessed a logical mind which only needed the leisure and opportunity for development secured to young men to-day, to have enabled him to rise to eminence in this direction. It may be mentioned as an indication of his taste for psychological reading that, under the old system of examination of candidates for the ministry, he was for some years examiner of students in Reid's "Active and Intellectual Powers of the Human Mind."

He possessed what may be called a legal mind. He was interested in legislation, and was quick to see the bearing of law upon conduct. But like his contemporaries he was, by way of pre-eminence, a Bible student, and a profound lover of Wesleyan theology. It was in recognition of his acquaintance with the standards of our Church, as well as an acknowledgment of his services to Methodism, that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him, in 1878, by the University of Tennessee. His sermons were simple, direct, instructive and impressive. His aim, as a preacher, was to present doctrinal, practical and experimental truth. He did not write his sermons in full. This is to be regretted, as from the notes preserved, several of his discourses were well worth handing down to posterity. His sermon on "the Lamb in the midst of the throne" produced a profound impression for good wherever it was delivered. Another discourse, founded upon John vi. 53, 54, was a model of sound reasoning and close consecutive thought, united with earnest evangelical appeal.

His ablest sermon was, perhaps, that on John xvii. 4, 5. The discourse had grown with his growth. It originated away back, in his early ministry, out of an attempt to answer the heresies of the Unitarians on his circuit, and had been frequently revised. It was preached for his son at the opening of the Newmarket church, when, during the last half-hour, there came upon him the old-time power, and he swayed the congregation at will. He must have been in his earlier ministry "a son of thunder."

Dr. Rose was in great demand for camp-meetings. His stentorian voice, rich, mellow, harmonious, full of pathos and power, could be heard for a mile in the open air; and when in the full height of inspired eloquence he brought home the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, the effect was overwhelming and the waves of feeling that rushed over the assembled multitude were often as manifest as the effects of the storm that swept over the forest and shook the leafy temple. Shall we ever again witness the oratorical effects of those days? The country was new, the age uncritical, the people were eager to hear, they gathered for miles around, and gave themselves up to the preacher of the occasion; the speaker possessed the hearer; as he began to kindle with his theme, the assembly took fire; sentences of marvellous splendour, unction and power dropped from the orator's lips; intense earnestness and enthusiasm prevailed; deep emotions were manifest; the hearers sat enraptured, filled, thrilled, or weeping and sobbing, overawed; until some mighty climax reached, there is an electric shock of discharged power, and men leap to their



feet shouting and praising God, or fall prostrate upon the ground, crying for mercy! Shall we ever again see such demonstrations attending the preaching of the Gospel? Dr. Rose loved these old-time meetings, because of their converting power. He selected the site of the Grimsby camp-ground, and took charge of the services during five successive years. More than once he has pointed out to me the precise spot where, after having chosen the place for the auditorium, the preachers' stand, the encampment around, the committee knelt down and earnestly prayed that the spot might become the birthplace of hundreds of souls.

He was a successful revivalist. He laboured to bring men to Christ. On this he fixed his thoughts and to this he directed his energies; and thousands throughout the Province were numbered as his spiritual children. In short, he was a Methodist preacher in all his sympathies, experiences and purposes. Yet he was no bigot, but of broad and catholic views and feelings, cherishing no exclusive or intolerant sentiments regarding his own Church.

As a pastor he was faithful and diligent. When Superintendent of Belleville, I was associated with him for some months, and had the privilege of making with him the first round of the Circuit. I thought him a model pastor. He performed his work in no perfunctory manner; but with tenderness conversed with the sick, comforted the sorrowing, and made inquiries concerning the soul-health of old and young, imparting instruction, warning and counsel. The people honoured him for his pastoral fidelity. And when death entered the household, how wonderful the sympathy which he evinced, and what strong consolation, what tender supplications did he offer in the house of mourning or beside the open coffin!

He excelled as an organizer. In all the varied labours and enterprises of the Church his clear, strong, practical judgment was invaluable. He possessed great discernment, strong common sense, and keen insight into character. His elevation of character, practical wisdom, and utter freedom from all sinister or selfish motives preserved him from public censure, and few men in the ministry have ever occupied so many important positions with greater satisfaction to the entire Church.

In the domestic circle he showed the love of the husband, the devotion of the father, and the kindness of the friend. His children not only loved but venerated him. In his own home he carefully observed those little attentions which go so far towards imparting happiness and dignity to domestic bliss. He was never austere, but he never relaxed into unbecoming levity. In personal intercourse he had a sense of the humorous and greatly

enjoyed a good joke; but he always preserved the quiet dignity of the Christian gentleman. His social nature was opulent.

“The gentleness he seemed to be  
Best seemed the thing he was, and joined  
Each office of its social hour  
To noble manners as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind.”

He enjoyed life and never grew old in spirit. What a friend he was, so true and unwavering and full of sympathy! He was a Christian Great-Heart. During the last eight years of his life I was much with him, and the intimacy of former years ripened into strong affection. I loved him as a father, he treated me as a son. When I came to the Metropolitan Church, though he lived at a distance, he regularly attended the Sabbath services and seldom missed the prayer-meetings. He was a good hearer of sermons, a kindly critic, and helpful in every good work. He loved that church. He was one of the original trustees. He had overlooked the plans; had seen the foundation laid; had watched tier after tier arise, until the top stone was brought forth with rejoicing and the noble edifice completed. It was endeared to him by the memories of fellow-trustees who had fallen—Punshon, Wood, Ryerson, Green, Taylor, Wm. T. Mason and A. W. Lauder. No wonder he loved the Metropolitan Church! And the great congregation loved him; loved him for his transparent character and his consistent piety. For who that ever witnessed his demeanour in the house of worship, or heard him pray, leading the devotions of the congregation, pleading and holding communion with his heavenly Father, could ever doubt the firmness of his trust or the reality of his devotion? He was a holy man; he lived, preached and exemplified that holiness “without which no man shall see the Lord.” When distance, with declining years, compelled him to find a nearer church-home, he worshipped in Parliament Street Church during the pastorate of his son, and his presence on Sabbath and at the week-night services was always helpful and inspiring. Later he attended the Sherbourne Street Church, and as long as he could walk to the house of God, his venerable form was seen there.

He took great interest in the public schools of the city, and his presence was welcomed by the boys and girls as he came year after year to distribute among them the Jesse Ketchum prizes. He took delight in conducting religious services in the hospitals and public institutions of the city; and often the Reformatory became a very Bochim, as with a father's tenderness, he reminded

the wandering girls of home, and mother, and a Saviour's love. He was a Director of the House of Industry, and his sympathy with the suffering poor was strongly marked. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and as the years passed on they learned to revere and honour him more and more. It is worthy of record as an evidence of the respect and esteem in which he was held by one of another faith, that when, a few months before his death, he was required to appear as a witness in the city court-house, the Honourable Mr. Justice McMahon from his place on the Bench, with graceful and kindly courtesy, offered him a seat at his side, that he might not have to stand while giving his evidence.

I shall never forget his last visit to the Toronto Ministerial Association. He had been bereaved of a loving and faithful wife, the companion of his years; had himself been in broken health for many months, and when he entered the room, with one impulse the body of ministers rose to their feet and remained standing until he reached his seat. Being invited to address the meeting, he expressed his gratitude to the brethren for their sympathy with him in his sorrow and his affliction. He said, "I feel very lonely. My company has gone before. Of all the merchants that were doing business in this city when I first knew it there is not one left. They are all gone. Not a physician. Not a lawyer. Not a minister. Not a public man. Not a friend of those early days. They are all gone. I stand alone." Then he told us of his hopes and consolations in the Gospel, and with the premonition that this would be his last visit to the Association, he gave us his farewell and his blessing. He charged us to preach the Gospel, the old Gospel, and be faithful to the grace of God. It was a touching spectacle; every heart was subdued and melted into tenderness.

The closing scene was a brief one. He had been unable to leave his house for weeks except for short drives. His daughter, Miss Rose, was with him, affectionately ministering to his every necessity; and when the end drew near, the other members of his household, Mrs. Frank Byrne, who was with her family at Grimsby Park, the Honourable Mr. Justice Rose, who was at Murray Bay, and Rev. Samuel P. Rose, of Montreal, were summoned to his bedside. He was conscious to the last, but there were no death-bed raptures, no triumphant utterances. There was no need. His life was his testimony. At half-past one on the morning of July 16th, 1890, the weary wheels of a life of eighty-four years stood still, and the aged patriarch saw the last of earth and the first of heaven. The following extract of a letter to one of the sons (from the Rev. Dr. Douglas) expresses the senti-

ment of the whole Church : "Full of years, full of honours, living in the affection of thousands, having accomplished his extended ministry, assured of a welcome by thousands of his spiritual children, he has been translated from sufferings and sorrow to everlasting rest and joy. I shall be forever thankful that I saw him so near the end of the journey. Never did I hear more triumphant words, words more full of sweet resignation and desire to depart and to be with Christ. All my household loved him as a father."

His memory is embalmed in the universal love of the Church. He has bequeathed to his family the priceless legacy of a spotless name; and though he has passed out of sight, the Methodist Church of Canada will cherish as an inspiration the memory of his early and abundant labours, his eminent business gifts, his integrity, devotedness, great usefulness and Connexional influence, his broad, sympathetic and catholic spirit, his serene and happy old age, his pure and noble life, his peaceful and triumphant end.

Heroic pioneer, among the last of a chivalrous band, his work is done, and

"He has heard the Master's blessing,  
Good and faithful, enter in."

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### THE GREAT PROCESSION.

Look up the street, look down the street—you cannot see it pass,  
And it glides along as noiselessly as breath upon a glass;  
No fife, no drum, no bugle-call is heard upon the air,  
To tell the listening mortal that a billion souls are there.

At every breath a mortal draws a new recruit falls in—  
No bloody war they're marching to, to perish or to win;  
There are no captains in the line—they're equal, one and all,  
When they join the Great Procession, at the Great Commander's call.

The king and peasant march along, the princess and the lass—  
The old graybeard and beardless boy—as all who live must pass.  
Caste and birth forgotten are in that vast noiseless tide—  
And a Croesus marches humbly with a beggar by his side.

Oh! I have listened for it, but I've never heard it pass—  
For it glides along as noiselessly as sunbeams over grass;  
But though I never yet have heard nor seen it passing—why,  
There's a something in my heart that says, softly : "By-and-by."

*—Songs from an Attic.*



## SYMPOSIUM ON METHODISM.

*THE PLACE AND INFLUENCE OF METHODISM IN  
CHRISTENDOM.*

BY THE REV. J. P. SHERATON, D.D.,

*Principal of Wycliffe College, Toronto.*

IN response to the Editor's request, I am permitted to contribute a few words to the Centenary number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. I can say nothing new, but I can at least help to give utterance to the heartfelt sympathy of the Evangelicals of the Church of England in Canada with our brethren of the Methodist Church, and our thankful appreciation of their great work in the Gospel.

There cannot be a catholic-minded Christian, by whatever name he is called, who does not feel a deep interest in the history and well-being of that great religious community, whose origin and progress are among the most remarkable phenomena of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the history of the Methodist Church has special claims upon those who are commonly designated "Evangelical Churchmen." Although they did not spring from the same source, and are marked by their own distinctive characteristics, yet the two great revivals, the Methodist and the Evangelical, are the simultaneous outcome of a remarkable quickening of spiritual life in the Mother-land, and are closely intertwined throughout their early history.

The Evangelicals are the heirs and successors of the historic Puritans, as even Abbey and Overton, in their history of the English Church in the eighteenth century, admit. That school had never ceased to exist within the National Church, however much it had been borne down through the Laudian reaction. The Evangelical revival was the reassertion of this Puritan element, which again became a power in the Church.

The Methodist revival had its cradle in the ancient University of Oxford. It received its first impulse from a High Churchman, non-juror and mystic—William Law, whose "Serious Call to a Holy Life" awoke the first earnest religious purpose within the heart of John Wesley, the great leader to whose fervent piety, practical wisdom, and administrative power the Methodist Church owes its greatest debt.

But Methodism very soon threw off the swaddling-clothes of its infancy. The contrast between its early surroundings and its

subsequent developments is very suggestive. The ascetic ritualism of "the Sacramentarian Club" was speedily displaced by the living piety of men brought into the freedom and spirituality of the Gospel. The husks of externalism fell away as the strong, vigorous life of faith was developed. A seasonable lesson is taught us here. The true antidote to ritualism is the believing apprehension of the Gospel; the only safeguard against formalism and legalism is to be found in living contact with the personal Redeemer.

The vast influence of Methodism throughout Protestant Christendom is due to the co-operation of a number of causes in a very distinctive combination. Among them three seem to be conspicuously pre-eminent—the preaching of personal relationship with Christ as the essential of religion, and in a way that brought forward the emotional, as distinguished from the intellectual, side of Christian life; the insistence upon the practical activities of Christian life and work; and the provision for the cultivation and maintenance of Christian fellowship.

It was an age of spiritual torpor and deadness. Lax morality and religious indifference prevailed among all classes of society. The worship of the Church was cold and formal. The preaching was artificial and constrained, devoid of unction and power. The distinctive doctrines of Christianity were either ignored, or, what was worse, dealt with in so vague and heartless a fashion that they were bereft of all reality. In their place the clergy of the day advocated what they called practical Christianity. And in doing so, in the trenchant words of Bishop Horsley, a man very far from identifying himself with Evangelicals, "they reduced it to heathen virtue;" while "the sermons, divested of the genuine spirit and savor of Christianity, were mere moral essays," and the preachers themselves had become "the apes of Epictetus." A morbid dread of enthusiasm was a marked characteristic of the eighteenth century, and indifferentism, miscalled "moderation," the chief virtue in which it gloried.

Such was the deplorable condition of the Church prior to the great revival of the last century. The instruments by which that marvellous revolution was effected were among the things despised by men, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. They were not, for the most part, men of great intellectual gifts. Their literary and theological work cannot be compared with that of the preceding century. Their printed sermons cannot be ranked among the masterpieces of the pulpit. Their power was not intellectual so much as it was moral and spiritual. They were men dominated by one master-purpose, filled with fervent love for

Christ and for the souls of men, possessed by a passionate enthusiasm which pervaded their utterances and gave them that persuasive and penetrating power which reached to the hearts of their hearers and brought conviction. They saw and felt, and made those who listened to them feel and see, that sin and judgment and hell were great and tremendous realities, that the Gospel of Redemption, the message of Christ's love and grace, was a veritable message to themselves, the rejection of which brought ruin and despair, and by the acceptance of which the most hardened and degraded sinner would find peace and purity.

In a word, the strength of this movement, as of the great Reformation and of every mighty impulse onwards, was the preaching by men who themselves believed it and loved it, of that Gospel which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth." Such St. Paul declared it to be, and the mighty movements of the eighteenth century confirm the inspired Word. Herein, there is no difference between what is vital and forceful in Methodism and in Evangelicalism.

The preaching which moved England was a call to repentance and to faith. Its great topics were the simple fundamental truths of the Gospel. Its great power lay in the presentation of the personal Saviour, in His mighty sufficiency and marvellous love, to the multitude. Mere morality had failed. It had ceased even to be moral. Ecclesiasticism and externalism were the most unsatisfying of husks for the hungry. The leaders of Methodism had known all this by experience. They had outgrown these beggarly elements of the religion of worldliness. They had been brought into those relations to Christ whence flow into human life all true power, sweetness and purity; and their life-work was to bring others into the same relations. This made it purposeful and powerful; this imparted to it its fruitfulness and its endurance; this constituted it an heritage in whose blessings Christendom has shared for an hundred years.

The preaching of the revivalists was emotional rather than logical; not that it was lacking in robust common sense, a marked quality in Wesley, nor in power of reasoning; but its main strength lay in the fire and fervour of its appeals to the heart and conscience. Just as the theology of Schleiermacher, with its emphatic presentation of the Christian feeling and Christian experience, fertilized the arid wastes of the cold intellectual rationalism of Germany, and gave that great fervent impulse to its thinking which is producing such magnificent results; so the fervour of the love of the evangelists to God and man transformed the dreary wastes of the legalism and deism of the England of the eighteenth century into a garden of Jehovah.

But that which, in this regard, constitutes the strength of Methodism is the source of its weakness and its danger. Mere emotionalism must degenerate, whenever it ceases to be based upon the presentation of the truth to the intellect and the conscience. Herein the special work Methodism has been privileged to do, needs to be supplemented by what God has wrought through other channels and instrumentalities in the Christian world.

Another source of the influence wielded by Methodism was its intense devotion to practical work. This glory it shares with Evangelicalism, although in some respects it retains its own pre-eminence. All the great enterprises, missionary and beneficent, of this century sprang from the religious revolution of the last. Fruitfulness in good works was a characteristic of the Evangelicals, as the High Churchman, Overton, attests. Methodism was emphatically a working and a giving religion. No communion has done more to promote systematic giving, and to arouse the conscience of the Christian Church to its duty in this matter. It made the poorest a giver and the humblest a worker. It utilized the gifts and directed the energies of every member of the Church.

Another source of the Methodist influence and, perhaps, the most conspicuous feature in its distinctive character, is to be found in its presentation of the communion of the saints as essential to the well-being of the Church. The thoughtful reader of the Book of Acts cannot fail to be impressed by the social and family character of the primitive church fellowship there described. It was that of a genuine brotherhood, marked by freedom, simplicity and unselfish devotion. There was intercommunion, not merely in the giving and receiving of the material benefits ministered by Christian beneficence (that was the lowest manifestation of this principle); but much more in the mutual interchange of sentiment and experience, admonishing and encouraging one another, comforting and edifying one another, as St. Paul expresses it.

In his well-known work on the "Evidences of Christianity" (Part I., chap. I.), Archdeacon Paley compares the mode of life of those primitive Christians, with their "exhortations" and "affectionate intercourse," with that of "the *Unitas Fratrum*, or the modern Methodists." An ideal church fellowship must take account of the strong social instincts of our nature. Every earnest religious movement tends towards closer and fuller intercommunion. The old Evangelicals adopted a system of communicants' meetings, to bring into closer relation the more earnest and spiritually minded of their flocks. Methodism organized a system



of class-meetings and love-feasts. And while the methods pursued are not without serious perils and have been liable to grave abuses, I do not hesitate to affirm that it is a primitive church principle upon which they were originally based; and the recognition of this principle, whatever may have been the defects in its application, has been a peculiar source of strength to Methodism.

Now the principles exemplified in Methodism and the influence which through those principles it has exercised upon Christendom, are not merely for its own sake, but for the sake of the Church Catholic. As Bishop Westcott suggestively observes, God reveals His purposes and furthers His work, not only in spite of, but by means of, the separate societies which have severally appropriated this or that part of the truth. Only thus could the whole truth be mastered—by being distributed amongst different individuals and different communities, to each of which is given a special work to do and a special contribution to make towards that mastery of the whole compass of revealed truth which is the necessary condition of advance. What we see successively wrought out in the successions of history and the distinctive methods and operations of each age and generation, we see contemporaneously wrought out in the different bodies into which Christendom is divided. Each distinct Christian society “suberves in virtue of this distinctness to distinct types of thought and feeling.” Thus by separation, and even by antagonism, the vindication and appropriation of truth are achieved. Analysis precedes synthesis. Division is preliminary to genuine catholicity, which will at last be attained when each part yields up its separate contribution to the completeness of the whole, and when the various components of the truth thus eliminated are combined in one glorious harmony.

Closer union between the different Christian communities can only be attained by closer sympathy and better knowledge of each other. To promote sympathy let us pray more one for another, like good Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who relates that he never passed the house of worship of any denomination without praying that God would bless and prosper its work in so far as it set forth the truth of Christ. To increase mutual knowledge, let us work more together in all things in which common effort is possible. Co-operation must precede organic union, if the latter is ever to be attained.

The Methodists and the Evangelicals of the eighteenth century, who had so much in common, were chiefly separated by two barriers, the one doctrinal, the other ecclesiastical.

Their chief doctrinal difference found its expression in the Cal-

vinistic controversy, which formed an unhappy episode in the history of the great revival. On the one side, it was marked, I think it must be admitted, by very much that was crude and superficial; and on the other side, it was certainly stained by un-Christian bitterness and hardness. Is there any reconciliation of the differences, any solution of the difficulties?

The two great truths in dispute stand unmoved—on the one side, man's free-will and responsibility; and on the other side, the majesty of the divine sovereignty. They spring like two massive shafts from the unseen depths of the divine mysteries, and rise to the dizzy heights of speculation, where the reason reels as it attempts to mount. No theological skill has constructed the arch of synthesis which may combine these tremendous premises; no philosophic speculation has been able to unravel the mystery of their seeming contradictions. Yet the Christian consciousness not only asserts both truths, but finds no difficulty in adjusting them to the facts of experience. The two combine, like the centrifugal and centripetal forces, to project that orbit of daily progress in grace and righteousness in which the Christian believer humbly but confidently advances. And what the universal Christian consciousness accepts, the hymns of the Church express. Side by side in our manuals of devotion stand Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and Toplady's "Rock of Ages," the former asserting as absolutely as the latter the sufficiency as well as the necessity of the divine grace, and the helpless evil of the heart of man, the latter exulting as confidently as the former in the appropriating power of faith. It was a Presbyterian divine, the late Dr. H. B. Smith, of the New York Theological Seminary, who affirmed the possibility of a harmony between an Evangelical Arminianism and an Evangelical Calvinism, based on the sovereign freeness of the divine grace.

The ecclesiastical differences may to many present a more formidable obstacle. The Evangelicals, adhering to the doctrinal position of the Puritans, unlike the Puritans, loved and clung to the ancient order of the historic Church. The fervid and emotional religious life of Methodism wrought out an organism for itself.

Both still have much to learn. For, strange to say, the Methodist order, while marked by an excess of freedom in worship and in working, yet retains an absolutism in government which to us without seems neither to be consistent with its own free spirit nor compatible with the rights of the laity and a true constitutional liberty. Moreover, it exhibits a perplexing conservatism in its somewhat inflexible adherence to the original transitional constitution drafted by its early leaders.

On the other hand, we of the Church of England must make sorrowful confession of our own shortcomings. The Laudian reaction effected little change in the law of the Church beyond the hateful Act of Uniformity, but it influenced her practice and placed her in a lamentable isolation from the Evangelical Churches, an isolation as foreign to the practices as it was opposed to the principles of the Reformation. The sacerdotal exclusiveness, which is the source of division within our borders, is the great hindrance to intercommunion and co-operation with those without.

It may also be true that Evangelicals, while they are uncompromisingly opposed to sacerdotal absolutism, have not always fully grasped the distinction between what is essential and permanent, and what is temporary and changeable in external polity. It may be, too, that they have sometimes failed to realize the importance of organized and united effort.

But a grand educational work is going on, which cannot fail to advance the cause of Christian unity. The progress of historical research is dissipating many an ancient prejudice, and confounding many a false assumption, whose place has been maintained through men's ignorance of the past. The study of the principles of constituted order in civil polity must react upon the ecclesiastical polities. The study of God's Word must more and more assimilate all conceptions of Christian doctrine and of Church government to the great Biblical truths and principles. And the exigencies of Christian work and warfare, and the increasing opportunities for Christian intercommunion, must bring Christian Churches into closer relations and into a better understanding of each other's worth and character. Above all, the more Christocentric our theology and our work become, the nearer will we be drawn to one another. Holding the truth in love, we will grow up unto Him in all things, until at last we all come unto the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God and attain to the measure of the stature of His fulness.

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#### *METHODISM AS AN ORGANIZATION.*

BY JAMES CROIL,

*Editor of the Presbyterian Record, Montreal.*

RECOGNIZING the principle clearly and emphatically propounded by St. Paul, that the Church of the living God is essentially one, and that whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it,

we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which now presents itself of giving expression to sentiments of brotherly recognition and sympathy with the members of the Methodist Church. "The commemoration of the two-fold centennial, of the death of John Wesley and the introduction of Methodism into this country," is a theme of more than provincial or even national interest, for, so wide spread is the influence exerted by Methodists, it may be truly said of them, "Their line has gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

The rise and progress of Methodism mark a distinct era in the history of modern Christianity. As a successful popular movement, it is unique. As the principal factor in a great moral revolution, it is without a parallel. From small beginnings, in spite of opposition, contempt and ridicule, it has become a mighty power, influencing the religious life of twenty-five millions of people, and all the more influential, that it is not the mere outcome of controversy. Tenacious though Wesley was of Arminianism himself, he did not insist upon it as a condition of membership. The system which he introduced sprang from the bosom of the Church of England. It was a protest against no doctrine of that Church, but solely against religious apathy and indifference at a time when vital Christianity in Britain was in a state of eclipse. Perhaps Wesley's ways were somewhat odd and "irregular," but the fair way to estimate the value of his work is not by criticising his methods, but by estimating the effects produced on the community among whom he lived.

It is not too much to say that the immediate effect of Wesley's preaching was little short of miraculous. During the sixty-five years of his ministry, he probably preached more sermons and had personal dealings with more people on the great question of the salvation of their souls than any man who ever lived, and the results appeared in the godly lives of thousands and tens of thousands who came under the influence of his preaching. Whatever imperfections attach to Methodism, this must be admitted, that the system has been strong enough to withstand the strain to which it has frequently been subjected *ab extra*, as well as by internal disturbances; for it need scarcely be said that Methodism, so far from being exempted from the reactionary movements that have overtaken other Protestant Churches, has been fruitful in the multiplication of its branches, while, all the same, the main stream has moved on with yearly increasing momentum.

Wesley's influence seems the more remarkable when contrasted with that of some of his illustrious contemporaries. Take, for example, Jonathan Edwards, "the greatest metaphysician that



America has produced"—a profound thinker, whose gigantic intellect attracted the attention of all classes—who so well qualified to head "a cause" or secure a following? In that respect he was a conspicuous failure. Or, look at Philip Doddridge, the eminent English theologian and brilliant preacher; his name is seldom mentioned now save as the writer of a few admirable hymns, and the author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The same may be said of Isaac Watts. The saintly James Hervey is chiefly remembered by his "Meditations among the Tombs"—a gem of sacred literature that nobody reads nowadays. Or, place alongside of John Wesley his friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. As a meteor shoots athwart the sky, dazzling the beholder with its brightness, and vanishes in a blaze of light, so Whitefield electrified the people of England and America, but his personal influence was buried with his bones beneath the pulpit of Newburyport church. His name, it is true, is associated with the so-called Calvinistic Methodist Church, yet he can scarcely be called its founder, for while he drew many towards him by his unparalleled eloquence, he left the work of organization to others. The influence of Rowland Hill and the Haldanes in their life-times was unquestionably great, but as an abiding force it failed precisely in that which gave coherence and strength to Methodism—the organization necessary to secure permanent results.

Wesley appealed strongly to the emotional side of human nature; but he did so that he might gain entrance to the heart. He attached great importance to itinerancy, lay-preaching and simple forms of worship, because he found that by these means he could influence the masses and classes who were beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace; and if he introduced into the service of praise psalms and hymns of "human composure," it was to strike a chord in aching hearts responsive to his touch, by putting notes of joy and gladness into mouths that had been polluted with rude jests and ribald songs.

The aggressive power of Methodism is, perhaps, the most important element that has contributed to its success. From the first, it went out into the highways and hedges, inviting the poor and forsaken to come to the Gospel feast. As it gathered strength, its energies were directed to the regions beyond. Before it was half a century old it had established missions in America that were destined to far outstrip the Parent Church in point of numbers. The efficiency of the British and American Methodist Missionary Societies at the present time, is amply attested by the success that has rewarded their enterprise in many lands.

Methodism further commands our respect and confidence, because it is conservative in its attitude towards the Bible and the Sabbath; because it inculcates loyalty to constituted authorities, and is abreast of the age in regard to the great educational, social, and moral questions which are attracting public attention in these days.

I have not left myself room to say anything about the influence of Methodism in Canada. But it is not necessary to enlarge upon that. Here, as well as elsewhere, it has outlived opposition and prejudice, and has attained an honoured position among the Churches. A hundred years ago William Losee and Darius Dunham were the sole representatives of Methodism in Western Canada; to-day it has a larger constituency than any other Protestant Church in the Dominion. It has shown itself to be adapted to the circumstances of a new country. Not only so. Canada is the first and, so far as we know, the only part of the world where the Methodist system has, practically, become a unit. That it has reached this stage so early in its history is certainly matter for congratulation, in which none join more heartily than the members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Having experienced the benefits of union among ourselves, we are now looking forward to the "larger hope," when the thin lines of partition which separate us shall be taken out of the way altogether. May the Lord hasten it in His time!

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#### *METHODISM IN CANADA.*

BY THE HON. RICHARD HARCOURT, M.A., Q.C.

*Treasurer of the Province of Ontario.*

JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, passed away at a ripe old age in 1791. Though aged and feeble, he continued working with vigour and earnestness almost to the end, and in February of that year we are told he preached his last sermon from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

From that date onward, through all these hundred years, the great work he began has gone on, overcoming every obstacle, growing more and more rapidly as the years glided by, enlisting in its army of toilers tens of thousands of brave pioneers, who with unflagging zeal, have pursued their high calling in every land beneath the sun. Europe and America—the Old World and the New—have alike felt the silent yet powerful influence of its magic spell.

In this same year, 1791, the Constitutional Act, which marks an

important era in Canadian history, was granted to Upper and Lower Canada. The intervening century has been one of healthy growth and development. With ever-widening liberties, in full enjoyment of the precious precedents of the Mother-land, we have been steadily and resistlessly working out our manifestly high destiny.

With mighty strides Canada has reached out, once and again claiming as her own richer and still richer areas, until now the greater half of a mighty continent acknowledges her sway. Nature has dealt out to her with lavish hands her richest stores. Her grand lakes, mighty rivers, vast forest wealth, wide areas of fertile soil, and mines of inexhaustible richness are the envy of the world. A goodly land, indeed, with every promise of being the home of a great people! In no country do the people enjoy to a greater extent, in the widest sense of the word, all the benefits of self-government. Will it realize its high promise? Aside from the unique natural advantages to which I have alluded, to what does Canada owe the steady growth and development of the past one hundred years?

It is said that the ideal of that great Reformer, John Knox, was "A church and school in every parish, a grammar school in every borough, and a university in every principal city."

Can we not connect the healthy growth of our fair land with this ideal? Remembering that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and that the genius for self-government, which is our chief characteristic, demands as a prerequisite an enlightened system of education, conferring its inestimable benefits upon all classes of the people, we will cheerfully acknowledge the great debt we owe to our churches and our schools.

Who can estimate, for example, what we owe to Methodism? Long years ago, before the era of steam engines, telegraphy and electric light, when crude log houses were the fashion, and the school-master boarded round, the Methodist minister, true pioneer as he was, even in settlements the most remote, was always found earnestly endeavouring to gather here and there a few together, and preach to them "all the words of this life."

Accustomed to all the hardships of pioneering days, a complete stranger to the ordinary comforts which perchance surrounded the home of his boyhood, he lived a life of toil and self-denial, and ministered faithfully and as best he could to the spiritual wants of his scattered flock.

The informal ministrations of these early days were but as leaven, the mighty fruits of which were not experienced in one generation. As our country grew, as travelling facilities were

from time to time increased, and towns and villages emerged from the forest, so Methodism grew apace, bringing along with it higher spirituality, increased earnestness, and all those good results which follow a deep religious awakening. The acorn of one hundred years ago is now a mighty oak, and the Methodism of to-day in Canada is vigorous, powerful and progressive. Her ministers, appreciating the advantages of a high standard of scholarship, keep abreast with the times, and many of our ablest men are members of its fold.

In closing this brief article, I may appropriately say that, as heretofore, so now, Methodism wins honourable mention in every good work. In philanthropic movements, in social reforms, in all agitations calling for the removal of abuses, we find her adherents, lay and clerical, bravely championing the cause of right.

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### *THE METHODIST REVIVAL.*

BY THE REV. ALBERT H. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.,

*Professor of History, McMaster University, Toronto.*

IN response to the request that I should state briefly for publication in the METHODIST MAGAZINE my impressions as to John Wesley and his influence, I would say, that I regard John Wesley as one of the foremost religious leaders of history. He appeared at a time when vital godliness was at a very low ebb in Great Britain and America, and to him far more than to any other man is due the great evangelical revival of the last century that has changed the entire aspect of modern Christian life and thought. When he began zealously to preach the necessity of the new birth, the Established Church, so far as it had not lapsed into Socinian indifferentism, was dominated by a rationalistic High-churchism that looked with the utmost horror upon anything like excitement in religion. High Church mystics, like William Law, were few in number, and their influence cannot have been great. English Presbyterianism had suffered an almost complete lapse into Socinian Unitarianism. The same is true of the General (Arminian) Baptists. The Particular (Calvinistic) Baptists had become so ultra-Calvinistic in their theology as almost to lose evangelical power. Many laid so much stress on the divine sovereignty and on divine predestination and reprobation, as to regard the use of human means for the conversion of sinners as an impertinence. Stagnation was, of course, the result.

Under the influence of the great evangelical movement, of which John Wesley was the inaugurator and in which he was



the central figure, an evangelical party was developed in the Church of England, that has been among the foremost in philanthropic and missionary work during the past hundred years. Under the same influence the New Connexion of General Baptists, rejecting Socinianism and Antinomianism and full of evangelical spirit, was formed. To this movement is also due the supplanting, among the Particular Baptists, of the hyper-Calvinism of Gill and Brine by the Evangelical Calvinism of Andrew Fuller, John Ryland, William Carey and Robert Hall.

So also in America, it was not until after the great awakening under Edwards and Whitefield (which was closely related to the Wesleyan movement in Britain) that the Baptists became a great aggressive religious force. Baptists are greatly indebted to John Wesley. While they regret that he did not return more completely to apostolic doctrine and practice as regards the ordinances and as regards some aspects of doctrine, they are grateful to him for what he was permitted to accomplish for the world's evangelization.

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## WESLEY.

BY REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

THE Holy Club, devout, a feeble few,  
 Like mountain springs, hid from the walks of men ;  
 A pulseless night, soft falls the silent dew,  
 Springs widen out and flow towards the glen ;  
 Where other waters join the trickling tide,  
 Which soon, like Wesley's work, expands to rivers wide.

Heart "strangely warmed," brow bathed with living light,  
 Soul consecrated to divine employ ;  
 Pathways which led through gloom of darkest night,  
 He filled with songs full of exultant joy ;  
 His trumpet peals, borne by the Spirit's breath,  
 Stirred the disjointed bones which paved the vale of death.

Men say, "He died a hundred years ago,"  
 Yet like the sun his spirit floods the earth ;  
 The mountains flame, the seas are in a glow,  
 And everywhere faith finds the second birth ;  
 Free grace, free grace ! the banner he unfurled,  
 And men who wave it now are stationed round the world.

God-honoured men still wave that banner high,  
 God-given banner, white as virgin snow ;  
 Free grace, free grace, is blazoned on the sky,  
 For each, for all, God's boundless mercies flow ;  
 This truth, heaven-born, all peoples hence shall see,  
 And Wesley's mission cry ring out eternally !

## MESSIANIC PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. DR. CAVEN,

*Principal of Knox College, Toronto.*

THE prophet of the Bible is one who *speaks for* God, or who *speaks forth* the word of God. (Exodus iv. 14-16; vii. 1, 2.) He is inspired to declare the divine will, whether his utterances relate to the past, the present, or the future. Being the spokesman of God, all his words have the authority which his character and commission necessarily imply. Not much light can be thrown on the prophet of Scripture by comparing him with the prophets of the nations. For whilst in some few instances genuine prophecy appears outside covenant limits, the prophets of the heathen are "diviners, soothsayers, charmers, consultants with familiar spirits, wizards, necromancers," etc., to whom it was sinful to give ear. (Deut. xviii. 10-12.) In thus speaking of the heathen prophets the Scriptures do not deny that some true conceptions of God are found in places where the light of revealed truth does not shine.

The term prophecy is properly applied to the communications of the prophet, whether oral or written. By the Jews the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings are classed among the prophecies. Prediction is an important element in prophecy, but is by no means identical with it. In analyzing the prophecies of Scripture we find the following elements at least: (*a*) Narrative, history, biography; (*b*) Exposition of divine truth, manifestation of the character and ways of God, preaching; (*c*) Comfort for the Church and people of God in the midst of their manifold sufferings and trials; (*d*) Reproof, rebuke, denunciation of wrath upon impenitent transgressors; (*e*) Hymns or odes in praise of God and in celebration of His mighty deeds; (*f*) Declaration of things to come. The proportion in which these several elements are present differs in the several prophets, and in many of the prophets the element first named is wanting, or nearly so.

No one is to be blamed for recognizing in prophecy much more than prediction, and for employing the term in a sense wide enough to embrace all that is contained in the prophetic writings. Not in our own day, or in recent times, has the word prophecy been first used in this broader signification. Scripture itself, in places too numerous to need citation, warrants us to speak of prophecy in this comprehensive meaning. Whenever the messenger of God declares the word of the Lord to his fellow-men he "prophesies."

The proper conception of the New Testament prophet seems identical, or nearly so, with that of the Old Testament prophet. In the Epistles prophets appear as giving utterance, in fervid words of inspiration, to those things which the Spirit taught them. "They instruct, comfort, encourage, rebuke, convict, stimulate their hearers." (1 Cor. xiv. 3, 24.) They also foretell future events. (Acts xi. 27; xxi. 10.)

If there are persons to whom it sounds strange to use the term prophecy in this wider meaning, they are only those who have given little attention to the matter, and who are not familiar with the language habitually employed by all schools of interpreters. But in ordinary speech prophecy is more frequently used in the sense of prediction—the announcement of what God will do, whether in mercy or in judgment, in the time to come. He to whom the future is as the present has often made known through His servants what He purposes to do. Not only does He reveal what is coming—what lies entirely beyond the reach of human forecast—but He calls special attention to the fact that He is so doing, and challenges heathen gods to make good their claim to divinity by doing the like. "Let them bring forth, and show us what shall happen: let them show the former things, what they be, that we may consider them, and know the latter end of them; or declare us things for to come. Show the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods. . . . Who hath declared from the beginning, that we may know? and beforetime, that we may say, He is righteous? yea, there is none that showeth, yea, there is none that declareth, yea, there is none that heareth your words." (Isa. xli. 22-26.)

Nothing is clearer than that Scripture contains many predictions concerning individuals, cities, nations, which have literally and in detail received fulfilment. David was hailed king when there was no prospect of his sitting on the throne. It was foretold that David's son should have a peaceful reign and should build the temple. The captivity in Babylon and its duration were announced beforehand. Cyrus was "called by his name," doubtless before he was born. The fate of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, of Moab, Ethiopia, Egypt, Syria, and of the four great empires of Daniel is most visibly presented; and the correspondence between prediction and event is abundantly attested. Jerusalem and the Jewish people are the subject of so many predictions that it is necessary only to refer to them in proof that God has disclosed the future. The lips of "that prophet" proclaimed the destruction of the holy city, the captivity and long expatriation of its sorrowful children. In fact, no believer in the Bible doubts that it

contains many and clear predictions. To deny prediction is to discredit great part of the canon of Scripture. But we are not here arguing with those who reject prophetic prescience because they reject inspiration, and who regard all predictions which have had apparent fulfilment as either *ex post facto*, or as the sage forecast of men whose keen perception of moral connections and sequences enabled them to anticipate the future.

The Bible is the book of Redemption. Every part of it, from Genesis to Revelation, deals with this great theme. To deliver the history or disclose the fate of nations for purposes of general information is not the design with which the sacred books were written. Accordingly, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Messiah, by whose incarnations and sufferings redemption was achieved, is the central object in Scripture. The person, the work, the kingdom of Christ are ever before us.

In accordance with this fact we might, surely, expect that Christ would be the subject of prophecy, *i.e.*, of prediction. If the entire development of the Old Testament times is a preparation for the advent of the Son of God, it is, *prima facie*, exceedingly improbable that the destinies of cities and kingdoms should be clearly foretold but that prophecy should contain nothing which has direct reference to the coming One—nothing which was intended to present Him to the mind of the reader as an historical person. Nor is it so: “for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.” It is His testimony not only as setting forth the principles and spirit of His kingdom, but as revealing Himself. Prophecy, both in the more general and the more special meaning, relates to Christ. To the two disciples, on the way to Emmaus, the Lord, “beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.” (Luke xxiv. 27.) Peter, addressing his countrymen at the temple, says: “But those things which God before had showed by the mouth of all His prophets, that Christ should suffer, He hath so fulfilled;” and in his first epistle the same apostle writes: “Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you, searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow;” and again, speaking to Cornelius and his household, the apostle uses these words, “To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” The meaning of such utterances need not be mistaken. The prophecies relate to Christ, they were intended to point to Him, and they should be understood in this sense.



But the New Testament not only represents Christ in a general, though perfectly definite and intelligible, way as the subject of prophecy, but many events and incidents in the life and in the sufferings of the Lord are represented as the fulfilment of Old Testament prediction. His birth of a virgin and in the town of Bethlehem; the preparation for His ministry by John the Baptist; His residence in the borders of Zebulon and Nephthaliim; His healing of the sick; His careful avoidance of all ostentation; His teaching by parables; His triumphant entry into Jerusalem; His betrayal by a professed friend; His desertion by His disciples when He was apprehended; His death, in minute particulars of His sufferings upon the cross; His resurrection and ascension—all are directly contained in the prophetic word. No principle of accommodation will suffice to explain the use to which the New Testament puts the Old Testament in connection with the life and death of the Saviour.

It is not denied that in the formula, "that it might be fulfilled," the New Testament sometimes quotes the Old when fulfilment in the sense of accomplishing what is strictly declared in the passage cited may not be intended. Let the quotations as to the slaughter of the little children at Bethlehem and the infant Saviour's return from Egypt be thus taken, if necessary. But it scarcely needs proof that in most instances, at least, when the Old Testament is represented as "fulfilled" in the sayings, doings and sufferings of Jesus, it is actually meant that prophecy was *intended* to point to Him.

That the Old Testament descriptions of a righteous King and of a holy Sufferer are purely ideal, and do not directly or properly refer to the historic Christ, is a view of prophecy which can by no means be accepted. In the sense that He perfectly embodies the qualities attributed to Him you may call Him an ideal person, but not in the sense that His personality is not real or historical. It is wide of the truth to maintain that when the Old Testament is adduced as "fulfilled" in Christ, the meaning simply is that the Old Testament words find illustration in Him, or that an ideal is realized in Him, but that the passages quoted were not delivered with Him in view, and that the New Testament writer or speaker does not mean so to apply them. The term *fulfil* may certainly be used in this sense, but nothing can be less controvertible than the intention of the New Testament to represent the Jewish Scriptures as setting before us the historical Christ—the Saviour who was born in Bethlehem and died upon the cross on Calvary.

The fundamental error in the view here referred to is that it measures the contents of prophecy by the intelligence of the

prophet. Prophecy, it is alleged, means precisely what the prophet intended; and the prophet, it is assumed, had no knowledge of the real Person—the historical Person—whose advent was the hope of the world. But who, in truth, speaks to us in the prophetic word? Who is properly the author of prophetic writings? Does not the New Testament, as well as the Old, represent prophecy—all Scripture—as the words of the Holy Ghost? “The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;” and thus “no prophecy is of private interpretation;” *i.e.*, prophecy came not by the prophet’s own comprehension or interpretation of the things of which he spake, but of the Spirit’s interpretation of them. But if so, the prophecy may greatly transcend the meaning which the prophet, in common with his cotemporaries, saw in his words. To lose sight of this truth is to involve the whole subject in midnight darkness. We all, I am sure, reject a *mechanical* view of inspiration, which makes the sacred writer only a pen in the Spirit’s hand and refuses to find in his words any impress of his own mind or personality; but certainly the error which recognizes in prophecy nothing beyond the thought and purpose of the human writer or speaker is by much the more serious one.

There are predictions of a Messianic character which are not to be limited in application to Christ alone. The announcement as to the woman’s seed which shall bruise the serpent’s head, may well foreshadow the final victory of the Church as well as that of the Church’s Head. The prediction in Deuteronomy respecting the Prophet who shall be raised up by the Lord may well promise a succession of true prophets, while its perfect accomplishment is in Him who spake by all the prophets. The great promise to David that his seed should be “established upon his throne for ever” may embrace Solomon and his successors, though according to Luke i. 32, 33, it is Jesus to whom “the Lord God shall give the throne of his father David, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end.” Many Messianic passages are, doubtless, to be understood in the same way. In Isaiah the “servant of Jehovah” is sometimes Israel alone—the Old Testament Church—sometimes the whole Church, sometimes the Messiah in His proper Person, sometimes Messiah and the Church, which is His body. Nor is it strange that it should be so; for the unity of Christ and His Church is so prominent in the New Testament, that it were surprising, indeed, if in the Old Testament, they never appeared in conjunction. But the view now presented is a very different thing from that which would treat such predictions as not

intended to point to an historical Christ in any special sense ; nor can we wonder, indeed (though we express dissent), that in oracles which find their true and complete accomplishment in Him who is "the Son of the Highest," many pious interpreters should be unwilling to see others associated with Him, where they may seem to share His glory.

The view which finds an ideal Messiah only in the Old Testament may, to some extent, be a reaction from an excessive literalism which prevails in certain schools of prophetic interpretation. Prophecy, we well know, is not history written in advance. Its symbolical and mystical characteristics must be recognized. The typical element which runs through the entire Old Testament dispensation and Scriptures may surely be expected to appear in Messianic prophecy. All this should be readily acknowledged. But the remedy for a superficial and mechanical literalism is not found in the hazy and nebulous theory which has no place for a real, an historical, Christ in all the Scriptures which prepared the Church for His coming into the world. Neither the piety nor the scholarship of the Church of God will acquiesce in such a view.

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## SOULS AND TEMPLES.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that His Spirit dwelleth in you?"—1 COR. iii. 16.

SOULS, like pillared temples, rise,  
Rise from earth and reach the skies ;  
Deep the wide foundations lie,  
Hidden far from human eye :  
Purpose—infinite and broad,  
Hopes eternal laid in God ;  
Happy he who hath alone  
Christ the sure Foundation Stone.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise  
By the toil of enterprise ;  
Crude materials, deftly wrought  
Into shapely form and thought,  
Gathered from the lands afar,  
Fashioned with divinest care,  
Finished and completed well,  
So that God within may dwell.

THE ELMS, Toronto.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise  
On the wings of sacrifice :  
They, in desert days of old,  
Brought their willing gifts of gold ;  
We, in later eras, bring  
Glad bestowments to our King ;  
Love's oblations thus upraise  
Souls and temples to His praise.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise,  
Whoso buildeth well is wise.  
Mortal bodies fade away,  
Cities crumble and decay,  
Souls and temples skyward climb,  
Towering o'er the bonds of time,  
Rising upward, glad and free,  
Part of God's eternity.

## THE REIGN OF ICE.\*

WHEN the continent of North America, which had been growing through unnumbered ages by continual annexations of land wrested from the dominion of the sea, had finally attained the dimensions and outline destined to endure through the human era—when the great mountain axes had been uplifted, and the broad river streams were rolling the drainage of the valleys and hill-slopes to the sea—when the horse and the camel, the elephant, the bear, and other quadrupeds, which were to characterize the epoch of man, had assumed their stations on the land—when the atmosphere was populated by birds and insects, which were destined in a coming age to be startled by the presence of a dominant intelligence—when the beech, the tulip-tree, the linden, and the buttonwood had taken their places on the jungle's margin and the highland slope, and the sorrowing willow had begun to weep above the flowing waters of the sedge-bordered stream—when the whole face of Nature seemed fitted and expectant of the crowning work of creation, what should prevent the Divine Artificer from summoning man upon the scene to begin the labour of his earthly life? To a finite intelligence the preparation was complete. To the eye of Omniscience one more revolution was needed. The coming man must tarry without the doors of the temple of life through yet another geological æon.

To this time the evolution of the continent had proceeded by elevations and subsidences of the regions lying in the middle latitudes, the resultant of which movements was the establishment of a vast area of dry land extending over all that portion of North America covered by the temperate zone. The northern regions were still the bed of a vast circumpolar ocean. Now, in turn, the high northern latitudes experience an unwonted uplift. Arctic lands raise high their dripping heads above the temperate waters of the polar zone. The climate of the whole northern hemisphere feels the change. No moving currents can now bear torrid warmth to the frozen sea, and return the colder waters to the equatorial zone. The stable land bears sternly the vicissitudes of the clime, smiling coldly in the slanting rays of a summer's sun, and gloaming darkly beneath the auroral shimmering of arctic midnight. The accumulated cold of years binds all the

\*Abridged from "Sketches of Creation," by Prof. Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

While this article was passing through the press Dr. Winchell died at Ann Arbor, Michigan.



northern latitudes in indissoluble bonds of ice. The northern blast bears frost along the vales which had never felt its power. The limpid streams grow torpid, and then rest in a long hibernal sleep. The verdure of forest and plain, touched by the first breath of winter, shrinks away, and the sere and blackened leaf hangs where there had been perennial green. The ponderous tread of the mastodon turns from the withered meadow to the frozen jungle, and the shivering tapir yields himself a victim to the strange rigours of the climate. The snows of many winters are gathered on the slopes of northern America, and the summer's sun suffices but to change them to a bed of porous ice. Glaciers brood over all the land, and Alpine desolation reigns without a rival over half the continent. Such was the fate of the fair vales which had seemed just ready for the occupancy of the human race.

The marks of this stupendous glacier are still visible. As in the glaciers of the Alps, the expansion produced by a summer's warmth would tend to create a motion in the margins of the ice-field. The northern limit was chained by eternal frost to its rocky bed. The southern only was free to move, and the whole expansion would be developed along the southern border. The sliding movement of incalculable tons of ice would plough the soil beneath. Rock-fragments, pebbles, and gravel, frozen in the under surface, were carried forward by the moving mass, while the underlying rocky surfaces were ground away, or polished, or scored in parallel furrows, by the irresistible agency of the glacier.

These phenomena are noticeable all over the Northern States wherever the "bed rock" is exposed to view. The bold shore of the north side of Lake Superior has been extensively carved and modified by this resistless action. The whole surface in many places is smoothed as with a carpenter's plane and sand-paper. The undulations in the surface are scoured as neatly as the level and more prominent portions. There are two principal sets of striæ. One of them extends nearly north and south, the other north-east and south-west. This ice action did not affect the tops of the White Mountains, which rose above the ice surface. Hence the rocks are not water or ice-worn, but have sharp angular edges. The attacks have evidently proceeded from the north. Similar features are things of every-day observation, but people never suspect what mighty and what extraordinary agencies have been employed in producing them. All our low rocky hills and bluffs are similarly pared off upon their summits and northern exposures, while their southern aspects are more rugged. The great glacier has passed over them, striking them from the north,

and grinding down their northerly projections and angularities. These phenomena have been especially studied and illustrated in New England by the lamented Dr. Hitchcock.\*

A result of this wide-spread scouring and grinding of the rocks was the accumulation of vast quantities of detritus. From this source comes a large proportion of the pebbles, sand and clay which everywhere underlie the surface-soil, and separate it from the bed-rock—an essential and beneficent provision, as every one knows who has observed the destructive effects of ordinary droughts upon thin soils resting on a rocky basis. Another effect of the great glacier was the destruction of all vegetation over the areas which it invaded. From season to season, and from year to year, the mighty mass marched irresistibly forward, mowing down the forests, crushing tree-trunks, or burying them, with the rubbish of the rocks, from ten to sixty feet beneath the surface. Such buried tree-trunks have thus lain to the present day, and we frequently encounter them in deep excavations for wells. With other relics of the vegetation of the ancient world were necessarily buried the seeds and fruits of the species then in existence.

The great glacier moved onward, unheeding equally rocky knob, and swelling hill, and river gorge. I have stated that from the close of the Carboniferous Age the Northern States were dry land. Rains fell, as now, upon the surface, and nourished the vegetation which had found a foothold. The surplus waters gathered themselves, as now, into streamlets large and small, and these, on their way to the sea, wore river-channels in the surface rocks. Across these rivers, across these gorges, the great glacier strode, ignorant of the obstacles to its movement. It bridged Niagara River, it bridged Long Island Sound, and bathed itself in the mild waters of the ocean beyond. It obliterated river-channels, and dug out new ones. It ploughed anew the country marked off by the feebleness of the preceeding epoch. It made a *tabula rasa*, and outlined after a different pattern the topographical and hydrographical features of the Northern States. Many an ancient river-channel has been brought to light by railroad excavations, and more especially by the borings for petroleum that have taken place.

In many instances the general rocky structure of a region has determined the location of the streams through the same valleys as before the work of the glacier; but even here we find the position slightly varied, and in nearly all cases the present channel

\* Near the residence of W. H. Beatty, Esq., at Parry Sound, is a fine example. We have seen another, referred to by Lyell, near Halifax, N.S.

is a narrow and shallow one, excavated through the surface of the loose materials which fill the more extensive ancient channel. The ancient gorge of the Niagara River was filled by the obliterating agency of this continental glacier. For ages and ages the river had patiently labored upon this excavation, as it has since done upon the existing one; but the glacier came with its cubic miles of rubbish, and wiped out the trifling furrow, leaving the surface comparatively level, and making it necessary for the river to begin anew its work when the invading glacier had disappeared.

The excavation of lake basins is sometimes attributed to this agency, but these may be partly the result of subsequent aqueous action. It was probably the force which dug the shores of northern seas into their numerous deep and narrow fiords, as can be seen upon the coast of Maine, and the European and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. It bore southward, over distances of twenty, fifty, and even five hundred miles, fragments of northern rocks, some of which are of enormous magnitude. One in Bradford, Massachusetts, is thirty feet each way, and weighs not less than four and a half millions of pounds. A boulder of jaspery conglomerate, weighing about seven tons, was transported three quarters of a mile by the class of 1862, and mounted upon the campus of the University of Michigan, an imperishable monument to their memory and their enterprise. The native home of this huge mass is the northern shore of Lake Huron, where the formation is found in place, and where I have seen detached and rounded masses weighing probably a hundred tons. These fragments have thus been transported over lakes, sounds and seas. Masses of native copper from Lake Superior are strewn over Wisconsin and Lower Michigan, and have wandered even into Ohio and Indiana; while pebbles of quartz, gneiss, granite, dolerite, and other rocks from the same regions constitute a large proportion of the soil of these States. The streets of Cincinnati are paved with stones which were quarried by the hand of Nature in the region of the Upper Lakes.

Professor Agassiz, to whom we are indebted for the full exposition and application of the glacial theory, thinks he discovers abundant evidences of the former action of glaciers in Brazil; but the presence of rocky *débris*, and even of rounded pebbles that cannot be attributed to shore action, is not enough to establish glacial agency, especially while in the United States we do not recognize it south of the Ohio River. On the contrary, Professor Whitney has recently asserted that the proofs of glacial action are entirely wanting in California, and for some distance north-

ward. The copious accumulations of unsolidified surface materials are attributed to the slow disintegration of the rocks under atmospheric agencies.

Glaciers of almost continental extent still exist on the shores of Greenland, and cover the Antarctic land discovered by the United States Exploring Expedition; also Wrangell Land, very recently discovered by Captain Long in the Arctic Ocean. Perennial ice binds the soil of Northern Siberia, and, as is well known, preserved for many centuries the carcasses of hairy elephants incased in it. There is little difficulty in believing that these high-latitude ice-fields are merely the remnants of glaciers which once extended many degrees farther toward the south.\*

The manacles of ice were loosened by the genius of a geological springtime. Next in the order of vicissitude was a grand continental subsidence. Vast areas of Northern America, that had been raised to the altitude of perpetual snow, were gradually lowered to the ocean's level. Again the interchange of equatorial and polar temperatures was effected by the moving sea-currents, and the climate of summer smiled over the desolate empire of frost. The rocky glacier yielded to the touch of warmth, and a myriad streams leaped from the bosom of the snow. Each ice-cold rill united with its fellow, and a deluge of waters set out on their journey to the sea. They wound their way across the future States of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, to the Gulf. They bore forward a freight of sediments selected from the rubbish bequeathed by the dying glacier, and strewed it over the States that had not been visited by the beneficent action of the ice. Thus the Gulf States and the middle-latitude States shared with the northern regions the materials prepared to serve as the basis of soils in the coming age of thought and industry.

These myriad streamlets were, however, unable to bear forward the boulders which had been carried by the ice to the borders of the Southern States. And hence it is that, south of the Ohio, "cobble-stones" are sought in vain. The soil and subsoil possess a degree of fineness and homogeneousness not characteristic of the surface deposits of the Northern States. In the earlier portion of the epoch of thaw and floods, the power of the waters was sufficient to move pebbles of the size of a pigeon's egg. These pebbles may be traced all the way to the Gulf of Mexico; but their normal position is always in the deeper portions of the superficial

\* In Alaska also the action of these glaciers is still in progress, and the breaking icebergs can be seen when the bergs break off the front of the glacier.



accumulations. When the power of the transporting currents grew feebler, they bore forward only the finer sands and aluminous sediments which repose generally upon the surface of the Southern States.

The rushing torrents born of the dissolving glacier busied themselves also with the work of excavation. Many an existing valley and river course was determined by the active erosions of this epoch. Many a cut through the rocky ribs of mountains had now to be executed to make way for the escape of imprisoned waters. Many a broad and rock-floored valley became filled, and converted into an alluvial plain, by the rubbish which the torrent deposited in its quieter mood. Many a basin was now scooped out which, in the next epoch, became a lake of standing water. The basins of all the larger lakes that have been excavated by erosive action conform in their longitudinal extent to the strike of the underlying formations.

The influence of these vast inland accumulations of fresh water upon the comfort and happiness of man is strikingly beneficent and providential. They serve as equalizers of summer and winter temperatures. In winter they may be regarded as vast reservoirs of warmth—great natural stoves or heaters, which continue to impart their warmth to the frigid winds that move over them, and thus transfer their influence to the contiguous lands. This is a provision which, till very recently, has been overlooked. It has been well understood that the Atlantic ameliorates the climate of Western Europe, and the Pacific that of Western America. I have had occasion to ascertain that a similar influence is exerted by the great lakes, and to an extent which is far more than proportional to their volume, as compared with one of the oceans.

Lake Michigan is a body of water three hundred miles long, sixty miles wide, and eight hundred feet deep. The bottom is warmed by the internal fires of the earth. The water stands at least fifteen degrees above the mean temperature of the year in the same latitude. But, even without this warming influence, the mean of the climate is considerably above the freezing point, and the cold of winter does not suffice to depress so large a body of water to thirty-two degrees. The lake, therefore, never sinks below thirty-eight or forty degrees. The bitter westerly winds, consequently, in sweeping across the lake, experience a material softening before they strike the Michigan side. It is worthy of note that, throughout the North-west, the severest winter winds come from the west and south-west. It is for this reason that the eastern shores of the great lakes are more benefited than the western.

The Canadian region, along the eastern shore of Lake Huron, enjoys a winter climate similarly exempt from destructive extremes. The influence of these lakes is sensibly felt even along their southern shores. The region south of Lake Ontario has long been celebrated for its fruits, while the southern shore of Lake Erie has been proven one of the best grape-producing districts of the world.

Such, then, are some of the beneficent results of an incident of the epoch of the dissolution of the glacier. The ice was rapidly melted; torrents sprang into existence, and scooped out lake basins; these became filled with waters which, besides subserving the interests of navigation, exert, perhaps, a more beneficial influence in ameliorating the condition of man in the centre of the continent.

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### FOR REMEMBRANCE.

BY ANNIE E. LYDDON.

BUILD now the house wherein thy soul would dwell  
When sunny days are past ;  
Do now the gracious work, the message tell,  
Whose memory sweet shall last.

Heed well the moments as they speed away  
In time's mysterious flight,  
Fill up with golden deeds the golden clay  
Ere fall the shades of night.

And when the sorrows of a world in pain  
Fall heavy on thy heart,  
When fades life's brightness, then of joy again  
Thou yet shalt hold a part.

And when thy darkened eyes no more behold  
The glory of the light,  
Then shall a purer radiance thee enfold  
To bless thy failing sight.

And when to thy dulled ear earth's voices wane,  
And singing birds grow dumb,  
Then angel harmonies with sweet refrain  
Shall to thy spirit come.

For the veiled past shall show a smiling face,  
And blessing shall not cease ;  
To all who work the works of truth and grace,  
Life's memories shall bring peace !

## ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER VI.

TOM was not the only juvenile member of the family who was in need of reformation. Mary, little Mary, not far beyond twelve years of age, demanded money to replenish her own wardrobe.

"Mary," said her father, "we're poor; we can't afford fancy fixin's. This ain't very cold weather; you've good enough clothes on you to keep you warm; what d'you want o' somethin' else?"

"What do I want o' somethin' else?" echoed the child, going to the door and tossing an imitation doll into the ash-heap. "Why, I want better clothes, so's the fellers about town 'll pay some 'tention to me, like they do to sister Jane."

"Does the fellers around town pay attention to your sister Jane?"

"Why, of course they do," said little Mary, entirely unable to translate the gaze which her father bent upon her. "Jane never gets through her work at the hotel before there's a lot o' fellers hangin' round the door, and wantin' to see her, an' takin' her out to get ice-cream, or sody-water, or to go to the circus, if there's one in town, or to go to the dramatic representation—that's what they call it on the bills—if there happens to be one in the village that night."

"Wife," said Sam, turning to his helpmeet, "what wages does Jane get?"

"Six dollars a month," said the wife.

"Does she bring any of it home? Does the family get the good of any of it?"

"Not one cent," said Mrs. Kimper, with a pitiful whine; "she says she has to wear decent clothes at the hotel, or they won't keep her there any more."

Sam Kimper stayed awake all that night, although his manners to his family were those of a staid and respectable citizen who had nothing upon his mind but the ordinary duties of the day.

Nevertheless he was out and about soon after breakfast, and he wandered through every street of the village in which any business was being done. Again and again he asked for work, and exactly as often the offer was refused, or declined, or relegated into the uncertain future as to a decision. The surplus in his pocket had grown lamentably small. As he made his way homeward in a physical and mental condition which made it impossible for him to either argue to himself or to express a sense of hope to any extent, he passed the shop of Larry Highgetty. Larry was a shoemaker. Sam had worked at shoemaking while he was at State prison. He felt, although Larry might have felt offended at

the imputation, that there ought to be a fellow-feeling between them; so he ventured into the shop. Larry was sitting at his bench with a lady's shoe in one hand and with his head leaning against the wall of the room.

From the stertorous noise which escaped his nostrils it was quite evident that he was asleep, and an odour which filled the room left the visitor in no doubt as to the nature of the opiate which had induced Larry's midday nap.

"You seem to be takin' business very easy, Mr. Highgetty," said Sam, with an apologetic air, as he closed the door behind him, and Larry awoke. "Pay must be gettin' better."

"Better," said Larry, rubbing his eyes, "I don't want it to be any better than it is now. Besides people comin' in all the time faster than I can 'tend to 'em. Ev'rybody wants his work done first, and is willin' to pay extra price to get it. Better, is it? Well, yes; I should say that no such luck has struck shoemakers in this town in a long while."

"You haven't half finished what you're on now, Larry," said Sam, taking the shoe from the cobbler's hand and looking at it.

"That isn't all of it," said the cobbler, with a maudlin wink at his visitor, "I don't know when I'll have it finished if I keep on feelin' as I do now. It's pretty tough, too, bekase that shoe belongs to Mrs. Judge Prency, an' she's comin' for it this afternoon, but I'm that sleepy that ——" Larry's head gently sought the wall again.

"An' a very good woman she is, Larry. Brace up, my boy, and finish your work."

"Eh? Say brace up to somebody that's not got anythin' in him to brace down. She kin wait for her shoe while I'm havin' my aise and forgettin' all about work."

"When did you promise the shoe to her?" asked Sam.

"Oh, some time this afternoon," said Larry, "and she hasn't come in here yet. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, you know the good book says, Sam. Maybe she won't come in till to-morrow; she's a busy woman, nobody knows where she's goin' or what she's doin' throughout the day, and to tell you the truth, I thought to myself I'd shut up the shop and go home, so if she came there'd not be anybody left here to tell a loie about it."

"Well, Larry, wouldn't it do just as well if there was somebody here to tell the truth about it?"

"Oh! there now, Sam," said the shoemaker, rallying himself for an instant, "they tould me that you was converted in gaol, an' that sounds a good deal like it. Now, Sam, I want to tell ye if ye want to argy on the subject of the truth, or any other of the moral sentiments, with any man whatsoever, you don't want to come to a shoemaker's shop and find a fellow who's just had three drinks at somebody else's expense. Now, go 'way—come round here to-morrow, when I'm sober, an' I'll own up to everything you say, no matter what it is."

"That won't get Mrs. Prency her shoes," said Sam. "Go home



and go to bed and let me finish that shoe in your hand, and if she comes here, it'll be ready for her; and if she don't, you won't have anything on your conscience—not so far as she's concerned."

The cobbler took possession of himself with a tremendous effort, and looked sharply from his bleared eyes for an instant, as he said: "An' what do you know about shoemaking?"

"As much as two years in a State prison could learn me, Larry, though I don't think you need have asked me that question."

"It's all right, my boy, I take it back, and if ever I'm sent to State prison meself you may ask it of me ten times over; that's the Bible rule, I believe. Now I'll go home to my wife and fam'ly, and if you choose to finish that shoe and stay here until Mrs. Judge Prency comes in to get it, why you're quite welcome to do the work an' keep the pay; I tould her fifty cents."

Sam began work upon the bit of repairing which he had taken from the shoemaker's hands, and although it was not of the routine nature which all of his gaol work had placed in his hands, he knew enough of the requirements of an ordinary shoe to do what was necessary. While he was working the room suddenly darkened, and as he looked up he saw Mrs. Judge Prency.

"Why, it's Mr. Kimper! Are you working here?"

"Only to finish a job that was promised for this afternoon, Mrs. Prency."

"Where's Larry?"

"He felt very badly," said Sam, "and he wanted to go home, and I promised to finish his work for him. I believe this is your job, ma'am," said he, holding the shoe up in the air for an instant.

"Yes," said the judge's wife, "I will sit down for a moment, if you will allow me, while you finish it."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Sam, plying the needle and awl vigorously. He looked up only for a second at a time during the next few moments, but what he saw impressed him very favourably. Like any other woman of good health, good character, and good principles, she was a pleasing object to look upon, and the ex-convict looked upon her as often as he dared, with undisguised and respectful admiration. But suddenly the uplifting of his eyes was stopped by a remark from the lady herself, as she said:

"Sam—Mr. Kimper, I've heard some remarks about your speech at the experience meeting the other night. You know I was there myself; you remember I spoke to you as you came out?"

"Mrs. Prency, I know it; and that isn't all; I'll remember it just as long as I live. I'd rather have been the dyin' thief on the cross than said what I said in that church that night, but I was asked to do it, and the more I thought about it the more I thought I couldn't say 'no.' But I didn't know what else to say."

"You did quite right, Mr. Kimper; you spoke like a real, true, honest man. If it's any comfort to know it, I can tell you that my husband, the judge, thinks as I do. I told him what you said, I remember it all, word for word, and he said to me—these are

exactly his words: 'I believe that he is an honest man, and that he's going to remain an honest man.'"

Sam bent over the shoe a little closer, and said, in a faint voice, as if he were talking to himself: "What Judge Prency says about human nature ort to be true. If there's any other man in this country that's had more opportunities of knowin' all about it, I don't know who he can be."

There was silence for a moment or two. Sam quickened his labours upon the shoe, and the lady bent her gaze closely upon the shoemaker. At last she said: "Mr. Kimper, don't mistake the meaning of what I'm going to ask you. I am a member of the church myself, and I have as hearty an interest in you and sympathy for you as the best friend you have. But I want to ask you one thing, merely out of curiosity. Has any one questioned you since about what you said that evening?"

"Nobody but Deacon Quickset, ma'am."

"Eh? Deacon Quickset? Did he say anything that annoyed you in any way?"

"I can't say that he did, ma'am, though he kind o' filled my mind with doubts and gave me a sort o' sleepless evenin'."

"I'm very sorry for that. There's some one else who may trouble you somewhat, and I'm sorry to say that if he does I shall be to blame for it. He is a young lawyer. His name is Reynolds Bartram."

"I know him, ma'am; at least, I know him by sight. He's of very good stock, ma'am. His folks have been in this country a long time, from what I have heered, off an' on."

"Very true," said Mrs. Prency, "but he has peculiar views, and when he hears of any one who believes—believes in religion as you do—he is quite likely to come and ask a great many questions."

"Well, ma'am, if he comes in on me anywhere, an' asks any questions, an' they're on the subject I talked about that night at the church meetin', why, I'll say anythin' I know and everythin' I believe; an' if he says anythin' on the other side, why, all I've got to say is, he can't change my mind the least bit."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Prency. "Ah, is the shoe done, entirely done? Good. Very much obliged. It's quite as good as Mr. Highgetty himself could have done. Fifty cents, I believe? Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite satisfactory, ma'am," said the substitute, as he rose from his bench and removed his hat, which had been on his head during the interview. Mrs. Prency started toward the door, but stopped suddenly and turned back.

"Mr. Kimper, the young man, Mr. Bartram, of whom I spoke to you; I really believe he is inclined to come and talk to you, and perhaps talk a great deal about what you seem to believe very sincerely and what he doesn't believe at all. I hope that you won't change your mind in any respect by anything that can be said to you by a person of that kind or by any person whatever!"

"Mrs. Prency," said the cobbler's substitute, taking his hat from the bench on which he had placed it, and circling it in his hand, as if he were endeavouring to stimulate his mental faculties, "whatever I believe on that subject, I'm goin' to stick to, an' nobody, not even if he is the best lawyer in the county, or your husband himself, or the judge o' the biggest Court in the United States, is goin' to change my mind about it."

"Thank you, Mr. Kimper, I might have known that much from what I heard during your remarks the other night. I only wanted to say to you that Mr. Bartram is a very smart talker. Good day, Mr. Kimper."

"Good day, ma'am," said the ex-convict.

He stood in the dingy shop looking out of the window at the retreating form of the lady, and then at the gathering clouds over the evening sunset, and at the houses on the opposite side of the street, apparently that he might divert his mind from something. Then he looked at the coin which he had received for the work, as if it were an amulet or charm.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by the appearance on the other side of the street of a very pretty young woman, accompanied by a young man in faultless attire, and of very fine bearing.

"Well, well," said the ex-convict, "I wonder if that's what it means. That's Bartram himself, as sure as I'm born, and with him is Mrs. Prency's only daughter and only child. Well, well!"

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## CHAPTER VII.

As the summer lengthened into early autumn Sam Kimper became more and more troubled by the necessities of his family. He had been working day after day in the shop of his acquaintance, the shoemaker, where there was work enough for two, and earned enough to pay for the plainest food. But casual pay was not sufficient for all the necessities of a family as large as that for which Sam was responsible, particularly as the return of the head of the family had reminded every one, from the mother down to the youngest child, except the baby, of a number of needs, of which no one even seemed to have thought before.

Mrs. Kimper herself, who was a feeble creature at best, shivered at every wind that penetrated the broken windows, and insisted that unless she had some warm clothing very soon she would fall into a decline. Tom, who had not yet got his growth, was protruding physically from the ends of his shirts and trousers, and assured his father that he never again could get into his last winter's jacket without subjecting himself to a series of remarks by the boys in the town, which would make him feel very uncomfortable. Billy, who had gone barefooted all summer, as was the custom with the boys in town, came home late one even-

ing and announced triumphantly: "Dad, you needn't bother yourself about me any more about shoes, I've got a pair. See here!"

The head of the family took the new shoes into his hand and examined them. Then he dropped them with a sort of shiver, for they were of a well-remembered pattern—that upon which he had worked for two years in the penitentiary.

"How did you get them, Billy?" the father asked at length.

"Oh, I found 'em," said the boy with a wink at his elder brother, a wink which was returned to him in the shape of an evil leer.

"Found 'em! Where? Tell me all about it," said the father very sharply and sternly, for he remembered a time when he "found" things himself.

Billy looked appealingly at his brother Tom, but the elder brother put on a hang-dog look and sauntered out of the room, and was afterwards seen disappearing rapidly through the back-yard.

"Well," said Billy at last, with the air of a man who was entirely unbosoming himself, "I'll tell you how it was, dad. Down at Price's store there's a long string of shoes out at the door. They use them as a sign, don't you know?"

"Yes," said the father, carelessly, "I've seen such signs. Go on!"

"Well, I need shoes awfully, you know, and I've been tellin' the mother about it for a week or ten days, and she said she was tellin' you. But my feet gets awful cold late at nights and early in the mornings. And I didn't want to bother you, knowin' that you hadn't any money to spare, 'cause the mother told me 'bout that too, an' cried about it. Well, it blowed like ev'rythin' this afternoon, as I was goin' towards Price's, an' that string o' shoes just wheeled around like a kite tail, an' at last the bottom pair flew off into the street. An' I picked 'em up."

"Findin's is keepin's," said Mrs. Kimper.

"Give me them shoes, my boy," said the ex-convict.

"You're goin' to take 'em away from me? Have I got to have cold feet some more?" said Billy, appealingly.

Sam thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, took out a very thin wad of green paper, looked at it, and finally said: "I s'pose not." Nevertheless, he and the shoes disappeared from the house. In a short time Mr. Price, the owner of one of the village stores, received a call from the ex-convict, who said:

"Mr. Price, one o' my boys found a pair o' shoes in the street in front of your store this afternoon durin' the hard blow, an' as they just fitted him I came round to pay you for them. How much are they?"

Several men were standing about the stove in Price's store, the fire having been just begun for the autumn and winter season, and, as they heard Sam's remark, one of them uttered a long combination of word and whistle that sounded very much like whew-w! Sam turned, quickly recognized the man as one whom he knew was not over-honest, and said: "When you pay



for everythin' you get it'll be time to make fun of somebody else. But, Mr. Price, what I asked you was, what's the price of them shoes?"

The storekeeper was so astonished at such a question from a member of the Kimper family that, looking at shoes of the same quality, which were lying in a box behind the counter, he actually mistook the cost mark for the selling price, and replied, "Only a dollar and a quarter, Mr. Kimper." Sam laid down the money, received some change and departed, while the men who were lounging about the stove began an active conversation as to whether that man was the fool he looked, or whether he was not perhaps a regular sharper, whose natural abilities and inclinations had been cultivated during the two years he was in the State prison. They understood, these evening loafers, that prisons were nominally for the purpose of reforming criminals, but they had known a great many criminals themselves, and their astonishment at seeing one who apparently desired to do better than in his past life, and to make amends for the misdeeds of his family, was so great that the conversation which ensued after the exit of the ex-convict was very fragmentary and not at all to the point.

The next morning Sam appeared bright and early at the shoe shop of Larry Highgetty. He had made an arrangement with the cobbler to do whatever work might be assigned him, and to accept as full payment one-half of the money which would be charged, most of it being for repairs. As near as he could discover by a close questioning of the proprietor of the establishment, the entire receipts did not exceed two dollars per day, and the owner had so few responsibilities and so much surplus, that he would be quite glad if he might lounge at one or other of the local places of entertainment while some one else should do the work and keep the establishment open. Consequently, Sam went to the work with great energy, and little by little nearly all the work came to be done by him.

He had hammered away for a few minutes on a sole to be placed on the bottom of a well-worn shoe belonging to a working-man, when a new customer entered the shop. Sam looked up at him, and saw Reynolds Bartram. He offered a short, spasmodic, disjointed prayer to heaven, for he remembered what the judge's wife had said, and he had known Reynolds Bartram as a young man of keen wit and high standing as a debater in the local literary society, before Sam's enforced retirement; now he knew Bartram had become a lawyer.

"Well, Sam," said Bartram, as he seated himself in the only chair and proceeded to eye the new cobbler, while the blows of the hammer struck the sole more rapidly and vigorously than before—"well, Sam, I understand that you have been turning things upside down, and instead of coming out of the penitentiary a great deal worse man than when you went in, as most other men do, you have been converted."

"That's my understandin' of it, Mr. Bartram," said the convict, continuing his inflictions upon the bit of leather.

"Sam," said Bartram, "I am a man of business, and I suppose you are from what I see you doing. I wish to make you a proposition; I will pay you cash for two or three hours' time if you will tell me, so that I can understand it, what being converted really amounts to."

The new cobbler did not cease an instant his attention to the work in his hand. He merely said: "Mr. Bartram, you're a very smart man, and I'm a very stupid one. If there's a stupider man in the town the democratic local committee has never yet been able to find him. You want to know what bein' converted means? You'd better go to Deacon Quickset, or the minister of some one of the churches hereabouts. I can't explain anythin', I don't know anythin' but what I feel myself, an' the more I feel it the more I don't know how to talk about it. Deacon Quickset says it don't 'mount to much. I suppose it don't to him, he bein' so much smarter than me. But so far as it goes, I can't be paid for talkin' about it. It didn't cost *me* nothin'."

This was not what the visitor had expected; nevertheless it is a lawyer's business to know more than one way of putting a thing.

"See here, Sam; I need a new pair of shoes, soft leather, thin soles, good cut. Do you suppose you know how to measure me for them?"

"Well, I guess I've found out that much, Mr. Bartram."

"Go ahead, then; don't let me interfere with the measurement, but I want to ask you some questions; tell me what you can as you go along. You've been converted, they say, and you say so, too."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, dropping the tape-line for a moment, "what other people say I'm not responsible for, but I say it myself that I'm a different man. That's all I can say, Mr. Bartram; and as I said before, if you want to know more, you'd better ask somebody that's been in that sort of life longer than I have."

"Nonsense, Sam; you are too modest. As they say in churches, the newest convert has the strongest opinions. Now, you know what my business is. Stronger opinions amount to everything in the legal business. And so I have come to you, just as squarely as I could go to any man in the world about anything else that he understood, to ask you out and out what you know about this new life that you are said to be leading now. Tell it to me, out and out. Don't be afraid to keep back anything. Take all the time you like to it. If you can't say just what you want to, just put it just as clearly as you can. I didn't come in to worry you. Remember that I really want some distinct information on the subject."

Sam looked up keenly, and said: "Mr. Bartram, are you in earnest?"

"Sam Kimper," said the young lawyer, "if I were not in earnest, do you suppose I'd come into this shop during the busi-

ness hours of the day, and ask questions of this kind, when there are plenty of other people I could go to and get some information I want and perhaps a good deal more? No, sir; I have come here to ask you and because I thought that whatever you could say, you would say in the fewest possible words, and say it right to the point."

"But, Mr. Bartram, I'm not used to talkin' to lawyers. I never talked to any but once, you know, and then I don't think they had very much respect for what I said. I wasn't in a fix where anybody could have any respect for me."

"This hasn't anything to do with those times," said the lawyer. "A friend of yours who is a friend of mine, has told me that you talked very straightforward and honestly on this subject a few nights ago. Now, I don't mind saying to you that, according to what the people who are most prominent in the church say, I'm a pretty hard character. Therefore, whatever you have got to say you needn't be afraid to put very plainly to me. I simply want to know about myself, that's all."

"Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler, "as I've already said, you could a good deal better talk to somebody else. But, seein' you've come to me, I've only this to say to you, and I hope you can make somethin' out of it, because I give you my word I've made more out of it than ever I did out of anything else on the face of the earth. I went to gaol for stealin'. I hadn't ever been an honest man in my life. The only reason I hadn't been in gaol all my life was that I hadn't been caught. At last I was caught, an' I was sent up, an' I don't mind sayin' that I think my sentence was mighty light considerin' all the heavy mischief that I'd done durin' my life. While I was in gaol I was talked to by a man that used to come through there to talk to the prisoners on Sundays. An' about all he said to me was to read me a lot o' things that Jesus Christ said when He was alive in this world, and told me to go ahead an' do all them things just as well as I know'd how to, an' if I did 'em all well as far as I could, I'd find out a good deal more in the course of time."

"Go on," said the lawyer.

"I haven't anything to go on with, Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler, "except that I took his advice and ain't ever been sorry for it, an' wish I'd got it a good deal sooner. When there comes a time when I get a chance to do somethin' wrong an' make somethin' by it, I don't do it, although there was a time when I would have done it. I don't keep from doin' it for anything that I can make, 'cause I always go home a good deal worse off than I might have been. I hope you get something out of what I'm telling you, Mr. Bartram?"

"But, Sam, my dear fellow," said the young man, "all this doesn't mean anything; that is, so far as religion goes. You are simply trying to live right whereas you used to live wrong. Haven't you learned any more than that?"

"Well, Mr. Bartram," said Sam, ceasing to jot down measure-

ments, and looking at his stubby pencil as if he had a question to ask, "that's all I've learned. And I suppose you bein' the kind o' man you are—that is, well born and well brought up, plenty o' money, and never done nothin' wrong that you know of, I s'pose that don't seem much to you—but I tell you, Mr. Bartram, it's a complete upset to my old life, an' it's such a big one that I've not been able to get any further since, and I don't mind talkin' honestly to any fellow-man that talks about it to me. I don't mind sayin' honestly that it's so much more than I'm equal to living up to yet that I haven't had any time to think about goin' any further along. See here, Mr. Bartram, can you tell me something I can do beside that?"

"Why, Sam," said the lawyer, "that's an odd question to ask me. I have seen you in church frequently since you were first a young man, ten years older than I. You have been told frequently what else you ought to do, and what I came in particular to ask you was as to how far you've done it, or been able to do it, or were trying to do it."

"You come to the wrong shop, then, Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler. "When a man's been livin' wrong all his life and has had something put into him to make him feel like turning round and livin' right, the change that's gone on in him is so big that it'll take him about half a lifetime to get where he can think about anything else."

"Pshaw!" said the lawyer. Then he left the room, and closed the door with a crash that caused the new cobbler to look up apprehensively.

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## THE THROSTLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,"  
 I know it, I know it, I know it.  
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,  
 Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,  
 Last year you sang it as gladly.  
 "New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new  
 That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"  
 Never a prophet so crazy;  
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,  
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"  
 O warble, unbidden, unbidden.  
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,  
 And all the winters are hidden.



# Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

## WESLEYAN METHODIST.

John Wesley's last sermon was preached at Leatherhead, in Surrey. It is a small town, but it intends to commemorate the event during the centennial year by building a \$5,000 church.

Respecting a station in the Transvaal, Africa, a missionary writes: "Our native work is going on splendidly. This year we have built a neat brick church, at a cost of about \$1,800, the building completely out of debt, and the ordinary circuit income has largely increased."

There is a native church at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, where every Sabbath four languages are used, viz., English, Dutch, Sesuto and Zulu.

Fiji is said to be swarming with French priests and nuns, who are twice as numerous as the European agents of Methodism, though their adherents are but few. The proposal to reduce the missionary staff is, in the face of this fact, being strongly opposed by the native ministry. The Rev. F. Langham is making good progress with the revised Fijian Bible.

A house has been rented in London, and a superintendent appointed in connection with the deaconess movement.

## METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Rev. H. T. Marshall has been appointed to attend the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in America in October.

Mr. Councillor Baker, of Wolverhampton, has fitted up a large adult school-room for men and women. The school has been in existence for some time and has done much good.

Rev. J. E. Ratcliffe preached the last of the reopening services of Dukinfield chapel, when the total collections amounted to \$1,757.25.

There has been an increase of eleven Bands of Hope, making 288 now associated with the Union and 234 in membership, bringing that up to 34,985.

## BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONNEXION.

A special mission has been held at Blackburn, which produced great good. The pastor, the Rev. W. Treffry, said that there were conversions almost every night.

During a three weeks' meeting at Gorey, in Jersey Circuit, twenty-one persons professed conversion.

Revivals are also reported in other places, so that in the island of Jersey there have been several accessions made to the Church.

Cheering intelligence has been received from Queensland. An additional missionary has been appointed. The friends believe that there is a bright future for the denomination in that colony.

There are now eleven lay evangelists at work in the United Methodist Churches under the care of the Rev. A. Jones, Secretary of the Evangelist scheme. A sister has also been added to the list, and the Secretary hopes to open a training home for female evangelists.

## PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

Several favourable omens are reported. 1. Smaller districts and more compact circuits are recommended. 2. Ministers' salaries are being increased. 3. Overburdened trusts are greatly reduced. Efforts are being made to raise \$250,000 for the latter object.

The Evangelists' Home has thirty-one young men under its care. They have had great success.

The Zambesi mission party endured much suffering in the last stage of their journey, principally from lack of water.

What think our readers of the following, which we have taken from an English journal: "Mrs. Mary Devlin recently died, in her ninetieth year, at the *Nothallerton* (Yorkshire) *Workhouse*. She was the widow of a well-known Primitive Methodist minister who died in that town more than fifty years ago. For many years she acted as local preacher and class-leader. When eighty years of age she preached a funeral sermon." The present writer (E. B.) knew Mrs. Devlin. She was a class-leader on a circuit which he travelled forty years ago. Little did he know that the dear old woman would die in such a place, and yet there are those who oppose the Superannuation Fund.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Fully thirty Methodist Episcopal churches are dedicated every week. How great a work is this! In imagination just stretch them along your road week by week, month after month, year in and year out, thirty a week, 1,560 a year.

There are sixteen Deaconess Homes already established in this Church.

To the New York *Independent* we are indebted for an annual exhibit of the strength of the several churches in the United States. The estimated aggregate of the membership of the Christian denominations is put at 22,000,000, an increase of nearly a million a year. Of the Protestant denominations the Methodists are credited with the largest gain, 256,359. Baptist branches make 213,702. Presbyterians show an increase of 48,899, and the two Episcopalian Churches 9,466.

The auditorium of the recently dedicated Calvary Church, New York, will hold more people than the audience-room of any other Protestant church in the city.

Bishop Newman was the first Methodist Bishop to set foot in Honolulu. He made a tour of the churches the Sunday morning he arrived, and preached at night.

Bishop Mallalieu says, "The whole land lies along the overhang-

ing edge of a mighty shower of grace."

Bishop Vincent is described as an inventive genius along educational lines, and will be as noted in this direction as Edison in his particular sphere.

The Missionary Training Institute, conducted by the Rev. W. B. Osborn and his wife, in Brooklyn, has among its pupils Chinese, Japanese, Swedes, Swiss, Danes, Germans, Persians, Scotch, English, Irish, Canadians, and Americans. Arrangements are made for teaching some ten languages other than English and Latin.

The Rev. E. R. Young proposes to deliver some lectures on the Indians on behalf of this Training Institute.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Bishop Keener, senior Bishop, has sent \$500 to the Rev. D. J. Waller, D.D., on behalf of the Church, to place a column in City Road Chapel.

A layman of the Western Virginia Conference agrees to give \$100 every year as long as he lives to the worn-out preachers and their widows and orphans. Others are expected to follow his example.

The Church has adopted the Epworth League as its denominational young people's society. The young people of the two Methodist Episcopal Churches and the Methodist Church of Canada are now enlisted under one denominational banner, a mighty host.

There are eighteen sects of Methodism in the United States, with a total membership of 4,747,130.

#### THE WESLEY CENTENNIAL.

This remarkable event, so dear to all Methodists throughout the world, has been celebrated in a manner highly creditable. The Parent Body has especially honoured the event. A week's services were held in City Road Chapel, the Cathedral of Methodism, in which not only Wesleyan ministers took part, but representatives of other branches of Methodism, as well as Congregational and Church of England clergymen, nobly hon-

oured the father and founder of Methodism.

A noble statue of John Wesley was unveiled, and Canon Farrar made an eloquent address on the occasion.

Throughout the Dominion of Canada a double centennial was held, inasmuch as the hundredth anniversary of Methodism in Canada occurred in the month which dates the centenary of John Wesley's death. Toronto held several centennial services, commencing with a memorable one in the Metropolitan Church, which was crowded with the Methodists of the Queen City. Other cities, as well as towns and villages, honoured themselves by honouring the event. The Maritime Provinces, equally with those in the west, observed the day with suitable services. A sufficient sum of money will be contributed to place a memorial pillar in City Road Chapel, which will bear the name of Canada. It was intended that the pillar should be of Canadian granite. Dr. Potts is treasurer for the fund. At the meeting in Hamilton, Senator Sanford intimated that he had arranged to have a memorial window placed in City Road Chapel. It will contain the portraits of Ryerson, Ferrier, McDougall and Edward Jackson. The Methodists of Canada will feel grateful to the Hon. Senator Sanford for such an act of generosity.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The evangelists, Crossley and Hunter, were very successful in their recent campaign in Manitoba, and have now gone to the Pacific Coast, where there are many open doors waiting to receive them.

It is gratifying to read of the onward movements that are taking place in various portions of the Dominion.

The Rev. C. H. Yatman and Mrs. Kress have held a successful series of meetings in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. Miss Dimsdale and her musical sister have seen many conversions at Aurora.

Mr. Schiverea was engaged at Whitby a few weeks, and witnessed a marvellous work of grace. His after-

noon Bible Readings were very instructive and edifying, and his meetings for "men only" were thrilling.

In Montreal West a good work is progressing among the French. The day and Sabbath-school has an attendance of between sixty and seventy. Some of the converts experience much persecution. One old lady went to the house of her daughter, and tried every way she could to bring her and her husband back to the Church of Rome, but to no purpose. The old lady cursed her daughter and said she should never enter her door again. The daughter threw herself on her mother's neck weeping, and said, "Dear mother, Jesus says, 'Whosoever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'" The scene was affecting, but it induced the father to join the little band. He now attends the mission church regularly.

Encouraging reports come from Japan. A missionary writes thus respecting Nagano, which is to be his future field, "It is the most fascinating city I have ever visited. It has one of the most popular temples in Japan, and is probably the most thoroughly Buddhist city in the empire, visited yearly by thousands of pilgrims from every part of the country. They come into town, drag themselves up the hill to the cliff on which the great temple is built, fall down on the mats before the altar, and there remain, eating, drinking, sleeping, praying and joking till they are in some measure rested. As I saw it a few weeks ago for the first time, the magnificence of the temple and grounds, the scores of priests and hundreds of worshippers, the whole city given over to heathenism, I felt the majesty and power of our King more I think than ever before."

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. James Caughey, the well-known evangelist for so many years both in England and America, finished his course January 30th, aged 81 years. For about twenty years he

lived in retirement, as his health was greatly impaired. How many hundreds of spiritual children were the fruit of his labours in all places where he toiled for the Master.

Rev. Wm. Evans, the oldest minister in the Calvinistic Methodist Church, died in February, at the great age of 96. He was in the ministry seventy-three years. He was known as the Silver Bell of South Wales.

The Irish Methodist Conference mourns the death of the Rev. J. W. McKay, D.D., at the ripe age of seventy-one. For eleven years he was Principal of Belfast Methodist College. He was for many years a leader in the Conference and occupied most of the important circuits. He spent more than thirty years in Belfast. His brethren honoured him by awarding him the most responsible and honourable positions in their power.

Rev. Thomas Wesley Jeffery, of our Church, entered into rest on Sabbath, March 1st, in the sixtieth year of his age. For several months he had been a great sufferer, but his strong faith never abated. Those who visited him always found him rejoicing in God his Saviour. He was

emphatically a good man, a royal man, a man who feared God and wrought righteousness. Some of his benevolent acts were known, but more will never be known until the judgment of the great day. The present writer has attended many funerals of ministers, but he does not remember ever witnessing such tender sympathy at any as was witnessed at the funeral service of his revered friend Jeffery. The addresses by Revs. James Gray, Dr. Potts, Dr. Briggs and Dr. Young, and the prayer by Dr. Stafford, were of melting pathos. We never felt so strongly the brotherhood of Methodism. All classes, from his Worship the Mayor to the little urchin on the street, whose wants had often been relieved by the departed, bowed their heads and wept as they followed the remains to the grave.

The Primitive Methodists in England have lately lost two ministers by death, the Revs. G. Stansfield and W. Jackson. The former was eighty-one years of age, and frequently visited the house of the writer's parents, more than sixty years ago. Mr. Jackson was in the active work forty years.

"Oh, may I triumph so  
When all my warfare's past."

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## Book Notices.

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*The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation.* By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

We venture to say that this is the most remarkable poem which has appeared in the English language for many a year. The only names to be compared with its writer's are those of Browning, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold; and none of these has given us for a long time anything

which, for grandeur of subject and elevation of thought, and sustained interest and exquisite beauty of diction—the true *curiosa felicitas* of the born poet—can compare with this poem. We had the pleasure of meeting Sir Edwin Arnold when on his way to Japan, and he spoke at length of his purpose to write this book as the complement to his well-known "Light of Asia." It was to express his conception of the teachings of Jesus as compared to those of Gautama. Highly as he praised the writings of the Eastern sage, still infinitely higher appeared to him the



teachings of Him who spake as no man ever yet spake.

The time and the scene of the poem are chiefly in the house of Mary Magdalene and the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The time is three years after the death of Christ. An intense dramatic interest is given to the book by the introduction of the characters of Pilate, Mary Magdalene, and the Eastern Magus, who thirty-six years before had come from India to pay homage to the new-born King. Mary Magdalene is identified with the sister of Lazarus, who in turn is also described as a rich young man who came to Christ seeking to become a disciple. The remorse of Pilate for the deliverance of Jesus to the Jews, the poignant grief and devout love of Mary, and the spiritual revelation and isolation of the characters of the daughter of Jairus and Lazarus, called back from the unseen world, are very strikingly portrayed. The limits of space prevent our saying more at present. In a future number of this MAGAZINE we purpose giving a fuller review, with illustrative quotations, of this remarkable book. An admirable portrait of Sir Edwin accompanies the volume and a number of excellent illustrations by the distinguished German artist, Hoffman. The book is unique in this, that it was written at the foot of Fujiyama, Japan, and describes with photographic fidelity and local colouring the scenery of Palestine, where Sir Edwin for some time lived, and where he owned the ground on which the synagogue of Nazareth stood.

*The Centennial of Canadian Methodism.* Published by direction of the General Conference. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal, Toronto and Halifax. Pp. 340. Price \$1.25.

It was felt by the General Conference it would be a great misfortune not to put into some permanent form at this centennial time the records of the first one hundred years of Methodism in this country. This book is the outcome of that purpose. The

different aspects of church life and church work—missionary, educational, literary, statistical, etc.—are treated by persons having special facilities for discussing the same. Representative members of the different churches now combined into one give the record of the history of the respective bodies to which they formerly belonged. We heartily concur in the opinion expressed in the preface: "It is a happy thought that at the close of the first century of Methodism in Canada all these causes of dispute and of difference between brothers are now laid aside, and that we can calmly survey what was once a hotly disputed field. At no previous period in the history of Methodism in this land could this have been possible, and in no other land under the sun is it possible yet." This book should find a place in every Methodist household, not only as a volume of great present interest, but as one of permanent value. A number of fine engravings embellish the volume, some of which have never before appeared.

*Golden Links in the Chain that Connects Mother, Home and Heaven. The Literature of Many Ages and Many Climes on the Three Dearest Names to Mortals Given.* Edited by Mrs. J. P. NEWMAN, with an introduction by Bishop JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D. 4to, pp. 524. St. Louis and New York: N. D. Thompson.

The accomplished wife of Bishop Newman has long been known as a lady of broad culture and of superior literary taste. This collection of the gems of literature is the result of a score of years' garnering, selecting and arranging, amid the manifold duties of a pastor's wife and a leader in the Woman's Missionary Society and other operations of the Methodist Church. The book covers a very wide range of reading, both in prose and poetry. Among the many authors quoted are George Macdonald, Dickens, A. H. Hallam, J. B. Gough, Miss Mulock, George Eliot, Irving, Charles Kingsley, Carlyle, Austin Dobson, Longfellow, Crabbe,

Bryant, Richter, Tennyson, Beecher, Whittier, Jameson, Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Emerson, Guthrie, Hood, Rossetti, Mackay, Coleridge, Rogers, Clough, Mrs. Stowe, Wordsworth, Hemans, Saxe, Bonar, Faber, D. L. Moody, Heber, Wesley, T. Hughes, Newcombe, Campbell, Southey, Dr. W. M. Punshon, and many others. It will be seen how wide a range of selection and how catholic a taste go to the making up of this volume. Over 100 engravings, many of them full-page ones, of great beauty, illustrate the book, which is very handsomely bound. In literary merit and permanent value this book is superior to almost any similar volume that we know. It will be an almost inexhaustible treasury of noble thought on the noblest themes. Its inspiring and uplifting sentiments cannot fail to make home happier on earth and to prepare the soul for its home on high. Bishop Newman contributes a beautiful introduction in his own chaste and classic style.

*Hegel's Logic.* A Book on the Genesis of the Categories of the Mind. Edited by GEO. S. MORRIS, United States Commissioner of Education. Pp. 436. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

An unusual amount of interest and inquiry has been elicited by the announcement of this book, as it has been known for some time that Dr. Harris had such a volume in preparation. His high reputation as a vigorous and independent thinker, and his well-known familiarity with the German school of philosophy, make this exposition of the Hegelian system a work of exceptional value.

It speaks much for the growth of philosophical thought in the United States and Canada that a series of classics of such high character should be projected and carried out by this enterprising Chicago house.

The whole series of Philosophical Classics, in eight volumes, put up in a neat box, will be sent, express paid, on receipt of \$10. "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason;" "Schelling's Transcendental Idealism;" "Fichte's Science of Knowledge;" "Hegel's

Æsthetics;" "Kant's Ethics," and others.

Among other numbers of the series are "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," by S. Morris, of the University of Michigan; "Hegel's Æsthetics," by J. S. Kedney.

*Aztec Land.* By Maturin N. Ballou. 12mo, pp. x.-355. Price \$1.50.

Rev. Dr. Ballou, the veteran traveller, places an apt motto on his title-page, "The dust is old upon my sandal-shoon, and still I am a pilgrim." In many volumes is given the record of his pilgrim wanderings east, west, north and south. Yet the public do not weary of his tales of travel, and this volume is already in its second edition. Dr. Ballou sees more in his journeys than many men do in a prolonged sojourn, and he etches with incisive pen the sharp mental impressions received. Mexico—that Spain in America—is being more and more exploited as a winter tourist resort. Persons contemplating a Mexican tour will find many valuable hints and helps in these brilliant pages. Stay-at-home travellers, like most of us, will share the blended feelings of regret that we cannot go ourselves with the pleasure of gaining such vivid pictures from Dr. Ballou's pages.

*Knives and Forks.* By Mrs. Frank Lee. Pp. 402. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is an unusually vivid story, by an experienced writer. The characters are those to be found in a country town in the Middle States. On the one side there are the minister's sons and the young people of the more cultured families forming a set together. Several are college students; all are intelligent and refined. Contrasted with these and antagonistic to them are the young men and women who are from the poor and shiftless families. Some of the young men in this set are loafers, most of them drink and swear, and all unite in thinking of the other set as proud

and selfish. The task the writer has set herself is to bring these two sets together so that the influences for good may prevail. Such a thing cannot be done too quickly in real life, and is by no means a rapid process in the story. The interest centres mainly in Mart Connor, who, though one of the roughest of the poorer set, shows a depth of character which often calls forth the reader's admiration. His ultimate triumph over the evil in himself ought to make the book most helpful to young men.

*Ballads and Poems.* By GEORGE R. SIMS. London: John P. Fuller, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is what may be called the poetry of the slums, if, indeed, that be poetry which describes with realistic power the wretchedness and wrongs, lit up here and there by touches of heroism and native nobility, of the great "submerged tenth," to use General Booth's phrase. We are no great admirer of the thieves' and costermongers' dialect in which many of the poems are written. We do not think that the Augean stable of London misery will be cleansed by tiny rivulets of verse like this. It needs a mighty river, the streams of a moral Peneus and Alpheus, turned through their alleys by some modern Hercules. In this volume there are, however, poetic touches, as in the famous story of "Ostler Joe," and the touching "Lights of London Town," with its sad refrain:

"Oh, cruel lamps of London, if tears  
Your lights could drown,  
Your victims' eyes would weep them,  
Oh, lights of London town."

*The Missionary Controversy: Discussion, Evidence and Report, 1890.* 8vo, pp. 388. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Here is the whole story of the unhappy controversy which has for a couple of years agitated the Wesleyan Church in Great Britain. All the evidence is before us, and the candid reader will have, we think, no

difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the charges were not sustained.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

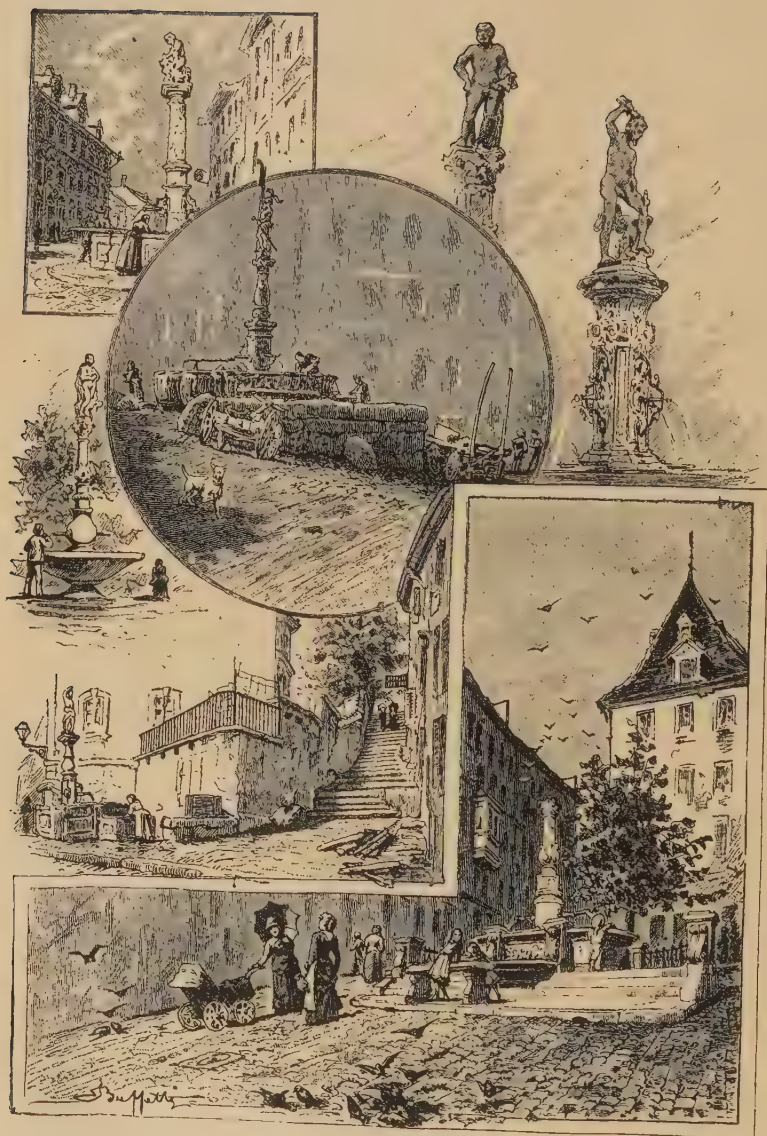
*The Dominion Illustrated*, Montreal. Price \$4 a year. This fine illustrated weekly entered upon its sixth year with an enlargement from sixteen to twenty-four pages. It is a cause of patriotic gratitude and thankfulness that this young Dominion is able to maintain such a high-class illustrated paper. Almost every part of the country has been depicted with pen and pencil in previous numbers. It gives special attention to Canadian topics, and the art work is of a very superior character. Mr. John Reade, who has won distinction in other fields of literature, and has had long journalistic experience, and who has a fine literary instinct, will doubtless make the new series even more successful than the previous ones.

*The Third General Conference of the Methodist Church Photographic Group.* C. W. Coates, Montreal. Price \$2. This is a large and well-executed photograph of the late General Conference, showing the interior of St. James' Methodist Church, the handsomest Methodist church in the world. It contains excellent portraits of nearly all the clerical and lay delegates to the Conference. Prominent in the foreground are the General Superintendent and officers of the Conference. The heads are a little crowded in places, but the effect of the whole is admirable. Each portrait was taken separately, and then artistically grouped. A number of notable visitors occupy the galleries. It makes a beautiful souvenir of the Conference, and will, we hope, find a place in very many Methodist homes.

The name of the publishers of the Rev. Dyson Hague's book, "The Protestantism of the Prayer-Book," inadvertently omitted from the review of the book, is the J. E. Bryant Publishing Company, Bay Street, Toronto.







DRELL FÜSSLI & C<sup>o</sup>

ANCIENT FOUNTAINS, ZURICH.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

May, 1891.

ZURICH AND ITS MEMORIES.



CLOISTERS, GROSSMUNSTER, ZURICH.

"WHOM God loves He gives a home in Zurich," says a mediæval proverb. "Next to Damascus," exclaimed an English traveller once, "Zurich is the fairest, friendliest old city of the hemisphere." Whoever stands upon the upper Limmat bridge, on some calm, summer's evening, and looks to the south and east, will see a sight as fair, indeed, as any of the world. Beneath his feet, the broad, green river rushes by. On right and left are old cathedrals, casting their shadows to the low-arched bridge; in front, the enchanting lake, the smiling villages, the snow-topped Alps. The sun sinks low behind the western hills. His lingering rays, striking the rocks and snow and ice, produce the Alpine glow, making the semicircle of the Alps shine like a thousand crystal

palaces. The sun sinks lower still. The Alpine glow, the crystal palaces are gone, and in their stead are bleak and dreary walls, and peaks of rock—wierd, flitting clouds—shadows that move about like ghosts—cold fields of snow and ice.

Zurich was an old town a thousand years ago. A half a century before the birth of Christ, tradition says, the Helvetians burned this among their other towns and villages, and started off to Gaul and Italy in search of a warmer climate and a more grateful soil. When Cæsar defeated them and compelled them to return to the Alps and rebuild their towns, Zurich was made a Roman military station and called Turicum.

Many centuries before that a numerous population inhabited the shores of this lake, whose remains reveal to us an unwritten page of history.

In the course of excavations, carried on during the winter of 1853, at Obermeilen, on the right bank of the Lake of Zurich, various utensils and weapons of stone, bone and horn, as well as fragments of pottery, were found embedded in the mud of the shore. The village school-master, Johann Aeppli, made further investigations, and soon came upon a regularly planned series of piles. He hastened to Zurich to call the attention of the learned archæologist, Dr. Ferdinand Keller, to the subject. Keller visited the spot, continued the excavations, collected the objects found, and soon hit upon the key to the mystery. He discovered that the various objects thus strangely preserved were relics of a people, who had in remote antiquity dwelt on the shores, or rather over the waters of the Swiss lakes, and who had vanished from the scene without leaving other records of their existence than those now brought to light.

The discoveries at Obermeilen were followed by similar ones at other points on the lake of Zurich, and not only on almost all the Swiss lakes, but in most of the lakes of Europe and in many marshy districts. The epoch of the prehistoric lake-dwellers was unveiled to modern gaze, and before our mind's eye we can now see the wooden huts on their pile-work foundation, with the bridges connecting the settlements with the shore; fishermen setting out in their primitive barks in search of booty, and huntsmen returning heavily burdened from the chase. The weapons found in the lake villages, here of stone, there of bronze, and elsewhere of iron, indicate the successive stages of civilization reached by their fashioners; while the weapons as well as the woven stuffs, the nets, tools of all kinds, potsherds, ornaments, fragments of bone, and remnants of vegetable material, indicate the various occupations of the people, the amount of manual



dexterity they had acquired, the manner of clothing themselves, and their food.

That these houses were not built as mere places of refuge, in case of danger, is pretty clear, from the fact that the relics found on every floor show that each family had there its full arrange-



DR. KELLER, AND LAKE DWELLINGS,  
ZURICH.

ments for cooking, weaving, making nets, and fishing; in short, everything that the people of those days did indoors at all, could have been done, and probably was done, inside these houses built in the lakes. Not only the houses were there equipped for ordinary life, but the cattle, the pigs, the sheep, and the goats, were stalled there in separate places on the piles.

The relics found, indicate that the people lived principally on fish, venison, chestnuts and corn-bread, with some wheat and fruit, while their clothing was oftener made of woven or plaited cloth than of the skins of beasts. Wheat and corn were cultivated as



food, and flax was grown for the loom. Each family did its own grinding of corn or wheat, and its own weaving at home; but there are evidences that there were special houses devoted to the manufacture of implements for the household, the field and the chase. Copper and bronze were but little known, though there are relics showing these metals were sometimes used, and there is an earth-bed about the piles three feet deep, composed of animal remains and the results of human industry.

Centuries went by and then came the dawn of history. Then followed the traditions of the Roman legions and the Roman civilization. Old ruined walls and fragments of fortresses about the town recall the time when Latins lived on the Helvetian lakes and Vindonissa. Four centuries later than the birth of Christ, the Allemanic hordes came in and burned and built, and built and burned, in all the district. Zurich speaks a dialect in 1875 that was the Allemanic tongue of fourteen centuries ago. For five and a quarter centuries Zurich canton has been an independent, self-ruling republic—a faithful member of the Bund of the democratic states, composing Switzerland.

The city sits like a beautiful crescent around the foot of the lake. The old and the new are strangely intermingled in the houses, in the streets, and in the parks. Fair granite piles, built yesterday, stand side by side with queer old towers, walls and churches of two, three, and even five and six, centuries ago. The finest modern street covers a broad, deep ditch that was, in the olden time, a moat outside the military gates and walls. A lovely park stands where the walls of a Roman fortress have fallen to decay. A pretty school-house, of a modern style, crowds close upon a münster, built when Charlemagne was emperor. New fountains, built of brass and bronze but yesterday, are playing close by fountains and statues of another age. The railway train, that rushes to one of the finest railroad stations in the world, is met by the lumbering mountain *diligence*, and the shrill scream of the lake steamer is answered by the driver's horn.

There are streets that are broad and fair, and there are streets steep and narrow. The houses vary as the streets and as the times in which they have been built. But every house, high or low, good or bad, old or new, is built of stone, and built as if to last till the final trump of doom. High, old rusty-coloured buildings, with pointed gables and corner windows, still are seen. The entrances to these are cold, forbidding-looking halls, paved with brick or stone, and are as often at the back part of the house as at the front. The oaken doors, with their heavy iron knockers, swing to like gateways to a jail.

The rooms are dark and dull, the ceilings low, but the floors are white and clear as shining sand, and the great white porcelain stove, built in a former age, still fills an ample portion of the room, and is the most prominent article of ornament and use in all these antiquated homes.

How Zurich people lived, loved and died, when these old homes were new, the musty records, full of love, and law, and gossip, carefully relate. The queerest customs, ways and things were fixed by law or regulated by the town police.

At wedding parties,



INTERIOR OF THE WASSERKIRCHE MUSEUM,  
ZURICH.

in the old, old times, not more than twenty guests could be invited; and a forward step in Zurich's social life was made, when a city ordinance allowed that more than six right handsome folks could attend a wedding together, if they chose. Two singers, two fiddlers, and a pair of hautboys made all the music that the law allowed. The prices paid for wedding-dinners, though discriminating in favour of unmarried girls, were fixed. The gallant bridegroom paid the bill, which never could exceed three cents for every in-

vited male, two cents for married females, and a cent and a half for each unmarried girl.

Funerals were not less strange in character than marriages. In all the churches, black mourning-cloth was kept for the poor to use, free of charge. When men of worth, or some near friend dropped off, a sort of wake was held and all the friends assembled, to eat to gluttony, and to drink the dead man's health. Expensive show of dress or funeral gear was not allowed, and as late as the days of Zwingli even, the country people brought their dead upon a board and coffinless.

Gravestones were not allowed, and, dead or alive, but little more than twenty hours elapsed before the body was placed in the grave. Even to-day, unpainted boxes, instead of coffins, are used for the dead in Zurich, and iron crosses oftenest mark the last, long resting-place.

Church-going was thought a saving ordinance, and was enforced by fines and corporal punishment. Staying away from church, on Sunday mornings especially, was followed, two hundred years ago, by loss of citizenship; and standing at the church's door, to see the comers-out and the goers-in, was numbered with the things forbidden by law.

Dress had its limits, too. Gold and silver ornaments, worn on ladies' dresses, were unlawful, except at weddings. Zwingli's successor went into the Grossmünster pulpit with coat of black fur, white breeches, red jacket, and a dagger in his belt.

But the queer, old-fashioned ways of Zurich are disappearing with the city's mossy walls and moats and towers. A newer city with newer people is crowding in where the old town stood, and while many of the social customs of former centuries still prevail, new Zurich breathes a freer life, changed to a certain extent, to suit the modern tide of trade, of commerce, and of art. Still old, and cramped, and angular in social life, the city struggles to cast off the fetters of dead ages, and to reap the benefits that come of change and of keeping up with the world's new pace. Her tradesmen, bankers, teachers, manufacturers and business men generally, are awake to the new idea of progress.

The canton of Zurich, though the seventh in size, is the first in commercial importance in the country. It is the second in wealth, the second in population, the first in schools, the first in political consequence, and is the literary centre of the whole. Zurich's industry is changing the picturesque old town to a splendid modern mart, whence commerce and trade extend their arms to almost every quarter of the globe. Her business representatives go out to China, Russia, North and South America; and half the



islands of the sea pay tribute, more or less, to modern Swiss industry. The cotton of the sunny south is picked, baled and



GUILD-HOUSES.

sent across the sea, to be spun among the Alps. The Chinese silk-worms reel their fairy threads to be sent to the weaving-looms



of Zurich. Egyptian cotton leaves the Pharaohs' land, and the sons and daughters of Alpine shepherds weave it into fair embroideries.

The busiest industry conducted here is that of silk. Zurich is the second silk stuff manufacturing city of the world, and almost rivals Lyons in the quantity, if not in the quality, of the stuffs produced.

The process by which the humble worm is made to clothe the luxury-loving ladies of the day is novel and interesting. In Italy, in France, or far-off China, the silk-worm, well-fattened on his mulberry leaves, spins about himself his round, ball-like cocoon, and when his grubship's house is built, and he is ready to pierce his castle walls and soar away, no longer grub, but butterfly, the silk man comes and dashes cocoon and grub into a basin of boiling water. The dead grub and his water-soaked cocoon are oftenest sent to Lombardy, where nimble-fingered girls wind off the miles and miles of gossamer threads that made the dead grub's home. In strength these gossamer threads are equal to iron wires of the same thickness; and a cord of twisted silk, as thick as the cable sustaining the Niagara bridge, would sustain the same strain as easily. These threads are brought to Zurich and made ready for the dyer's hands. The colouring establishments are near the lake, and the low-covered boats, anchored on the water at many points between Zurich and Rappersweil, are usually filled with men, engaged in washing the skein silk just from the dye. Day in and day out, summer and winter, with their arms to their elbows in the cold water of the lake, and always stooping over the side of the boats, these washers work for from sixty to eighty cents a day.

The looms for weaving silk are found in almost every peasant's house around the lake. They are usually plain, cheap, wooden structures, resembling in every respect the old carpet looms, so often found among the farmers of our own country. Almost all the peasant women weave between the scanty hours given to the duties of the house.

In half the homes along the lake, the noise of the loom and the clink of the busy shuttle are ever heard, from early morning till late at night. The number of hand-looms employed is about 20,000. Two francs to three francs a day is about as much as the peasant weavers usually can make, but this amount is made without material neglect of the woman's ordinary household cares. The quantities of silk woven by Switzerland in her peasant homes is wonderful. Even in Zurich, where hand-labour is so cheap, the 4,500 power-looms in factories compete as to

quality and cost of silk produced. The export of silk is about \$15,000,000 a year.



MEETING OF A GUILD.

Zurich has an immense cotton and iron industry besides. By the latter, an enormous amount of work of excellent character is turned out every year. The city builds not only the iron steamers for the lakes of Switzerland, but for the lakes of Italy

also; and the Danube River and the Black Sea float iron boats built by Swiss hands at Zurich. These boats are first put together here, and, found complete, are then taken apart and shipped to the waters of other countries, and are there again put together for use.

The guilds, formerly powerful political bodies, but now were mere private corporations, meet on the vernal equinox in their respective halls for a grand banquet. Many of the members, especially the younger ones, appear in fancy costumes, for the feast is followed by processions (usually organized by all the guilds in concert) through the town. Formerly these processions usually represented episodes from the history of Zurich; but of late more ambitious subjects have been attempted, and great historical epochs, etc., have been depicted, sometimes on a very grand scale. The chief artistic and literary talent of the town is devoted with patriotic zeal to the organization of these processions, which attains by this means to a firmly-grounded and well-deserved popularity.

After supper is over visits are exchanged. On the principal table the handsomest cups belonging to the guild are displayed. The visitors, with the officers still at their head, make their way into the festive chamber. All rise from their seats, and the leaders exchange greetings, sometimes in earnest, but more often in jocose, phrase.

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#### LEAN HARD.

CHILD of My love, "lean hard,"  
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,  
I know thy burden, Child—I shaped it :  
Poised it in Mine hand—made no proportion  
Of its weight to thine unaided strength.  
For even as I laid it on, I said  
I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,  
This burden shall be Mine, not hers ;  
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms  
Of Mine own love. Here lay it down, nor fear  
To impose it on a shoulder, which upholds  
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,  
Thou art not near enough,  
I would embrace thy care,  
So I might feel My child reposing on my breast,  
Thou lovest Me ? I know it, doubt not then,  
But loving Me, "lean hard."



# NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE history of Napoleon Bonaparte has been written, alike by friend and foe. The world has been bewildered by the many conflicting and misleading accounts of his life and character. The same pen that stigmatized him as a usurper has admitted that the suffrages of a loving people raised him to the throne. He has been called

a human monster, thirsting for and delighting in scenes of carnage, by those who acknowledge that on more than one battlefield he wept unavailing tears of regret. While the few who have been most clamorous in declaring him an abhorred tyrant, have well nigh in the same breath been forced to confess that no one man ever so commanded the loyal love of his soldiers as their "Little Corporal."

The chief incidents of his life, more especially those which followed the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, are familiar to readers of history; the hurried flight, the second abdication, the voluntary journey to England and the sad sequel, all are "as a story that is told." Without pausing to question the justice of the sentence which condemned a guest, claiming British hospitality and seeking an asylum under British law, to hopeless exile, we purpose, in this short paper, to accompany the illustrious captive to that lonely isle, which was at once his home, his prison and his tomb.

On the 9th of August, 1815, the *Northumberland*, manned by more than a thousand sailors, and escorted by two frigates and seven war-sloops, all guarding one man, set sail for St. Helena.



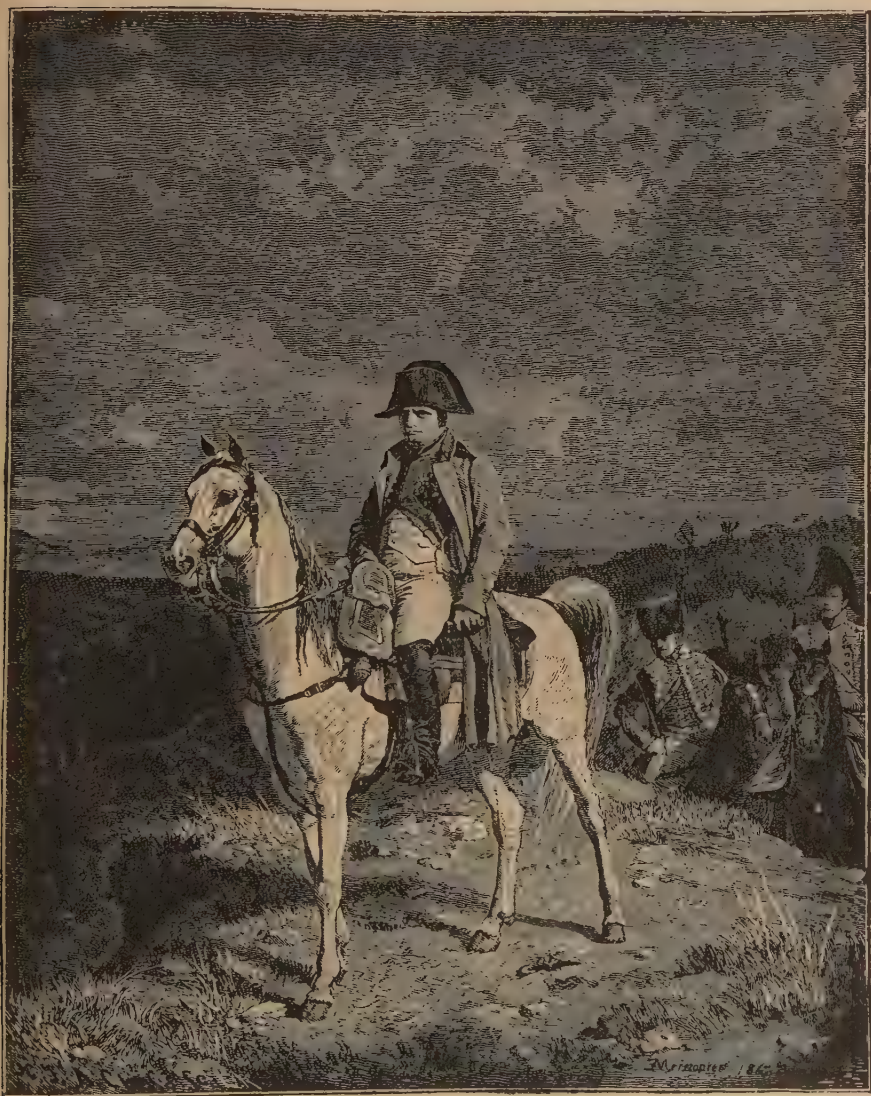
The rigour of the British Government permitted but three French officers to accompany the unhappy exile, and his choice fell on Grand Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon and Count Las Casas. Afterwards, by special permission, General Gourgaud was included. These, with their families and servants, and Dr. O'Meara, who volunteered his services to the Emperor as surgeon, constituted the entire household; a little court, truly, but a loyal one, willingly sacrificing kindred, country and freedom upon the altar of their devotion, while they wept most who stayed at home.

At noon, on the 15th of October, after a long and tempestuous voyage, whose hardships were borne by the Emperor with unflinching courage, the strange procession cast anchor in the harbour of St. Helena. With a sad interest Napoleon gazed upon his future home. The island is situated in the tropics, six thousand miles from Europe and twelve hundred from the nearest land on the African coast; and prison-like, indeed, is its gloomy exterior. Lofty peaks tower, verdureless, to the skies. What a dreary contrast to his loved and sunny France; a storm-drenched, barren rock, one day wrapped in the cruel embrace of a dense and damp sea-fog, the next panting beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun, while "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them," stood like silent sentinels guarding sea and land.\*

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was setting, the little party disembarked, and the twilight found them toiling up the long and narrow street, which was the main thoroughfare of the village of Jamestown. A small room had been prepared for the accommodation of the Emperor, and here his camp bedstead was hastily erected, and, wearied by the tempestuous tossing of the long sea-voyage, worried and annoyed by the idle curiosity of the crowd that thronged about the dwelling, he at once sought much-desired seclusion and much-needed rest. Such was the first night at St. Helena. A strange picture, truly. In that darkened chamber, upon that rude couch, sleeping an unrestful sleep, guarded with unceasing vigilance by bayoneted sentinels, lies the man who, but a few months ago, held within his own right hand the destinies of Europe—a prince then, a prisoner now; a king then, wielding a power that knew no parallel, and rejoicing in the love of a people that with one voice raised him to the throne; aye! and a king now, captive as he is. A king in dignity, a king in patient fortitude; and from far-off France there comes the sound of lamentation and of mourning, for they love him yet, who ruled them as their sovereign and led their hosts in war.

About three miles from Jamestown, on a bleak and bare plateau fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, was situated Longwood,

Napoleon's future dwelling-place    Though fancy would fain  
invest it with picturesque beauty, and romance would claim for



NAPOLEON—(After Meissonier).

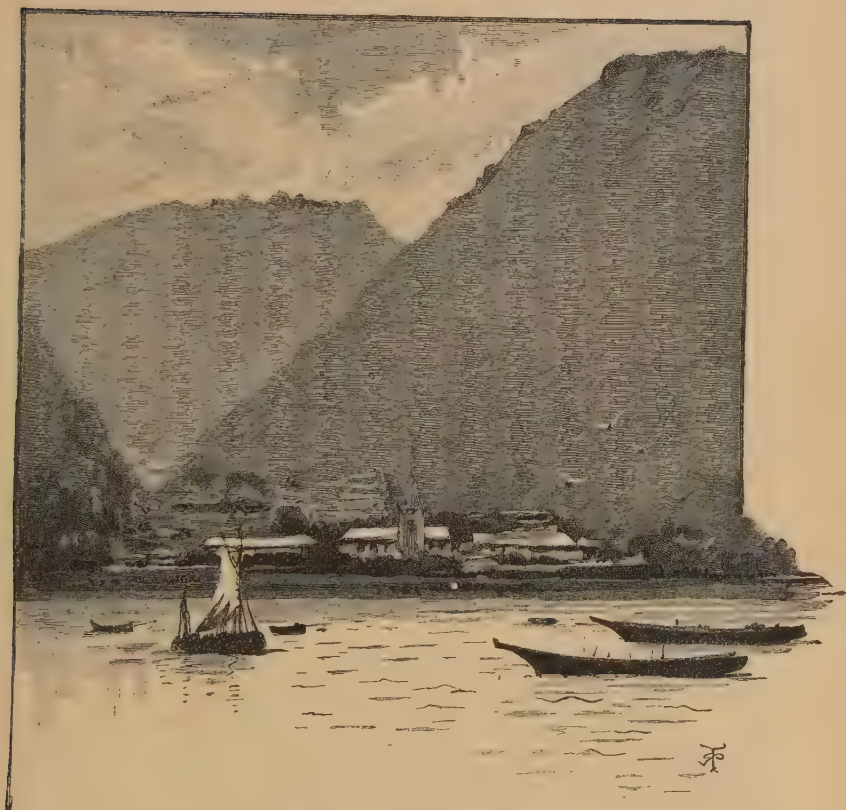
it a magnificence worthy such a resident, yet, without any reflection upon England's hospitality, truth compels the historian to relate that it was originally a cow-house, which, rat-

infested and old, had finally grown too dilapidated even for the cow. It had been converted by degrees into a kind of summer retreat, and Admiral Cockburn had received instructions to enlarge the house, and prepare it for the reception of "General Bonaparte." This work was immediately begun, and in the meantime, the Emperor, dreading the close confinement of Jamestown and the prying scrutiny of its residents, craved permission to occupy a summer house belonging to Mr. Balcombe, owner of a small place called "The Briars," about a mile distant from Longwood. The worthy man, only too glad to be of service, willingly granted the request; and in this unprotected and cheerless abode the fallen monarch began his long and drear imprisonment.

Despite the discomforts and privations of his position, despite the fact that his every movement was noted and reported to the Governor, that he was accompanied in his walks and rides by an English officer, and not allowed to pass certain limits, he seldom lost that dignified calmness and uncomplaining fortitude which made the sojourn at St. Helena one of the most brilliant pages of his history. With admirable composure he arranged for each day's duties and amusements. Certain hours were set apart for writing, and others for reading and dictation to Las Casas, his whilom secretary, while at eventime he would indulge in long and animated conversations with his followers, discussing vital questions of politics and religion; and thus they strove to make their loneliness endurable, if not enjoyable.

On the 10th of December, the Emperor and his suite removed to Longwood, now ready for occupation, yet still too small to accommodate those who had come to share the fortunes of their master. A room was furnished for Count Las Casas, but General Bertrand had to secure quarters in a distant hut, and General Gourgaud, with Dr. O'Meara, were under the necessity of "camping out." In time, however, rooms were prepared for all. At Longwood the fact that he was a prisoner was painfully impressed upon Napoleon's mind. As an exile on a desolate island, and with no hope of succour and no loophole for escape, common humanity would have dictated that he should be spared those humiliating details of prison life which must have been a constant fret to his proud and unbroken spirit. Armed guards patrolled his garden walks. Only on rare occasions was he permitted to make excursions, and never alone; and, adding insult to injury, the Governor, doubtless acting under instructions, refusing to recognize his imperial title, ever addressed him as General Bonaparte, and issued orders that his companions should accost him in like manner. But, as the ivy in the storm clings closer to the sturdy





HARBOUR AT ST. HELENA.

oak, as though to give it shelter and warmth, so did these few loyal friends gather round their sovereign in his adversity, loving him more and serving him better than in the old days when he had but to attempt to succeed.

"We are but a handful," Napoleon said, on one occasion, "a handful in one corner of the earth, and all our consolation must be our regard for each other."

On April 17th, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe, the newly-appointed Governor, arrived at the island, and was presented to the Emperor. If, under the new *régime*, the little party had looked and hoped for brighter days, they were doomed to bitter disappointment. The new-comer was a man singularly devoid of chivalrous instincts and brutally zealous in his capacity as gaoler. He brought with him permits for each of Napoleon's companions, which gave them liberty to leave the island if such should chance to be their wish; if, on the contrary, they decided to remain, they were required to



give a written declaration to this effect and to submit to the same restrictions which were imposed upon the Emperor. All signed except General Bertrand; and, hurt and mortified by his refusal, Napoleon said, "Bertrand is always the same; although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

Day by day the estrangement between Sir Hudson Lowe and his prisoners grew wider. No opportunity was lost to harass, annoy and insult these unfortunate men. Though their liberty in outdoor exercise was not absolutely curtailed, yet, rather than submit to the humiliation of an armed escort in his walks and rides, the Emperor, for weeks together, would shut himself up in his rooms, and seek in such recreations as reading and conversation forgetfulness of the past and some slight measure of present enjoyment.

Some days were dark, some days were bright. Dark, when weakened by close confinement, and dimly conscious of fast-failing health, he would sit in silence brooding over the failure of his ambitious schemes and the grim darkness of the impenetrable future. Bright, when some European vessel, anchoring in the harbour, would bring boxes of books and journals, which he would read with avidity and discuss with animation, cheering himself and charming his followers by the exercise of an intellect whose brilliancy no physical condition could dim and no imprisonment impair. One of these treasured boxes contained a picture of his idolized son, and the sight of the graceful and noble features awakened in Napoleon a wealth of parental affection which had long lain dormant. Tears filled his eyes, as he exclaimed, "Dear boy, if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father."

Thus closed the first year at St. Helena. Early in the second year the little family circle was broken; and Count Las Casas, who had thoughtlessly sent a letter to England describing their condition without first submitting it to the Governor, was put under arrest and finally sent away from the island, even permission to say a word of farewell to his beloved sovereign being refused. Napoleon felt this blow most keenly. Las Casas had been, of all his followers, the one most necessary to his happiness; the tenderest in affection, the most unremitting and zealous in respectful attention. The farewell letter that out of the fulness of his heart he wrote to his departing friend, was throughout expressive of unchanging love and esteem.

"Your society," he wrote, "was necessary to me. You alone could read, speak and understand English. How many nights have you watched over me during my illness? I request, and in case of need, command you to require the Governor to send you to the continent. When you arrive in Europe, whether you go to England or return to France, endeavour to forget the evils you have been called to endure, and be happy in the thought of the fidelity you have shown toward me. Should you see some day my wife and son, embrace them. In the meantime be comforted, and console my friends. My body, it is true, is exposed to the hatred of my enemies, they make me suffer the protracted tortures of a slow death, but Providence is too just to allow these sufferings to last much longer. The insalubrity of this dreadful climate, the want of everything that tends to



HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED.

support life will soon, I feel, put an end to an existence whose last moments will be an opprobrium to the English character."

Already it seems there was stealing upon his senses the darkening of the dim mystery of death. Constant and close confinement to his apartments had weakened him to an alarming extent. He yielded at last to the entreaties of friends and physician, and took an occasional walk in the grounds, or to some favourite secluded spot, whence he could look upon the sea. Here he would stand, a lonely, solitary figure, gazing gloomily over the broad expanse of turbulent, tossing waters, fit emblem of his own perturbed spirit.

It may be that, as he stands in silent musing, he strives with

hungry gaze to bridge the miles that part him from the land of his adoption and his love; it may be that there rises up before him, as in a dream, a vision of the faithful Josephine, who loved "not wisely, but too well," and memories of her loyal love crowd upon him, bringing with them shame and remorse; perchance he hears again the thunders of his conquering artillery, and his eyes gleam with the old-time light as in imagination he leads the veterans of the Empire on to victory or death; or it may be that, oppressed by the shadows which are closing in, there comes to him a sudden realization of the infinite, with the all-wise Judge and the great white throne, and, in the clear light of eternity, the power that he had wielded and the fame that he had won seemed as bubbles shattered by the lightest breath of God.

Long and weary months passed away during which Sir Hudson Lowe added daily to the misfortunes of his unhappy prisoner. Friendship with the Emperor meant disfavour with the Governor, and in consequence of this Mr. Balcombe, Napoleon's former host at "The Briars," was compelled to leave for Europe. In July, 1818, Dr. O'Meara, who had been zealous in untiring service, was withdrawn, and for six months Napoleon, refusing to accept the services of the British surgeon that the Governor would force upon him, was without a medical attendant. Thus lingered out in pain, loneliness and depression the third year of captivity.

In 1819, permission was given to the Emperor's friends in Europe to send another physician to his succour, and in September of that year Dr. Antomarchi, to whose journal we are indebted for many minute and interesting details of the last illness, arrived at the island, and was presented to his illustrious patient. He was accompanied by two ecclesiastics, one of whom, the Abbe Buonavita, had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba. Physicians alike for body and soul, all were warmly welcomed by the Emperor; and, his temporal comforts attended to, with characteristic impulsiveness, the invalid made instant arrangements for the ministry of those things which are eternal. At the close of an affecting interview, and feeling, no doubt, the near approach of death, he said, "We have too long been deprived of the ordinances of religion not to be eager to enjoy them, now that they are within our power. I wish to establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies which are celebrated at France."

A word or two here concerning the Emperor's views on religion, knowledge of and faith on Christ, may not be out of place. A man's inner life is his own peculiar property, and within the heart of that inner life are the vital questions of doctrine and faith settled for time and for eternity; and it is only by the out-



ward manifestations of that inner life, as betrayed in word or action, that men can form any opinion, right or wrong, of their fellows. How will they judge of the following clear and remarkable confession :



“Upon the throne,” said Napoleon, “surrounded by generals far from devout, yes, I will not deny it, I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, ‘I am a believer.’ I said, religion is a power, a political engine. But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, ‘Yes, I am



a Christian ;' and now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart."

On another occasion, during a conversation with General Bertrand, an avowed unbeliever, the subject of Christ and His divinity was discussed, and the Emperor, after expatiating at great length, and with lively enthusiasm, on the character of Christ the human and Christ the Divine, expressed himself as follows :

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections. Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places ; who has never succumbed to the influence of the times ; who has never compounded with any customs or passions ? From the first day to the last, Christ is always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle."

Leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions and form their own opinions of the religious side of Napoleon's character, we pass on, with a certain degree of sadness, to the closing scenes of his short but brilliant career.

The shadows still were closing in upon him—days and weeks, dark with fog and damp with cheerless, chilling rains, aggravated his disease, and hourly he grew weaker.

On rare occasions, when the sun shone kindly and the sea-breezes were less boisterous, he would venture into the garden, feed the fishes in the large basin that he had had constructed, and acting upon the advice of his physician, seek escape from inactivity by gardening, of which occupation he gradually grew very fond. His friends and attendants were all pressed into the service, and willing hands soon transformed the grounds of Longwood into a bower of beauty ; nor was the homely kitchen-garden forgotten.

But summer days are brief,  
Though summer days are kind,  
While changeful is the leaf,  
And changeful is the wind.

And the dismal weather, which on October 14th, 1820, ushered in the sixth and final year of his imprisonment, found him unable to leave his wretched apartments, and slowly and surely sinking.

Why dwell on the painful scene ? Each week, each day was but a repetition of the last, rally succeeded relapse, relapse followed rally, and the end came swiftly. Even now Sir Hudson Lowe heaped indignities upon his dying foe. He insisted that one of his orderlies should personally see "General" Bonaparte each day and report upon his condition, and on one occasion

attempted to force admittance into the sick-room, an intrusion which Dr. Antomarchi indignantly resented. "That soul," said he, "must be formed of the mud of the Thames who can come and watch for the last breath of a dying man."

On the morning of May 4th, 1821, the Emperor awoke early, and, calling his valet Marchand, bid him throw open the case-ment. "Open it wide that I may breathe the air—the good air which the good God hath made." Surrounded by his friends, among whom were the children of the household, to whom Napoleon had ever been a warm friend, the day passed in much pain. Toward evening he lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never again rallied. The night was stormy, rain fell in torrents, and the wind wailed out in long and melancholy cadences, as if in sympathy with those who wailed and watched within; and in that long, low room, lighted only by the feeble glimmer of the altar candles, are gathered the little band who have loved so loyally and served so faithfully, waiting the end. The stillness is broken only by the muttered prayers of the priests, and an occasional sob from some overburdened soul. About six in the morning the storm abated. All through the day he lay silent, with eyes fixed, and apparently feeling no pain. Let us join the watchers at the bedside. The shades of evening are gathering fast; the western sea is blood-red beneath the rays of the setting sun. See the pale lips move. Hush! weep not now, bend lower that we may catch the farewell message ere the angel comes. "France!" "The Army!" "Josephine!" And with one long tremulous sigh, the spirit of the great Napoleon leaves the clay inanimate and stands upon the eternal shore.

Dead! Oh, little band of loyal mourners, faithful until death, and naught is left you, save the memory of his greatness.

Dead! Oh, people of his sunny France, who knew not how they loved until they lost.

Dead! Oh, British rulers—dead before his time. He who troubled your peace has gone to one who tempers justice with mercy.

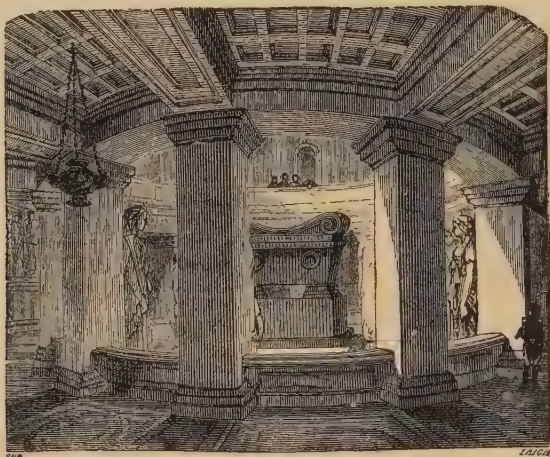
Dead! Sir Hudson Lowe; your petty insults cannot reach him now.

Dead! Oh, Heavenly Father, Searcher of all hearts, and into Thy good hands for good or evil, we commend his wayward spirit.

The usual formalities followed decease. After a careful, but hasty *post mortem*, the body was embalmed, dressed as in life, and laid in state in the small chamber where he died.

The funeral was singularly impressive, the most rigorous instructions had been received from the English Government con-

cerning the disposition of the body; and where he had been imprisoned there was he to be buried. On the 8th of May the inhabitants of the island turned out *en masse* to witness the interment. At half-past twelve the solemn procession started, the heavy coffin was carried to the hearse by twelve stalwart grenadiers. Close behind the bier followed the stricken household, and behind these the Admiral, Governor, and members of the staff. The whole of the British garrison, 2500 strong, lined the road on the route, and, forming in as the procession passed, followed to the grave, while bands on either hand made sweet the air with mournful requiems. As the body was lowered into its lonely habitation three successive discharges from a battery of fifteen guns proclaimed that the ceremonies were over.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

Even into the grave insult followed him, and only a plain headstone, without inscription, was permitted. Twenty years later, the French nation, as one man, rose and demanded from the British the remains of their beloved Emperor. The request was creditably granted, and amid the enthusiasm of a people, ever prone to enthusiasm, and with a splendour of ritual never since rivalled, they bore all that was mortal of the great Napoleon to his final resting-place, beneath the richly decorated dome of the *Hotel des Invalides* of Paris.

Close we here, no space to moralize over this eventful history; one lesson, however, is so suggestive that it should not pass unnoted. The pursuit of fame is not the highest wisdom. Jason sought it with his Argonauts, when he stumbled on the golden

fleece. Columbus sailed after it in the track of the setting sun. Alexander gained it ere he was thirty, only to lose it in a drunkard's grave. What did it profit them? But there is a fame undying and an ambition which, in the sight of God, is worthy; and there is a work for us each to do, of which God grant we weave in our appointed portion with the threads of our lives, weave it, it may be with sorrow and sighing, stained with our life-blood, and soiled with our tears, but when finished to be cleansed, pure and spotless, "white as no fuller on earth can whiten it." And in the hereafter, God knows.

OSHAWA, Ont.

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### AT THE LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
To love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold:  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

—Whittier.



## A VISIT TO EPWORTH.

BY REV. E. N. BAKER, A.M., B.D.



EPWORTH RECTORY.

I HAD always been anxious to visit Epworth, the birthplace of the Wesleys, one of the sacred shrines of Methodists. So in company with the Rev. Dr. Shaw, of Bloomington, Ill., I took the train from London, intending to visit the Wesleyan Conference, then in session at Sheffield, and from there go to Epworth.

As soon as our train started, as our custom was, we took out our guide-books to see the railway connections, and to read up the points of interest in the places we intended to visit. To our very great surprise Epworth was not mentioned. At first we were disposed to blame the publishers for neglect in leaving out the place

where one of the greatest of Englishmen was born; but, on further consideration, we concluded that the reason why it is not mentioned in the guide-book is because tourists, with few exceptions, never visit it. This conclusion was confirmed when we asked several railway men for the most direct route to Epworth, and did not find one who could give it.

It was easy to understand why it was not in the guide-books, and not difficult to explain how it was railway men did not know the best road to it; but what was, and remains to us a mystery, is that leading Methodists in Sheffield, although within a few hours of this "the cradle of Methodism," have never visited it. But such is the fact, and it confirms the statement of those who say, that

whatever may be done to erect a monument to the memory of John Wesley, this centenary year of his death, it should not be at Epworth, where few Methodists, outside of the immediate vicinity, would ever see it.

We took the Midland train from Sheffield to Doncaster, where we changed cars,



MARKET-PLACE, EPWORTH.

taking a ticket to Crowle. There was a one-horse 'bus waiting to convey us to Epworth, about four miles distant. This was my first carriage ride through a rural district in England, and it was, indeed, charming. The road was first-class, and the well-trimmed hedges separating the fields, which were covered with most luxuriant crops of hay and grain, were a great improvement on the crooked rail and barb-wire fences of my own country. I could scarcely imagine that a few centuries ago these beautiful and fertile fields were a mere swamp subject to almost constant inundation.

We soon reached Epworth, situated on a small hill. From this fact it gets its name. "Heap-eurde," "heap," meaning a kind of elevation, and "eurde," farm, hence a farm on the rising ground. I was very much disappointed as we drove up. I expected to see

a large active town, but instead of that found a place of about two thousand inhabitants—no larger than it was in the time of the Wesleys—and as quiet as any of our country villages in harvest time.

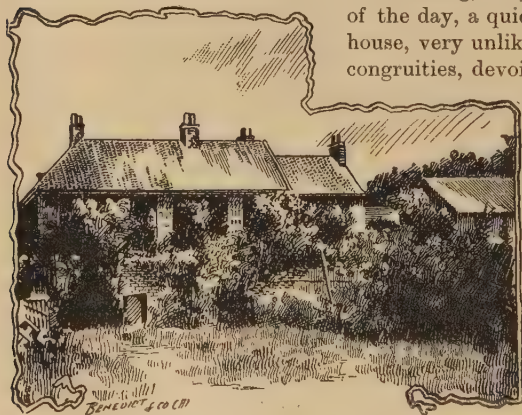
The first place we visited was the rectory. It has in connection with it about three acres of ground. In front is a lawn and flower-plot, at the side a fruit and vegetable garden, and in the rear a small pasture-field. A writer in the *Saturday Review* has so fully and perfectly described it, as I saw it in the month of July, that I give his description.



RECTORY.—SOUTH FRONT.

“The present rectory, a long brick building, with a high-pitched tiled roof, rising from the bold projecting cornice, is an excellent specimen of the sterling, unpretentious architecture of the day, a quiet, genuine Queen Anne house, very unlike the crude heaps of incongruities, devoid of repose, which now pass by that name.

The garden, with its smooth lawn and long straight walks, bordered with the old-fashioned flowers, with hedges of sweet peas, fox gloves, sweet williams, and snap dragons, beds of odoriferous pinks, and a wealth of roses, is a delicious pleasure-ground in the true old-English sense of



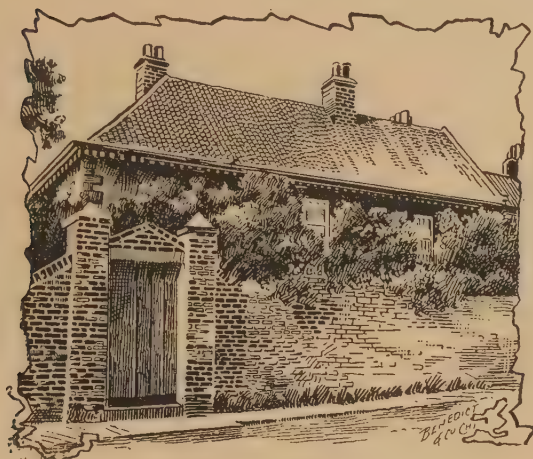
RECTORY.—WEST FRONT.

the word, the rival of which one might go far to find.”

We were afraid that we were going to be disappointed in seeing through the rectory. Canon Overton was away, and his wife was ill; but, on expressing our desire to at least see the nursery, the



servant kindly consented to show us the principal rooms. As we were going through the hall we were shown some charred pieces of wood, that were found when the present rectory was repaired,



RECTORY.—EAST FRONT.

of the house in which John Wesley was born, that was partially destroyed by fire on the night of February 9th, 1709. We went up a narrow winding stairway and across a hall, where the servant opened a door, saying, this is the nursery. It is a room, I should say, about 12 by 20. What memories came up as I

stood there! This is where the first Epworth League met—a League that had its literary, entertainment, social and religious departments. All the literary training the boys had before they

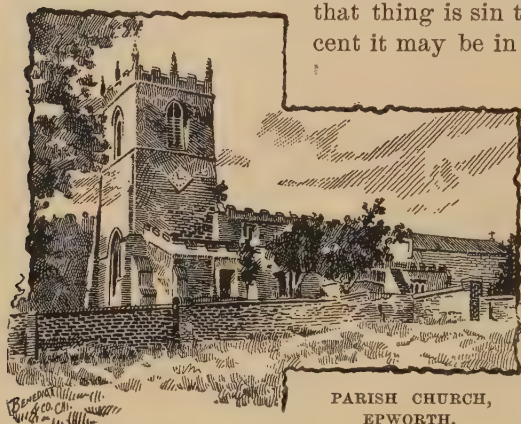


EPWORTH PARISH CHURCH.

went to college they received here. The teacher, who was their mother, said, "The law that should govern entertainment was, whatever weakens your reason impairs the tenderness of your



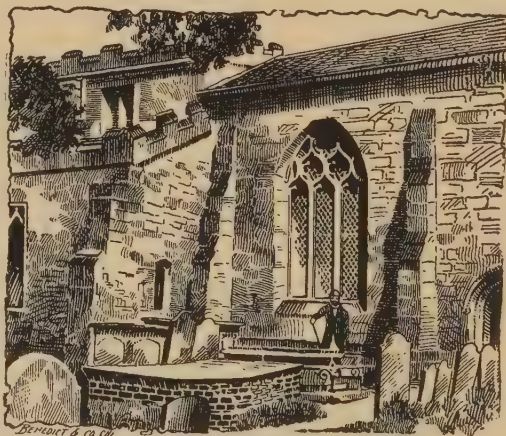
conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes away the relish for spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."



PARISH CHURCH,  
EPWORTH.

She gave a fine example to the social committees of our Leagues, when she called the poor people into her home and read to them the Word of God and the best sermons in her husband's library. That part of study

which was made pre-eminent in the League, as it should be in all Leagues, was the religious department. They began their study by singing psalms and closed in the same manner. At five o'clock, the hour school closed, the eldest members of the family took the youngest, and the next oldest took the next youngest, until all went off, two by two, to study God's Word and pray together. The mother taking each member once a week in the evening for an hour's conversation and prayer. What wonderful results followed the workings of this League. Here the rules ob-



SAMUEL WESLEY'S GRAVE.

served by Wesley and his fellow-labourers were formed. As Dr. Stevens says, "these rules of holy living were Epworth Rectory and Susanna Wesley's discipline." Here, too, the seed was sown from which grew the General Rules of the people called Methodists. Here, also, the foundation of that little book called the Methodist

Discipline was laid. All the results of the League that met in this room never can be fully estimated.

From the rectory we went to the church, about a quarter of a mile distant. We got the keys from the sexton and opened a heavy iron gate, which leads into a beautiful avenue that gradually ascends for a short distance. There are a high stone wall and shade-trees on either side. I was thrilled with the thought as I walked up this path that I was treading, in all probability, on the very flag-stones the Wesley's walked over as they went to church. At the end of the avenue we opened another iron gate, which led into the churchyard, which was covered with tombstones, chief among which, to us, was that of the father of the Wesleys. It is at the south side of the church, a plain marble slab, about three feet wide and seven feet long, resting horizontally on the walls of the grave. I transcribed to my note-book the following inscription :

“ HERE

LIETH ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF

SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.

HE WAS RECTOR OF EPWORTH 39 YEARS,

AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE 25TH OF APRIL,

1735, AGED 72.”

“ As he lived, so he died, in the true Catholic Faith of the Holy Trinity in Unity, and that Jesus Christ is God incarnate and the only Saviour of mankind.”—*Acts* iv. 12.

“ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.”—*Rev.* xiv. 13.

It was on this tombstone John Wesley stood while he preached to the people when he was forbidden the use of the church of which his father was so long the faithful pastor. To this fact the venerable Dean Stanley referred, at the unveiling of the tablet to the memory of John and Charles Wesley in Westminster Abbey, when he said :

“ John Wesley is represented as preaching upon his father's tomb, and I have always thought that that is, as it were, a parable which represented his relation to our national institutions. He took his stand upon his father's tomb—on the venerable and ancestral traditions of the country and the Church. That was the stand from which he addressed the world ; it was not from the points of disagreement, but from the points of agreement with them in the Christian religion that he produced those great effects which have never since died out in English Christendom. It is because of his having been in that age, which I am inclined to think has been

unduly disparaged, the reviver of religious fervour among our churches, that we feel we owe to him a debt of gratitude, and that he deserves to have his monument placed among those of the benefactors of England."

The style of the church is Gothic, largely built of cut stone, strongly buttressed, and has a massive tower. We entered through a portico on the south side, the only entrance that is now used. At the left of the entrance is a large plain stone font, the bowl of which is about two feet deep and two



OLD WESLEYAN CHAPEL, EPWORTH.

in diameter. In this font the Wesley children were baptized. On the inside of the door there hangs a card with the inscription,



NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, EPWORTH.

"Whosoever thou art that interest this church leave it not without one prayer to God, for thyself, for those who minister, and those who worship here. Pray for one another, and for all mankind."

The church is dingy and dark, very different in style and appearance from modern churches; and well it might be, for it

has stood here for six hundred, and possibly eight hundred, years.

We called at the parsonage of the Wesleyan minister, an unpretentious but cosy building. The pastor was attending Conference, but his son and daughter received us most hospitably, and gave us much valuable information concerning the present state of Methodism at Epworth. We were shown the Memorial Methodist Chapel. The foundation stone was laid by the Rev.

Charles Garratt, and the twelve memorial stones by leading men of the Connexion. It cost about \$20,000, and will seat about five hundred persons. This Wesleyan chapel does not represent Epworth Methodism. The Primitive and New Connexion have each a growing cause. It is a pleasure to think that in this town, where John Wesley had to preach on the market square, or on his father's tombstone, that there are now three Methodist chapels, with congregations, any one of which is as large as that attending the Epworth church. And yet this pleasure was mingled with regret. To me, a Canadian, who had seen the benefits of a united Methodism, it was a sad sight to see the followers of Wesley divided into three different denominations in the town which, more than any other, is associated with his name.

I could not but think, as I rode away from Epworth, of what God had wrought since the days John Wesley had walked its streets and preached upon its market square. Then he had but few followers, and they, with few exceptions, poor; now he has millions, and many of them rich; then he had to preach in the open air, now his successors in the ministry preach in magnificent and costly churches; then the name of Methodist was a by-word and reproach, now it is respected and honoured. What a change! What possibilities has Methodism to-day that it had not in the days of Wesley, and yet what perils in these possibilities. Only with the fulness of the Spirit of Him who raised up Wesley can his followers hope to continue the work that was begun by him.

PORT HOPE, Ont.

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"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

BY IDA H. WILSON.

"I'll bless the Lord at all times,"

And wherefore should I not?

I'll raise my voice and still rejoice,

Though sorrow be my lot.

It was His will that ordered

The cup that I should drink;

Then why should I His love deny,

And from His chastening shrink?

I'll bless the Lord in sickness,

When weak and filled with care,

For it is still His loving will

Which keeps me suffering here.

I'll wait with patient meekness

His time, though tears fall fast;

Still look to Him, with eyes so dim,

And bless while sorrows last.

I'll bless the Lord when sunshine

Illumes my pilgrim way;

His love and light dispel the night

And shine in perfect day.

He sends me joy and sorrow,

He orders all my ways;

He knoweth best, on this I rest,

And bless His matchless grace.

OTTAWA, Ont.



## VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

*IN THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—THE CITY OF DIANA.*

ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT AYASALOUK,  
NEAR SITE OF EPHEBUS.

For a considerable time before our arrival, we had been hoping that our stay at Smyrna would be sufficiently long to permit of our visiting the ruins of Ephesus, and we were proportionately delighted, when it was clear that everything was propitious for the desired excursion. As soon as possible, on the morning of our arrival, we stepped ashore at the Government wharf, passed, thanks to our *teskaries*, without any delay the official Cerberus, and sought one of the large hotels, where we had arranged to meet several of the other passengers and form a party for a special train. For you can now go to Ephesus by train from Smyrna—how strangely it sounds—the line of rails from the great sea-port to the town of Aidin, running past Ayasalouk, the modern village which occupies the site, or rather a portion of the site, of the far-famed city sacred to Diana. At the hotel, we met our friends, and soon taking the tram-cars to the railway station, stepped on board the special train already engaged, and were “all aboard for Ephesus.”

We were a mixed company. Our leader, who had made all the necessary arrangements, was a quiet, but energetic and

scholarly, young German minister, who spoke English and, I think, French also, admirably. There were also several other Germans, a number of English—including two or three ladies—some Americans, probably, though I do not recall them, M—— and myself. In all, there were eighteen or twenty of us, and our special train, the expense of which was, of course, equally divided among the party, enabled us to spend all day at Ephesus and return to Smyrna at night. As we speed along in the well-appointed railway carriage towards Ayasalouk, let me glance at the wonderful history of the city which once stood in stately magnificence where that insignificant village now stands.

The origin of Ephesus is lost in the myths of prehistoric times. The fabled Amazons were traditionally its founders; but more to the purpose is the fact that it was one of those great and flourishing colonies, founded by the early Greeks, on the shores of Asia Minor. Three long rivers here run into the *Ægean*—the *Stermus*, at whose mouth was built the *Æolic* colony of Smyrna; the *Meander*, at the mouth of which arose the splendid city of Miletus; and between them a shorter river, the *Cayster*, close beside the mouth of which was built, by Ionian colonists, the city which was destined to eclipse both the others in size, in splendour, in influence and in fame. The fertile meadows by the banks of the *Cayster* form the primeval Asia—the Asia of the classic poets. Here was Homer's "Asian meadow by the streams of the *Cayster*," and thence the name spread till it has become, for centuries, the designation of the whole continent.

On a cluster of hill-slopes commanding the fertile plain, and close to the embouchment of the river, *Androclus*, the son of *Codrus*, king of *Ionian*, is said to have landed with a colony, in the eleventh century before Christ; and thenceforward for more than a thousand years, the history of the city is one of continued prosperity and development. From Mount *Coressus*, where *Androclus* built his town, it spread into the plain below, extending both farther inland and farther towards the sea. By-and-by, it became farther extended over the height of Mount *Prion*, every age adding to its importance, every change of dynasty or of rule increasing its influence. Alexander the Great gave it a democratic government: but, after his death, *Lysimachus*, into whose hands it then fell, endeavoured to give it a more distinctly Hellenic character than it had yet possessed, and recruited its inhabitants from *Colophon* and *Lebedus*. By an artificial inundation of the plain he caused the descendants of the original inhabitants to settle in the Greek quarter, and around this he built a strong wall, considerable remains of which still exist. When the Greek

empire was succeeded by the Roman, Ephesus was given to Eumenes, king of Pergamus, and being bequeathed by one of his successors to the Roman people, became capital of the province of Asia and the residence of the proconsul. Thenceforward to the invasion of the northern barbarians, it continued almost uninterruptedly a Roman city, renowned for its wealth, its luxury and its devotion to the goddess, whose name is inseparably connected with it.

Diana of the Ephesians must be distinguished from the Artemis or Diana of the Greek mythology. The latter, the goddess of hunting, represented generally with bow and quiver and hunted deer, was a distinct conception, in idea and in art, from the Diana worshipped and imaged on the banks of the Cayster. The conventional representation of the latter is a stiff, mummy-like figure, the bust covered with many breasts, and she was evidently an embodiment of the fertility of the earth, and an outcome of the nature-worship of primitive Asia. To this deity, whom they found greatly revered by the natives of the country, the Greeks gave the name of their own deity Artemis, and sought to unite the two ideas in one. Through the long centuries, there was a constant struggle for the ascendancy between the Asiatic customs and religion, and the customs and religion of the Greek colonists; and the coins of the different periods show the prevailing custom and cult, by the style of the figure of Diana upon them. Sometimes it is the stiff, mummy-like Asiatic goddess, sometimes the graceful huntress of the Greeks. But whatever the type, the worship of Diana became more and more bound up with the life and being of the city.

As early as the sixth or seventh century before Christ, a magnificent temple was erected in honour of Diana, and this, enlarged and beautified in succeeding years, having been destroyed by an incendiary, a still more magnificent building was erected in its place. For this Alexander the Great offered to supply the whole cost if his name might be inscribed on the pediment, but his offer was refused. The city gave vast sums; the ladies sold their jewellery to swell the funds; neighbouring cities sent them contributions; and many kings presented the splendid columns which adorned the peristyle. The result was the erection of the finest example of Ionic architecture ever built; one of the wonders of the world in an age of splendid architecture and art. Its dimensions were three hundred and forty-two feet long, by one hundred and sixty-three feet wide. It was approached on all sides by a flight of steps, thirteen in number, and its peristyle had one hundred columns, over fifty-five feet high, and six feet



diameter at base. The most remarkable thing in connection with these columns was that thirty-six of them were sculptured in high relief, to a man's height from the base, with legendary figures. This great temple was lavishly ornamented, and en-

AMPHITHEATRE AT EPHESUS.



riched with statues and pictures, till it became a perfect museum of art; and pre-eminent among its treasures, if not for beauty, certainly for importance, was the image of Diana, said to have fallen down from heaven, and which some modern scholars suppose to have been an ærolite.



A host of attendants, of various degrees, conducted the religious ceremonies of this famous shrine. Chief among these were the virgin priestesses, who were called *Melissae*, or bees, and the priests, who were bound to celibacy—the chief of the latter being known by the official title of Neokoros (*Γνεωκοροζ*), and being, doubtless, an important personage in state, as well as in church. The temple and its precincts formed a sanctuary, where refugees from justice or vengeance were secure from pursuit and punishment; and, in addition to all these means of influence, it exercised something of the functions of a banking institution, its secret chambers being the depositories for the treasures of the wealthy. Here, then, we have the spectacle of a vast religious corporation, as the centre and heart of a great city's life, supported by its revenues, cherished by its people with a fierce and fervid fanaticism; and, on its side, yielding the city a rich return in extending its fame, increasing its influence, and bringing to its markets hosts of devotees and pilgrims whom it drew to its shrine.

Such was the state of things when Ephesus appears in sacred history in connection with St. Paul's visit; and our study of its origin and its peculiarities will help us to understand the remarkable incidents of that memorable episode in the life and labours of the great apostle. For three years, nearly, he lived in the midst of the refinement, the luxury, and the superstition of the great centre of heathen worship, and his character and preaching told with extraordinary effect upon the prevailing follies. In the Jewish synagogue, until his message to his brethren was refused, and then in the school of Tyrannus to multitudes of Jews and Greeks alike, the eloquent and devoted missionary preached Christ and Him crucified. As the name and fame of the preacher spread, strangers, as well as citizens, flocked to the school of Tyrannus. The attempt of the seven sons of Sceva to use the holy name of Christ as a means of exorcism, and the punishment which instantly followed, brought Paul and his preaching yet more prominently before the people. Asiatic sorcery had always distinguished the city, and elaborate and costly treatises on the art of magic were among the most valued possessions of its votaries. Now the converted and repentant conjurors bring out their treasured scrolls, and, in the presence of the public, testify the sincerity of their faith by burning the volumes of unholy lore to the amount of two thousand pounds sterling.

But so bold, uncompromising, and successful an opponent of prevailing error, and the vast vested interests which had grown up around it, could not expect to be free from bitter hostility and persecution; and this culminated, within a few weeks of his pro-

posed departure, in an outbreak of mob violence, which threatened destruction to the infant Church and death to its intrepid founder. One of the great trade interests associated with the worship of Diana, was the manufacture of miniature representations of her



shrine and temple, which were carried in the great religious processions, or taken away as souvenirs, by the thousands of pilgrims who flocked to the city to take part in them; and this prolific source of emolument to the manufacturer was in danger,

by reason of the emphatic protests of him, who doubtless declared here, as he did at Athens, that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

In a few graphic touches, the writer of the Acts gives us a vivid picture of the scene. Demetrius, one of the master tradesmen, excites his fellow craftsmen by an inflammatory harangue, in which he appeals, first, to their self-interest, by representing the loss to their trade through the teaching of Paul; and secondly, to their religious prejudices, by asserting that the very worship of the great goddess, Diana, was in danger of being despised. The infuriated mob catches fire at once, and bursts out into a frantic roar of passionate enthusiasm, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Again and again it echoes through the streets, until the crowd, increased now by hundreds of citizens and strangers, and gaining in excitement and frenzy with every accession, rushes in tumult into the theatre—the most central and convenient place for a great gathering. It is a wild, disordered mob, the most part not knowing for what they were come together. They have laid hold of two of Paul's companions in travel, but he—and it is a touch showing his personal influence—is restrained from adventuring himself among them by special entreaty of some of the Asiarchs, important officials in connection with the religious festival. The theatre is packed with the excited populace, and the blue sky which roofs it is filled with the hoarse and continued cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Indeed, it is hard to say what the end would have been, or how far the disorder would have spread, but for the prompt intervention of a high civic functionary, the *grammateus*—perhaps a sort of chancellor or recorder—translated in our version, "town-clerk."

In a speech, admirable for its adroitness and sagacity, Paul remonstrates with the lawless and unthinking throng. Is it not notorious, he says, that this city of the Ephesians is Naokoros of the great goddess Diana, and of the image that fell down from the sky?—the world knows that—a few strangers cannot affect it. Besides, this Paul has neither profaned the temple nor spoken with disrespect of your goddess. If Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen have sustained any injury, the proper courts are open, and the proper course is to use them. Besides, this mob-gathering is a dangerous business, and Roman law may deal pretty severely with disturbers of the public peace. And so, in a few quiet words, he throws oil on the troubled waters, and the howling mob disperses.

Such is the dramatic incident which will ever be connected in the minds of readers of the Bible, with their thoughts of this



famous city and its shrine; and it is full of touches which show that it is a real picture. The *grammateus* is a title found in the ancient records and inscriptions; and the very word which he uses as descriptive of the relation of the city to the goddess Diana, the word *Γνεωκοροζ*, translated in our version, "worshipper," but literally, "temple sweeper," was a title in which Ephesus gloried, as is indicated by its appearance on many of its coins.

With Paul's affecting farewell to his disciples, which took place soon after the riot, his connection with Ephesus ends, and the other early associations of Christianity with the city are in connection with Timothy, its first bishop, and St. John, who spent here the last years of his prolonged and devoted life, and of whom a suggestive memorial remains, in the name of the modern village of Ayasalouk, which is a corruption of the words Hagios Theologos, *Αγιοζ θεολογοζ*—the Holy Theologian—the peculiar title of St. John, after whom it was anciently named.

But to continue my narrative of our visit. A pleasant ride of, perhaps, an hour and a half brought us to the station of Ayasalouk, and we found ourselves in the midst of a hilly and fertile country, with a number of ordinary modern buildings at some little distance from the station. A most prominent object from the platform—we photographed it while some of the party were negotiating for a guide—was a large castellated pile of buildings on a hill near by, which, though apparently not more than mediæval, stood out in bold and fine relief against the sky. What it was, or was called, I did not learn. An old man having been engaged as guide, and a couple of horses hired for the accommodation of our ladies, we struck through the village and out among fields of growing corn, for the site of Ephesus. The first ruin we came to was an old gateway, close to which, among the tall grasses and weeds, were loose blocks of stone, the remains, evidently, of a building. It was called, I think, the Tomb of St. Luke; and upon one stone, which we photographed, there was sculptured the Christian symbol—a Latin cross, and below it the figure of a bull. Some distance farther on, a path led round a steep hill and descended into a plain, wide, open and marshy. The hill was the famous Mount Coressus, and the plain and swamp, the site of the former harbour and canal of Ephesus, long since silted up, and now completely overgrown with grass and reeds. Here once teemed the busy commerce of the great city, but now all was silent as the grave, and no human habitation remained to show where thousands had lived, and toiled, and died.

Around the shoulder of Mount Coressus, on the slope towards the harbour, was a spot covered with ruins of white marble, and



a little farther on another. Inscriptions in Greek, clear and sharp, some of them, as though recently cut, covered some of the slabs; but nothing of any size, no building or group of buildings, as at Baalbec, anywhere met the view. And yet, one of these sites was that of the mighty theatre into which the mob crowded, from the agora just below, when incensed by Demetrius against Paul and



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, EPHEBUS.

his followers, and these weré the hillsides which echoed with the wild and frenzied clamour, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

It was a gloriously bright afternoon, and we loitered about the hillsides, examining the marble slabs and fragments, and trying to decipher their inscriptions; or gazing around on the bright landscape, once the scene of such wealth of art and taste, such orgies of luxurious lust, such dark deeds of necromancy and diablerie, such superstition and such sin. How little these rounded hills and these grassy plains told of the life and the times that

were gone; and yet, beneath them, waiting the explorer's spade, there still remains many a treasure for antiquarian and scholar.

But where was the Temple of the great Diana? We had not seen its ruins, we had not yet been pointed to its site. On our way back towards the village, and no great distance from it, we at length reached, at a little space from the road, a hollow, in which were lying, among the rank weeds which covered it, some huge drums of fluted marble columns, and other fragments of an ancient building. This was the site of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, the spot once covered by the splendid proportions of one of the seven wonders of the world.

A quarter of a century ago, its very site was unknown, so utter had been its destruction. Since then the excavations and studies of Mr. J. T. Wood, an English explorer, who spent many years in the work at the cost of the British Museum, have laid much of its foundations bare; but no towering Ionic column rears itself aloft amid the solitudes, to mark the spot where once stood, in its magnificence, the famous fane of the Ephesian Artemis. The rude and ruthless hands of the Gothic invader began the work of devastation, the early Christians continued it, and the intervening centuries have completed the decay. The stolid peasant tills his patches of farm land above the crumbling marble of the temple and the palace, and bands of brigands lurk in the rocky hills that overlook the plain, once peopled by the crowding population of the vanished city.

As I stood among the ruins I took out my Testament, and laying it on the fallen drum of a great pillar, I read the account of the riot caused by Paul's preaching, and underscored with my pencil the wild cry of the fanatic mob, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" What a bitter sarcasm it seemed, read at such a place, and at such a time—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Aye, great she was then, and numerous; and sincere, and powerful were her votaries, while Paul and his handful of adherents were few, and poor, and powerless; but the Ephesian idol was the embodiment of error, and the humble apostle was the minister of truth; and the issue between these two forces is never doubtful, though it be often long delayed.

"Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,  
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng  
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

"Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just:  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside  
Doubting, in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

“Count me o’er earth’s chosen heroes, they were souls that stood alone—  
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;  
Stood serene, and down the future, saw the golden beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,  
By one man’s plain truth to manhood and to God’s supreme design.”

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“EYE HATH NOT SEEN.”

BY AMY PARKINSON.

WHAT must that city’s stainless lustre be  
Whose very entrance gates are fitly formed,  
Each several gate of one pure priceless pearl;  
Whose gleaming wall, on every side, is built  
Of jasper, such as fancy dreams not of;  
Foundation on foundation crusted thick  
With flawless jewels? Could the gems of earth  
Be gathered all into one glowing heap  
Of what we here should call unrivalled splendour,  
Yet would one gleam from those transcendent walls  
Turn all their glory dim. Within those walls  
The buildings are of gold, of gold so pure,  
So perfect in effulgence, that the light  
Ineffable reflects from it as from  
The clearest glass. Could all the mines of earth  
Give up their stores of gold to be refined,  
And thrice refined again, and laid before  
The sun himself in one grand glittering mass,  
To shine in his strong beams, one ray from out  
That city would efface its brightness all.  
O’er those unequalled walls and matchless towers  
No darkness e’er descends, for we are told  
No night is there; and through the endless day  
The gates stand open wide to all things pure;  
Not any impure thing can enter there,  
Nor aught untrue. The saints who gladly tread  
Those radiant streets have washed their garments white  
In the all-cleansing blood of that pure Lamb  
Once slain, but now alive for evermore;  
Who gave them entrance through the gates of pearl  
To dwell within the city.

Lord of love,  
Life of our lives, our Truth, our only Way  
To those unsullied courts, dwell in us now;  
Reveal to us Thy truth while waiting here  
And listening for Thy call. When that shall come  
Still be our guide right upward, till in Thee,  
The living Way, we reach our glorious home,  
And pass through those pure portals.

TORONTO.

## METHODISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

## II.

IN the fifth volume of Lecky's noble historical series a fine characterization is given of William Pitt, the Great Commoner, who made true his proud boast, that "England should moult no feather of her crest." In a venal age he proved himself an incorruptible statesman. He had no private ends to serve, but sought only the glory of England and the humbling of her foes. "I am sure that I can save the country," he exclaimed, to the Duke of Devonshire, "and I am certain that no one else can do it." His lofty courage, noble patriotism, and honest administration were the guarantee of success. We, in Canada, have good reason to remember his name. It was he who resolved on the absolute conquest of the country, "even at the cost of England's last shilling and last man." He had a difficult task before him. "We are no longer a nation," wrote Lord Chesterfield, "I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." Yet Pitt raised England from the slough of despond to the pinnacle of glory. He infused his own energy into every branch of the public service. On the plains of Plassey, in the trenches of Louisburg, on the heights of Abraham, his influence was felt. From the admiral of the fleet to the sailor before the mast, from the general of the army to the private soldier, every one caught the inspiration of his intrepid spirit. England was like the rampant lion rousing herself for the conquest.

Pitt chose his instruments well. With the true instinct of genius he discerned the surpassing merit of Wolfe, the young hero of Louisburg, and entrusted him with the conquest of Quebec. He infused his own spirit into every branch of the service. The world was ringing with British victories. In India, a merchant's clerk, with a handful of men, had conquered an empire, where the foot of Alexander had faltered. Senegal, Goree, Guadaloupe—her fairest tropical possessions—were wrested from France. On the bloody plain of Minden her choicest troops were crushed before the British lines. At Quiberon Bay, her fleet, destined for

\* "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century." By William Edward Hartpool Lecky. 8 vols., crown, 8vo. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. \$2.25 per volume, or \$18.00 the set.



the invasion of England, was shattered by the gallant Hawke. Alike on the banks of the Ganges, and on the banks of the Ohio, on the Moro of Havanna, the forts of the Gold Coast, and on the ramparts of Louisburg, the red-cross banner waved triumphantly, and it was destined soon to crown the heights of Quebec. In the Indian Seas, on the Spanish Main, on the Atlantic, and on the Pacific, British fleets were everywhere victorious.

Mr. Lecky, with due discrimination, characterizes the unhappy period of the regency, when the poor, phantom king, "like a weak, despised Lear," woke the pity of his friends and the contempt of his foes. He devotes also an important chapter to "the progress of religious liberty," under the influence of such great minds as Locke, Warburton, Paley and Burke. True toleration, however, is a plant of slow growth, and, like the aloe tree, finds its fruitage only after long delay.

The great influence of the French Revolution on English thought and politics is amply treated in a succession of brilliant chapters. In striking contrast, as admirably shown by Dr. Stafford in the February number of this MAGAZINE, is the long career of the cynical, waspish Voltaire and of the impassioned apostle of revived religion, John Wesley. Among the chief causes of the great social cataclysm which overturned in France both throne and altar in the dust, was the wide divorce between morals and religion, so called. It was not so much upon Christianity that Voltaire and his *confrères* made war, as upon the caricature of Christianity in the state-supported and state-supporting Roman Catholic Church of the day. Another exigent cause of the revolution was the pressure of heavy burdens of unjust and oppressive taxation upon the starving peasantry. Around the courts swarmed the butterflies of fashion, while the toilers in the human hive wasted their years in maintaining the useless drones of society. There was an enormous multiplication of pensions, sinecures and absurdly overpaid offices, reserved exclusively for the privileged classes.

In 1739 and 1740 the prevailing distress was such that d'Argenson expressed his belief that in those years more Frenchmen died in misery than in all the wars of Louis XIV. In 1750 and 1751 the same scenes were reproduced. Gaunt, famine-stricken crowds, shouting for bread, besieged the town hall, and followed the Dauphin as he drove to Notre Dame. In one month, in 1753, and in one quarter of Paris, no less than 800 persons died of misery.

In contrast to all this wretchedness, was the prodigality and profligacy of Versailles and Fontainebleau. When the starving people exclaimed, "What shall we eat?" they received the answer,

Eat grass." The tragic comment on this reckless trampling on the rights of man was the spectacle of the head of the beautiful Princess Lamballe reeking on a pike's point, its mouth filled with grass.

From such wrongs sprang the retributions of the Reign of Terror. Of course, such a social earthquake shook not only the broad continent, but even the island realm of Britain, though surrounded "by those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coasts." But for the Wesleyan revival, which did so much to amend the morals and to restrain the passions of mankind, not only Lecky, but almost every historian of the period admits that England was in danger of revolution.

Some of the most interesting chapters in Lecky's history are those which treat of the social and moral condition of the people, their industrial development, prevailing opinions and tendencies. Marked improvements are in many cases made manifest in his survey of manners at the close of the century, as compared with that at the beginning; and as we survey society to-day, we note a still greater progress, as doubtless our successors of the twentieth century will observe in comparison with the nineteenth century.

Our author describes with a touch of humour the brilliant colours in the attire of the "bucks," "beaux," "macaronis" and "dandies" of the period. Even Wilkes, though he claimed to be a thorough-paced radical, went about in a coat of green or scarlet cloth, and in a suit edged with gold; and Goldsmith, exiguous as his circumstances almost always were, sported, as a physician, silk small-clothes, a scarlet "roquelaure," a sword and a gold-headed cane. Clergymen usually wore their gowns in the streets. Chatham, in eloquent sentences, deplored the sudden influx of Asiatic wealth, which was bringing in its train Asiatic luxury; and Voltaire believed that Indian wealth had so corrupted England, that she had now entered upon her period of decadence.

It was not till 1750 that umbrellas were carried in London. In 1782, Dr. Jamieson was the first person to use one in Glasgow. In 1778, men were mobbed by a jeering crowd for carrying an umbrella. These new-fangled articles aroused the antipathy of the hackney coachmen, who regarded them as an invasion of their special prerogatives.

The popular amusements were neither refined nor elevating. Masquerades were constantly spoken of as the chief demoralizing influence of the time. Gambling was indulged in to a most pernicious degree. Gillray caricatures three of the first ladies of the land as "Faro's Daughters" standing in the pillory. Three

titled ladies were indeed fined for illegal gambling. It was common to sit over the cards till four o'clock in the morning. Late hours were bitterly complained of. Lord Derby's cook resigned his place because "he was being killed by preparing suppers at three o'clock in the morning." Hard drinking still prevailed, countenanced in an extreme degree by the example of the heir to the throne. Many hackney coachmen—known as "cruisers"—earned a living by picking up drunken gentlemen at night and conveying them to a place of safety. Dr. Johnson boasts that he had himself, when at college, drunk three bottles of port at a sitting. He afterwards gave up all wine-drinking, but declared that he remembered the time when "all decent people of Lichfield got drunk every night and were not thought the worse." The language on the lips of the men of fashion, their coarse and stupid jokes, directed especially against foreigners, and their violence of manner, were a disgrace to the age. Fencing, bull-baiting and cock-fighting were still popular; and among the rustics, badger-baiting and boxing.

A more pleasing theme is the popularization of knowledge, largely through the influence of John Wesley, who established the first cheap literature for the masses on a systematic scale. The love of travel greatly increased, and the facilities for it were multiplied. The roads were still atrocious, and "so narrow," says Arthur Young, "that for twelve miles a mouse cannot pass by any carriage." Twenty or thirty horses were sometimes employed to draw the waggons out of the ruts. England ceased to be a wheat exporting country, and the corn laws kept up an artificial elevation of prices.

A striking phenomenon was the extraordinary development of manufactures resulting from the inventions of Hargrave, Arkwright, Crompton and others. The inventors, however, had to pay heavy penalties for their services to mankind. Spinning-jennies, carding-engines, almost all kinds of machinery were wrecked, with the houses of their inventors and owners. Nevertheless, the manufacture of cotton, iron and the like continued to increase, and the greatest mechanical boon of the century to mankind—the steam-engine—came into operation.

The penal code of England a hundred years ago was of savage ferocity. Its laws, like those of Draco, were written in blood. The death penalty was inflicted not only for murder, but also for treason, forgery, theft, and smuggling; and it was often inflicted with aggravated terrors. Amongst the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding enumerates and lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual associa-

tion in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation, or shame.

The turnkeys of Newgate were said to have made £200 by showing Jack Sheppard; and Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *carpe diem*—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Boys under twelve were sentenced to death and hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naïvely added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so." When Blackstone wrote, says Mr. Lecky:

"There were no less than one hundred and sixty offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize."

Many persons now living can remember the gibbeting of murderers till the ravens devoured their flesh, and their bones rattled in the wind. Political offenders were still more harshly dealt with. Men then alive had seen the gory heads of knights and peers impaled on Temple Bar, and their dismembered limbs on London Bridge. The very contemplation of the subject excites loathing and abhorrence. In a hundred years posterity may look back with similar feelings on the executions of to-day.

Suicides were thrown into dishonoured wayside graves, trans-fixed with stakes and crushed with stones. The pillory and stocks still stood on the village green. Flogging was publicly inflicted by the beadle of the parish. The number of executions were enormous. In 1785, in London alone, it was ninety-seven. After a jail-delivery at Newgate, scores of miserable wretches were dragged on hurdles up Tyburn Hill, amid the shouts and jeers of a ribald mob, who either mocked the mortal agonies of the culprits, or exhorted their favourites to "die game," as the phrase was. The state of opinion touching executions in 1783 may be inferred from Dr. Johnson's protest against the discontinuance of the procession to Tyburn. It having been argued, says Boswell, that that was an improvement,

"No, sir," said Johnson eagerly, "it is not an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession; *the criminal was supported by it.* Why is all this to be swept away?"



So far were those exhibitions from deterring vice, they actually promoted it. Mountebanks, gamblers and jugglers plied their nefarious callings under the very shadow of the gallows and in the awful presence of death. On the outskirts of the throng, John Wesley, or Silas Told, often exhorted the multitude to prepare for the great assize and the final Judgment.

The condition of the prisons was infamous. Prisoners for debt were even worse lodged than condemned felons, and all were exposed to the cupidity and cruelty of a brutal jailor. In 1785 John Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedford. The horrible state of the prison pierced his soul. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in Europe, and dragged their abominations to light. They were the lairs of pestilence and plague. Men were sentenced not to prison only, but also to rheumatism and typhus. He bearded the fever demon in his den, and fell a victim to his philanthropy. But through his efforts, and those of Mrs. Fry, Fowell Buxton, and others, a great reform in the state of prisons has taken place. Methodism did much for the prisoners. The Wesleys sedulously visited them, and Silas Told, the sailor convert of John Wesley, gave himself exclusively to this work.

The slave trade was rapidly rising into that monstrous blot upon humanity upon which we now look back with surprise and shame that it was permitted to assume such appalling dimensions without a check. After thirty-four years of conflict with the House of Lords, and with the interests of the shipmasters and merchants of London and Bristol, and of the planters of Jamaica, the foul stain of the slave-trade and of slavery itself was wiped forever from the escutcheon of Great Britain. In this work John Wesley deeply sympathized. The last letter he ever wrote was one to Wilberforce on the enormity of the slave-trade.

The reforming spirit, however, was abroad. The moral effects of the evangelical movement were being more and more felt. Legislation for the poor and suffering, and sorrowing, and pauper children and lunatics took on a more humane character. With a passionate charity the Evangelicals were everywhere seeking, in the beautiful language of Burke, "to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken, and to care for the helpless and neglected." The influence of Sunday-schools has not failed to find its recognition in this philosophical history, nor the increased duty of society to savage and pagan nations. Christian missions, the glory of the nineteenth century, had already sown their germs.

A hundred years ago the elective franchise was vastly more restricted than at present. The parliamentary seats for the counties were generally the hereditary perquisites of the Knights of the

Shire. The pocket boroughs were the private property of the Lords of the Manor. Some landed proprietors held several of these boroughs. A few ruined huts on Salisbury Plain, where not a soul dwelt, returned a member to Parliament, while important centres of population, like Manchester and Leeds, had no voice in the councils of the country. A parliamentary majority could be secured by the combination of a few score of private landlords. Hence, nearly all the legislation was for their exclusive benefit.

The most glorious revolutions of science have been compressed into the last few years. The rocky tablets of the earth have been deciphered and its mystery wrested from the immemorial past. The arcana of nature have been explored, and their secrets discovered. The science of electricity is almost entirely the growth of the past century. The sciences of chemistry and medicine have received immense improvement. Some of the most devastating diseases have been rendered almost innocuous. Small-pox, that scourge of the last century, has been shorn of its terrors by the universal practice of inoculation, brought from Turkey to England by Lady Wortley Montague, and introduced into America by Cotton Mather. Probably the nineteenth century may be similarly noteworthy for the victory of the Koch lymph over the *bacilli* of consumption. The sanitary conditions of towns and cities has been greatly improved, and the duration of human life considerably extended. The growth of population in the United States and Canada during the last century has not been equalled elsewhere. At the close of the revolutionary war the population of the young republic was three millions, it is now over sixty-three millions. That of Canada in 1763 was 70,000, it is now five millions.

The progress of American Methodism has been astonishing. Its dozen members of 1766 are now five millions. Its two itinerants are now over thirty thousand. Its first educational institution of 1787 has multiplied to two hundred, with thirty-two thousand pupils. Its first Sabbath-school of 1786 has multiplied to over thirty thousand, with half a million of teachers and over four millions of scholars. Its first church of 1768 has increased to fifty-five thousand, or, including rebuilding and renewals, over one-and-a-half for every day in the past hundred years. And how many redeemed ones have during that time gone up on high to join the Church triumphant in the skies!

Lecky claims for the eighteenth century, on the whole, an honourable record, but for the fatal influence of the French Revolution and the war which it provoked.

“A century was certainly not without the elements of greatness which

witnessed the victories of Marlborough, the statesmanship of Chatham and his son, the political philosophy of Burke and Adam Smith, the religious movement of Wesley and Whitefield, the conquest of India, the discovery of Australia, the confirmation of the naval and the establishment of the manufacturing supremacy of England. In this century religious persecution practically ceased, and the form of the Constitution was thoroughly established."

A large share of this volume is devoted to the troubled history of the sister island. The closing years of the century were years of strife and tumult. Our author describes the Irish agrarian system, which has given rise to such perplexing social and economic problems, the rise of "Orangeism," the disturbances in the North, fostered by the intervention of the French, and finally, the wretched rebellion with which the century ended, and the subsequent union, by which an armed truce rather than a settled peace was secured. The following are the pregnant words with which our author closes his eighth volume :

"There is no fact in modern history more memorable than the contrast between the complete success with which England has governed her great eastern empire, with more than 200,000,000 inhabitants, and her signal failure in governing a neighbouring island, which contains at most about 3,000,000 disaffected subjects. Few good judges will doubt that the chief key to the enigma is to be found in the fact that Irish affairs have been in the very vortex of English party politics, while India has hitherto lain outside their sphere, and has been governed by upright and competent administrators, who looked only to the well-being of their country. The lessons which may be drawn from the Irish failure are many and valuable. Perhaps the most conspicuous is the folly of conferring power where it is certain to be misused, and of weakening, in the interests of any political theory or speculation, those great pillars of social order, on which all true liberty and all real progress ultimately depend."

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### I KNOW.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,  
Defiling all without, within ;  
But now rejoicingly I know  
That He has washed me white as snow ;  
I praise Him for the crimson tide,  
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, helpless plaint,  
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint ;"  
But now I trust His touch of grace,  
That meets so perfectly my case—  
So tenderly, so truly deals,  
Because I know that Jesus heals.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

## POPULAR DELUSIONS ABOUT INSANITY AND THE INSANE.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.,

*Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.*

THE word *lunatic* has conveyed erroneous impressions to the public in respect to the insane. The inference is drawn that the moon has to do with, or in some mysterious way influences, the mentally deranged. There is a notion afloat that our lunar neighbour affects agriculture in respect to the sprouting and growth and ripening of grain. Many farmers will not sow grain except during certain phases of the moon. They will not kill swine unless the moon is in the right quarter, as they say the pork will keep better at this benign stage. A large number of superstitions cluster round the supposed potency of lunar influences. This is very natural when the ignorant observe its attractiveness in tidal relations. This occult agency of the moon was expected to have a perturbing effect on the insane, hence the expression being "moon-struck." There is no foundation for this delusion, as physical and mental diseases obey more powerful laws in their operation than any causes which could operate emanating from our satellite.

It is also supposed by those who do not come in daily contact with the insane that all those with mind disorders are *maniacs*, hence the nickname mad-house. The stage has done much to perpetuate this error. The Ophelias are decked out in the most absurd way, from straws in the hair to rags on the body. They are supposed to be always jabbering inanities, or shouting verbal nonsense, or muttering incoherent sentences. All this is a travesty on the facts as seen in the wards of an asylum. There are few to whom the term maniac could justly be applied. There is sometimes excitement; occasionally there may be sentences with exclamation points; those rhetorical flourishes may be accompanied with gestures which elocutionists might envy in respect to appropriateness; but there is little of the raving madness and delirium so dwelt upon by actors and novelists. The extravaganza belongs to the ideal more than the real. The demented insane, as a rule, seldom speak, and if so, it is usually in monosyllables. They sit in semi-stupidity on benches or in chairs all day long. Occasionally the higher intellects in this class may take the body for a walk or do some mechanical work in which they are accustomed to be employed, and which, thereby, has become largely



automatic from repetition. In sane and insane, habit becomes a second nature.

These persons compose the larger part of the asylum population. They are designated as quiet and harmless chronics. Such scarcely ever become excited during the long course of years which many of them live. If they are comfortable in their person and surroundings, if they have enough to eat, and have plenty of time to sleep, their cup of happiness is full. Past troubles cease to worry; past afflictions have no poignancy in the present; past loves and hates have lost their intensity; past plenitude, honors or disgraces are only as faint retrospects which have no abiding interest to such, hence the erroneous idea that all the insane must, of necessity, be very miserable has no existence in this class of demented. In fact, those in whom is mental deprivation of a lower grade still have no more intellect than the congenital idiot. It matters not how intellectual these persons may have been, and how capable they were to engage in the ordinary business of life, that day of mental grasp has passed away, and now they hopelessly and helplessly drift along the stream of time, heedless of their surroundings, of passing events, of friends or foes. Some of this class of mental negation would sit by the fire and burn before they would move away; they will allow flies to settle upon their eyelids, and not even attempt to brush them off; in short, they have no more ideality nor decency than has the child of six months of age.

The most dangerous of the insane are not the so-called maniacs, but the delusional, who may be very quiet in language and conduct, but who may at the same time be hatching mischief against themselves or others. The patient who is continually threatening to kill himself or some one else is not as dangerous as are such as give no sign, but who are cunningly devising ways and means to accomplish their purpose. Secretly lethal weapons are found and secreted; the opportune hour is sought out, any laxity in oversight is at once taken advantage of. Promptitude is not wanting to act in any one who has a dominant false idea prompting to action. The devil may order such to hang, burn or mutilate themselves. The demon must be obeyed, as his influence is paramount. Some officer or servants have been conspiring against the insane man, it may be to poison him, or kill him in some other way, so, in self-preservation, he must slay his enemy. Many such acts may be committed because he is urged to them by a direct command of the Lord, or of Satan. He may hear His voice, or the voice of one of His prophets to do these things, therefore it is a sacred duty to obey a divine or diabolical command. The moral

is to carry out the imaginary behest, and the ethical features from a sane point of view are never thought of. Granted the premises, the conclusion is logical.

Such insane with homicidal propensities kill from the promptings of such an inward monitor. They are put into the dock, indicted for murder; their mouths are shut; the evidence is against them; a jury looks merely at the act, and have no opportunity to study the actor, nor experience to know anything about insanity, nor capacity to analytically weigh evidence; so the verdict is "guilty," and the sentence, of necessity, must be hanging. The pages of history are bespattered with the blood of these innocents, if "malice aforethought" is the fulcrum idea in homicidal responsibility, and want of it coextensive with want of accountability. Mothers and fathers kill their families, whom they may fondly love when they are in their right senses, because of the orders of some inward prompter, or because of a blind and irresistible impulse incited by brain disease; but irresistible and, it may be, without motive.

Insanity is a degenerative process, and, as might be expected, in its chronic condition is a step backward towards childhood and childish ways. The same trinkets, trifles and fancies which amuse a child delight the insane in much the same way. In this respect, also, a majority of them never combine in concerted action with others. They have few, if any, confidences, hence conspiracies of lunatics are seldom heard of in asylums. The overt or cunning acts are usually done by individuals only and alone. Then, as is the case with children, they are selfish. Number one is the first consideration with those who have reached this low stage of mental enfeeblement. In children, the appreciation of the rights of others has not reached the height of moral obligation in development; in the chronic insane, this capacity has been removed in the retrograde steps of disease. The order of building up has conversely taken place in the pulling down. The moral nature is the first that gives way in the lesion of the mind. The sense of right and wrong is the last faculty to be developed in the natural growth of the individual from childhood upwards, so it is the first to suffer in mental alienation. The order of destruction downwards is in order as follows: Morals, intellect, instincts, and automatic animalism.

Another theory which is very popular, and has been prevalent for many years, is that insanity is purely a mental disease—simply that and nothing more. The believers quote the dramatist's poetic interrogation, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" Disease means a departure from the normal standard of health. If the

mind can become the subject of disease in any way analogous to the mortal body, then must it die, and for it there would be no immortality except through a resurrection. Of course, were man a tripartite being, as the theologians say, and composed of body, soul and spirit, then two out of the three existences might perish, leaving one entity to possess the attribute of perpetual continuation. Physiologists hold man to be composed of simply body and mind, and is thus a duality. The materialistic class mean by this an organ and its secretions. The metaphysical physiologists mean two existences in co-operation, the one being simply matter, and the other being a substance without the primary and secondary qualities of matter. Whatever view may be taken, it is interesting to note how interdependent these twins are upon one another. A fever will cause delirium; dyspepsia will produce hypochondria; opium or any narcotic, in large doses, will defy volition and induce stupor and temporary oblivion; our nightly sleep must be preceded by a slow pulse, languid and deficient blood circulation in the brain; and the wise man becomes a fool over too much wine. On the other hand, a hearty appetite is instantly destroyed by bad news; sleep is banished by worry or anxiety, and gladness will act at once as a bodily tonic and stimulant. In all these causes and effects it is the body alone which determines the conditions.

Insanity is always a bodily disease; and mental or moral perturbations are *occasions*, not *causes*, of brain disease. Were the organ in tune, the organist could bring harmony and melody out of it to the utmost of its capacity. No two of us have the same number of stops or octaves; but to the extent of our mechanism and its capacity so far can our mental capabilities go, and no further. The sound mind is hedged in by its physical and instrumental environment. No amount of culture, or training, or opportunity could produce genius, or even talent of a high order, in the vast majority of our race. The potentiality is not there, and never can be in the individual stamped with mediocrity. Such may never reach their best; but the utmost capability is a fixed boundary, beyond which it is impossible to pass. The transcendent sons and daughters of genius cannot be made out of congenitally ordinary organizations, any more than can good coffee be made out of an ordinary or inferior coffee bean. The mortal with thirty ounces of brain must perforce be a child or an idiot; but the brain of sixty ounces, healthy and well organized, has in it the possibility of mental scope and vigor. On the other hand, the brain of fifty ounces in weight, well organized, is much more useful to the mind than is one of sixty ounces, but primitive in its

construction, just as a pound of steel has more wear and elasticity in it than a pound of iron. As might be expected, the brain of an educated mortal when diseased is more likely to recover its equilibrium than is that of low organization, in which, consequently, there is weak mental power, so to speak; the former has a vitality and rebound to it which the latter does not possess, and is thereby so apt to degenerate into childishness and mental deprivation, which is virtually the tomb of the mind. In weighing probabilities of recovery from insanity, the existence of education is one of the factors on the favourable side of the equation in my experience, taking the averages by causation and results.

It is a curious and interesting study to note the various theories in respect to mind and its manifestations; and, as a corollary, the various views as to what is meant by a diseased mind. The pendulum of thought, in its definitions, has swung from the one extreme to the other since the days of Hippocrates. To classify generally, there were three opinions which held sway for longer or shorter periods during the centuries. In one it was held that mind and brain were simply the product and the organ, in short, the physical entity and its secretion. This theory goes under the much anathematized name of materialism. Cabanis says: "All intelligence consists in sensation, and all sensation resides in nerves;" and, "as the liver secretes bile, so does the brain secrete mind." Feuchtersleben asserts, that "the operations of the mind are emanations from those of the body, and, of necessity, mental disorders must be merely bodily ailments."

In recent days, Tyndall puts the same ideas as follows: "The animal body is just as much the product of molecular force as the stalk or ear of corn, or as the crystal of salt or sugar. The formation of a crystal, or a plant, or an animal is a merely mechanical problem. Not alone the mechanism of the human body, but that of the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—were once latent in a fiery cloud."

In a word, there is a school of materialistic physiologists who reduce man physically, mentally and morally to a mere machine. Mental action and moral judgments are mere secretions of nerve activity. The initiatory force to set in action our volitions, reasonings, imaginations, affections, emotions, and even our consciousness, is always and only nerve energy or brain function. There is no mind entity behind this organ directing or controlling it in any degree. The *I* is only a resultant of the *Not I* in action; and we are all mere machines obeying absolutely perforce the behest of brain atoms or molecules in concerted operation. There is no spontaneity independent of, in the least degree, the mandate



of this bodily autocratic taskmaster. I vainly imagine that my mind is dictating commands to my hand to do the writing I am now engaged in. It is a delusion according to this doctrine, for the first movement was that of a nerve atom or a community of atoms in concert, and out of it, in some way, sprang up an idea and then a volition. How the atoms came to be cognizant of the necessity of the moment in this and all ideality has not been explained. I have the conceit in my conscious being that I am making my brain a servant of my ideation in the conception of thoughts in this monograph. I feel within me a certain liberty of action to do or not to do, within certain circumscribed limits, according to my individual capacity, which no reasoning can banish from my consciousness, and which is manifested to me in my daily experience.

According to the modern and materialistic school of physiologists this is a delusion of mine, and to overthrow the evidence of self the data of consciousness and its presentations are ruled out of court. It is the chief witness for the defence, hence its evidence must be rejected.

These speculations would do very little harm were it not that of necessity they lead to a fatalism in respect to human thought and action. There can be no ethics and no responsibility in such a system of belief, and the sane, with the insane, cannot be accountable for actions, volitions and moral judgments which are purely mechanical, and in which can be no spontaneousness. It will be seen that this theory is not merely speculative, but when applied to human conduct is of paramount practical importance. There is a great deal of experimental philosophy in the Poet Laureate's song:

“The baby, new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is pressed  
Against the circle of his breast,  
Has never thought that this is I.

“But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of *I* and *Me*,  
And finds I am not what I see,  
And other than the thing I touch.

“So rounds he to a separate mind,  
From whence clear memory may begin,  
And through the frame that holds him in  
His isolation grows defined.”

It is easy to see that the idea of man being simply a beautiful piece of material mechanism, with no controlling power behind

it, is a doctrine far-reaching in its results, not only in ethics and theology, but also in practical medicine in relation to morbid minds. There must, of necessity, be in it a fatalism which would paralyze all endeavour to help ourselves and our fellow-man, for if there is *nothing* to have a hereafter, and if the mind must become non-existent when the brain, its author, has mixed with the clods of the valley and dissolved into its kindred dust, it would be a merciful deliverance to free all the afflicted from their earthly bondage by an *euthanasia*. It would be a refinement of cruelty to prolong the lives of those afflicted with incurable, and it may be, painful diseases, and killing could involve no moral guilt if mind be only a brain secretion with no spontaneity, and no choice of action, and no moral obligation. There can be no murder when there is no responsibility, and law has no right to punish a mere machine. A theory of this kind is untrue, it is mischievous and is far-reaching in results. It flies in the face of conscious freedom and innate moral judgments.

That insanity is essentially and purely a disease of the mind is a form of error which has gone through many phases of thought during the last 2,500 years, in fact, since the days of Socrates. Were these opinions merely speculative and, consequently, harmless, no reflections could be cast on our ancestry in respect to the treatment of the insane. Such was not the case, because they were at once accepted as an axiom in that such were devil-possessed, and to-day, *Anno Domini* 1891, several acquaintances of mine, including clerical as well as lay persons, cling to this idea. The result was cruelties inflicted upon the insane, a mere recital of which would make the very blood run cold. These barbarities were inflicted to a greater or less extent until the beginning of this century. This demoniacal delusion, which meant that a personal devil had, by occupancy, possession of the individual in body as well as soul, was modified by the idea that mental dethronement was simply "a perversion of the soul, in fact, equivalent to *sin*." "The mind was the immediate seat of the disorder, and could be clearly traced to its origin, *sin*, error, passion." (Heinroth.)

Dr. Burrows in his standard work, and modern at that, says: "Madness is one of the curses imposed by the wrath of the Almighty on His people for their *sins*." This erroneous idea was universal, and still prevails, not merely among the ignorant, but also where the school-master is abroad. It is a vicious doctrine which holds that all sinners who become insane are so because of sin as a cause. This does not mean simply violators of physical law, but also those who are morally bad. To become insane .

means wickedness. The good, the gentle, the noble in character, and those of whom the world is not worthy, have become insane by the tens of thousands, while many a vile wretch has escaped this dire infliction. Many of our citizens have had mental aberration because of hereditary tendencies in which they could have no part or lot, because of that inscrutable law of transmission—not of disease—but of liability thereto, if all the conditions necessary to evoke the latent weakness are present. A sunstroke, a fever, maternity, a blow on the head, worry, great afflictions, mental anguish, over-exertion, heredity, are among the many causes of insanity; but they come upon saint and sinner without discrimination as to moral guilt or worth, and without mercy. We only see a segment of the great circle of providential dealings, but,

“God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.”

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### STRENGTH.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”  
What a promise this for thee!  
Fear not then what time may bring,  
Thou art safe beneath His wing.

Do the clouds of boding ill  
Overshade the future still?  
When the morrow comes apace,  
Thou shalt have the morrow's grace.

Dost thou dread the pain unborn?  
Fear the cold world's bitter scorn?  
Is it not enough to know,  
He will needed strength bestow?

Does the conflict from afar  
Make thee faint before the war?  
When the battle-dawn appears,  
Thou wilt laugh at all thy fears.

See! the warder angels teem  
Where the beaconed watch-towers gleam;  
Hear the cry they ring to thee:  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

THE ELMS, Toronto.

## THE LOVE-FEAST THAT CONTINUED.

*A FRAGMENT.*

BY THOMAS THOMPSON.\*

AMONG the varied meetings held in the church, Didymus much enjoyed the old-fashioned love-feast. There he heard such a variety of experiences and style in relating them that interested and amused and sometimes edified him. Some of the garrulous old men and women illustrated the saying, "Once a man, twice a child," while some of the very glib brethren rolled it out so unctuously and easily, as if their tongues were hung on a pivot, and they were carried away by the swing of their own volubility. Occasionally a brother or sister had to be stopped short by the minister in charge commencing to sing a familiar hymn, thus giving an opportunity for the speaker to subside and cool off.

Another fact that struck Didymus was, that the more educated and cultured of the members were the least demonstrative in their manner, and this very circumstance seemed to make somewhat of a division or cleavage, that found expression in the more noisy members, when exercising themselves in testimony, indirectly referring to the quieter ones of the congregation as being cold, and formal, and worldly, and disloyal to the King of kings; and yet, when practical Christianity had to be exercised in the work of looking after the poor, and sustaining the various enterprises of the Church, it was evident that the demonstrative members left that part of the work to others. And then Didymus would ask himself, Which was the scaffolding, and which was the building? Whether the good time at the meeting, or doing acts of brotherly kindness and ministering to the needy were distinct matters? Unfortunately he came to the wrong conclusion, namely, that both classes were labouring under a delusion, the one in excitement and shouting, and the other in their trying to make their peace by giving of their wealth, and, so to speak, making their way sure to the better world by laying up treasures in

\* Nearly forty years have passed since some of the characters here portrayed were in the spring-time of youth. The elder ones of that time have entered into the skies, all of whom, without exception, as they passed through the portals into the eternal city, gave glorious testimony to the power of the grace that saves, while the younger characters of that period still live, evidencing in their lives the conserving influence of Methodist usages and doctrine, and the power of divine grace to control the individual character to the glory of God.—T. T.



heaven which they could claim when the work of life was over. Yet he seemed to think that the practical results were from the latter, and so his favourite gospel of humanity was practised as well as preached—good feelings turned into good actions; benevolence quickened into beneficence as burdens were lifted and hearts lightened.

It was the quarterly love-feasts that brought out the strong characteristics of the Methodism of those days. The members had to show their quarterly tickets of membership, while outsiders obtained their tickets of admittance from the minister, who sat in the little ante-room adjoining for that purpose, half an hour before the meeting started. Didymus and his young companions, though not members of the Society, were admitted by tickets upon representing to the minister that they were desirous "to flee from the wrath to come." In vain was the effort often made by some of the youthful ones to gain admission without first procuring the necessary order. The vestibule, or church porch, was guarded by the sexton, known as one Billy Andrews, a sturdy Yorkshireman, who brusquely, if not roughly, represented the law that came by Moses. His very countenance said plainly, "Thou shalt not enter here." He was known even to chase the boys down the steps, and, if necessary, to hasten their flight with a shove, as he would say, "Get out of here as quick as you can." All boys, and sometimes even girls, have an innate dislike to constituted authority, and naturally resent it, so that when Jack and Didymus, after one of these encounters, and being rushed down the steps, suddenly opened the door with a bang, where the minister was quietly sitting, and asked for admission tickets, the good old minister, Father Lyle, after squeezing their hands, asked them were they "desirous to flee from the wrath to come?" Jack looked up into his face and said, "We have just done it," referring to the sexton, who to his mind was the very impersonation of wrath. The minister smiled, and as he handed the boys the tickets for admission said to them, "Dear boys,

" 'Youth is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward.' "

Then they rushed up the steps again, and presenting their tickets, said to the sexton, "You durstn't refuse us now."

After the meeting was duly opened, bread and water was passed around among the members when, more or less, ejaculations would be made by some of the older ones. The service lasted for fully two and a half hours. First of all cubes of bread, about

an inch square, were handed round on plates to the members by the class leaders; then they sang:

“ Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.”

This was followed by big white jugs of cold water being carried round, each member taking a drink in turn. The outsiders, including the boys, also partook of the brotherly tokens of love, but felt like young hypocrites as they whispered to each other, that if there was not any more love than feast at the meeting it was a poor affair.

As soon as all the congregation was served the collections were taken up, when they all sang:

“ We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But praise Thee more for Jesus’ blood;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven.”

The minister then led off by relating his own experience, which was generally short, practical and pointed, and was intended to serve as a model in those respects to those who should follow him; and knowing how apt some of them were to get prolix and tedious, he would say, “Brethren and sisters, we want to hear only how the Lord has been doing with you during the last quarter, and your present experience. Don’t wait one upon another. If two or three at a time speak, all the better. The Lord can hear it all, and it will help to keep the fire burning.”

There was one good old sister, Stoner, who always dropped asleep when the minister was speaking, but who invariably started a hymn as soon as he sat down, as if her ear had suddenly caught the key-note of her refrain from the minister’s last word, commencing with:

“ Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I’m bound for the land of Canaan;  
Oh, Canaan is my happy home,  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?”

She then related her experience, and usually started off with the statement that she had been having “a refreshing time from the Lord”—which any one near her could testify to—but she was an honest, hardworking woman who took in washing, and the heated room overcame her.

The next to get up was the managing trustee and class-leader, Robert Walters; he was prompted from a sense of duty to speak early, and he always spoke briefly and to the point, in this respect following closely the minister's example. Good sense and well-chosen words clothed his thoughts, and every one felt that a true man stood up before the congregation as he related his experience. Then, one after another, the members stood up, some speaking but a dozen words, others spinning it out to pretty long lengths, commencing at their conversion twenty-five or thirty years before, and winding up with an exhortation. But there was one aged and very interesting brother whom all were waiting to hear, who never failed to interest even the youngest member of the meeting. He had spent the most of his life at sea, on board a man-of-war as a ship's carpenter. His figures of speech were nautical, and taken from his own experience of seafaring life. His manner of delivery was slow and impressive. His cheeks were like rosy-streaked apples, his face wonderfully mobile and expressive, while his voice was mellow and full.

Here some one started the hymn :

“The Gospel ship is homeward sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore.”

This never failed to bring him to his feet. Then every eye turned towards Father Dutton, who, under the inspiration of the song, you could observe was unconsciously balancing himself as if he were on a rolling ship at sea, or like the ship's compass that is set upon pivots, swaying gracefully to the motion of the ship. His eyelids rapidly opened and closed and glistened with tears, then became suddenly transfixed, when a shade passed over his countenance, as if his perceptive faculties had retired and made way for his reflective nature. Slowly his thoughts found words to fit them, and without any introduction he at once plunged into the subject-matter of his meditations as follows :

“Sailing across the Indian Ocean, from the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon, you come under the sun's directer rays. The moment comes that you have crossed the line of the Equator. The sun directly over your head, there is no shadow at your feet. Oh, the wonderful sensation, the moments rich in experience; and I thought, oh, to have the Sun of Righteousness right over our heads, shining down clear and full—no more shadow, no more sin, no more sorrow, no more death. The love that is eternal encompassing you, the arms that are everlasting embracing you. But the ship moves on, and we wake from our dreams to find we have crossed the line. Alas, there is the shadow again. The

favouring winds have died down to a whisper, the dead calm is upon us, and the vessel lying like a log upon the placid bosom of the mighty deep,

“‘As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.’

“And now the sun is obscured by clouds, but we point the vessel’s prow to our desired haven. For days and nights, no sun, no moon, no stars, no clear horizon. Dead reckoning only by the log. No, not altogether; thank God, we have the compass to steer by; and so, as we cross life’s dark and tempestuous seas, we take faith as our compass, we shape our barque heavenwards, and we take hold of God’s right hand in the darkness. But again our progress is painfully slow. What’s the matter with the ship? How we fret and chafe.”

Here the old man is suffused with deep emotion that affects every one in the little chapel; sobs are heard all around. He stands for a while without speaking, ere he incarnates his thoughts into speech, and then, with a face radiant with joy, and a full, sounding voice, he says:

“Oh, for a heavenly breeze! ‘Quartermaster,’ shouts the captain, ‘is all clear and taut about the decks?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir, everything is in trim shape.’ ‘Carpenter,’ sings out the quartermaster, ‘examine every board, and seam, and stanchion.’ ‘Aye, aye, sir.’

“Now the captain and bo’sn are looking away into the distance. It is a cloud no bigger than a man’s hand, but it is coming towards the ship. The very masts, and timbers, and flapping sails seem to wait in hopeful expectancy of work to do. Suddenly a mighty rushing wind sweeps down upon the ship, the bo’sn’s shrill whistle is sounding; the bo’sn’s mate and the sailors are flying all about, all hands are on the alert, and the ship is bounding on her course.

“Brethren and sisters, the breeze is springing up. Remember they were all with one accord in one place, in the upper room at Jerusalem, waiting, and the Spirit came down with mighty power.” Here he paused, overcome by emotion, lifting up his eyes streaming with tears, but only for a minute. “Friends,” he said, “the voyage of life will soon draw to its close. Some one will call out, ‘Land in sight,’ and then—the desired haven. Safe, safe in port, where all the ship’s company meet.”

Then some one, coughing away the lump in his throat, would start up the favourite hymn:



“Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.”

It took several minutes after this before any one would venture to speak, for all felt the highest point of the meeting had been passed. But, gradually, as one after another rose to their feet, and in simple language spoke of their hopes, and fears, and resolves; and when Mrs. Dyson and Mrs. Garton, in plaintive and subdued voices that seemed to fall like oil on tempestuous waters, had spoken, a holy calm rested upon the hearts of the congregation.

Just at this point a stranger, who sat away in one corner of the building, related his experience, in a soft, southern voice. He was, he said, all the way from Kentucky, and had dropped into the meeting accidentally, and had been richly blessed while he sat there, for he saw and felt how good it was for brethren to dwell together in unity. When the last two speakers, he said, were on their feet, a verse came into his mind that he had learned many years ago. It was as follows:

“When such as these, familiar with the skies,  
Have filled their hearts from whence those waters rise,  
And once more mingled with us meaner things,  
’Twas even as if the angels shook their wings;  
Eternal fragrance filled the circuit wide,  
Which tells us whence those blessings were supplied.”

He was, he said, returning to “Old Kentuck” the following morning, and he would take with him from Canada pleasant memories of this happy occasion.

A new face and a new voice, especially when giving out a new thought, and more especially when clothed in fitting words, never fail to waken up the interest of the listeners, and stir up the emotions that “among the people called Methodists” lie very close to the surface; but a sudden anti-climax was produced as the brother from Kentucky closed his observations by saying his business in Canada was to buy horses, and he thanked the Lord he had found some very good ones.

“Hallelujah!” shouted a brother from the country, who raised horses for the American market, and who drove to town regularly for the love-feast.

It is part of the training of a Methodist preacher to watch closely the drift of the meeting over which he presides. He knows it is often but a very short step from the “spiritually sublime” to the “mundane absurd,” and that when they cross at right angles the

sparks are apt to fly right and left. Some ministers pitch the meeting on a high key, and start it off at fever heat, allowing no pause for contemplation or reflection. Satan, to their ideas, not only goes about like a roaring lion, but with a satchel full of narcotics and anæsthetics, seeking to soothe with somnolent draughts, and quiet the aroused listeners into sleep.

At the request of the minister to rise up and sing, Brother Jacob Hicks struck up a hymn that he thought fitted into the experience of the brother from Kentucky, who had just sat down, and, with a strong baritone voice, led off with :

“ At Jacob’s well a stranger sought  
His drooping frame to cheer ;  
Samaria’s daughter little thought  
That Jacob’s God was near.

“ This had she known, her fainting mind  
For richer draughts had sighed,  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied.”

A good stand-up singing exercise shakes off the drowsiness and puts new life into the meeting, especially those old fugue tunes with their rapid runs, where the bass has to put in a galloping race of several bars while the treble is hanging on to a single note, all the time getting red in the face and short in the wind, and longing as anxiously for the bass voices to catch up as Wellington at Waterloo listened for the tramp of Blucher’s contingent, or looked for the nightfall to give him a rest. The time of the meeting was fast drawing to the hour for dismissal when the father of the two boys, Jack and Didymus, rose to his feet. He was a man of commanding presence, neat in his attire, and beyond the average in his clear, distinctive utterance. Somehow he seemed to command attention, as with a voice at first trembling with emotion, but gathering strength as he proceeded. He said but little, but that little was pregnant with strong feeling. He closed by quoting from the 122nd Psalm : “ Pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.”

Why is it that some voices seem to catch every ear ? Is it that too often when the lips open we hear only words, and that the soul has to speak, the intelligence to sparkle in the eye, and then only is the ear that hears quick to receive, as the heart-language sends forth words that make echoes that roll from soul to soul with a meaning strange to the Babel builders, and known only

to those, whether babes or adults, who are of the kingdom of heaven? And yet so it is. From the heart of those fleshly wrappings that enclose the mind comes a voice or a look that tells even from out of the common clay there dwells a soul longing and living for its native heaven.

The two brothers parted company at the church porch, Didymus, like many of his age, making use of the same as a meeting-house, for no sooner had he emerged from the sacred building than he hastily caught up to Ruth Garton, who was quickly walking homeward.

"You seem to be in a hurry, Ruth," said Didymus, after wishing her "Good evening." "Suppose you slacken your pace, for I want to talk with you about the service we have just taken part in."

"I did not know," said Ruth, pleasantly, "that you had taken any part in it. If you did it must have been a silent part. But I like to walk quick; it gives one a sense of relief after sitting over two hours in a close building; but first tell me what part you took in the meeting, and did you like it?"

"Yes," answered Didymus, "I like the meeting, this part of it, with the stars overhead and the moonlight struggling through the tree-tops making such delicate lines of tracery upon the pavement. But I did not hear your experience; what say you to making me your father confessor? I am ready to absolve you at a moment's notice, yet I think my office would be a sinecure, because you have no sin to cure."

"Oh, you are always playing upon words," said Ruth, "why can't you be serious? But you have not answered my question, how did you like the meeting?"

"That is a question, Ruth, that I would want time to answer," said Didymus, in a more thoughtful tone of voice, "for my liking it or not seems of such little consequence, and yet I would answer it, because you put the question. Suppose I replied this way: There was a good deal in it beyond my comprehension; there was a good deal in it, also, to amuse and gratify one; and there was just enough pure gold in it to save it from being called an imitation of the real article."

"Really," said Ruth, "I am surprised that those are your conclusions, and yet, 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned,' so, perhaps, that answers your first point; as for the amusing part of the meeting, I quite agree with you, for the testimony given by the gentleman from Kentucky made me laugh right out, but for the little bit of pure gold there I think you are mistaken. If, because an old Spanish doubloon, all battered and worn, looks very different to a Yankee half-eagle fresh from the mint, it is

none the less gold, and very likely with less alloy in it besides, for its very softness shows its pureness. So when you hear men speaking like Mr. Dutton, Mr. Walters and your father, you surely admit that such experiences are full of reality."

"I acknowledge the force of what you say, Ruth," said Didymus, "and the way you put it, for, under your influence, I confess not only that I am fallible but malleable, and I give you credit for more discernment than I have got. How I would like to see with your eyes, and weigh people's motives and actions with your scales. Unfortunately, nature and observation has left an impress upon me that I cannot alter, even if I would. I believe in my fellow-mortals, but that means that I believe they follow the natural bent of their natures. Some people are born believers in mysteries; others, again, come into the world and want to put their fingers on the spot before they can believe. You are, happily, more like the former than the latter. But with reference to the meeting, do you know, Ruth, when the 'old man eloquent' was recalling and spiritualizing his experience, I thought what a fine study he would make for an artist, while your spiritual eyes, I suppose, saw in him a saint, ready for heaven?"

Ruth made no direct reply to this, for she felt there was in the companion by her side a want, or rather a need, in his life that she could not supply; but she knew that he loved her, and she knew also that with all his lightness of character she was, by some invisible and unspoken bond, drawn to him. She did not know how and she did not want to know. But she broke the silence by saying:

"Heaven is a state as well as a place, Mr. Dyson, and we can have it in our lives if we only want it; but if one does not feel the need, why, of course, he can never know the want."

"Take care, Ruth, for you are drifting on to dangerous ground, because that's only another way of putting an old saying, viz., 'If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' and I am sure neither you nor I believe either in blissful or any other kind of ignorance. Were it not that disobedience is more to be condemned than the desire for knowledge is to be commended, I would say the fall of Adam was not such a terrible thing after all."

"Oh, Didymus Dyson," said Ruth, emphasizing his name, "how can you talk that way? Disobedience and unbelief are deadly sins, and no amount of argument can gainsay it."

"The minister told us in his last Sunday's sermon," said Didymus, "that sin meant, literally, missing the mark, and as it requires skill to hit the mark, how can one obtain skill but by practice. No doubt he will often miss the mark before he succeeds.



I can't imagine a loving father acting like the Austrian tyrant, Gessler, represented as ready to hurl the patriot, William Tell, into limbo if, trying his best, he missed shooting the apple from off his son's head. That God is good, I cannot doubt, but that He is a tyrant, I can never believe."

"He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," said Ruth.

"There I fully agree with you," answered her companion, "and now that we have found common ground, and very close to your own door, may I not interpret the omen this way? Where you live and where your better heart finds rest, I cannot be very far off, for the 'divinity that shapes our lives' is surely incarnate in those we love the most."

As Didymus said this he lifted his glistening eyes to Ruth, and as she took his outstretched hand, and said "Good night!" the sound of her voice went down into his heart like the song of birds in the spring-time, while the touch of her hand sent a thrill to his inmost nature.

"Good night!" he responded. "Every night is followed by a morning; the love-feast has lasted longer with me than with the congregation, and your 'Good night' is like the benediction that follows after prayer. Pleasant dreams to you, Ruth, and if in your dreaming you should see, like Jacob at Bethel, the angels ascending and descending, send by one of them a message for me."

"And what shall the message be?" said Ruth.

"That one of them would bring from heaven some potent medicine to cure my spiritual blindness."

"Christ Himself gives the cure," answered Ruth, "for He says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall *see* God.' Faith in Him will open your eyes."

TORONTO.

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#### A SONG OF THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us around,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

## THE CASTAWAY OF FISH ROCK.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

"HAIRBREADTH escapes, did you say, sir? Ah, yes, I s'pose we've all had more or less of 'em, but may be sailors knows more about 'em than people livin' on the land ever can? Don't you think so, sir?"

We were on our way home together from a week-night prayer-meeting, Solomon French and I, under the bright crisp starlight of a Newfoundland winter night, the frosty ground ringing under our feet, and the clear air blowing sharply upon our faces, as we walked briskly along. Solomon was a fisherman, and a splendid specimen of his class. His broad shoulders and well-knit frame gave evidence of great strength and power of endurance, while his fine open features, with a smile of good-natured happiness beaming out from them, and his clear blue eyes, full of frankness and intelligence, won your sympathetic liking and confidence, on the shortest acquaintance. A good man was Solomon, a genuinely earnest and whole-souled Christian; warm-hearted and thorough-going in his practical devotion to God and duty. Deep spiritual experiences had come into his life and hallowed and mellowed his character, as only such experiences can, giving it an elevation and breadth that raised him above and beyond the commonplace and monotonous level of ordinary Christian life. In our short acquaintance, I had already been struck with the rare insight and outlook of his views, the richness and wisdom of his understanding of divine things, the simplicity and comprehensiveness of his faith, and the clear common-sense of his practical piety; and I saw in these the secret of the great respect in which he was held, and the strong influence for good which he exerted in the community.

On the night in question, the service had turned—the hymns particularly—upon divine providence, and the presence of God with His people in times of danger and distress, and our conversation, as we trudged homeward from the meeting, had naturally followed the line of our previous thoughts.

"Why, sir," continued Solomon, "as we were singin' that verse to-night,

'Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
And given me back at Thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand,'

my mind was busy enough with more than one experience of my own in my nearly forty years of knockin' about on the sea. Many a time I've seen God's hand plain enough. 'Deed I have. But when you started that verse, at the close of the meetin', sir, 'Though waves and storms go o'er my head,' I fairly broke down and cried, for it seemed to me God was remindin' me once more of His great love and care for me in a time when I sung that verse in a very different place from where we was to-night. Indeed, I can never sing that hymn or hear it sung without thinkin' of it. Some day, I'll tell you about it, sir."

"Come in, now," said I, for by this time we had reached my own door, and my friend was preparing to bid me good night. "Come in now, Solomon; I've heard something about that wonderful escape of yours, and I would like to hear of it from your own lips."

"Well, sir," said Solomon, when, a few minutes later, we were seated cosily before my sitting-room fire, "so you've heard something of the story of the Fish Rock? 'Tis a strange story, an' a solemn one, too; an' I can never tell it, even at this distance o' time without feelin' a good deal. In the spring of 1873, I shipped for the sealing voyage—for the ice, as we say—in the brig *Huntsman*, of Bay Roberts, in Conception Bay. Captain Dawe was the master, and there was a crew of sixty of us, all told. A good ship we had under us, an' an experienced man for our captain—a real old seal-killer. We left port about the fifth of March, and, near the strain of the Grey Islands we got about half a load of seals; but the seals were not plenty, an' we were a long time doin' little, so the captain concluded to go further north, as the season was gettin' late, an' try for some old seals, so we ran down to the Labrador coast. Just as we got down a gale o' wind sprung up, with a ter'ble heavy sea, and it got so rough that we couldn't stand in the open water, an' was forced to put into the ice for shelter—that is, sir, into a string of loose running ice, about three or four miles off the shore.

"There was a couple of other crafts not far from us, an' they put into the ice as well. 'Twas bad enough for us, you may believe, sir, but 'twas the only thing we could do in the ter'ble heavy wind an' sea, to get into the ice where, of course, it was smoother. We was far enough off the land, bein' on the outer edge of the ice to keep us from fearin' the lee shore, an', barrin' the danger of runnin' into an iceberg, we was fairly safe, we thought, for we had no idea of rocks at that distance from the shore. But, once in the ice, of course we had to go with it, helpless, as you may say, for there was a strong tide runnin' along

the shore, as well as the heavy wind an' sea. Ugly enough it looked, sir, I tell 'ee, as night come on, an' no sign of improvement—gettin' worse it was, indeed, all the time.

"We had some narrow escapes from icebergs, as we drove along with the wind an' tide; but, as I said just now, we never thought of rocks. 'Twas several hours after dark, and we was drivin' along, every man of us anxiously lookin' out into the darkness, when we saw what we took to be an iceberg some distance ahead. All of a sudden one of the crew sings out,

"'Rock! Rock on the lee bow!'

"'Twas no iceberg, sir, but the sea an' ice breakin' over a reef of rock, right ahead of us. Quick as thought, the captain sang out to back the head-sails, but 'twas no use; we drove on right fair for the rock.

"'God have mercy on us,' says the captain, 'we're lost. Let every man try to save himself.'

"'Twas an awful time, sir; sixty men of us there on the deck of that ship, drivin' right into the jaws of death, for there was no chance of escape that we could see. Some four or five men jumped from the weather-bow, but were smashed up at once; more took the riggin'. With some others, I ran out on the main boom, but couldn't see a pan of ice big enough to jump on, so I said to myself, 'I'm as well here as anywhere else.' Talk about religion, sir, I felt thankful then for my interest in Christ, an' I was as happy as I am in this room this minute. I was standin' there holdin' on by the topping-lift, when she struck, bow on, against the rock, an' as she reeled back from the blow, her stern went right under the sea an' ice, and I found myself rollin' over an' over among the breakers that were dashing up over the rock. I couldn't have thought it possible, sir, for a man to live a minute among that pounding, grinding ice an' sea, but I did. As it dashed me up on the rock, I got hold of the kelp an' stuff that was about it, an' held on for dear life. But the sea came in an' dashed me away. Again, I got hold, an' again the sea carried me away. I got another grip, however, an' held on, desperate, for I felt my strength givin' way, an' I knew I couldn't hold out agen many more seas. But again the sea dashed over me, an' swept me off, an' I gave myself up for lost. But I managed to get hold again, a bit higher up, an' I said to myself—I felt that much exhausted—'If another sea takes me off I'm gone, I haven't any more strength left.'

"Well, sir, the next sea came in to my feet, an' no further; an' sea after sea broke on the rock an' rolled that far, but not far enough to sweep me off. It was a kind of point of the rock, just



big enough for me to rest my hip on the top of it, and half sit, half lie, just out of reach of the sea. I say out of reach of the sea, an' so I was, so far as carryin' me away went, though I didn't know when a bigger sea than usual might sweep me off, and the blindin' spray was dashin' over me constantly. There I was, alone on that wild rock, drenched with icy water, bruised and bleedin' from the awful beatin' I had had when cast ashore, holdin' on for dear life in the darkness and storm. Half an hour before on the deck of our vessel, in the midst of my friends; an' now, so far as I knew, the only one living out of them all. It was pitch dark; I could see nothin' but the white breakers, as they dashed up to my feet, an' I could hear nothin' but the howlin' of the wind, the roarin' of the sea, an' the awful groanin' an' shriekin' of the ice. An' yet, sir, I thank God, I was kept in peace. He was near me. I felt His hand sustainin' and helpin' me, an' I sung about them words we sung to-night:

“‘Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength and health and friends be gone,  
Though joys be withered all, and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.’

“You don't wonder, sir, that I can't sing those words or hear 'em sung, without rememberin' that ter'ble time. Yet, blessed be God, He kept me, as I said, in peace. Oh, how glad I was that I knew Him, that I loved Him, that I had been tryin' to serve Him. How glad I was that through it all I could feel around an' underneath me the everlastin' arms. It was dark, indeed, around me, sir, but I had wonderful views on that rock. I could see life as I never saw it before, the value of it, the need of a man livin' wholly for God an' in readiness for whatever might happen, an' the awful foolishness of livin' for anything else, busy about this thing an' that thing, an' leaving the most important of all things neglected. I had been servin' God, sir, but there, in the darkness, there come to me such wonderful thoughts about God, an' the importance of livin' for Him, that I felt as I never felt before how poor my service had been, an' how different my life might be made if I had it to live over again. An' yet, blessed be His name, I had the assurance of His love, an' favour, an' forgiveness. Jesus was with me, an' I rested on His arm.

“Well, the long night wore away, and when mornin' broke I could see somethin' of where I was. It was a dreary sight, sure enough. The ice was hove up all around me, but the wind an' sea was droppin' somewhat. The rock I was on was about fifteen

feet high, an' less than a quarter of a mile long—just a low, narrow reef of rock, almost covered by the sea an' ice, I could make out the hills on the mainland four or five miles or more across the ice, a rocky, desolate lookin' coast, but not a sign of a ship or of a human bein', livin' or dead, in all the miles of ice around me. I was alone, famished, bruised, half dead, on that bit of a rock in the midst of the icy sea. I was so sore that I felt as if I couldn't stir, an' so weak that I felt as if I had no strength to do so if I wished. The sea was smoother, an' the day got clear, but there seemed little chance of anything happenin' to help me. I was beyond human help, to all appearance. Many a time that day I sat up as well as I could and looked all around to see if I could see any sign of help or hope, but there was nothin' to be seen but the miles of ice and the distant shore.

"It was a long day, sir, a long day. Stiff an' sore as I was, it was nothin' to the pangs of hunger that began to seize me as the day wore on. That was the worst of all. It was indescribable. I couldn't tell you what I suffered. So I made up my mind that, as the sea continued goin' down, I'd try to crawl ashore next mornin'. It was a poor chance of my gettin' there, an' a poor chance of my gettin' to any settlement if I did; but I felt I couldn't hold out much longer on the rock, an' that very soon I wouldn't have any strength to leave it. I'd perish if I stopped, an' I could only perish if I fell through the ice or failed to get to any place where people was livin'; so I said to myself, I'll try, anyway, in the mornin', please God.

"I didn't give up heart, you see, sir, at all, though everything looked so black. Seemin' to me God kept me from despair, an' sinkin' down under my desperate condition. I prayed to Him, hearty an' often, an' sung a hymn now an' then to brighten myself up. Well, the second night passed much like the first, except that the sea had gone down, and the spray didn't dash over me at all, and I could lie a bit more comfortable on the rock. But I was ter'ble sore an' cold, an' hunger was gnawin' at me more an' more. When mornin' came, the second dawnin' I'd seen on that rock, I saw that it was goin' to be a fine day, an' that the sea was smoother than ever. I looked out an' saw a good big pan of ice a little distance off from where I was lyin', so, with a prayer for God's help an' guidance, I crawled off to it and started for the shore. It was slow work, sir, you may depend. I was that sore an' weak, it was ter'ble labour. I'd get over two or three pans an' then take a spell; then, maybe, go twice the breadth of this room, an' then stop for another spell. I suppose, in three hours or more, I wasn't a mile away from the rock. You see, I was beat

about wonderful, an' I felt my legs givin' out with weakness. However, I hobbled along, takin' short walks and then restin', but makin' poor headway. I didn't give up, though, not a bit, and I was sittin' down takin' off my pants to relieve myself of their weight, for they was all water-soaked an' iced up, when just as I was goin' to start again I heard voices, and lookin' up, I saw three or four men coming across the ice towards me. 'Twas a glad sight you may depend, sir, an' a very unexpected one, an' my heart gave big beats of thankfulness an' excitement. I felt that my troubles was over. They had come from the shore on purpose to reach an' save me, and they was ter'ble glad when they saw me.

"How do you suppose they came to know I was on the rock? Well, sir, 'twas wonderful. They told me the rock I was on was what is called the Fish Rock, off Cape Charles, which was the highland I had seen while lyin' there, an' Captain Graham, in his sealin' steamer, had been in Cape Charles harbour during the gale, an' after it was over had happened to be up on the cape with his spy-glass lookin' out over the ice. He, or some of his men, caught sight of something movin' on the rock, an' at first thought it was only a seal, but after awhile, believed it was a man. So they determined to get him off, if possible. They set fire to a tar barrel so that the man on the rock might see it an' know there was people not far off, an' then the captain got about forty men to start out over the ice next mornin' an' try to get to him and bring him ashore. So they found me, sir, as I've told you.

"Well, they gave me a little bread, and changed my old water-soaked boots, an' I felt stronger, so, with their help, an' in one spell more, I got to the land. But I couldn't stand when I got there, an' they had to hand me up. Captain Graham was wonderful kind to me, took me in to his cabin, and cared for me like as if I was his brother. But I was very ill, an' a mass of bruises an' cuts, body and head. I was a poor sight to look at, an' I remember the captain wouldn't let me see the lookin'-glass, because he was afraid I'd be frightened at my own looks. They brought me home in the steamer on her return, an' by the time I got there I was beginnin' to mend fast. But it was a long time before I was much good. I went about on two crutches all spring and part of the summer, but by the end of it I was able to walk without 'em; an' now, sir, I never feel any ill effects of my dreadful exposure, except, sometimes, in my feet. I was on the rock, sir, from about nine o'clock Sunday night till about eleven on Tuesday morning.

"It wasn't till I got back home that I knew whether any others

than myself had been saved from the *Huntsman*, but I found that eighteen of 'em had got home before me; so there were just nineteen of us saved out of the crew of sixty. When the vessel struck, an' her stern went under the water, most of the crew was drowned or beat to pieces with the ice as the sea dashed over her, but some managed to get on the ice an' crawl off on the weather side. Many of these got smashed up between the ice, but eighteen of 'em reached a craft which was drivin' along a little distance from us, and bein' further out, fortunately, was able to clear the rock. This craft, the *Rescue*, which, strangely enough, happened to be commanded by our captain's brother, got safely home a couple of weeks before I did, but our own captain an' his son, with all the rest of our crew, perished in the breakers at the Fish Rock, or were smashed to pieces in the drifting ice, after the vessel went down.

"Now, sir, you have my story. I can never forget that time; never, never! If any man should be thankful to God it is me. If any man should love and serve Him faithfully, surely I ought. God was with me on the Fish Rock, an' He is with me to-day. Many a time in the storm an' calm of the years that have passed since then, I've proved Him to be a God near at hand and not afar off; an', bless His name, I find Him so still. An' when I tell my story, sir, an' I've told it many a time in these years since it happened, mostly to sea-farin' men like myself, I do want so to tell it that those who hear it may see the value of faith in Christ, an' the power of God to keep a man's soul in peace in the midst of the greatest danger an' distress. I do want to help them to seek that power, if they don't already possess it, an' to have their faith in it strengthened, if they already do. There's nothin' but the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ can keep a man straight, an' safe, an' happy, blow high, or blow low, in rough water or smooth, below or aloft, afloat or ashore."

NOTE.—The above story is true in all essential details down to the literal names and dates, and the hero of the remarkable escape is still living in veritable and vigorous flesh and blood. I have but supplied the connecting link between him and my readers, and painted the background of the striking picture.

GRAND BANK, Nfld.

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THIS is His will: He takes and He refuses,  
 Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,  
 Wise ones, nor mighty for His saints He chooses,  
 No, such as John, or Gideon, or I.

—F. W. H. Myres.



## ALL HE KNEW.\*

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE by little the Kimper family was made more comfortable and put in some condition for the coming winter. Broken window-panes were mended, though frequently only with bits of board closely wedged. Cracks in the wall were stuffed with dried grass and plastered with mud, and clean straw replaced the dirty substitutes for beds and mattresses. The head of the family worked hard at the cobbler's shop, yet did not cease working when he reached home.

Yet week by week Sam looked better than in old times. Conrad Weitz, the manager of the most popular drinking-place in the town, predicted that there would soon have to be a change for the worse.

"He ain't drinkin' nothin'," said Conrad, "and a fellow dat's been drinkin' all his life can't get along widout it afterwards."

The vendor of stimulants said this to Deacon Quickset, for the two men were incessantly quarrelling over the liquor question, and never lost an opportunity of bringing up a new point about it when they met by any chance.

"You're all wrong about that, Weitz," said the deacon, sitting upon an empty beer barrel in front of the liquor store. The deacon was accustomed to say with a grim smile that he was one of the very few men in business whose reputation would allow him to sit upon a beer barrel without giving rise to any suspicions.

"Deacon," said the liquor dealer, "you hadn't ought to talk about what you don't understand. How long since you stopped drinkin'?"

"Now, see here, Weitz, what do you mean to ask me a question like that? You ought to know well enough that I never drank in my life. If I haven't told you so again and again, I should think other people could have done it."

"Never drank anything, eh? never in your life? Well, well!" said the proprietor, caressing the beer-shop cat for a moment, "dat explains a good many dings about you dat I never understood before. I tell you vat I tink, deacon, if you'd been brought up in my country, mit all de brains you've got in your head, and yoost could 'a had a lot of German beer put inside of you beside, you'd been about the finest man in the United States now. Den, besides dat, of course you ought to belong to my shurch too."

"Your church!" sneered the deacon.

"Come, now, deacon," said the shopkeeper, abruptly dropping the cat, "you can turn up your nose at my ideas all you vant, but

you mustn't turn it up at my shurch. I don't do dat to you, don't you forget it eider."

"That's all right, Conrad; I didn't mean to do it. Of course, every man will believe the way he is brought up, but I hope you won't go to tellin' anybody else in this town that that poor convict ought to be drinkin' and will have to do it again, because it might get to his ears, you know, and if it did it might break him down, and then he'd go to lyin' and stealin' and loafin' and fightin' again, and there is no knowin' whose chicken-coops and wood-piles would have to suffer. Yours might be one of the first of the lot."

"Vell," said the German, "is dat de vay you look at de question?"

"It's a fact, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. But I didn't tink dat vas de first ding for a man like you to tink about ven you vas talkin' about a fellow dat has broke off all bad habits and is tryin' to be just besides."

The deacon felt awkward for a moment. He did not like to be reminded of any of his faults by a neighbour, much less by one who belonged to a church so widely different from his own.

"Why, of course not," said he, "of course, I am thinkin' about the man's eternal salvation and about his future; but to tell you the truth, I haven't got much faith in his professions. A man that don't get any futher than he has done, and that don't seem willin' to learn from them that's his betters, and has gone into such things a good deal deeper than he has, ain't very likely to hold out. And the last condition of that man will be worse than the first."

"Vell," said the shopkeeper, "a good deal depends on dat. You vas a member of de shurch, and I vas a member of another, deacon, and we can talk together like brudders—a little vay, anyhow. Now, I tell you vat it is, dere's a good many men in dis town dat's behavin' very decent who don't belong to any shurch at all, and you yoost as lief discount deir notes as you would any other man's, and you'd go into business with dem just as quick as you take their word for anyding just as quick. If dat's de vay mit dem men, vy isn't it true dat Sam Kimper is a good deal better off with what he's got dan he vould be midout anyding at all in de way of religion?"

"O Conrad," said the deacon, "you were brought up in darkness and error. You don't understand. I've got that Sam Kimper on my mind so much that I'm just keepin' our minister after him all the whole time."

"Vell," said the shopkeeper, "I tell you vat I'll do, deacon. You let your minister do all he can mit him, and ven he finds he can do nothing yoost you come and tell me, and then I'll send our priest after him. He's a good man. You can't say noding against him; you know you can't. Needer can anybody else in dis town."

"No," said the deacon, "I don't mind sayin', 'cause I've said it a good many times before, that if Father Black belonged to my church instead of the one he does, I couldn't find a single thing to say or think against him. He is certainly a very good man, and doing a great deal of good among a lot of people that I didn't suppose ever could be kept out of mischief, but—"

"But he didn't keep them out of mischief in your vay. Dat's de trouble, isn't it? Come, now; own up like an honest man and I vont go tell nobody else about vat you say."

"Conrad," said the deacon, putting on a lofty air, "you're a good man to do business with, you're a respectable citizen, except that you sell rum. But there's some things you can't understand, and it's no use for me to waste time talkin' to you about 'em. If your mind was clearer, if it had been enlightened in the true way, you would not be sellin' rum, for instance."

"Wouldn't I, dough? Vell, I yoost vant you to understand dere's no better business in dis down dan I am a-doin' right in dis shop. But if I didn't dink it was right I wouldn't be doin' it at all. You talk in dis country as if de rum-sellers vas the very vorst people in de world. I vant you to understand over in my country, dat's a good deal older dan dis, and vere de peoples has a good deal more experience, a man don't get no right to sell liquor unless he is a first-class citizen in every respect. It's a sign dat man is honest and sensible, and knows how to manage oder man, if he gets de right to sell liquor. Dat's more dan you can say about *your* business, Deacon Quickset. Any rascal can go into de business dat you is doin' now."

"Well," said the deacon, beginning to feel that he was on dangerous ground, "this wasn't what we were talkin' about, anyhow. We began to talk about Sam Kimper, and I want you to promise me that you won't talk to anybody else about his needin' liquor, and about his breakin' down in the course of time unless he gets it."

"Of course I vont talk about it, deacon. Do you s'pose I'm a fool? Do you s'pose I vant to see people get drunk? No, sir; people dat gets drunk don't come to my shop. Dey know dey couldn't get anyding if dey did."

Meanwhile Sam Kimper went on after the humble manner in which he had begun to try to bring his family to his own new idea of respectability. He introduced family prayers, much to the disgust of his son Tom and the amusement of his daughter Mary. The privacy of family affairs was not entirely respected by the Kimper family, for Sam soon heard remarks from street loafers, as he passed along, which indicated that the devotional exercises of the family had been reported, evidently by his own children, and he heard quotations from some of his weak and halting prayers pass from mouth to mouth, and elicit peals of coarse laughter.

Nevertheless he found some encouragement. His son Tom was not quite as much of a cub at home as he had been, and actually

took to trying to find work, although his father's offer to teach him the trade which he had learned in the penitentiary was declined very sharply and without any thanks whatever. Billy, the younger boy, had an affectionate streak in his nature, which his father succeeded in touching to such an extent that complaints of Billy's truancy were nowhere near as numerous as they had been just after his father's return. Mary, the youngest daughter, was a less promising subject. Her precocity was of a very unpleasant order, and caused her father a great deal of annoyance.

But when all else failed him, he had the baby for consolation. The little wretch had been so utterly uncared for since its appearance that it seemed surprised for some time by its father's demonstrations of affection, but finally the meaning of this seemed made known to it, probably in the way the same meanings are translated to the babies everywhere else, and from being a forlorn and fretful child it gradually became so cheerful that its own mother began to display some interest in it, and make a plaything of it, to her own manifest advantage.

But Jane, the elder daughter, who was a woman in stature, and already knew more of the world than is good for women in general, was a constant source of anxiety to Sam. Many a night the unhappy father lingered in the neighbourhood of the hotel, seeking for an opportunity to see his daughter and talk with her—not that he had much to say, but that he hoped by his presence to keep more congenial company away from her. Whenever he heard village gossip in the house, he always could trace it to his daughter Jane. Whenever Mary broke out with some new and wild expression of longing, he understood who put it into her mind. Whenever his wife complained that she was not as well dressed as some other women, whose husbands were plain workmen, and expressed a wish for some tawdry bit of finery, Sam could trace the desire by very little questioning back to his daughter Jane.

He prayed about it, thought about it, groaned over it, wept over it, and still saw no means within his power to recall the girl back to an interest in her family, and to bring her up so that she should not disgrace the name which he was trying to rehabilitate. But the more thought and effort he gave to the subject, the less seemed his chance of success.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Eleanor Prency was the handsomest girl in all Bruceton. Indeed, she so far distanced all other girls in brilliancy and manners, as well as in good looks, that no other young woman thought of being jealous of her. As she was an only child she was especially dear to her parents, who had bestowed upon her every advantage which their means, intelligence, and social standing could supply, and she had availed herself of all of them, apparently to the fullest extent. She was not at all lacking in affection, sense, self-control, and a number of virtues which some girls entirely satisfactory to their parents possessed in less measure.

Nevertheless, the judge and his wife were deeply anxious about their daughter's future. She was good—as girls go. She attended regularly the church of which the family, including herself, were members. She had no bad habits or bad tastes. Her associates were carefully selected. And yet the judge and his wife spent many hours, which should have been devoted to sleep, in endeavouring to forecast her future.

It was all a matter of heredity. At middle age the judge and his wife were fully deserving of the high esteem in which they were held by the entire community. They were an honest, honourable Christian couple, living fully up to the professions they made. In their youthful days they had been different, in some respects. Well off, handsome, and brilliant, they had both been among the most persistent and successful of pleasure-seekers. Reviewing those days Mrs. Prency could say that entire selfishness and self-love had been her deepest sins. Her husband, looking back at his own life, could truthfully say the same, but the details were different. He had looked upon the wine-cup and every other receptacle in which stimulants were served. He had tried every game of chance, and gone through all other operations collectively known as sowing one's wild oats. Respect for his wife caused him to break from all his bad habits and assertions, at first haltingly and with many relapses, but afterward by joining the church and conforming his life to his faith. But the inheritance of the child was from her parents as they were, not as they afterwards became.

Therefore the couple became anxious anew when they discovered that their daughter had become very fond of Reynolds Bartram, for the young man forcibly reminded both of them of the judge himself in his early days, yet without his strong and natural basis of character, while the daughter was entirely devoted to the pleasures of the day. If Bartram were to remain as he was, and his self-satisfaction was to remain so strong as to be manifest upon all occasions and in all circumstances, they foresaw a miserable life for their daughter. Hence Mrs. Prency's solicitude about young Bartram.

One day, full of motherly fears and apprehensions, Mrs. Prency made a business excuse to call again on the cobbler's assistant.

"Mr. Kimper," said she, after leaving a dainty boot with some instructions about repairs, "Reynolds Bartram came to see you, I suppose, as I warned you he would?"

"Yes, ma'am, he came," said the cobbler, selecting some buttons from a box and beginning to affix them to one of the lady's boots.

"Did he talk with you on the subject that I supposed he would?"

"Yes," said Sam, "he did, quite a long time."

"Did you change your views at all under his arguments?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the man, looking up with an eager expression of countenance; "how could I?"

"I'm so glad," murmured the woman. "Well, what did he say?"

"I can't repeat all his words, Mrs. Prency, because he talks a good deal better than I do, you know, and maybe I wouldn't give 'em the sense that they had—the way that he meant them."

"How did he seem to take what you said to him?"

"I'm afraid, ma'am," said Sam, "that what I said didn't entirely suit him, because when I got through, all he said was 'Pshaw!'"

Mrs. Prency looked at the shoe through which the needle was rapidly passing back and forth, and finally said: "He hasn't come again, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, he has, several times. I never knew any other man to be so much interested in the making of one pair of shoes as he has been about them that he ordered of me that day. He says they're not in any hurry, and yet he comes in every day or two to talk about them."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Prency, her face brightening. "Doesn't he talk of anything else but his shoes?"

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Sam; "he comes back to the old subject always. And it does seem to me as if the one thing he was thinkin' about and tryin' to do was to break me down in what I've learned to believe. It don't seem, ma'am, to me that it's very big business for a smart fellow like him to be in, when he knows what a common sort of feller I am, an' what little I've got and how much I need all that I've got, if I'm goin' to keep straight any more."

"Mr. Kimper," said the lady, "try not to look at it in that way. He is not trying to break you down; he is trying to satisfy himself. Don't give way, and he dare not. If he did not believe a great deal of what you have been saying to him, he would not keep up his interest in it. Mr. Kimper, it may not seem possible to you, but there is a chance of your doing better work in the missionary cause for that young man than anybody and everybody else in this town has yet been able to do."

"Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Prency," said the cobbler, dropping the shoe and looking up incredulously. "He's got a thousand times as much head-piece as I have, an' if he can't learn what he wants to from other people, there ain't the slightest likelihood of my ever learnin' him anything."

"Sam," said Mrs. Prency earnestly, "in the book that you have been reading so industriously, from which you have learned so much, and from which I hope you will continue to learn a great deal, don't you remember something that is said therein about the Lord having selected the feeble ones of this world to confound the wise?"

Sam looked down meditatively at the dropped shoe and replied in a moment, "Well, now you speak of it, ma'am, I think I do."

"Well, you will certainly believe that as much as anything else you have read there?"

"Well, of course; I'll have to."

"Very well, then; apply it to yourself, and try to be patient next time that young man comes to annoy you."

Sam rested his elbows on his knees and dropped the shoe again for a moment, and at last, resuming his work, said, "Well, I'll take your word for it, ma'am; you know a good deal more about such things than I do."

Gradually the cobbler's face began to contract. His needle and thread moved more and more rapidly through the buttons and the leather. At last he laid the shoe aside with an air of desperation, looked up defiantly, and said, "Mrs. Prency, I don't mean no offence, an' I ain't the kind of person that meddles with other people's business, an' I hope you won't feel hurt or angry at anything that I'm going to say to you, because there is something behind it. So I hope you won't think I'm meddlin' with your affairs, if you'll listen to me just a little while. I—I——"

"Well?" said the lady, for Sam seemed to be hesitating about what he wanted to say.

"I don't hardly know how to say it, ma'am, an' I'm awfully afraid to say it at all; but—well, there, Mrs. Prency, I guess I know why you are so very much interested in the religious welfare of that young lawyer."

The judge's wife had naturally a very good complexion, but her face flushed deeper as she looked inquiringly at the cobbler, but said nothing.

"I've seen him," said Sam,—“I can't help seein' things when I'm goin' along in the street, you know, or happen to look out through the windows—I seen him in company once in a while with that daughter of yours, Mrs. Prency—with that young lady that seems to me to be too good to talk to any young man that lives in this town. He is very fond of her, though; nobody can help seein' that."

"I suppose he is," said Mrs. Prency, with an embarrassed manner. "Young men have very quick perceptions and correct tastes in matters of that kind, you know."

"Yes, ma'am," said the cobbler, "and they don't differ much from young women, seems to me. Your daughter, ma'am, seems to think a good deal of him, too. Well, I don't much wonder at it, for he's the finest-looking young feller anywhere about here, an' if they go to thinkin' more and more of each other as they go on, you would like him to be a good deal better man than he is."

The judge's wife dropped her eyes and seemed in doubt for an instant as to whether to be angry or only amused. Finally, she looked up frankly and said, "Mr. Kimper, you're a parent, and so am I. I see you have been putting yourself in my place. It is quite natural that you should do so, and it is very creditable to you that you have done it in the way you have. You are quite right in your surmises, but may I ask why you have spoken to me about it in this way?"

"That's just what I was comin' to, ma'am," said the cobbler. "I've got a daughter, too. I suppose you think she ain't fit to be mentioned in the same day with that glorious gal of yours."

"Oh, Mr. Kimper!" murmured the lady.

"Well, if you don't, I don't see how you can help doin' it, that's all. Your daughter is a lady. She shows in her ev'rythin' that there is in her father and mother, and everybody knows that they are the finest people hereabouts. My child is the daughter of a thief and a brawler, and a loafer, and she is a servant in a common hotel, which is about as low down, I s'pose, as any gal can get in this town that don't go to the bad entirely. Mrs. Prency, that gal has broken my heart. I don't have no influence over her at all. You want me to help you out about your daughter. I am goin' to do it just as far as Heaven will give me the strength to do it. Now, I want to throw myself right at your feet and beg you, for the love of God, to try and do somethin' for *my* child."

"Why, Mr. Kimper, certainly," said the judge's wife. "I am very glad you spoke to me about her. But, really, I have tried to do a great deal for her, so that the child might be able always to make a proper appearance at school."

"Yes, ma'am, so you did," said the cobbler; "and its a shame that I should ask anythin' else of you, for I know you're generous-hearted, an' the Lord knows there's enough other poor and wretched people in this town that needs lookin' after, and I know you're doin' a good deal for all of 'em. But this ain't a matter of poverty, Mrs. Prency; it goes a good deal deeper than that. I'm not thinkin' about her appearance; she's better dressed now than she ort to be, though I don't think she shows much good taste in what she buys to put on her. But I wanted to have somebody to take some interest in her, that will make her change her thoughts and feelin's about the way she's livin', and the kind o' company she's keepin'."

The judge's wife looked thoughtful, and Sam contemplated her with wistful eyes. There was a long silence. When at last Mrs. Prency spoke, she said: "Mr. Kimper, I think I know what you mean, but I am puzzled as to what I can do and how I can do it. Can you suggest anything?"

"That's just the trouble, ma'am," said Sam, "I can't. I don't know how. I've thought an' cried an' prayed about the gal more than anybody'd ever believe, I s'pose—anybody that knows me an' knows her, too. But I can't get no light nor no sense about



it. But I'm only a man, Mrs. Prency, and you're a woman. She's a woman, too, and it did seem to me that maybe you, with all your good sense, and all your good-heartedness, could think of somethin', some way that would bring that gal back to what she ort to be, before she goes and does what her mother done—marry some worthless fool before she's old enough to marry at all, and then be helpless and downcast all the rest of her life."

"I might," said the lady, after musing a little while—"I might possibly make her a place among my own servants, but I imagine she would not care for such a position, for I have always discovered that the servants who have been to hotels are dissatisfied with any other sort of service. Besides, you probably do not wish her to associate with the servant class, and it would be far better for her if she did not."

"She'd have to go ma'am, if you was willin' to take her," said the cobbler, "but as you say, whether she'd stay or not is a question. Oh, Mrs. Prency," said he, resuming his work again with violent energy, "it's the hardest question that ever came up to me in all my life. It's harder than bein' in gaol, or in breakin' off drinkin', or in anythin' else that I ever tried. I give you my word it is."

"Mr. Kimper," said the lady, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will think earnestly upon the subject, and do it at once, and give myself no rest until I have devised some plan to do what you have asked me."

"God bless you, ma'am, God bless you!" said the cobbler, dropping a tear upon one of the grimy hands at work upon the lady's shoe.

## THE POET'S INSPIRATION.

BY GEO. H. COMMANDER.

ONE morn while in his study, all alone,  
 Indulging in day-dreams of varied hue,  
 There floated through his casement, open thrown,  
 An angel, pure and bright as morning's dew;  
 Who paused for one brief instant ere she spoke,  
 And then with words like these the silence broke:  
 "I bring you inspiration, sent of heaven;  
 So that you use it well, 'twill stay forever,  
 But should one trace of evil your thoughts leaven,  
 'Twill go to whence it came, returning—never!"  
 This said, upon him fell a wondrous power,  
 He knew not what; like the new birth of mind,  
 The blessed gift is with him to this hour.  
 The angel floated outward on the wind.

TORONTO.

## THE CENTENARY AND METHODIST UNION.

“THIS Centenary,” says *The Methodist Times*, “has been made the occasion of a quite unprecedented display of true catholicity and of brotherly love. It is already evident that the great and most blessed result of the occasion will be to bring all sections of Methodism nearer to one another, and to hasten that general reunion which will do more than anything else for the maintenance of evangelical Christianity and the evangelization of the world.

“Nothing could be more significant or gratifying than the words of the Presidents of the various Methodist communities at the historic meeting on Centenary Day. Every one spoke wisely and well. The spirit which animated the address was excellent, and the aspirations which these distinguished brethren expressed were altogether Christ-like. The Vice-President of the Irish Conference, our oldest and nearest kinsmen, properly led the way, and reminded us that the two important sections of Irish Methodism had already united with the happiest results. We hope that the handful of New Connexion and Primitive societies in that country will soon throw in their lot with the United Methodist Church of Ireland. The representatives of the various sections of British Methodism followed in due historic order. The President of the Methodist New Connexion delivered a singularly chaste, finished and spiritual address, which was heard with great delight. The President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, in simple and homely English, worthily represented his vast community. The President of the Bible Christian Conference gave an intensely interesting and touching account of the way in which William O'Bryan was led to found his devout society in the south-west of England. The President of the Wesleyan Reform Union, although representing, as he said, the extreme radical wing of Methodism, proved himself quite as hearty a Methodist as the rest. And the President of the United Methodist Free Churches worthily concluded the great occasion in a speech which, by its masculine energy, its fiery eloquence, and its splendid tone, provoked thunders of applause.

“While these admirable addresses were being delivered every Wesleyan Methodist must have been saying to himself, ‘What a calamity it is that men so good and so wise should be separated from us even by the narrow ecclesiastical borders which separate them now!’ They all realized the misfortune of having two, three, and even four Methodist chapels in villages that could maintain only one in strength and prosperity, with the further serious disadvantage of withdrawing from the great centres of population thousands of preachers who might evangelize them. Our brethren of the other Methodist Churches may be fully assured that the Christ-like sentiments they expressed are heartily reciprocated by Wesleyan Methodists. There are still a few among us who remember and represent the antipathies and prejudices of the past. That is inevitable in a world of sin. But the present generation knows nothing of those bygone strifes, and prays earnestly for the day when the real oneness of Methodism, which was so strikingly exhibited in this centenary, will be perpetuated in organic union. Even those who hesitate as yet to pray for that devout consumma-

tion are extremely anxious to cultivate the most friendly relations with every section of the Methodist family. The Conference itself has recommended fraternal reunions, the interchange of pulpits and brotherly counsel wherever possible.

"The only argument of any force that our bitter sacerdotal enemies can bring against us this week is that Methodism is split up into a number of distinctive communities. That is the weak place in our armour. That is the vulnerable heel of Achilles. That is the argument which Romanists and Anglicans are able to fling in our teeth with great effect. Let us close our ranks. Let us bury our differences forever, and we shall have done more than we can achieve in any other way to arrest the revival of mediævalism and to promote the true unity of the Church of God."

We give the more striking passages of these addresses :

*The Glory of the Past and the Want of To-day.*

Rev. James Le Huray, President of the Methodist New Connexion, said he was present to reciprocate the brotherly sentiment which was implied in the invitation, and he cherished the hope that this meeting was but the pledge and promise of closer approximation of kindlier fellowship and of more serviceable co-operation in the future. Surely such aspirations are in harmony with the place and purpose of our meeting. We meet in the mother church of our beloved Methodism, to do honour to the memory of our great and long-glorified founder. At the father's grave all the children's differences are forgotten. In such a hallowed atmosphere we cannot think of sect for love of the brethren. All human adjustments seem to vanish, and one sees but the heavenly side of our Methodism, and on its heavenly side there are no differences. We all breathe the same atmosphere, drink from the same fountain, and break the same bread. In the spirit of Gospel truth, as in the bonds of Gospel love, all the family are one.

As I look into your faces and join in your songs Methodism seems broader and more beautiful to me than ever before. It has all the radiance and charity of a divine reality. In Wesley's life and influence we have a common heritage. His name is fragrant to us as the flowers of spring, and his history inspiring as mountain breezes. He needs no marble to perpetuate his fame. What avails the sculptor's art to him whom the Holy Church throughout all the world has embalmed in her everlasting remembrance? His monuments are reared in millions of glad and grateful hearts—monuments built up by the prayers of the penitent and the praises of the redeemed; monuments that are numbered by the harps swept by immortal fingers; monuments that will endure when the marble has crumbled and the bronze has melted, and the heavens, rolled up as a scroll, have passed away. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Even outside our Methodism no true lover of his country will willingly let the name of Wesley die. Other sons have saved her from the enemy without, not counting their lives dear unto them; they have hurled back the armed legions that would have crushed her beneath their heel. But Wesley, with other God-raised men, saved her from the enemies within—the moral foes who were insidiously undermining her greatness and threatening her with ruin dire as that which has overtaken

others on whose broken pillars and blackened ruins time has long since written "Ichabod." The century which witnessed Wesley's birth has been described as a "dewless night succeeded by a sunless morn." There was no freshness in the past and no promise in the future. Whilst literature flourished, religion drooped and died. A faithful few still trimmed their lamps in a darkness which might be felt, "but their feeble light only served to make the darkness still more visible." The Church was designated "a fair carcase without a spirit," and the clergy had less authority and were under more contempt than those of any other church in Europe.

Christianity, systematically invested by an alliance of all her foes, scientific and sensual, philosophical and frivolous, was, perhaps, more fiercely and forcibly assailed than at any previous period of her history. And the defenders of the faith, all too few and far between, kept puffing out half despairingly from behind their paper bulwarks, their feeble replies to the well-directed volleys of their phalanxed foes. The upper classes were avowedly infidel and shamelessly profligate; the lower stupidly ignorant and grossly irreligious. If the nation was to be saved from riot and ruin, then it had become time for God to work. And now the mighty, merciful work began. In this hour the men were born on whom tongues of fire were hereafter to descend, and in whose lips the old truths of a dead orthodoxy were to become keen and powerful—the very sword of the Spirit Himself. God, in His mysterious providence, was able to make Methodism the counteracting salt by which the nation was to be preserved from the putrefaction into which it was fast sinking. Three men stand out foremost and tallest in this marvellous work, *i.e.*—Whitefield and the brothers Wesley—men who, in contrast to the sinful and sceptical and superficial around them, were animated by a piety which went deeper than the face and further than the words. Alike in their inspiration, they were as diverse in gifts as in face, symbolizing respectively the soul and system and song in the new movement. Whilst John Wesley was the founder of Methodism, Charles was its sweet singer; whilst the one brother laid the foundations and reared up the pillars of the new tabernacle, the other filled it with melodies. Methodism was builded rapidly; but the walls would never have gone up so rapidly had they not been built to music.

#### *A Primitive Plea for Unity.*

Rev. John Hallam, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, who said he left Newcastle at two o'clock that morning in order to attend the Centenary meetings, was glad to be present when City Road Chapel was described as "beginning to renew its youth." Outside their chapels there were the seething lapsed masses, men and women perishing by thousands, and there were questions involved which touched the hearts of all, and Methodists could not stand by and be silent in the face of these things. They must present a united phalanx as Methodists. There were several regiments represented on the platform, but they must all be one army. They might be different tribes, but they must be one Israel. It was true, however, that they had broad lines of demarcation. (A voice: "Rub 'em out!") (Laughter.) He thought they would get rubbed out. There were, however, lines of demarcation. Perhaps some might think them broad, but he rejoiced there was no impassable gulf. He would like them



to get to know each other a little better. They knew so little of each other because of their itinerant system. They did not stay long enough in their stations to get to know each other. The lack of knowledge of each other was not due to dislike, mistrust, hatred, jealousy, or envy. Mr. Hallam gave a striking illustration, in conclusion, of the disadvantages and waste of energy attending the present system. Last week he was one of four preachers who held four different services in connection with four different denominations of Methodists in one village, and he should think the total of those congregations would not exceed fifty persons. He did not want to blot out village Methodism, but he appealed to them whether what he had described was the right thing for village Methodism.

*Founding of the Bible Christian Connexion.*

Rev. William Higman (Bible Christian) told the story of the founding of that branch of the Church of which he is the President. He recapitulated their successes in the past, and spoke of the prospect before them of still greater usefulness. If John Wesley were alive to-day he would say: "Economize your time, your talents, your money, and keep out of each other's way." And would he not say: "Be one body; find a foundation for one Church, equalize the distribution of ministers, and not have seven where three can do the work, while you leave the large centres to perish for want of workers!" It was time to face these facts, and to well and wisely weigh and handle them, not in the light of a denomination, but in the light of God and eternity.

Rev. George Green, President of the Wesleyan Reform Union, spoke of the harmony and pleasant feeling that had characterized their meetings so far. This meeting had not been marred by a single jar, and he thought it might well be compared to a family gathering. He spoke of the importance of all branches of the Methodist Church taking every care to recognize the absolute necessity of the presence of God, through His Spirit, in all their work, if they would have their efforts crowned with success.

Rev. M. T. Myers, President of the United Methodist Free Churches, said: We need, and might have, a little more united action. We have peace. But Methodism is split up into many sections, each having its own peculiarities, and each doing a great work, no doubt. There needs to be a little more united action on the part of all these sections on all public questions affecting the interests of the Church and the well-being of the masses of the people. I don't mean organic union. That will come; but for all that we are not yet prepared. I wish we were. Yet in view of the difficulties, and the need of strength to meet the growing emergencies of the moment, there is something we can do. We can at least prepare the ground. Methodists of all shades of opinion should be willing so far to unite for the common good. A united Methodism would be the strongest bulwark of Protestantism in this country. It is amazing what a few men can do when they are united and determined, especially when they are right. The poor Waldenses, notwithstanding the power of kings, and the fulminations of the wrath of the Vatican, kept the pure fire burning in the mountains of Piedmont for hundreds of years. One million Methodists, with all our organizations and an open Bible, would be far more certain of

success than Leonidas with his three hundred brave Spartans in the Pass. Is it too much to ask, or suggest, that some means be devised by which all the sections of the Methodist family can federate, so that we can move steadily and unitedly in any case when the Ark of the Lord is in danger. I ask for nothing impossible. I ask for nothing in my own personal interests, or the interests of the community I have the honour to represent. I ask for nothing but in the name and interests of the great Head of the Church, and the welfare of mankind. This is a fitting moment to inaugurate some scheme which would rally all the hosts of our Israel, and present such a front as would deter those who are wrong, and strengthen and encourage those who are right. Men of light and leading, judge ye what I say.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, said: "I wish to take this opportunity of reciprocating those aspirations towards union. But we can never cure the awful overlapping locally until we have cured it at the centre. We already have evidence before us that this is not impossible. The representative of the Irish Conference told us of the happy results of Methodist Union in Ireland. In Canada they have Methodist Union, and the Methodist Church was the most powerful Church in that country. If, by the grace of God, we could overcome our differences at home, it would be followed by Methodist Union all the world over. The one taunt I have felt keenly this week has been this—that although so young we are already so much divided. But standing here to-night, close to John Wesley's tomb, on this great historic occasion, I venture deliberately to prophesy that the devil will not be able to keep the Methodists of England apart much longer. At a dark hour in the history of Israel, the prophet Elijah took twelve stones, representing the divisions of the tribes, and built them together into a united altar to God; then the fire fell and there was abundance of rain. And, sir, I am sure that the day will come when some successor of yours will in this very sanctuary gather together the disunited sections of British Methodism and build them up in one great altar to Almighty God. Then the Pentecostal blessing will come, and then the latter-day glory of which John Wesley was the herald will burst upon the whole world."

Dr. Moulton's sermon at City Road Chapel was very impressive. It closed as follows: "The future waits for us who are the living Methodists of to-day, depends upon us, must be moulded by us. In so far as we apprehend and make our own the living influences around us and within us, shall we be a source of living power for the years that are not yet born. O Methodists of to-day, hold fast the doctrines of our fathers with a firm and steady grip; but let them never be divorced from the Christian experience which reveals the life and soul of the doctrines themselves! May our conversion be clear, our conviction of sin intense, our joy in the Lord exultant, our consecration to Him complete! If we have St. Paul's singleness of purpose, St. Paul's breathless effort and energy of life, we shall be free to choose, we shall see our appointed work, we shall serve the Lord without distracting thought. Every element of life belongs to Christ; but in the absence of the one mighty and constraining force it is possible that we may cultivate the lesser faculty and neglect the higher. Learning, and art, and science, citizenship, business, trade, recreation, literature,

travel, the quiet home, the busy market, the toil of solicitude, the excitement of thronged assemblies—whatever may be the calling of each man, each woman, we shall be fitted for all our work if the principle that guided Paul and Wesley alike is our unfailing guide."

The Wesley Centenary has been observed even beyond the Tweed. We all especially realize the importance of the Centenary Service in St. Giles' Cathedral, when the authorities of the city and of the University were officially present, and when the Rev. W. J. Dawson, of Glasgow, preached to a remarkable and distinguished audience, which crowded the cathedral. No memory of the centennial will be more gratifying to us all than the tribute paid by the cultured and devout Presbyterianism of Scotland.

### *The Secular Press and the Centenary.*

Most of the great dailies, weeklies, magazines and reviews have written intelligent and appreciative and useful leaders on the Wesley Centenary. *The Daily News* led the way on Saturday morning with a kindly and liberal appreciation of John Wesley.

The wise and magnanimous leader in *The Times* on Methodism has given universal satisfaction and pleasure to our people everywhere. "The Church of England," says *The Times*, "is what it is because John Wesley lived and taught in the last century." "John Wesley," adds the great journal, "still remains the greatest and most potent, and the most far-reaching spiritual influence which Anglo-Saxon Christianity has felt since the days of the Reformation."

*The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "What the future of Methodism may be it is hardly within our province to discuss. It has at present a vigorous life. Some of its younger leaders, at all events, are showing that they have an understanding of the times and are shaping their policy accordingly. Herein lies the strength and hope of Methodism, as of every other sect; and the followers of Wesley who best appreciate his progressive and tolerant spirit will do most to perpetuate and extend his influence and the principles for which he contended."

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If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on ;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do ;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant ;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace, that dearer is than joy ;  
Out of self to love be led  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

## SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

BY E. H. STAFFORD, M.D., C.M.



SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

A PURPLE richness fills the silent air,  
 And the clear shining sky is slowly streaked  
 With green, saffron, and crimson. Everywhere  
 Sleeps vague enchantment, and the mountains, peaked  
 With white snow, rise above the dusky wood,  
 Their far-off coronals with colours freaked,  
 Caught from the sun ; and, over all, Mount Hood,  
 Amid the Cascades, with that awful crest  
 Upraised amid the stars' bright solitude,  
 Looks calmly out upon the ocean's breast.  
 And still the sun sinks lower—rolling slow,  
 Falters the mighty River of the West,  
 Ere she slips forth from her green banks to know  
 The larger liberty of ocean's bed.  
 And now the wandering waves are all aglow  
 With the sun's blazing beam ; o'er fields of red,  
 In still, black outline ride the far-off ships :  
 And now the violet sky pales overhead,  
 And fainting from the world a glory slips,  
 As the sun, sinking in the western sea,  
 Within the burnished waters slowly dips  
 And disappears ; what time impalpably  
 A most sad shadow through the valley steals,  
 And a dim gloom clouds every forest tree.  
 Then the lone lighthouse on the point reveals



Ilwaco's promontory, and the bar  
 Where shipwrecks lie beneath the gliding keels;  
 And there it shines on like an ocean star,  
 While the loud breaking surf forever makes  
 A low monotonous thunder from afar;  
 And "eight bells" rings from all the harbour decks,  
 And in the softened twilight come and go  
 The wide-winged sea-gulls with their bended necks,  
 Creening and fluttering while the tide is low.  
 ASTORIA, Oregon, 1891.

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## Current Topics and Events.

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### THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

The widespread attention which has been given to the centenary of the death of John Wesley cannot fail to be an inspiration to renewed Christian consecration and zeal. We are not one of those who believe that the former days were better than these; but no one can read without a moral inspiration and uplift, the story of the heroic devotion, the lofty faith in God, the endurance of trials and persecutions of the early Methodists, without feeling that it was indeed an heroic age. It will do our young people especially incalculable good to read, in the light of to-day, the stirring traditions and stories of early Methodism. The extraordinary degree of attention which has been paid to this great movement, not only by every Methodist journal, but almost by every secular journal in the English speaking world, is a tribute to the pervading influence of the movement called Methodism. Not only thoughtful and philosophical historians like Lecky, Greene, Macaulay, Leslie Stephens, but the busy and crowded secular press pays its tribute to the memory of a great and good man, and to the work which, under God, he was permitted to accomplish.

"The centenary in England," says the *S. S. Chronicle*, "has been a great success. The whole arrangement of the services was conceived in a catholic spirit, the promoters of the celebration having recognized

unreservedly that all the Churches have their 'part' in John Wesley. They will have their reward. The fraternal spirit between the Wesleyans and the other denominations of Nonconformists will be warmer, while the desire for reunion on the part of the severed Methodist societies will be immensely strengthened. The Protestant feeling of the country will henceforth look mainly to the Wesleyans to maintain the conflict against aggressive sacerdotalism in the country parishes of the land. The characteristic Methodist doctrine of the witness of the Spirit is one of the surest weapons with which to defeat the pretensions of the sacerdotal theory. Men need no priest to assure them of their part in Christ; they have a better witness."

HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C., ON JOHN WESLEY.

We have received the accompanying note from the Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C.: "My Dear Dr. Withrow,—I should have written to you earlier in answer to your request for a contribution to your symposium on John Wesley, saying that it was impossible for me to comply. I felt that it would be wrong, on such an occasion, and touching such a person as John Wesley, to send you any words that were not well weighed and worthy of the great centennial that you are celebrating. Much has been said, and truly, upon the splendid character of the man, and the grand life of

devotion that he lived; much has been truly said of the splendid organization that he was permitted to bring into existence; but I feel, that beyond all this, there was an immense work, too little touched upon, which is to be largely traced to the efforts of John Wesley. I refer to the regeneration of the English people at a period of time when everything seemed ripe for revolution, and when, unless some grand man like him had been brought into existence to fulfil the needed demands of the age, our land might have been like France, convulsed with revolution, instead of being reformed by the awakening and healthy teaching of John Wesley."

#### BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION.

It is gratifying to know that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine have both agreed that the controversy existing between the United States and Great Britain as to their rights and immunities in the Behring Sea, be submitted to friendly arbitration. It would be in the last degree disgraceful and wicked if these two great nations should proceed to war about a matter which could surely be adjusted by a little common-sense and international comity. Some American "tail-twisters" and British "jingoists" talk quite lightly of war and predict it as a possibility within a year. We believe that it is morally impossible, and should it happen, it would be one of the greatest calamities the world has ever known, a disgrace to Christendom, and a hideous comment upon the teachings of the New Testament and the prophecies of the time when men shall learn war no more.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND.

It is pleasing to find that the strained relations between Britain's oldest colony and the mother country are likely to yield to the influence of diplomacy. It is understood that the British Government consents to the rather unusual course of granting a guarantee to a railway in Newfoundland. This is probably on the ground that it will be in the imperial interests, as furnishing more rapid

transit from Europe and to the eastern possessions of the empire. A railway from St. John's to the southwestern part of Newfoundland, and a ferry to Cape Breton would make the ocean passage a very short one. The railway would, doubtless, develop the rich resources of the forest and the mine of the interior of the island.

#### NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

The better class of American papers are unanimous in denouncing the recent massacre of supposed agents of the Italian *Mafia* in New Orleans, by a well-dressed mob of that city. It is an outrage upon civilization, when men who are acquitted by the courts are shot down in cold blood within the walls of a prison. If justice had miscarried in their acquittal, that was a good ground for reforming the courts, but not for this wanton defiance of all law and order. Some of the southern papers apologize for the outrage on account of the similar outrages of the *Mafia*. But this is not the day for private vengeance, nor for importing the methods of the Sicilian *vendetta* into the foremost city of the south.

We apprehend that this lawless and turbulent spirit is an inheritance from the days of slavery, when black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect. We ourselves have seen, lying beside a railway station in Georgia, the dead body of a negro, ruthlessly shot for demanding his wages from his employer "with impudence," it was said. The incident seemed to make not the slightest ripple of excitement in the place, and there was the smallest possibility, we were told, of any punishment being meted out for the crime.

Respecting the recent New Orleans massacre, the *North-Western Christian Advocate* frankly says:

"We deserve the humiliation of a joint protest by Italy, Germany, Russia, England, and Austria, and the presence at the mouth of the Mississippi of an overpowering iron-clad fleet, sent to insist that foreigners in this country shall be protected from our Thugs in broadcloth. We

deserve to be bombarded into respect for the rights of others, unless the whole country rises to demand the reform and civilization of lawless states and cities."

The *Independent* says :

"The fact is that Louisiana is a State which still exists in semi-barbarism. Like portions of Kentucky, it has not yet recovered from the barbarizing influences of that barbaric institution from which the war delivered it. Such an occurrence as this is a confession of failure and an act of barbarism."

The *Christian Union* says :

"Such crimes as that committed in New Orleans not only blacken the fair fame of the country and misrepresent it in every community in the world, but they are crimes against civilization. No matter what the provocation, people like ourselves should stand by the law. The killing of the Italians, like the brutal murder of the Chinese, puts us on a level with the barbarians."

#### THE WAR SCARE.

The sharp exchange of diplomatic compliments between the Governments of Italy and the United States, is only what might be expected as the result of the recent New Orleans embroglio. It is in the last degree unlikely that anything like war, with its dreadful train of consequences, will result. Italy has some tremendous ironclads, one or two of them among the strongest in the world, but to build and equip them, and maintain her large army, the country has been taxed almost to death. The United States, happily free from European complications, has spent comparatively little on either army or navy, and is one of the richest countries in the world, with exhaustless resources and vast areas of virgin soil. In the case of war between the two, Italy might, at first, do great damage, but in the end would be terribly punished by the richer country. No one knows this better than the Italian Government; besides, Italy cannot afford to quarrel with one of its best customers for its silks

and fruits, and especially with the country that furnishes the annual crop of tourists, which is one of the chief sources of income of the impoverished, but picturesque and historic Italian peninsula.

Italy would do a good service to civilization by suppressing the odious *Mafia*, and lawless banditti of Calabria and Sicily. Eighteen hundred years of so-called Christian teaching has left these hot-blooded communities little more Christian in spirit than their Pagan ancestors. They still swear "*Per Baccho*," and by the Pagan gods, and their religion is often little better than a baptized Paganism. "*The Catholic*," says Madame de Staël, "*is the Pagan's heir*," incorporating classic conceptions with Christian influences. And nowhere is this truer than in southern Italy. Nevertheless, the Government is right in resenting the lawlessness of the Louisiana mob, as odious and inexcusable as the assassinations of the *Mafia*.

THE generous gift of \$20,000 by Mr. Chancellor Blake to the University of Toronto is a proof at once of the growing appreciation of the university as a great educational institution and of the love and loyalty of its most distinguished *alumni* to his *alma mater*. The application of these funds to the endowment of matriculation scholarships distributes its beneficent influence over a very wide area, and reaches very many persons. It will doubtless be a great stimulus to higher studies. It is certainly much wiser to become one's own administrator and see for one's self the benefits conferred by one's benefactions, than to make such donations only when one can no longer obtain control of them.

THE beautiful engraving of the "Old, Blue Church, and Barbara Heck's Grave," in April number of the *MAGAZINE*, is made from a water-colour sketch, by Mrs. I. B. Gara, of Erie, Penn. This was first re-drawn in pen and ink, then photo-engraved, and is a very faithful delineation of a historic scene.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Butterworth Mission, in South Africa, has made marvellous progress since its commencement, in 1827. 3,520 persons meet in class, and about 10,000 attend public worship, to whom the European missionary, three native ministers, twelve evangelists, and 145 local preachers minister.

Harmony has been completely restored at Tonga. The king has instructed the Minister of Lands to restore all the lands taken from the Wesleyan Mission under Baker's *regime*. It is not expected that the mass of the people will return to the Wesleyan Church during the King's lifetime, but there will be perfect religious liberty.

The mission to New Guinea is to be pushed forward. Tongan teachers are volunteering, as are also Fijians and Samoans.

When Rev. James Calvert was asked to give, in one sentence, a proof of the success of missions, he said, "When I arrived at the Fijian group, my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet and heads of eighty victims, whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see those very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman feast gathered about the Lord's table." Truly the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Wuchang, China, has been the scene of persecution. Dr. Morley and Mr. Warren both suffered severely. Dr. Morley was bound hand and foot, and tied up to a crossbeam of a temple. The house in course of erection was considerably damaged by the mob. The missionary, the Rev. David Hill, believes that even this persecution will be a prelude to a large ingathering.

The missionaries at Bankura, India,

recently baptized a Brahmin. The friends and relatives were greatly excited, collected a mob about the church, assaulted the missionaries with stones, sticks, ropes, hot ashes, etc., and after a day or two the mission property was burned. The young man, nevertheless, remains faithful.

Rev. T. Champness has started a "Mission Car," which he calls "Faith, No. 1." The car travels among the villages, and is attended by two brethren, who dispose of useful literature, and hold meetings where they tarry for the night. This agency is accomplishing much good.

Rev. H. P. Hughes says that it has taken the Anglican clergy one hundred years to destroy the kindly feelings of English Methodists for the Established Church, and now, for the first time, if the question of disestablishment were raised, two-thirds of them would vote with the Liberation Society.

The second young woman in Great Britain to get the degree of LL.D., is a young Methodist girl of Ireland. She is a worthy descendant, ecclesiastically, of the brilliant household at Epworth, where the young ladies were as gifted as their famous brothers. The true Epworth spirit encourages the highest culture and its consecration to the King of kings.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Book Committee lately held its annual meeting. The profits of the New York and Western concerns were, respectively, \$140,276.48 and \$130,124.55; \$120,000 were appropriated to the Annual Conferences, for distribution among the aged and infirm ministers. The number of church members is 4,980,240, an increase in two years of 365,000, or 500 per day.



The Indian Mission Conference covers territorially 53,000,000 acres, embraces seventy-eight appointments, and reports fifty churches built during 1890.

Revival services, conducted by special evangelists and ordinary agencies, are reported. Here is a remarkable account of what took place near Leeds. "The Brunswick Wesleyan Brass Band paraded the streets to mission services in Craven Road Primitive Methodist Chapel. A few streets farther on, a band of singers, with a huge lamp, were issuing invitations to a Congregational Mission. Hard by, an amateur bellman was announcing special services at the Wesleyan Chapel. The Salvation Army was also beating its drum. All were calling people to the various houses of prayer."

Many of the churches are large and magnificent structures, and incomparably more costly than English Methodist Churches. There are about 150 in New York City and 120 in Brooklyn. Twelve of the finest of these cost an average of \$150,000 each. The city of Baltimore, of whose inhabitants one-third are Methodists, have an unusually stately church, the estimated value of which is \$320,000.

In Great Britain there are 830,000 members of Methodist Churches, about one-sixth of the number in the United States. The Methodist population in the States is 15,000,000, about one-fourth of the whole. The gain in membership for the past decade was, in round numbers, half a million.

The total capital of the book concerns is \$2,957,331, and the net profits last year, \$264,451.

There are three conferences in India, with eighty-one foreign missionaries and 10,241 native communicants. There are 101 churches, 41,198 scholars in the Sunday-schools, and 20,458 pupils in the day schools. The baptisms last year number 4,308.

Revivals have been numerous in the New York city churches under the Rev. Thomas Harrison and others. There have also been "showers of blessing" in several States. In one

week the revival reports in several church papers amounted to 8,783.

The quarter-centennial anniversary of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society was recently held. Twenty-five years ago, along the border of the northern South, there were 75,000 whites and 30,000 coloured members. Now there are, in the whole South, 253,000 white and 227,000 coloured—increase, white, 179,178; coloured, 196,908; total, 377,086. This increase for twenty-five years is more than three times as large as the entire membership of Methodism (133,000,) at the close of the first fifty years of its growth. As the result of fifty-seven years of foreign missionary work there are 68,798 members in the foreign fields.

The return of the voting of over three-fourths of the districts, on women in conference, indicate that 216,960 votes are in favour, and 132,940 against. The largest majorities in favour are from the Western and Central States. The German and Negro votes are, almost, to a man, on the other side. Japan gives 243 votes for, and 69 against. India, China, and other foreign conferences have not yet reported. The ministerial vote in the various conferences is largely against it.

By the will of the late Oliver Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., nearly \$100,000 is left to various benevolent societies, all of which are Methodist, except the Bible Society, which receives \$10,000.

Centennial services in memory of Wesley's death, were held in St. James', New York. The pastor, Dr. Price, administered the wine at a communion service from the cup used by John Wesley at the first communion service held by him at Epworth. Dr. Price also preached, in the evening, from a pulpit made of the woodwork of the original pulpit from which John Wesley preached in the City Road Chapel, London.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,  
SOUTH.

It is stated that 191 ministers died during the year 1890.

Miss Holding, who is under the care of the Woman's Missionary Society, in Mexican Border Mission, has erected "Faith Hall," at Serado. She applied for aid to the Woman's Board, but there was "no funds." After much prayer, she proceeded with the erection on her own responsibility, and after one year she had the pleasure to report that the building was erected, and "free from debt."

#### UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.

Rev. Alfred Jones intends to establish a training home for female evangelists. He has more applications for female assistants than he can supply.

The mission premises at Golbanti have been destroyed by the Sultan of Vitu.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Some remarkable united revival services have been held at Ruddington. The Wesleyans, Primitive Methodist and Baptist ministers conducted the services alternately; near one hundred persons professed conversion as the result.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Newfoundland has a population of about 200,000, one-fourth of whom are Methodists. A debt of \$20,000 rests on the Educational Board. If the readers of this MAGAZINE would assist in the liquidation, a great boon would be conferred.

The church and outbuildings at Saugeen Mission have been destroyed by fire.

A medical missionary has been stationed at Port Simpson, B.C., for two years. Steps are now being taken to establish an hospital, which is greatly needed, as there is no medical centre, from which help can be obtained, nearer than 600 miles. The Provincial and Dominion Parliaments will be asked to render help.

The Mission yacht, *Glad Tidings*, is laid up for repairs, having sustained great injury last autumn. It will cost at least \$600 to fit her for sea again.

The Central Mission Hall in Tokyo, Japan, has been rebuilt and opened for worship. It is a large, handsome structure, well-suited for its purpose. Mr. McLain Brown, one of the workers, has a class of seventy-five natives, who meet for instruction three times a week. Fifteen of these students are candidates for baptism.

A new mission is to be established in the Province of Ty-Chuen, China, with the city of Chen-too as the centre of operations. Four missionaries, including two evangelists and two medical men, will constitute the staff. The Rev. J. C. Hart, D.D., for over twenty years connected with the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China, will be placed in charge of the new mission.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. S. Card, one of the most indefatigable and successful ministers of the Montreal Conference, has been appointed Chaplain to the Ontario Reformatory at Penetanguishene. We are sure that Bro. Card will throw himself with enthusiasm into the work. He has keen sympathy with young people, and will be an efficient counsellor and friend to the boys under his care. He has a fine field of usefulness, which he will fully cultivate.

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#### RECENT DEATHS.

Bishop Paddock, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, has departed this life. He was bishop for seventeen years, and laboured with great zeal to build up the various institutions of the Church. No man could be more indefatigable, more wise and effective in administration. He was truly a great man, and was remarkable for simplicity.

The Rev. Fred. Upham, D.D., died at New Haven, March 20, aged 92 years. He had been seventy years in the itinerancy, and was supposed to be the oldest itinerant in the world. He was a man greatly beloved. His son, Rev. S. F. Upham, D.D., is Professor in Drew University, and two grandsons are also in the ministry.

The Rev. George Carr, a superannuated minister, in Bay of Quinte Conference, died March 22. He commenced his itinerant career at Asphodel, in 1842. For thirty years he was a diligent, faithful pastor, and generally remained the full term in his circuits. He retired from the active work in 1873, and settled in Colborne, where he died.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. Morton, Hamilton, one of the most highly esteemed of the superannuated ministers of the Methodist Church. He was indefatigable in his labours to the end of his life, and the last Sunday but one before his death he preached three times. His funeral was very largely attended by the ministers and friends of Hamilton and vicinity. He was a good man, full of faith and good works. He entered the itinerancy in 1842, and laboured mostly in the Eastern portion of Ontario and Quebec. For three years he was Chairman of District. In 1871 he removed westward, and laboured within the bounds of the Niagara Conference, in which he died. His death occurred March 23rd.

We regret to record the death of the late William Brown, of Charlottetown, P.E.I. He was an honourable and upright business man, and a devoted Christian. He was a prominent, active and consistent member of the Methodist Church, in which his loss will be greatly felt. We tender the bereaved widow and family our sincere sympathy.

The death of Mr. E. A. Dunham, of St. Thomas, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, removes one of the few remaining links that connect us with the Methodism of one hundred years ago. Mr. Dunham was the son of the Rev. Darius Dunham, one of the first two Methodist preachers who came to Canada. He was announced to take part in the Centennial of Canadian Methodism in Toronto, on Monday, March 9th, but he was called to a higher and holier service in the sanctuary above. It

is a curious circumstance that the first two Methodist preachers both fell in love with the same young lady. Mr. Dunham, senior, was the successful suitor. William Losee, of whose unspoken attachment Mr. Dunham was unaware, was so affected by the circumstance that he lost his mental balance and was compelled to retire from the ministry—a strange bit of romance to be associated with the pious toils of the first two Methodist missionaries of this country. Dr. Carroll says he does not wonder that these ardent and not too much experienced young men were so smitten with one in youth, who, when he saw her at the age of sixty, was still fascinating.

During the present ecclesiastical year there have been fourteen deaths in the ministry in the Western Conferences, nine of whom were superannuated, and four of them were in the Bay of Quinte Conference.

Eighty-nine ministers in the Congregational denomination died last year. Their average age was a little more than sixty-one years.

We have just received intelligence, rather out of date, of the very successful Wesley Centennial in the Queen Street Church, Kingston, Ont. Rev. R. Whiting, who preached in 1839 on the centennial of the birth of Methodism, preached an admirable sermon on "One hundred years of Methodism, since the death of John Wesley." In the evening four laymen considered Methodist topics. Mr. R. Meek racily reviewed the life of John Wesley. Captain Crawford discussed "Methodist Hymnology." J. G. Elliot, Esq., "Saintly Women of Methodism;" and Dr. Lavell gave a comprehensive sketch of Canadian Methodism. In the Sydenham Church, the venerable Dr. G. R. Sanderson preached the centennial sermon, and in the evening, Mr. James Latterney gave an address on "Methodist growth and development;" Mr. Howard, on "Methodist Hymnology;" Mr. W. H. Gooderham, on "The death of Wesley."

## Book Notices.

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*Hindu Literature; or, the Ancient Books of India.* By ELIZABETH A. REED, Member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. 8vo, pp. xviii.—410. Chicago, Ill. : S. C. Greggs & Co. Price \$2.00.

The writer of this book well remarks that a most fascinating field of study and research is to be found in the ancient literary productions of the Hindus. After a brilliant description of their physical environments, she adds: "The literature born in this dreamland of beauty and fragrance bears within its bosom the eloquence of poetry and the rhythm of song; but India's ancient books are so colossal in their proportions, that European scholars looked upon them for years with dismay. Life is too short to enable any one student to obtain a complete knowledge of Oriental philology, language and history." The accomplished author of this volume has, therefore, conferred a great boon upon Occidental readers who wish to have a clearer and more connected idea of the sacred literature of the Orient. By this succinct description and characterization of its most important remains the work is most thoroughly done. She avails herself of the studies of the great original investigators, Max Müller, who has given twenty of the best years of his life to the Veda alone, and Sir Monier Williams; both of whom have revised and annotated the important sections of the volume.

Our author does not, like some enthusiasts, unduly magnify the value of this literature. "Orientalists," she says, "were at first unable to resist the temptation of giving to the public the gems only, which they recovered from masses of almost worthless literature." "The time has come when the Vedas must be treated with more candour, even though with less enthusiasm."

It was claimed in former times by

the Brahmins that no commandment and no precept in the New Testament had not been anticipated in the Veda. It has been claimed also that the Veda was thousands of years older than the Old Testament, and that much of the latter was borrowed from Hindu sources. Both of these claims are here shown to be unfounded. The oldest MS. of the Veda dates from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, A.D. Its oldest portion may date from the tenth to the twelfth century, B.C., but this is not certain.

"In many points," says our author, "the great epic of India will compare with the immortal productions of Homer. The imagination of the Hindu is as luxuriant as his own tropical forest. Poetry lives in the atmosphere of the Himalayas." In a series of admirably-written chapters she describes the mythology of the Vedas, the Brahmins, the Code of Manu, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and other famous Hindu poems. She finds in the older literature of the Hindus the doctrines of monotheism, the descent of man from a single pair, and the immortality of the soul, of rewards and punishments, and other great primary truths. The so-called resemblance to Christian history, she affirms to be very slight.

Referring to the moral and religious deterioration of the Hindu, she says: "The early Vedic worshipper paid his homage to the sun and moon, but the modern Hindu adores the crocodile, which hides amidst the weeds of the Ganges. How is the mind of the worshipper fallen when, instead of offering his praise to the icy brow of the Himalaya, flushed with the rays of the setting sun, he brings his oblation to the serpents that infest the rocks at her feet?"

"Far better than modern idolatry was their primitive worship of moun-



tain and storm. Better than the confused medley of their creeds were the oblations down by the shores of the crested sea ; better than warrior worship their songs of praise to the stars that sweep around the midnight throne. Better than the idol temples of to-day were the sacred groves on the foothills of the Himalayas, where the golden eagle circled above the highest crags, and the goddess of the morning, with tinted robe and crown of pearl, smiled down upon her worshipper."

In contrast with both these she places our glorious Christianity : "Far over and above the worship of the Hindu stands the ever-living Son of God. From His stainless life and cruel cross has been born the hope of the world. One glory-lit sentence from His divine lips, if lived out in the lives of men, banishes forever the pages of wrong and cruelty from blood-stained earth. One touch of His hand has broken the cold seal of the death angel and brought immortality to light through the Gospel. One mark of His footstep left in earth's tomb illumines its portals with the golden promise of life. One word from His lips will lead His risen host to the fountain of living waters, where the waves of the beautiful river flow from the foot of the throne. He is the Captain of our Salvation, leading on to victory. He is the Morning Star, shining in brightness beyond the night. He is the Sun of Righteousness, flooding with golden light the coming ages."

This is a very remarkable book to be the production of a lady, and is another indication of the advanced position which women will occupy in the higher literature of the future. Women, too, have, like most French writers, graces of style which adorn everything they touch. It would seem as if the literary centre, like the centre of population of the United States, were shifting from the sea-board to the mid-continent. The catalogue of books issued by the enterprising publishers of this book would be a credit to any publisher in Oxford or Leipzig.

*John Wesley.* By J. H. OVERTON, M.A. Pp. vi. 216. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Of the many lives of Wesley that have been written, this appears to us, from its compendious size, succinct treatment, breadth of view, and insight into his character, one of the best we have seen. It is specially interesting from this fact: Canon Overton is a native of the same county, a member of the same University, and a fellow of the same College; a clergyman of the same Church, a dweller in the same house, and a worker in the same parish as was John Wesley. He is at present incumbent of the parish at Epworth, and occupies the old parish rectory. He has a genuine admiration for his distinguished predecessor. He speaks of Wesley's life as "the busiest and, in some respects, the most important life in the eighteenth century." His purpose, he says, is to select the salient points in Wesley's life, and to draw as vivid a picture of the man and his work as space will permit. In this he has admirably succeeded. Canon Overton is a liberal, broad-minded churchman. He quotes, of course without indorsing, John Wesley's historic saying, "I firmly believe I am as much an *Episcopos* as any man in England, for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable which no man can prove." In a series of interesting chapters he describes the different stages in Wesley's career and phases of his character, as the Moravian influence, Wesley's teachings, Wesley as an itinerant, as an organizer, his literary work, personal traits, etc. The chapter on the controversies of the times gives a painful view of the vituperation in which such good men as Sir Richard and Rowland Hill, Toplady, Berridge, Oliver and others indulged. We would like to have seen a somewhat fuller account of the last days and happy death of John Wesley, but we presume that limits of space enforced extreme condensation. To many persons this life by an evan-

gelical and sympathetic Church of England clergyman will be more impressive than one written from an exclusively Methodist standpoint.

*American Orators and Reformers: Horace Greeley, Editor.* By FRANCIS NICHOL ZABRISKE. 12mo. Pp. 398. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. J. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street.

The enterprising house of Funk & Wagnalls has projected a comprehensive series of books on leaders of opinion and reform in the United States. Very properly, a foremost place in this list is given to the distinguished editor and reformer, Horace Greeley. Greeley was one of the most noted of the makers of modern journalism. The *New York Tribune* is his monument. It was the first and the best of the papers of the country, a power for righteousness in the great social and moral struggles of the times, and is still one of the noblest, cleanest, strongest journals of the world. But he was more than a journalist, he was a great moral reformer. In his youth he threw himself with zeal into the temperance reform, the anti-slavery reform, the defence of the Sabbath, opposition to the tobacco habit and everything else that was bad, the uplifting of the masses and the championship of the right as he understood it without fear or faltering or favour.

The story of his life, which is here told with remarkable vigour and vivacity, has all the interest of a romance. Born of good Scotch-Irish stock, in Amherst, New Hampshire, he went to school at three years of age, decided to be a printer at six, became apprenticed at fifteen. At twenty he walked six hundred miles to visit his father, who had "gone west," and almost starved himself to pay his father's debts. At twenty-one he walked most of the way to New York, which he reached with a pack on his shoulders and only \$10 in his pocket. He found work in printing an agate type New Testament, which paid his board for a few weeks. He started a paper with a subscription list of twelve. The first

number sold only one hundred copies. He in time founded the *Tribune*, which did more to mould the political life and destiny of the country than any other agent. He worked often sixteen hours a day, sometimes twelve hours without leaving his chair. We have not space to speak of his free soil campaign, of his opposition to slavery, intemperance, capital punishment, etc.

During the war the *Tribune* was a mighty power. The office was sacked, and the editor barely escaped massacre by the pro-slavery mob. He was one of the most hated and reviled men in the country; yet, rank abolitionist as he was, he joined with Henry Ward Beecher in becoming bail for Jefferson Davis. This act caused an outburst of rage, the *Tribune* losing thousands of subscribers. After the war he became a candidate for the Presidency, but was defeated by General Grant, a man of incomparably inferior powers, although a dogged soldier and probably a "safer" figure-head for the Republic.

The close of Greeley's life had a dramatic pathos. Watching at the bedside of his dying wife for weeks, he writes, "I am a broken old man, I have not slept one hour in twenty-four for a month." Insomnia resulted in brain fever, and in a few days the brave soul passed away. His private life was pure and sweet and irreproachable. "He was," says his biographer, "a modern knight-errant in his championship of the weak and oppressed, and in all chivalry of a true soul, and yet a Don Quixote in his person and in his oft-times incapacity to distinguish windmills from giants." Intense moral earnestness was his characteristic. Like the apostle, he might have said, "I believe, therefore have I spoken." He was a man of hot temper. Like Cassius,

"He carried anger as a flint bears fire,  
Which, much enforced, sheweth a  
hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again."

He was not without his faults and failings; but, doubtless, at the final account, the just Judge shall say,

"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

"The elements were  
So mixed in him that nature might  
stand up  
And say to all the world: He was a  
man."

*The Wonderful Story of Jesus, told in Pictures and in Words of Easy Reading for the Young.* By JOSEPHINE POLLARD, author of "The Bible and Its Story," "Young Folks' Bible," etc. Small 4to, pp. 455. St. Louis and New York: N. B. Thompson Publishing Co. Sold only by subscription.

The wonderful story of the life of Jesus is more and more asserting its power over the heart of the world. Through the ages it has been the theme of art and song; but by such books as this it more directly moulds the thought and life of Christendom by moulding the thought and young life of the children. Miss Pollard has shown admirable taste in writing for the young in other books, and in this she brings to the most august theme in the world the tact and skill of making simple, even to young minds, the facts of the life and spirit of the teaching of Jesus. The story is told in clear, strong, yet simple, Saxon words. The book is copiously

illustrated with more than two hundred pictures, many of them copies of world-famous works of art, others depicting the scenes of the sacred story, and some exquisitely printed in colours. Children need no book of fairy tales or extravagant romance while this story of matchless power to charm, to inspire and to instruct is available. Mothers will find this book a great help in impressing the young life of their children, and leading the lambs of the flock to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

*Eighty-Seven: A Chautauqua Story.*  
By PANSY. London: Charles Kelly.  
Toronto: William Briggs.

What we like least about Mrs. Alden's stories is the rather sentimental pen-name she assumes. The book itself is excellent, and illustrates the inner spirit of that wonderful system of self-education which has belted the world and is finding much favour even in the conservative Mother Country.

In our notice of Dr. Maturin Ballou's "Aztec Land," in the April number, we inadvertently omitted the name of the publisher. It was the standard publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

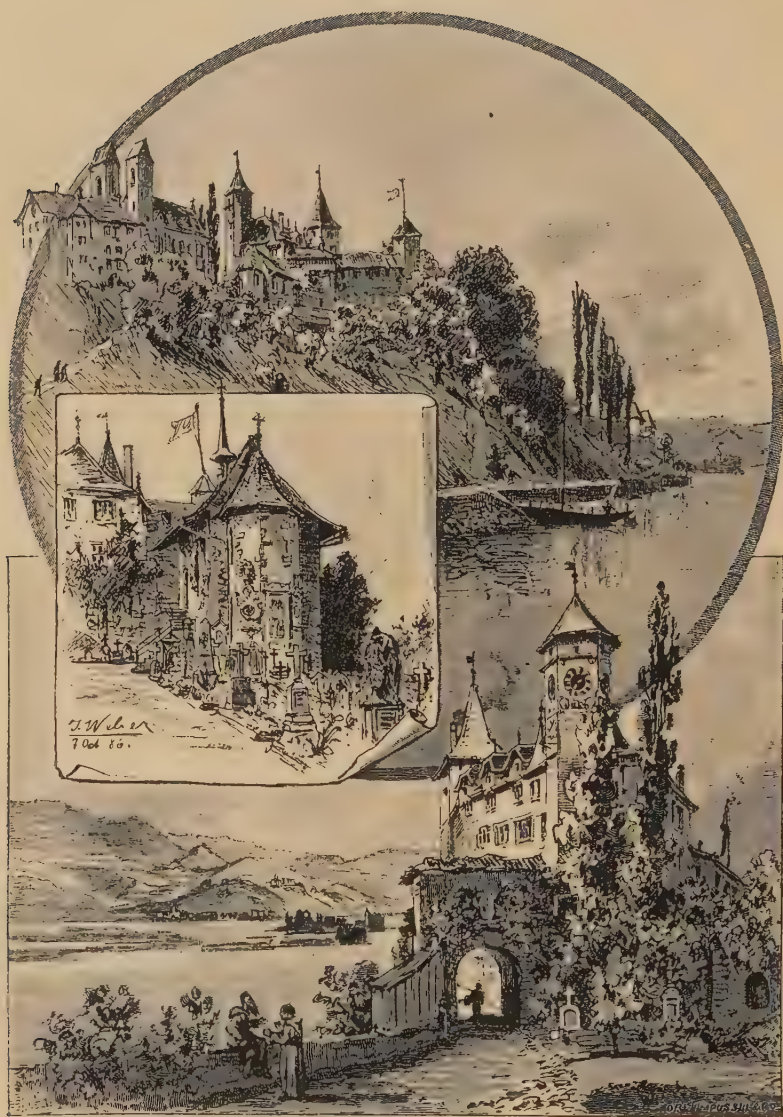
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### LOWLY SERVICE.

IN some still nook dost toil unknown?  
Thy simple fare unnoticed take,  
Keeping true heart asleep, awake  
While deeds less brave than Thine, have flown  
Where fame's proud trump is loudly blown?  
Work patiently for God's dear sake,  
Give what thou canst to hearts that ache;  
Thy Lord some day will claim His own.  
And when He counts His treasures o'er,  
Upon eternity's bright shore,  
It may be He will value more  
The fragrance of the lily's bell,  
Shed richly in its narrow dell,  
Than stars whose praise the ages tell.







RAPPERSWYL—ON LAKE ZURICH.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

June, 1891.

ZURICH AND ITS MEMORIES.

II



CENTRAL CEMETERY, ZURICH.

In modern religious history the name of Zurich is of no small importance, for here movements began whose influences were felt far and wide. Christianity was introduced into Zurich in the time of the later Roman emperors. During the dynastic struggles of the Middle Ages the inhabitants exhibited from time to time their independence of ecclesiastical authority by expelling their clergy, and for this offence they were twice laid under an interdict by the Pope. The ground was therefore prepared, to some extent, in Zurich for a reformation of religion. The good work was

begun here by Ulrich Zwingle, simultaneously with, but independent of the movement inaugurated by Luther in Germany. From those days until now Zurich has remained a stronghold of Protestant ideas. We may here mention some of the chief events and landmarks in Zwingle's life.

Among the mountains of Switzerland, where freedom ever had her home, were many lovers of religious liberty and many leaders of reform. But towering above them all, like the snowy Jungfrau above the Bernese Alps, shines afar the majestic character of Ulrich Zwingle. On New Year's Day, 1484, seven weeks after the birth of Luther, in a lonely chalet overlooking Lake Zurich, lying far below, the future Swiss Reformer first saw the light. His boyhood was spent as a goatherd amid the mountain solitudes. "I have often thought," writes his friend Myconius, "that being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he there contracted something heavenly and divine." In the long nights of winter, while the storm howled aloof, the boy listened with thrilling pulse to the stirring tale of Tell, and Furst, and Winkelried, and to the Scripture stories and quaint legends of his pious grandmother. As his father was the well-to-do amman or bailiff of the parish, young Zwingle was sent to school successively to Basle and Berne, and to the University of Vienna. He studied literature, philosophy and theology, and developed an extraordinary talent for music. He read his first mass in his native village in his twenty-second year.

The Swiss cantons then, as often since, hired their sturdy peasantry as mercenary soldiers to the great powers of Europe. Twice, Zwingle accompanied, as chaplain, the troops of his native canton to the Italian war. He came back, like Luther, disgusted with the idleness and profligacy of the Italian monks, and with the corruptions of the Italian Church. By tongue and pen he remonstrated with his countrymen against the mercenary shedding of their blood for a foreign power, and sought to revive the ancient spirit of liberty. He devoted himself with intense zeal to the study of the Scriptures in their original tongues, which quickly loosened from his mind the fetters of Rome.

In 1516 Zwingle was transferred to the vicarship of Einsiedeln on Lake Zurich, long the richest and most frequented pilgrimage church of Europe. As many as 150,000 pilgrims were wont to visit it annually. The object of adoration was an ugly black doll, dressed in gold brocade and glittering with jewels—Our Lady of Einsiedeln. Zwingle's whole soul revolted against the flagrant idolatry. He boldly preached Christ as the only sacrifice and ransom for sin "God is all around you and hears you,



wherever you are, as well as at Our Lady of Einsiedeln's. Christ alone saves, and He saves *everywhere*."

STREET SCENE IN ZÜRICH—MARKET DAY.



This new and strange doctrine smote the hearts of the people like a revelation from the sky. The pilgrims went everywhere



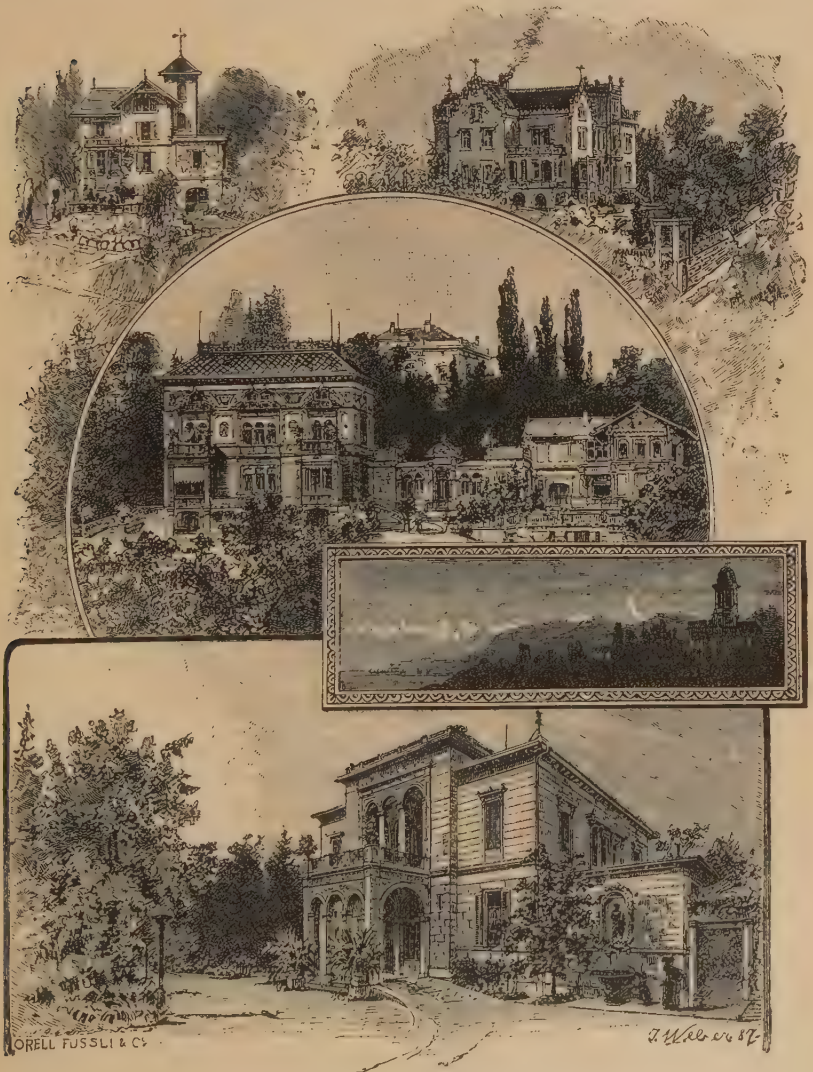
telling the strange news. "Whole bands," says D'Aubigné, "turned back without completing the pilgrimage. Mary's worshippers diminished in numbers daily. It was their offerings that largely made up the stipend of Zwingle, but he felt happy in becoming poor if he could make others rich in the truth that maketh free." To the Pope's nuncio, who called him to account, he said: "With the help of God, I will go on preaching the Gospel, and this preaching shall make Rome totter." And so it did. The civil governor caused the inscription to be removed from the lintel of the church, the relics which the pilgrims revered were burned, and the new doctrines prevailed.

In 1518 the Cathedral Church of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingle was elected preacher. On New Year's Day he entered the pulpit, from which as from a throne he thenceforth ruled the souls of men. "To Christ," he cried, "to Christ will I lead you—the true source of salvation. His word is the only food I wish to set before your souls." He began forthwith to expound the Gospels and Epistles—long a sealed book to the people. With his zeal for the Gospel was blended a fervid love of fatherland. Piety and patriotism were the twin passions of his soul. He sternly rebuked those who for the love of money lent themselves as the hireling soldiers of foreign Powers—thus, as he called it, "selling their very flesh and blood." "The cardinal of Zion," he said, "who recruits for the pope, rightly wears a red hat and cloak; you need only to wring them and you behold the blood of your kinsmen."

At Zurich, Zwingle was brought into direct antagonism with the papal power. Over the wild St. Gothard Pass had come from Rome an indulgence-monger of even more flagrant impudence than Tetzl. "Here," cried Abbot Samson, "are pardons on parchment for a crown—on paper for threepence." He bargained with the Knight Jacques de Stien to exempt from hell forever himself and his five hundred men-at-arms, for a dapple-gray horse to which he took a fancy. Walking in procession with his acolytes around the churchyard, he pretended to see the souls of the departed escaping from the graves to heaven, and exclaimed, "*Ecce volant*,"—"See how they fly!" A wag climbed the belfry tower and shook a bag of feathers on the procession, crying in derision, "See how they fly!" Zwingle sternly denounced such impious mockery of religion, and forbade the Pope's indulgence-monger to enter Zurich.

The zealous labours of the Swiss Reformer wore upon his health, and he was ordered to repair to the baths of Pfeffers. Here, in a frightful gorge between impending rocks, in a house shaken by

the concussion of the raging torrent and drenched by its spray, and so dark that lamps had to be burned at midday, for some weeks he dwelt. The fearful plague known as the Great Death—*der Grosse Tod*—now broke out in Zurich, more than decimating



VILLAS AT ZURICH.\*

the population. Zwingle hastened from his refuge to the place of

\* The villas of the wealthy manufacturers and landed gentry of Zurich are very elegant, as will be seen from the accompanying engraving.

danger among the dying and the dead. He was soon smitten down, and never expected to rise again. In that solemn hour he wrote in rugged verse a hymn of faith and trust:

“Lo, at the door, I hear Death’s knock ;  
Shield me, O Lord, my strength and rock ;  
The hand once nailed upon the tree,  
Jesus uplift and shelter me.”

He was at length restored to the pulpit of Zurich, and preached with greater power than ever. “There was a report,” wrote his friend Myconius, “that you could not be heard three paces off. But all Switzerland rings with your voice.” The Reformed doctrines spread from town to town. At Basle, on the festival of Corpus Christi, instead of the relics which it was customary to bear through the streets, was borne a Bible with the inscription: “This is the true relic; all others are but dead men’s bones.” Attempts were made by the agents of the papacy to take away the Reformer’s life by poison, or by the assassin’s dagger. When warned of his peril, the intrepid soul replied: “Through the help of God, I fear them no more than a lofty rock fears the roaring waves.” The town council placed a guard around his house every night.

Like Luther, the Swiss Reformer perceived that the enforced celibacy of the clergy was a yoke which the Scriptures had not imposed, and one which caused unspiritual natures to fall into sin. He therefore wrote against the Romish rule, and showed his consistency by marrying a worthy widow, Anna Reinhardt, who made him a noble and loving wife.

A fashion of the time was the holding of public disputations on the topics of controversy between the Reformed and Romish Churches. A celebrated one, which lasted eighteen days, took place between Eck and Faber, champions of the Papacy and the Reformers, Ecolampadius and Zwingli. A contemporary rhymier thus describes the scene:

“Eck stamps with his feet and thumps with his hands ;  
He blusters, he swears, and he scolds ;  
Whatever the pope and the cardinals teach,  
Is the faith, he declares, that he holds.”

But the simple truth of the Gospel shone all the more conspicuously by contrast with the sophistries and superstitions of Rome.

“I came not,” says Christ, “to send peace on the earth, but a sword.” The doctrines of the Cross in the early centuries arrayed

mankind in hostile camps—the friends of Christianity and its foes. So was it during the Reformation era. All Europe was marshalled in two great armies—the adherents of the Romish Church, and those who embraced the soul-emancipating doctrines of the Reformed faith. In Switzerland the hostile lines were sharply defined; canton was opposed to canton, city to city. The Protestant free cities demanded religious toleration and the right of return for those who had been banished for conscience' sake. The Catholic cantons refused this demand, and a Reformed minister was apprehended and burned. At Berne and Basle tumults broke out, and the images of the saints were hurled from their niches and trampled under foot. Men-at-arms buckled on their hauberks and helmets, seized lance and arquebuse, and through mountain passes and forest defiles marched for the attack or defence of the Reformed faith.

“Luther and the German Reformation,” writes D'Aubigné, “declining the aid of the temporal power, rejecting the force of arms, and looking for victory only in the confession of the truth, were destined to see their faith crowned with the most brilliant success. Zwingle and the Swiss Reformation, stretching out their hands to the mighty ones of the earth, and grasping the sword, were fated to witness a horrible, cruel, and bloody catastrophe fall upon the word of God. The army of the Catholic cantons advanced against Zurich. The Zurich lansquenets marched out for the defence of their native city. ‘Stay with the Council,’ said the burgomaster to Zwingle; ‘we have need of you.’ ‘No,’ he replied, ‘when my brethren expose their lives I will not remain quietly by my fireside.’”

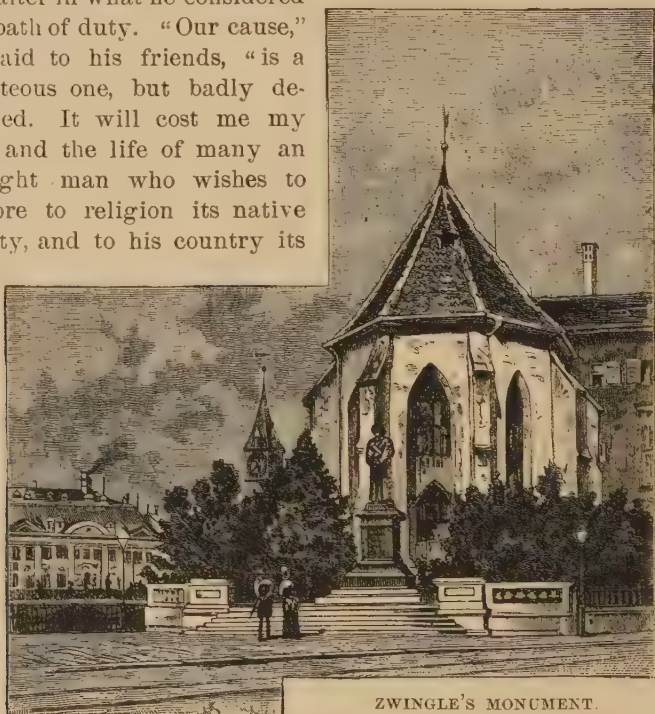
Then taking his glittering halberd, he rode off with the troops. Every day divine service was held in the camp. No dice, no cards were seen, no oaths were heard; but psalms and hymns and prayers consecrated each hour. The war was for a time postponed and an armed truce prevailed.

The Catholic cantons, without warning, renewed the war. Their attack upon Zurich was like the deadly and resistless sweep of one of their own mountain avalanches. Not till the papal army held the heights near the city was their approach known. It was a night of terror in Zurich. The scene is thus described in the vivid pages of D'Aubigné:

“The thick darkness—a violent storm the alarm bell ringing from every steeple—the people rushing to arms—the noise of swords and guns—the sound of trumpets and drums, combined with the roaring of the tempest—the sobs of women and children—the cries which accompanied many a heart-rending adieu—an earthquake which violently shook the mountains as though nature shuddered at the impending ocean of blood: all increased the terrors of this fatal night—a night to be followed by a still more fatal day.”



At break of dawn, October 11th, 1531, the banner of the city was flung forth, but—sinister omen—instead of floating proudly on the breeze, it hung listless on the pulseless air. Forth from his happy home stepped Zwingle, clad in arms. After a fond embrace from his wife and children, he rode forth with the citizen soldiery of the town. The brave-souled woman kept back her tears, although her husband, brother, son and many kinsmen were in the ranks—destined to return no more. Zwingle went forth with a presentiment of disaster; yet not for a moment did he falter in what he considered the path of duty. "Our cause," he said to his friends, "is a righteous one, but badly defended. It will cost me my life, and the life of many an upright man who wishes to restore to religion its native purity, and to his country its



ZWINGLE'S MONUMENT.

ancient morals. But God will not forsake His servants: He will help even when you believe all is lost. My confidence is in Him alone. I submit myself to His will."

As the forlorn hope climbed the Albis mountain to its crest, they beheld the hostile army, 8,000 veteran men-at arms, strongly encamped, and heard the fierce challenge of their mountain horns. Against this host the little Protestant republic could oppose in all scarce 1,800 men. It was with the utmost difficulty that the rude artillery of the period was dragged up the rough mountain road,

and the arduous climb exhausted the strength of the mail-clad men-at-arms. When the Protestant troops at length gained the upland meadows, every head was uncovered, every knee was bowed in prayer. The Catholic army also fell upon their knees, and amid solemn silence each man crossed himself and repeated five Paters, as many Aves, and the Credo. Then their leader, desecrating the words of religion to a cruel war-cry, exclaimed: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, and of all the heavenly host—Fire!" and volley upon volley flashed from the levelled arquebuses and echoed back from the surrounding mountains. "How can we stay calmly upon these heights," exclaimed Zwingle, "while our brethren are shot down? In the name of God, I will die with them or aid in their deliverance." "Soldiers," cried the leader, "uphold the honour of God and of our lords; be brave, like brave men." "Warriors," said Zwingle, who stood helmet on head and halberd in hand, "fear nothing. If we are this day to be defeated, still our cause is good. Commend yourselves to God."

The action had scarcely begun when Zwingle, stooping to console a dying man, was smitten by a missile which struck his head and closed his lips. He struggled to his feet, but was twice struck down and received a thrust from a lance. Falling upon his knees he was heard to say, "What matters this misfortune! They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." These were his last words. As he uttered them he fell backwards and lay upon the ground, his hands clasped, his eyes upturned to heaven. Crushed beneath the weight of numbers, the little band of Protestants, after performing deeds of heroic valour, and leaving five hundred men dead upon the field, was utterly defeated. Twenty-seven members of the council and twenty-five Protestant pastors who accompanied their flocks to the field of battle were among the slain.

The darkness of night was now gathering on the field of battle. In the deepening gloom, stragglers of the Catholic army prowled with torches or lanterns over the field of carnage, to slay the wounded and to rob the dead. The dying Reformer lay upon the gory field, hearing the groans of the wounded and the shouts of the victors, and surrounded by the mangled bodies of the dead. Beyond the moonlight and the starlight he looked up into that heaven whither, all life's battles and fightings over, he was soon to pass. "Do you wish a priest to confess you?" asked a soldier prowling near. Zwingle could not speak, but shook his head. Hereupon the rough trooper began to curse him as a miscreant heretic. Curious to know who it was who thus despised the saints,

though in the very article of death, he turned the gory head to the light of a neighbouring camp fire. "I think it is Zwingle," he exclaimed, letting it fall. "Zwingle," cried a papal captain, "that vile heretic! Die, obstinate wretch!" and with his impious sword he smote him on the throat. Thus died the leader of the Swiss Reformation, in darkness and defeat, on the field of Kappel, by the hand of a hireling soldier.

But still further indignities were heaped upon his mangled frame. The ruthless soldiery demanded that his body should be dismembered and distributed throughout the papal cantons. "Nay," cried a generous captain, "peace be to the dead. God alone be their Judge. Zwingle was a brave and loyal man." But the cruel will of the mob prevailed. The drums beat to muster, a court-martial was formed, the dead body was tried and condemned to be quartered for treason, and burned for heresy. "The executioner of Lucerne," writes D'Aubigné, "carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his; and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven."

The kindled fire of the Swiss Reformation seemed extinguished in blood. Zurich on that night of horrors became a Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. As the wounded fugitives, escaping through the darkness, brought the tidings of disaster, the tocsin of alarm knelled forth, and tears and lamentations resounded through the streets. Almost every household mourned a husband, brother, son, among the slain. Anna Zwingle had lost all three, and her son-in-law, her brother-in-law, and other kinsmen besides. As the fatal news, "Zwingle is dead! is dead!" rang through the streets and pierced like a sword her heart, she knelt amid her fatherless babes in her chamber of prayer and poured out her agonized soul to God.

The city in the hour of its deepest despair was roused to heroic effort. It rallied every available man and gun. The imminent danger of the capture of Zurich was averted, and another battle with the army of the papal cantons was fought. The latter made a night attack, the soldiers wearing white shirts over their armour and shouting their watchword—"the Mother of God"—that they might recognize each other in the dark. The men of Zurich were again beaten, and eight hundred of their number left upon the field. But they proved too stubborn a foe to be completely conquered. Zurich maintained the Protestant faith; and from the pulpit in which it was first preached by Zwingle,



it has ever since been manfully declared. On the neighbouring battle-field a gray stone slab commemorates the spot where the



IN THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM, ZURICH.

Swiss Reformer fell; but his truest monument is the Protestant Church of his native land, of which he was, under God, the father and founder.



Zwingle died at what may seem the untimely age of forty-eight; but measured by results his life was long. The great mistake of his life was his consent to the use of carnal weapons for the defence of the Bride of Heaven, the Church of Christ. Wiser than he, Martin Luther over and over declared: "Christians fight not with the sword and arquebuse, but with suffering and with the cross. Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "My kingdom is not of this world," said the Master, "else would my servants fight." Not with weapons forged by mortal might, but by weapons of immortal temper—the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God—shall earth's grandest victories be gained.

The influence which Zwingle's ideas have continued to exercise upon thought in Zurich down to our own day illustrate the truth of the Reformer's words: "They can kill the body, but not the soul."

The organization of the University of Zurich is similar to that of the German universities. At the present time fifty-one professors and forty private tutors are engaged in teaching here. The number of matriculated students is about four hundred.

The students of the University and Polytechnic form quite a characteristic element of the population of Zurich, comprising as they do the representatives of all nations. The cosmopolitan spirit which pervades these institutions has communicated itself to the burghers also, so that Zurich is a town in which foreigners from every part of the world soon feel completely at their ease.

In spite of their rigid Protestantism the people of Zurich have always taken great delight in the sound of their church bells, and it would not be easy to find a place in which so many magnificent peals of bells are to be met with within a limited area as on the shores of the Lake of Zurich. The effect produced when all the bells are rung in unison is extremely fine. The melody is heard far out over the lake and throughout the surrounding country. When the daylight wanes the great bell of St. Peter's celebrates the departing Sunday with its grand peals swelling over the entire valley. But it is on New Year's Eve that the bells of Zurich sound most solemnly. At midnight the inhabitants, old and young, assemble by thousands on the bridges and along the quays to hear the bells ring the old year out and the new year in, and the songs and the New Year's greetings of the people mingle with the melody of the chimes. The great bell in the Grossmünster dates from the year 1451 and is of large dimensions, weighing about four tons.

The Armoury is well worth a visit, containing as it does many objects of historical interest. It contains a cross-bow, called after William Tell, fine suits of armour; two exquisitely-worked halberds, targe, shields and flags, a rifled breech-loading field-piece of 1611, ancient bronze cannon, cannon encased in leather, "The Bride of Zurich," with the inscription: *Ich bin ein Jungkfrau wolgestalt, Welchen ich kuss der wirt nit alt.* "A maiden I of lovely mould, He whom I kiss will not grow old," Zwingle's weapons, his pulpit, etc.

Situated in the plain of the Sihl, where the last slopes of the Uetliberg descend to the valley, the Central Cemetery has gradually become one of the most beautiful of Swiss burial grounds. The situation is the most appropriate that could have been selected. Far from the din of the town, in the spacious valley overlooked by the solemn Uetliberg, there is nothing to disturb the silence befitting a spot dedicated to a purpose such as this. The snow-white and often very beautiful monuments of the dead contrast prettily with the dark green of the shrubs and trees lining the paths that lead through the cemetery.

The town of Rapperswyl, shown in our frontispiece, on Lake Zurich, occupies an extremely picturesque situation at the foot of the Lynden hof, a hill planted with limes. The old castle, shown in the upper part of the cut, was restored in 1871, and commands a splendid view from the tower. The other pictures in the cut show the parish church, Capuchin monastery, with the "God's Acre" crowned with graves.

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#### PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within one short hour  
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!  
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!  
 What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!  
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:  
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear.  
 We kneel how weak! we rise how full of power!  
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
 Or others, that we are not always strong,  
 That we are ever overborne with care,  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

—Trench.

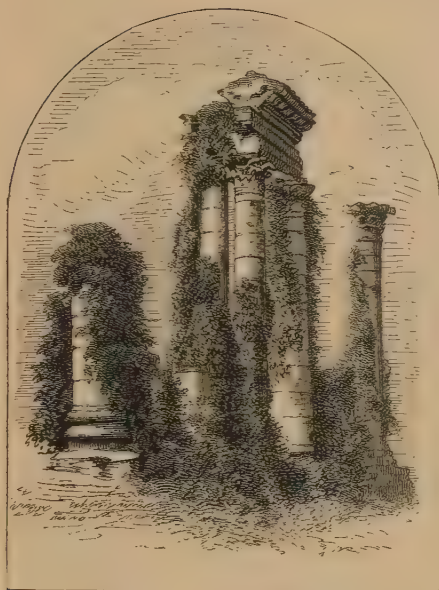


IN THE MARKET-PLACE, NEUCHÂTEL.



## IN THE JURA—NEUCHÂTEL.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.



ROMAN COLUMNS, BESANCON.

MANY rapid tourist visitors to the continent of Europe make a common mistake. They imagine that a place or city can be known, understood and really appreciated in the very short time which they can devote to what is termed "doing it." For the tourist with limited time this is very difficult to avoid, if, indeed, it is not inevitable.

While it is very true that the hurried traveller sees and retains in his memory much that is beautiful and grand; it is also true that there are moods of the arch-goddess

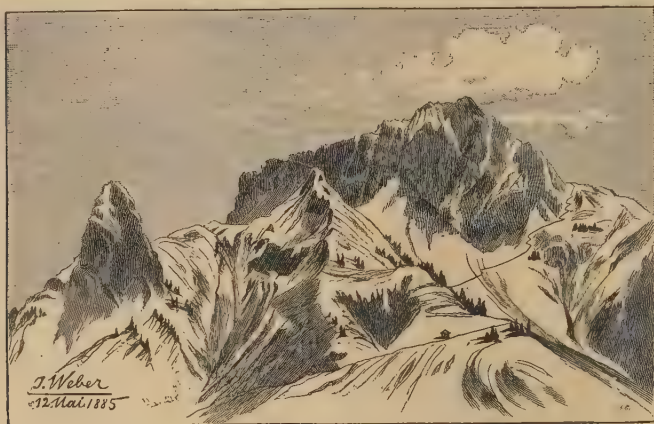
Nature, which utterly refuse to reveal themselves to the superficial observer; those deeper and more subtle effects that only show themselves to him who forces their revelation by lengthy stay and continual intercourse.

This is especially true of the mountainous region of the Jura. The majority of people see the Jura, either on their way to Switzerland, when they are too eager for the first glimpse of the snowy Alps beyond; or, returning from the glories of the higher Alps, when the Jura seems tame and uninteresting. Thus they catch little more than a most superficial glimpse of this region of romantic, wooded hills. The general impression from the train is a range of hills with lovely pine forests, much the same as any other pine woods, with here and there a few dashes of cliff or a rocky ravine to relieve the monotony.

This may, in a sense, be true; but it is not all. Make a prolonged stay in the Jura of several months, with head-quarters, say, at Neuchâtel. Make this quaint old city the starting point

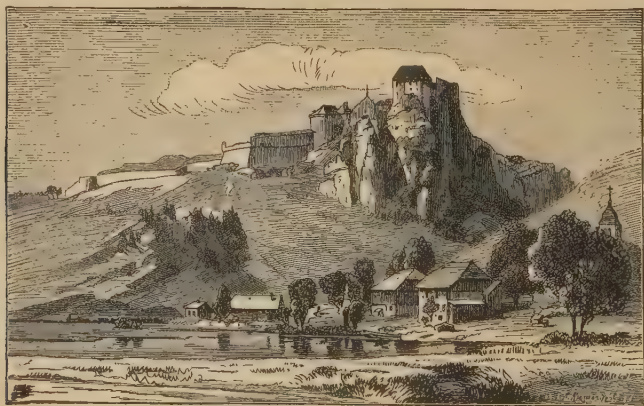


for numberless walks, climbs, explorations and excursions; visit alone the wild ravines and hidden streamlets that do not lavish their beauty on every hurrying traveller; stand on some of those



THE JURA IN WINTER.

proud peaks that rise out of their pine forests and look on the snowy giants in the far distance; follow the little paths, that with such delicious vagueness wind in and out among the fragrant slopes. You will discover the most exquisite little valleys, hidden away from the noisy world, each with its rocky gorge and



FORT JOUX AND ST. PIERRE DE LA CLUSE.

streamlet, each with its cliff and waterfall. You will see long vistas of forest scenery, where the wild flowers mingle with the moss and pine needles, in a combination of the most lovely

colours. Visit these spots, and by dint of many walks and peregrinations, surprise these quiet beauties for yourself, and after a month or two, perhaps, you will begin to appreciate that powerful charm which the Jura region must exercise over every true lover of nature, and which steals over the spirit as insensibly as the dusk that creeps over the fields on a summer's evening.



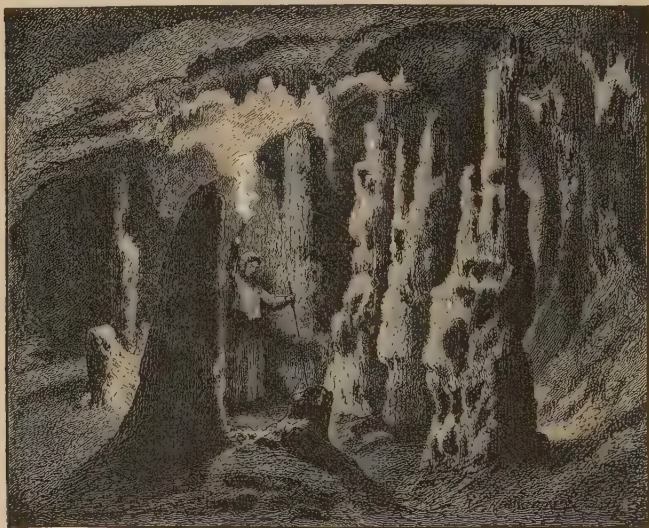
CASCADES OF SYRATU, MOUTHIER.

The Jura is, indeed, a most romantic district, and one that fully repays a protracted stay. To those returning from a sojourn among the sky-scaling Alps it will certainly look dwarfed; but what is lost in size is more than made up for and gained in expression. The whole region in the summer time is one of Nature's fairest smiles, under which lie hidden secret meanings and charms that only reveal themselves to the one who coaxes their revelation and knows the smallest variation of her hills and valleys.

The geological conformation of the Jura gives to the mountain that characteristic ap-

pearance shared by all of a similar structure. The mountain limestone, of which they are composed, runs horizontally across the range in winding and well-defined strata. Here and there it may be seen, tilted up on end, and boldly starting out from the softer surroundings, forming a light-hued jagged peak with serrated edges. From time to time the traveller will come across spaces of wild beauty, where the bare white rock rises suddenly out of the moss-strewn ground, looking as if some giant hand had rudely torn from its surface the warm covering of pines, mosses and lichens, which on all sides renders the contrast the more marked.

Very often, too, in the neighbourhood of such spots the diligent observer may discover dark openings in the rock through which he may with difficulty squeeze himself. These are entrances to long and winding passages between the twisting strata which pierce far into the interior of the mountain. We ourself have explored many hundred yards of these winding and tortuous caverns, and provided one keeps a clear remembrance of the different turns and twists of the passages, the journey, with a good lantern, is both interesting and instructive. The air is damp and cool pools of water, deep and dark, into which the water drips continuously from the roof above, are scattered throughout these



STALACTITE CAVERNS IN THE JURA.

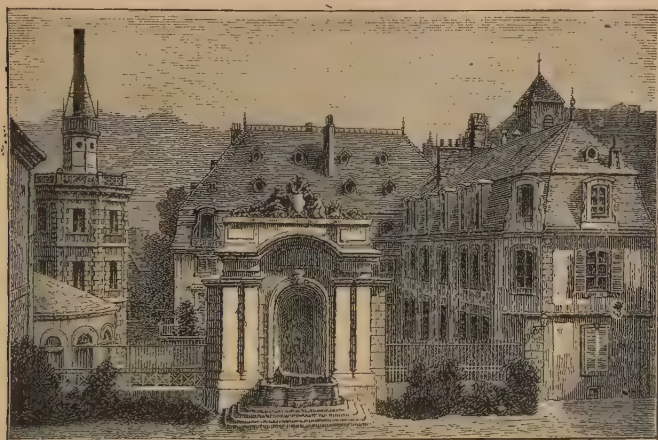
caves. There is on all sides a perfect silence but for the peculiar drip, drip, drip of the water. Only a dull echo responds to the noise of the feet. These interesting caves form a perfect network all along the sides of the Jura, and the intricate windings that thread the hills round Neuchâtel we have often explored and wandered, not infrequently giving ourselves up for lost.

In the neighbourhood of Neuchâtel there is a famous stream that will well repay us to follow its windings for some distance into the mountain home and source. The Areuse is a wild mountain torrent, that varies from a quiet, though never a clear, stream, to a rushing, foaming river. We suddenly plunge into the jaws of a defile so dark and gloomy that we almost imagine it to be the entrance to an enormous cavern. The little path we fol-



low is fixed to the side of the weathered walls like window-sills to the wall of a house. The defile deepens and darkens at every step; the roar of the foaming torrent grows louder and louder, till we have to shout to make our voices heard. At one point in the gorge a man could with ease, though not with safety, span with his legs the width between the cliffs, so close do the edges of the ravine approach each other. But immediately beneath him the walls widen out enormously, eaten away by the violent undercurrents.

Passing out of this miniature *via mala*, a space of lovely green fields is reached, hemmed in on all sides by towering pine-clad mountains. Here it is that, for the first time, we obtain a view



THE BATHS OF SALINS.

into the interior of the Jura, which repays almost any amount of trouble and time to see. Far ahead a wider horizon opens out, and bounding it between the sky and earth, looms up an amphitheatre of cliff so perfect, so enormous, and with a circle of such wide, sweeping, and majestic proportions that it fairly takes our breath away. It comes as a complete surprise; for we had not thought the Jura contained anything half so grand. This is the famous *Cruex du Vent*, the caverns of the wind. In a perfect semicircle, the broad strata of the limestone sweeps round its sides with the most beautiful regularity.

The winds here roar with an inimitable grandeur of sound from one end to the other, as if trying to escape from their rocky prison. Six hundred feet into the air these walls rear themselves up, bare and unadorned, and from the summit the impression is,



if possible, grander even. Within this giant's cauldron, the air currents seem to be extremely involved.

The railway from Paris to Berne pierces its way by means of tunnel and embankment through a portion of this great valley. In approaching Salins we cannot help being struck by the striking situation of the place; the forts crowning the lofty rocks are visible at a great distance; on the left rises *Mont Poupet*, an outpost of the Jura, while the torrent of *La Furieuse* pursues its turbulent course at the bottom of the valley. The town occupies the background of the narrow gorge, and rises amphitheatre-like for a length of nearly two miles.

The salt works of Salins produce three thousand tons of salt



SOURCE OF THE AREUSE.

annually. The springs are worked by hydraulic pumps. Three wells supply five hundred hectolitres daily.

With a farewell glance at the above illustration of the pretty source of the *Furieuse*, we turn to the more immediate neighbourhood of the historic city of Neuchâtel. Around its antique houses, its castle and cathedral cluster many memories of bygone days which make it a centre of very great interest to all who love to ponder over the past and read the lessons that history has to teach.

On all sides, in graceful slopes, lie the vine-covered hills that touch the very shores of the blue lake. Here in autumn when the oranges are in full swing the sight is picturesque. But before we explore a few of the beauties of the city itself, let us climb the rounded hill, that runs from immediately behind the

castle hill in our illustration, and from its summit discloses a view unparalleled in the whole Jura region. At our feet lie the blue waters of the lakes of Neuchâtel, Bienne and Morat, while in the far distance the sunlight is reflected from a blue fragment of the lake of Geneva. Across the lakes, in indistinct haze, lie rounded hills and fertile valleys, studded with villages and pretty church towers, and behind these, in ever ascending gradations, rise step upon step the steep shoulders of the higher Alps. Behind these, again, stand out in a magnificent background the white peaks of the Alps in a glorious panorama that stretches from Sentis to Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn.

The history of the old city at our feet is a peculiarly interesting

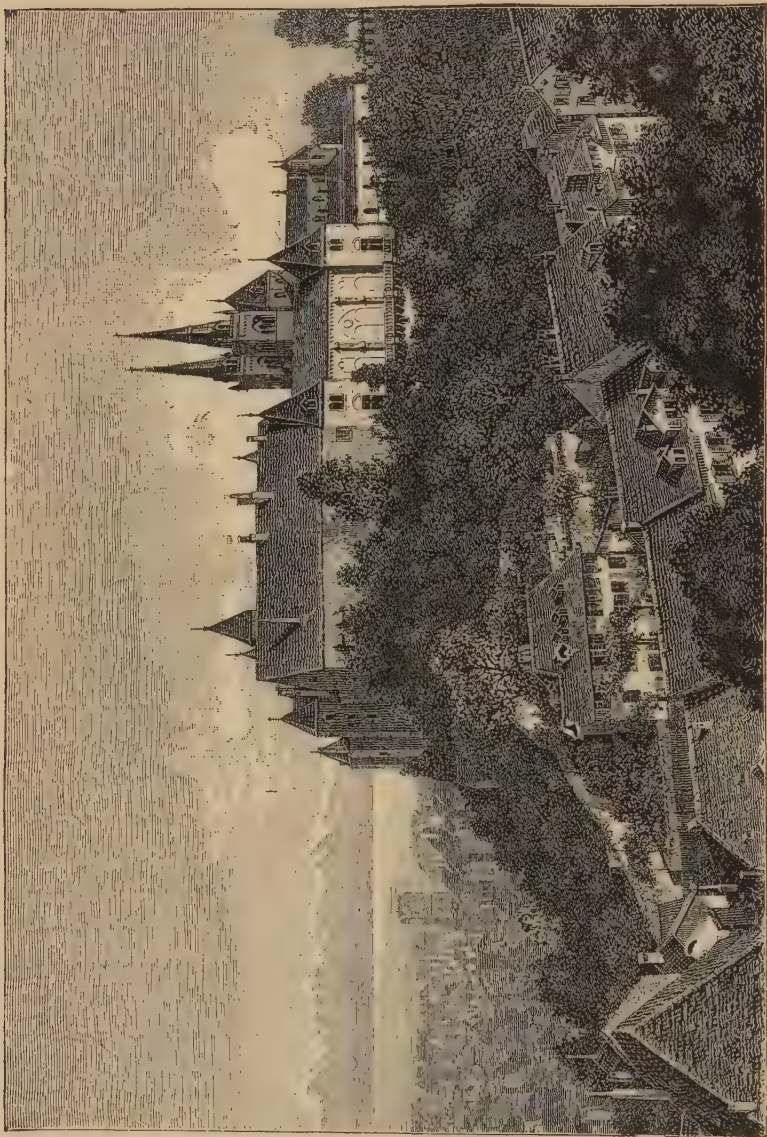


THE RHONE AND RHINE CANAL, IN THE JURA REGION.

and eventful one, from the time when the *Novum Castrum* was a Roman fort to the time when it at length regained the freedom of its canton in 1857. Its surroundings, its streets, and its institutions are full of recollections of such men as Marat, the Revolutionist, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Farel, the Reformer, and the great scientist and learned Professor Agassiz, who for some years filled a professorial chair in the college. The ancient castle, which stands so picturesquely on the heights, has been turned into public offices. It adorns the city, however, none the less that it combines usefulness with ornament. The old cathedral dates from the twelfth century. Marat was born in a little village called Budry, that lies nearer the Areuse.

In the woods behind the city are some enormous specimens of those erratic blocks, which, lying on rocks of a totally different

nature, point to some far distant home, and, as well, to some tremendous carrying power that has borne them so far and



CHATEAU OF NEUCHÂTEL.

dropped them like hailstones all through these woods. Some of them—notably the *Pierre de Boudry* and *Pierre a Bot*—are as large as a good-sized cottage, and rise to an equal height with the surrounding trees.



MORE ABOUT BARBARA HECK AND<sub>y</sub> FAMILY.

BY THE LATE REV. A. W. CUMMINGS, D.D., LL.D.

IN 1774, Paul and Barbara Heck, with their five children, Elizabeth, John, and Jacob, born in New York in the years 1765, 1767, and 1769, and Samuel and Nancy, born in Camden Valley in 1771 and 1773, left their second American home, at Ashgrove, N.Y., and located in Montreal, Lower Canada.

The only incidents worthy of note, during their fourteen years' residence in Montreal, were the marriage of Miss Elizabeth to Mr. Owen Bower, the early death of Miss Nancy, the other daughter, and the enlistment of the father, Mr. Paul Heck, in a volunteer corps of the British army.

Of this last event Bishop Merrill gives the following graphic account:

"Paul Heck, the husband of Barbara, entered the British army under General Burgoyne. When his regiment was captured by the Americans, Mr. Heck was on furlough, visiting his family, where he was discovered and taken prisoner by some patriot soldiers, who started to take him to General Washington's camp. On their way they stopped at night in an unoccupied farm-house, where they went to sleep with their prisoner between them. In the night Mr. Heck got up without disturbing his captors and left the house and went into the woods. Of course, he did not return to his home, nor could he rejoin his regiment, now prisoners of war. He made his way to Canada, which was the most natural thing for him to do under the circumstances. In the meantime Philip Embury had died, in the same neighbourhood where the Hecks lived, and his widow had married a Mr. Lawrence, of the same Methodist society. As soon as practicable Mr. Heck sent for his family; and his wife and children, with the Lawrences, and others of the first Methodists, went into Canada and settled near Augusta, where they formed the first Methodist class in that province. Thus the same persons originated Methodism in three different centres.

In this extract are a number of mistakes. Mr. Heck's general was not Burgoyne, but Haldimand. Canada was then his home, and he went to it. He did not enter the service from Ashgrove, as the Bishop's account implies, but from Montreal. Embury died some time before Mr. Heck enlisted. Mr. Heck did not, after his escape from captivity, send for his family to come to him, but he went to them. He did not settle near Augusta, but in the township of Augusta.

The Bishop's history ignores entirely the fourteen years' residence in Montreal. My authority for the correction is George Heck, Esq., the youngest of the four worthy sons of Samuel Heck.



I knew them all sixty years ago, when John was a young man of twenty-four or five, a merchant at North Gore, Canada, and George a lad at home, five years younger than myself, and my



VIEW ON THE LAKE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM "OLD BLUE CHURCH," NEAR MATTLAND.

intercourse with him has continued to the present. George never left home, was the executor of his father, has held all his papers, and those of his grandfather, Paul Heck, also. He became a

member of the Methodist Church at an early age, and has taken a lively interest in this chapter of Methodist history. Confident that the Bishop had fallen into error, I wrote to Mr. George Heck, still residing at the old homestead of his father, and where his grandmother, Barbara Heck, died. His modest reply, dated May 24, 1884, contains these statements:

"My grandfather, Paul Heck, did join a volunteer corps for one year. His discharge is now before me. It bears date Quebec, August 24, 1778, signed by Robert Leake, General Haldimand, Commander-in-Chief."

He gives the same account of the capture, only that it was not while at home, and of the escape, but says:

"My grandfather volunteered in Canada, and after his escape returned to his home," which at that time was Montreal, Lower Canada. In answer to my questions Mr. Heck continues, "I always understood that grandfather Paul Heck was a U. E. (United Empire) Loyalist."

Ten thousand of the devoted friends of George III. swelled the sparse population of Canada just after the war of 1776. They all drew lands as a reward of their loyalty. Paul Heck and all his living children drew each two hundred acres of land in Augusta, Canada. In his letter now before me, Mr. George Heck says, "Some of the patents for these lands are yet in my possession."

The War of the Revolution being over, Paul and Barbara Heck, with two sons, John and Samuel, left Montreal in 1788 to make a home in Upper Canada. Lot No. 14, near Big Creek, in the township of Augusta, drawn by Samuel, was chosen for the purpose. The arrangement was that Samuel should remain with and take care of his parents. Jacob, the second son, settled as a merchant in the city of Quebec. At Big Creek, about four miles back from the St. Lawrence River, the Hecks enjoyed again the society of many of their old friends from New York and Ashgrove. Unaided by a pastor, these Wesleyan laymen organized themselves into a Methodist society. Samuel, the son of Philip Embury, was chosen as the leader.

His mother, now the wife of John Lawrence, was a member of his class, as was her husband, also Paul and Barbara Heck, and others of the first class formed in America by Embury, in New York, and here started Canadian Methodism. On this farm, in a Methodist neighbourhood, Paul, Barbara, and Samuel continued to reside, until the aged patriarch, Paul, Embury's principal assistant in erecting John Street Chapel, in New York, received his discharge from earth. He died in 1792. Samuel soon after

sold the farm on Big Creek, and purchased a tract of six hundred acres almost directly in front, on the St. Lawrence River. He built here a comfortable residence, to which, with his mother, he removed in 1799. Here Mrs. Barbara Heck spent the remainder of life, enjoying the confidence and love of all her kindred and of the numerous friends who recognized her as the "foundress," as Dr. Abel Stevens most appropriately denominates her, of American Methodism. She died in her chair, with her old Bible on her lap, so quietly and peacefully that the friends around her scarce knew the moment of her exit, on August 17, 1804.

Her grave beside her venerated husband, marked by an appropriate monument properly inscribed, is situated in the cemetery at the old Blue Church on the St. Lawrence, in the township of Augusta, about three miles west of the town or village of Prescott, in Canada, and a mile east of her last home. Two years after his mother's death, Mr. Jacob Heck sold his business in Quebec, purchased the east half of Samuel's farm, and very near the house in which his mother died, and erected a large stone mansion, after the style of the old mansions in Montreal and Quebec.

Here with his accomplished wife and five daughters, but one of whom, I think, ever married, Mr. Heck lived and died. This whole family were Methodists, and were buried near the graves of the grandparents, Paul and Barbara.

The Rev. Samuel Heck, after the death of his mother, built a new house on the opposite side of the road from his brother, Jacob. Here he and his wife and some of his children died. At the old homestead, during the summers of 1824 and 1825, I resided in the family of the Rev. Samuel Heck. He was then the most honoured local minister in that part of Canada. He officiated at more baptisms, marriages, and funerals than any other Methodist minister that I knew.

His house was the frequent resort of many of the old Methodist patriarchs, the former companions of Mrs. Barbara and Paul Heck, as it was the home of the itinerant preachers who travelled the old Augusta Circuit, which then embraced some seven or eight of the present pastoral charges.

During the intervening years until the present, I have continued my friendly relations with this honoured family. The subjects of this article were often talked of. That the Barbara Heck, beside whose grave in Canada I have so often stood, was the heroine of the first chapters of Dr. Bangs' "History of Methodism in New York," that she lived, and died, and was buried when and where I have described, I am as confident as I am that President

George Washington spent the last of life, died, and his mortal remains rest at Mount Vernon, in the State of Virginia.

NOTE.—The engraving in the April number of this MAGAZINE, as also the engraving which accompanies this paper, are made from the excellent water-colour sketches done by Mrs. C. I. Gara, of Erie, Penn. Mrs. Gara has published in a Cleveland journal an admirable account of the death of Barbara Heck, which closes as follows: "She died in 1804, with her Bible on her lap, and was buried on the banks of the great St. Lawrence River, a few miles above Prescott, in the 'Little Blue Church Cemetery,' which may be seen by travellers on up and down steamers during summer seasons. Inscribed on the tombstone are the words, 'In Memory of Paul Heck, died 1792. Barbara Heck, wife of Paul Heck, born 1734, died August 17, 1804.' In the spirit of pilgrims to the Holy Land, many annually visit this sacred spot, where swaying pines sing requiems over the last earthly resting-place of a noble-hearted, devoted Christian woman."

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"THE REFINER OF SILVER."—"FEAR NOT."

MALACHI III. 3.

SERENELY on my thorny way  
From year to year, from day to day,  
My steps are led by guiding Hand,  
From land to sea, from sea to land.

I know, though molten heat be great,  
Who sits to watch the liquid state:  
When His blest image falls within,  
Then doth the Master's work begin.

He will not make the flame too strong,  
He will not leave the flame too long;  
No fear have I of furnace-fire,  
Since what He wills I most desire.

In all His words believe I must,—  
For though He slay, in Him I trust:  
He is my Light, my Life, my All;  
What could affright?—what can appal?

His purpose chose me in the past,  
When, in the billowy fire cast,  
My dazed eyes all my treasures saw  
Burn like the stubble and the straw.

No, not my erring will be done!  
The Master's work is but begun;  
He'll take the silver from the flame  
To stamp His image and His name.

—Clara Jessup Moore, in *March Lippincott's*.



## HOMEWARD FROM THE ANTIPODES.

BY LADY SYDNEY KINTORE.

*Sydney, New South Wales, Thursday, October 30th, 1890.*—We were off at last. One tug having tried in vain to swing our sturdy cables, departed ignominiously in search of another, and between them they had started the good ship *Alameda* on her way. It was pleasant enough while we steamed down Sydney harbour—"the most beautiful harbour in the world," as we have all been told in our time—but why are the stewards laying fiddles on the saloon tables? "Well, ma'am," answers a friendly official, "guess it will blow a bit outside." It *did*, and meals were but thinly attended for the next twenty-four hours; at least, I have been told so, I was not there to see.

Monday, November 3rd, found us at anchor in Auckland harbour, New Zealand, and before it was light coaling had begun. Did you ever try to sleep on a coaling vessel? If so, you will not be surprised to hear that, after a hurried toilet by candle light, we landed about 5 a.m., regardless of cold wind, sleeping town, and chances remote of breakfast. Auckland is a pretty little place, standing on the shores of another lovely harbour. There is an interesting museum, too small to bewilder, but large enough to contain amidst collections of skulls, quaint birds and their eggs, some excellent Maori carvings, war canoes, native houses and implements; besides these, a pair of stuffed "keas," in the act of devouring a young lamb, are curious, this New Zealander being the only known instance in natural history of a flesh-eating parrot. Sir George Grey's collection, too, is well worth a visit, with its priceless missals, the Bible from which Guttenberg set up his first types, and numberless native carvings. Then, if you have kind friends who drive you to the top of Mount Eden, whence you see a view over the whole surrounding country, and others who, with true Scotch hospitality, entertain you to lunch and fill your cabin with sweet-smelling flowers, childhood's favourites in Old Country gardens, you will regret, as we did, to say that saddest of sad words, "Good-bye!"

Life on board ship is much the same all the world round. A penny steamer on the Thames or a three-thousand tonner on the Pacific is equally pervaded with a mysterious smell of hot oil, curry and cooking vegetables. Whether the wind is "aft," or "ahead," or "abeam," it is sure to produce, in a greater or less degree, that uncomfortable feeling under one's waistband, and a

curious swimming in that part of the head usually supposed to contain ideas. As to the nightly descent into creaking cabin and closed ports, suggestive rolling board and slowly swinging lamp, and where yesterday's limp skirt and to-morrow's cloak stand out at perpetual right angles to the wall—let us forget it, if we may. The *Alameda* has started for Honolulu.

Six days afterwards I was sitting in a cool spot on deck reading one of "Tasma's" most fascinating stories. A hot, moist wind had been blowing all the morning, making everything sticky and uncomfortable, while occasional showers of tropical rain had sent us hurriedly into the social hall for shelter. "Have you any letters for Titnita?" said our captain, as he strolled along. Letters! I should think so. Had I not struggled against circumstances on several successive evenings in the saloon, in order to send our earliest news to the loved ones in Australia? And there, sure enough, was land on our starboard bow; at first only an outline, then a tropical island, cocoanuts and palms standing thickly against the sky line, and native huts nestling on the beach amidst greenery that grew to the water's edge. There are the natives paddling as hard as a lumpy sea will permit them, laughing, shouting, scrambling.

We had hardly stopped when the men from the canoes climbed on board like so many cats. In five minutes the decks were one moving crowd of undressed Nayainin natives and miscellaneous dressed bargaining passengers. They seem to be a fine lot of men, these Titnitians, with warm red skins, beautiful teeth, intelligent faces, and hair which nature intended to be black, but which art and quicklime have bleached to various shades of red, white or tawny yellow. There was only one woman, a pretty little thing, dressed in the universal tapa, or native cloth, with long wreaths of sweet-smelling leaves over her neck and shoulders. The sterner sex were not troubled with clothes, but owing to their colour, the large amount of tatoo on the body and legs, eked out with small portions of tapa cloth, this was scarcely noticeable. Each man brought something for sale—imitation war clubs, tapa cloth, fans, lemons and bananas forming their chief stock in trade. But trading time was short, for in less than an hour the signal was given, and presto! overboard they all jumped. The ship was immediately surrounded by men swimming like fish, while their goods and chattels floated round them in the water. When last seen they had regained the boats and were paddling vigorously ashore, laughing, chattering, and counting their gains.

But what of the letters? They went ashore long ago and will wait at Titnita for the next steamer passing south. "Subsequent

events, they interested me no more." Trade winds must blow, I suppose, and currents flow, but I wish they would not do it *quite* so much. A tropical shower is not pleasant just when you have settled yourself comfortably with books and work for the morning; neither is the sensation described as "pitching" entirely agreeable to the average landswoman. In time one learns to bear it philosophically, but to enjoy it, never.

*November 14th.*—About 3 p.m. we steamed through a large opening in the coral reef and found ourselves by the Honolulu wharf. The colouring on all sides was lovely. Behind us the sea we had so lately crossed, looking calm and ultramarine in a deceptive distance; nearer, the water, shallowing on the reef, changes to a brilliant emerald outlined by white surf. In front the town, with its many-coloured roofs, partially hidden by groves of cocoanuts, palms and bananas. The king's palace, with its high, square-built towers, stands out conspicuously against a background of green and blue hills. In the harbour itself, royal and other boathouses, built far into the water on wooden piles, numerous native craft, and the *Charleston*, a big United States man-of-war, all contributed to the composition of a picture which you must see for yourselves, for I cannot describe what is indescribable.

We land and walk to our hotel so as to see something of the town. Alas, our friend the tourist has already been before us. Curios are dear and not always genuine. The streets through which I walked were narrow and dirty, and very trifling purchases cost many dollars. Gladly we leave the shops and find ourselves among gardens and snug houses standing a little back from the road in the shadow of their own trees, palms and cocoanuts everywhere. Here a hedge of scarlet hibiscus, there passion flowers, bananas, mangoes, and on every side flowers and greenery, the very names of which I do not know.

But it is already afternoon, and if we do not start at once darkness will overtake us. Inverurie joins a party going to the "Punch-bowl," a very perfect, extinct crater, seen this morning from the sea as a bright red spot against a background of green hills, and from whence they expect a lovely view. I, taking a buggy, drove to Waikiki, the Brighton of Hawaii. The road skirts the sea, only divided from its shore by single houses, here, as elsewhere, almost hidden among palm groves, a dense green. Such pretty houses, some of them are built bungalow fashion, with deep verandas; others again are more like American villas, for the American is everywhere, and what is not Hawaiian is Yankee. More of that anon.

Native grass houses stand side by side with their wealthier and uglier neighbours, for the Hawaiian is not crowded out with any special "quarter," and that, I think, is one reason of the peculiar picturesqueness of Honolulu. Every house is covered with flowers—jessamine, passion flowers, and hidden away among trees, their gardens margined by the sea sand and deep blue water, where bathers can enjoy themselves undeterred by fear of sharks, these gentry being safely excluded by the coral reefs. There is such delicious softness in the air, laden with a hundred scents, and continuously above the varying sounds of evening I hear the deep boom of the surf.

On our left we are passing a Chinaman's garden; a short time ago it was a morass. He rented the ground for a trifle, dug deep ditches for the water, and on the embankments thus made planted bananas. The trees now yield two crops a year, and these rows of great green lanes are wonderfully picturesque into the bargain. How I wish it would not get dark. Before us is "Diamond Head," even in this light looking gray and bare. But the driver has got down to light his lamps, and long ere we regain Honolulu I can smell and hear new scents and sounds, but see nothing new.

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PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness  
If He felt you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to His guiding hand  
If the way were always bright:  
And you would not care to walk by faith,  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear;  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all  
If pain would not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,  
And the furnace of seven-fold heat,  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to His feet,  
For 'tis always so easy to wander  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,  
And sing, if you can, as you go;  
Your song may cheer some one behind you  
Whose courage is sinking low,  
And, well, if your lips do quiver—  
God will love you better so.



## THE METHODISTS OF MOAB.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

AMONG the mountains of Moab, rising like a mighty wall to the east of the Dead Sea, stands the Bedouin town of Kerak, retaining, in name and in site, direct descent from the ancient city of Kir-haraseth, mentioned in the Old Testament history. It was the only town left standing when Jehoram invaded Moab, owing its preservation to a cruel strategy (2 Kings iii. 25), and Isaiah names it, with its neighbouring city of Ar (Isaiah xv. 1), in his prophecy of woe upon that country. It is a wild, rough region, inhabited by even wilder and rougher people, far away from the beaten tracks of ordinary tourist travel, and little known, even by name, to the world of western civilization. The treacherous tribes of the rapacious Bedouin infest the whole surrounding country; their black tents are pitched here and there over the lowland valleys, where their flocks find pasture, and their small and squalid villages dot the heights around.

It is an important place, nevertheless, this town of Kerak, for it lies right in the track of the great caravan route, which there crosses through the mountain-passes of Moab to the towns and villages of the interior, and it forms thus an entrepôt in the miscellaneous trade and travel of the Arab world. The town occupies a most romantic situation, being built on a lofty, rocky platform, three thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level, yet commanded on every side by even loftier heights, while deep valleys cut it off on all sides, except in one narrow neck, from the encircling ranges. This platform is triangular, measures about a thousand yards on each side, was once strongly fortified, and is still enclosed by a half-ruinous wall flanked by seven heavy towers. It is entered through two tunnels cut in the rock, each nearly a hundred feet long, one on the north side of the town and one on the south. The citadel, a massive building, is separated from the town by a moat cut in the rock, and probably dating from the Crusades. In early Christian times it was the see of a bishop, and the Crusaders, mistaking it for Petra, established in it a Latin bishopric of that name, a title still retained in the Greek Church. Porter, in his hand-book of Palestine, from which the foregoing details are taken, says of the present inhabitants of this ancient and interesting place, that they are "as fanatical, as covetous, and as reckless a set of vagabonds as ever polluted a country;" and from Burckhardt's time to the present they have

been wont to plunder, and sometimes imprison and hold for ransom, the few venturesome travellers that have put themselves within their power.

In this Arab town, with so strange a history, so striking a site, and so unsavoury a reputation, have lived for five years past, two of the most self-denying and courageous missionaries in the world, their names hardly known, their work little noted by even those most interested in the work of missions. Yet these five years in the history of their patient heroism, form no unfitting sequel to the Acts of the Apostles; and in their potential bearing upon the conquest of the Arab world for Christ, and the part to be played therein by Methodism, have an interest and import almost without parallel. Five years ago an English Wesleyan local preacher, named Lethaby, with a little private means, a little knowledge of medicine, and, as the event has proved, not a little of the spirit and self-sacrifice of the Good Physician, became filled with a longing to give his life-service to the alleviation of the woes, spiritual and physical, of the sorely needy and long-neglected inhabitants of the lands identified with the early history of our race, and so closely associated with our dearest interests and holiest thoughts. Going to Jerusalem with that intent, he finally decided, probably on Wesley's principle of going not to those who need you, but to those who need you most, to make his abode at Kerak; and so to that robber-fastness, with his life in his hand, he accordingly set his face.

It is about seventy miles in a straight line from Jerusalem to Kerak, but the journey in reality is both roundabout and toilsome; and, withal, encompassed with such multiplied "perils of robbers" and worse, that the man who essays it must needs be stout of heart and set of purpose. Lethaby, however, had both a brave heart and a great purpose, and none of these things moved him, so in due time, after many an adventure, he arrived at Kerak. He had been warned not to go, and now that he was on the spot, he was, to put it in the mildest way, most unmistakably unwelcome; but he had come to stay, and he stayed. His few books and scant wardrobe were hardly of staple or sufficiency to excite Arab cupidity. He was evidently no venturesome trader or rich Frankish howadji on a pleasure tour, and as he asked no higher favour than to be allowed to live in one of their hovels and, without pay or reward, to doctor their sick people, and teach their dirty and neglected children, he was contemptuously allowed the privilege he sought. The sheik gave him a written assurance of permission, and the people accorded him a dubious toleration. Here, then, in a single mud-walled apartment, serving at once for

bedroom, kitchen, parlour and school-room, Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby—for his noble-hearted wife has been with him all through—began to exercise the sweet and civilizing influence of Christian lives given up completely to the helping, in body and soul, of the people among whom they had cast their lot. The sick, in all sorts and stages of Oriental loathsomeness, had healing and help so far as the missionary's skill and medicine could give it; the children, wild and uncouth as the lean dogs that prowled about the town, were gradually gathered in and taught the elements of learning, secular and sacred. Words of divine truth and love, wisely and gently uttered, were dropped here and there as seed-corn, falling, in some cases at least, to take evident root. And thus, with a patient love of service to men which obtained none of its fervour from glamour or romance, this heroic man and woman toiled on untiringly at their self-appointed task, with scant reward or recognition of their kindly services. For four years they worked on alone, shut up entirely in their isolated mission, with little communication even by letter with the outside world.

Last year about this time, they were gladdened by the coming of a helper, Miss Arnold; and on the 17th of March, 1890, an English gentleman and his wife, who have adventurously traversed many of the more unbeaten tracks of Syria, paid a visit to Kerak, and in a recently published book,\* the following sprightly account of the incident is given. It is especially noteworthy, as the *Methodist Times*, from whose critique on the book the extract is taken, observes, as giving the impression formed of the Lethabys and their work by an intelligent and unbiased eye-witness:

“As our horses scrambled up the steep side of the hill on the summit of which Kerak stands, we saw a little man in European dress, worn to the extreme of tenuity and shabbiness, climbing down on foot, and knew that it must be Mr. Lethaby come to welcome us. He walked by our side, as wondering we passed through the tunnel into the wretched collection of one-storied hovels which constitute the town. As we threaded the dirty lanes from which ill-looking faces stared out upon us, it was a pleasure to see a female figure clothed in a neat, clean, simple English dress and apron, crowned by an honest, smiling, friendly English face. This was Mrs. Lethaby, and here in this one poor room, lighted only by the door, is the residence and school-room of the missionaries and the mission. For four years have this little hero and heroine lived and laboured on amongst the Keraki, being subject to continual insults, threats and robberies. And three or four weeks before our visit, Miss Arnold had joined them. The

\* *With the Bedouins: A Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria.* By Gray Hill. With sixty-eight illustrations and a map. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

poverty in which they live, their careful attention to the bodily ailments of the people, and the fact that the Moslems of the place are little more than Mussulman in name, having the Bedouin laxity and indifference in religious matters, account for their being allowed to live at all. Indeed, Sheik Salet mentioned to us in an indifferent tone that he intended to kill Mr. Lethaby some day. Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby are so patient, so simple, so earnest, so averse from manufacturing hypocrites, so free from cant of any kind, so careless of small doctrinal and ceremonial points, so brave and determined, that we were lost in admiration of their zeal and devotion. The daily perils and annoyances to which they are subjected would be enough to drive away all but those of lion heart.

One little instance made an impression upon us. Mrs. Lethaby told us that the walls of their room, being old (for they did not build a house, but only rented a room), were infested by snakes and scorpions, and that she often lay awake at night listening to the peculiar crackling noise made by these creatures in breaking out of the crumbling mortar. Four lean cats who had found a refuge in the mission room from the storms of Kerak life, rewarded their benefactors by hunting the crawling things. The only pleasant time the missionaries have is when, work being over and the door locked, they can read aloud some interesting book and endeavour to forget their surroundings. All Mr. Lethaby's little means having been exhausted in his mission, his efforts are only supported by friends in England. So difficult and uncertain is the communication with the outside world that, although as the crow flies the distance from Jerusalem is not, I suppose, much more than seventy miles, yet they told us they were sometimes four months together without getting a letter, or being able to send one; and Mrs. Lethaby said, and probably with accuracy, that my wife was only the third English woman who had visited Kerak since the Crusades—she and Miss Arnold being the other two.

Whatever religious opinions the reader may hold, or even if he have none, let him but see what we saw of the devotion of the missionaries of Kerak, let him but witness, as we did, the effect which their gentle, true, and merciful lives, lived in the midst of savage, false, heartless, and ignorant people, have upon the children growing up under their influence, and unless his mind is warped by theological bigotry, or anti-religious fanaticism, he must recognize that here a noble work is being done, and he will not stay to inquire whether the doctrines taught are those which are, in his opinion, of the right colour. When the character and knowledge of the Keraki are raised to something like the level attained by the average of that part of mankind which is called civilized, it will be time enough for the 'subtle schoolman, more studious to divide than to unite,' to quarrel over the nature of the education to be given."

Such, then, is the work and such are the surroundings of the Methodists of Moab; the self-sent and at the first self-supported, pioneers of Methodism in that land, indeed, the sole representatives of the great missionary army of Methodism—and they unofficial—among the populations, nomadic and settled, of Palestine and Syria. They have chosen voluntarily probably the hardest soil in that long-desolated vineyard; they have not entered in at one of the open doors—and they are many and wide—but have



pushed one open for themselves, and there, in their heroic isolation and self-denying labour, they emphasize the Macedonian cry which, possibly among Methodists, has gone too long unheeded. Last autumn, Mr. Lethaby paid a flying visit to England, told here and there to sympathetic ears the simple story of his work, gathered up some free-will offerings to aid in its maintenance and development, and then hastened back to Kerak. There, to-day, he and his noble helpers are toiling on.

In these days when so much is said, not always, possibly, without reason, about missionary dilettantism abroad and limp and self-indulgent church life at home, it is refreshing to be able to turn to such a chapter as this in the annals of the modern Church.

The following is an extract from Mr. Lethaby's last letter before returning to Kerak last November. Surely a work evoking such enthusiasm as distinguishes Lethaby, and consecrated by the martyr-death of Ion Keith Falconer, is worthy of being taken up:

"And now I write, within two hours of my departure, to say that I return single-handed to the field; though half-a-dozen offers of service have been tendered, those who seem qualified for the work at this time have withdrawn at parental and family solicitation. Well, the Lord knows that for a longer time, apparently, two women and one man have to attend to the bodily, mental, and spiritual needs of scores of thousands of those who are made in His image, redeemed by Christ's blood, equally with ourselves; and, if we are faithful, He will give strength, grace and guidance. Again, then, my principal petition is for the supplications of my Christian readers—according to the prayer card which we have issued—that the Holy Spirit may ever inspire and accompany every effort, and make it effectual to the conversion of souls; that, especially, our dear Bedouin boys and girls may in yet greater numbers be 'made wise unto salvation,' and a blessing to their own people: that we who are in the front may be graciously kept from falling into errors of thought, word and deed, and blessed with 'a right judgment in all things'; and, as seems most important, that the cruel, lawless conduct of Turks and Ishmaelites may cease, and such protection be vouchsafed that the way may be opened for myself or others to go on to those Arabian fields which are not so much 'white unto the harvest,' as ripe and brown with the dust of many centuries during which immortal souls have been forgotten by the labourers of the Lord of the harvest. Oh, that even now the disciples might 'lift up their eyes!'"

NOTE.—So far as I am aware, the work of Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby is still dependent upon voluntary support, though it is possible that the Wesleyan Missionary Committee may now give them a grant in aid of it. In any case, however, pecuniary help is doubtless greatly needed, and would be gratefully appreciated: and if any of the readers of the *MAGAZINE* would like to aid this heroic couple, and will send their contributions to me, in care of the Editor, I will undertake to see that they are duly and promptly forwarded by the safest mode to Kerak. Soon, I hope, we shall have missionaries of our own in some part of these ancient lands. [G. J. B.]

*SHALL WE HAVE A MEDICAL MISSION IN PALESTINE?*

In support of the appeal which I am making for the starting of a pioneer Methodist Medical Mission in Palestine or Syria, and in answer to the natural and very essential question, what will it cost? I can hardly do better than put before your readers an extract from a letter just received from my friend, Dr. Mackinnon, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission in Damascus, mine host during my stay in that famous city. It supplies, I think, what we need at this point, a vivid and faithful picture of the crying need of help which obtains almost everywhere out there, and an accurate estimate of its probable cost:

"As regards ourselves, we are plodding on where you left us. My work has increased till I am at my wits' end to know how to manage it," writes Dr. Mackinnon. "I intend, very shortly, writing my Society on this point. Something must be done; I alone am quite unable to manage the affair. Cases, some sad, sad cases requiring operations, are constantly presenting themselves at the Dispensary. We have at present six beds, but what are they among so many? Every bed is occupied, and still they come. One case went out to-day, and another stepped in almost before the bed got cold. Over one hundred cases daily apply for medical relief; and I cannot, with my other work, see more than fifty or sixty. The others go away and come again and again. There is no use shirking the question—a hospital must be built, a nurse must be got; and if the work remains as heavy as at present, an assistant must be sought.

"I do not know if I told you we have now an Imperial Iradé, tantamount to a Firman, for a hospital. Ever since obtaining this we have remained unmolested on the part of the government, although the daily preaching of the Gospel in the waiting-room is not well received by the fanatic portion of the population. We are sometimes told in a quiet way that we had better, in the meantime, discontinue it; but we never heed these things, and just go on as usual.

"Old Yusef, alias 'Old Polyglot,'\* is still to the fore. He is a wonderful old man, true and faithful, and instant in season and out of season.

"Your question regarding medical mission and schools I must think over, and speak with the missionaries about. For my own

\* A venerable old Armenian, speaking several languages, the Dispensary servant, and a devoted and zealous Christian, testifying for his Master and preaching His Gospel to the hundreds who flock to the Dispensary with the greatest earnestness and boldness.

part I would welcome another Medical Mission in the land. The large villages to the north seem to me to be the best part; but whether they are regarded as the property of any church or not I do not know. I shall write you again about that.

"The cost of a Medical Mission varies according to place. But suppose an ordinary case:

#### EQUIPMENT OF MEDICAL MISSION.

"Instruments, £60 to £100; Drugs £40—say for both, £120.

"To equip medical man, etc., including books, personal effects, instruments, drugs, furnishing consulting room and dispensary, say nearly £200.

"Yearly expenses:

|                           |         |      |
|---------------------------|---------|------|
| Medical man's salary..... | £200 to | £300 |
| " " home.....             | 30 "    | 40   |
| Rent of dispensary.....   | 30 "    | 40   |
| Dispenser's wages.....    | 16 "    | 30   |
| Manservant.....           | 16 "    | 30   |
| Extra drugs.....          | 25 "    | 35   |
| Extras .....              | 20 "    | 40   |

From £337 to £515

"The expenses of the Damascus Medical Mission, including rent, £44, dispenser's wages, man and maid-servants' wages, light, fire, furnishing, four to five beds and inmates, food for them, extra drugs bought in town, etc., etc.; in short, everything required by the large dispensary and embryonic hospital, except my salary and the drugs from home, amounted to:

|                 |      |    |   |
|-----------------|------|----|---|
| 1886-1887 ..... | £183 | 18 | 7 |
| 1887-1888 ..... | 146  | 18 | 2 |
| 1888-1889 ..... | 164  | 9  | 5 |
| 1889-1890 ..... | 189  | 2  | 0 |

"Of this we raised here in Damascus by fees in the dispensary (not outside, that is a separate account), donations and collection box:

|                 |     |   |    |
|-----------------|-----|---|----|
| 1886-1887 ..... | £48 | 4 | 0  |
| 1887-1888 ..... | 47  | 8 | 0  |
| 1888-1889 ..... | 69  | 9 | 11 |
| 1889-1890 ..... | 64  | 2 | 2  |

"You will see, then, that for the last two years it has cost my Society about £100 to £125, besides my salary and drugs from home, to keep up the work here. Fees taken outside the dispensary form a separate account, these to go to the Society.

"There is a sort of understanding between the Church Missionary Society and the Presbyterians that the Church Missionary Society takes Palestine up to Banias, and the Presbyterians Syria and the north as their respective spheres of labour. Since getting so far, Mr. Crawford, the new missionary, dropped in; I spoke about your question, and he was of the idea that a Medical Mission was what was most needed in this land. He is a great advocate of Medical Mission work."

Now, then, there can be no question as to need and probable cost, in the judgment of one most competent to give an opinion. The only question is, shall the man and the money be forthcoming? Who will answer?

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MY SOUL, COME IN.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"While I was musing the fire burned."—Ps. xxxix. 3.

My soul, come in from the world to-night,  
 Thou art far too burdened with all its care:  
 Thou hast never a moment of sweet delight,  
 Shut in from its din with thy Lord in prayer.  
 Come in, thou hast tarried too long abroad,  
 To thy Holy of Holies to-night return,  
 And hold communion alone with God;  
 And while thou art musing the fire will burn.

Come in, my soul! Thou art all alone  
 In the busy mart, with its bustle and blare;  
 The chamber of prayer is beside the Throne:  
 There is strength, and healing, and solace there.  
 Come in and talk with thy risen Lord,  
 He waits for thy coming, and will not spurn  
 Thy utter trust in His princely Word:  
 And while He is speaking the fire will burn.

Thou needest the fire to purge thy dross,  
 To leaven with life and to cast out sin;  
 The spell of power for thee is *The Cross*,  
 And prayer brings the *Fire of Pentecost* in.  
 Then wait on the Lord, thou soul of mine;  
 To repent the past can alone return  
 Thee into the current of life divine;  
 There, while thou art musing, the fire will burn.

Thy Lord on Tabor, at eventide,  
 Transfigured, stood on the Mount of Prayer,  
 And now in thy life shall be glorified,  
 And the *beauty* of heaven shine clearly there.  
 If thou wilt bow before God, my soul!  
 The world will know thou hast seen His face,  
 And others will yield to His sweet control  
 By thy prayer-found fire of redeeming grace.

THE ELMS, Toronto.



"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."\*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has chosen as the theme of his latest poem—the crowning work of his life, as we think it is—the most august and solemn theme in the whole range of human thought and history. The story of the incarnation and life of Our Blessed Lord, of His cross and passion, of His resurrection and ascension, with all the momentous and stupendous consequences thereof, form a theme for devout and reverent poetry incomparably superior in interest, to the "Nether World" and "Paradise" of Dante, or the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. And devout and reverent is every line of this noble poem. The story of the blameless Gautama, of his self-sacrifice and abnegation, furnished the distinguished author of "The Light of Asia" with a noble theme; but he here completes and supplements that splendid poem with a sympathetic study of a diviner incarnation, a nobler life, and a sublimer sacrifice. We hope that many of our readers will give themselves the benefit of careful study of this poem. All that we can hope to do in these pages is to point out a few of its more conspicuous features, and call attention to a few of its gems of thought.

The beautiful introductory poem indicates the spirit in which the author undertakes his task, called thereto by a divine and solemn voice.

"The Sovereign Voice spake, once more, in mine ear,  
'Write, now, a song unstained by any tear.'

" 'What shall I write?' I said. The Voice replied,  
'Write what We tell thee of The Crucified!'

" 'How shall I write,' I said, 'Who am not meet  
One word of that sweet speaking to repeat?'

" 'It shall be given unto thee! Do this thing!'  
Answered The Voice: 'Wash thy lips clean and sing!'"

Then the scene opens at Bethlehem:

"So many hills arising, green and gray,  
On Earth's large round, and that one hill to say:  
'I was his bearing place!' On Earth's wide breast  
So many maids! and She—of all most blest—  
Heavily mounting Bethlehem, to be  
His Mother!—Holy Maid of Galilee!"

\* *The Light of the World; or, the Great Consummation.* By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. J. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

After the song of the angels, the poet, with clear assurance, moralizes thus on the final reign of peace and brotherhood :

“PEACE, pledged, at last, to Man !  
 Oh ! if there only ran  
 Thrill of such surety through one human soul,  
 Would not the swift joy start  
 From beating heart to heart,  
 Lighting all lands ; leaping from pole to pole ?

“PEACE, PEACE—to come ! to be !  
 If such were certainty  
 Far-off, at length, at latest, any while,  
 What woe were hard to bear ?  
 What sorrow worth one tear ?  
 Murder would soften, black Despair would smile. . .

“What lack of Paradise  
 If in angelic wise,  
 Each unto each, as to himself, were dear ?  
 If we in souls descried,  
 Whatever form might hide,  
 Own brother, and own sister, everywhere ?”

The poem was meditated amid the sacred scenes of Bethlehem. The author says :

“What time, with reverent feet, I wandered there  
 Treading Christ’s ground, and breathing Christ’s sweet air.”

The chief scene of the poem is in the palace home of Mary Magdalene, three years after the death of Christ. The poet describes Pontius Pilate, with his wife Claudia Procula, taking refuge, from the discomforts of their camp tents, in the house of Mary Magdalene. The restless proconsul, summoned before Cæsar, on account of alleged malversations of office, cannot sleep for thought of the deeper wrong and damning guilt of his consenting to the death of Christ :

“The pale, sweet Man ; the Man that was ‘the King.’ . . .  
 Whom, of all Jews, I hated not, nor scorned.”

Pilate recounts, with bitter remorse, his part in the sad scenes of the *Preterium*, and goes his way summoned to Rome to defend himself against the very accusation of treason against Cæsar which he vainly tried to escape by his condemnation of Christ. In the following eloquent lines the poet describes the converse of Mary Magdalene, wherein she sets forth the holy character of the Lord she loved.

“Thereat she rose  
 Stateliest,—and light of living Love and Truth

Made fairer her fair face, kindled her eyes  
 To lovelier lustre, while she told the things  
 Which had befallen after Calvary.  
 How, surely, with the sad days ending there,  
 New days had dawned and hope unknown to earth.  
 How He walked here, the shadow of Him Love,  
 The speech of Him soft Music, and His step  
 A Benediction ; making sick folk whole,  
 The lame to walk, the lepers to go clean,  
 And taking back the dead from Death, by might  
 Of some deep secret which He had from Heaven.  
 Until—at that hard triumph of the Cross,  
 In hour, and way, and by th' appointed hands—  
 He Himself passed, mild and majestic,  
 Through Death's black gate, whose inner side none saw  
 Before He set it wide, golden and glad,  
 Conquered for us of the Unconquerable."

A more sympathetic auditor she found in the gray-beard  
 Magus, who came from farthest Ind, to inquire once more con-  
 cerning that prophet of the Most High to whose birthplace in  
 Bethlehem he had been led by the Guiding Star six-and-thirty  
 years before. Mary recounts her story, as learned from the  
 Mother of Jesus and from apocryphal legend :

"What was, in the beginning of these things,  
 Scantly I know by hearing, and such word  
 As sometimes, from the brothers of my Lord,  
 Or from His Mother, fell. But those not apt  
 Greatly to speak ; since, well-nigh to the end  
 Scant honour found He in His father's House :  
 And She who bore Him—blessed beyond all  
 Of mortal mothers—bore a load besides  
 Of love and fear, wonder and reverence,  
 So heavy on her heart that her still lips  
 Were locked as if an Angel held them close.  
 Only you saw, if Heaven should seek on Earth  
 Fit mother for its Messenger of grace,  
 Those were the eyes,—communing with the skies—  
 That was the face,—tender and true and pure :  
 There was the breast, beautiful, sinless, sweet—  
 This was the frame,—majestic, maidenly—  
 And these the soft, strong hands, and those the arms,  
 And those the knees,—bent daily in meek prayer—  
 Whereto the Eternal Love would needs commit  
 The flower of Humankind to bud and blow.

"I, who have been that which He found me, hide  
 My stained cheeks in my hands, speaking of her  
 Who showed so noble, humble, heavenly,

So virginal and motherly ; so fair,  
The Rose of Women."

Recounting the flight into Egypt, she says :

"On their way

'Tis told the palm-trees stooped to give them fruit ;  
That dragons of the deserts slid their scales—  
Shamed to be deadly—into cleft and den ;  
That robbers, by the road, flung spear and sword  
Down on the sand, and laid their fierce brows there,  
Convinced of evil by mere majesty  
Of Babe and Mother. And dry Roses bloomed  
Back into beauty, when their garments brushed  
The Rose-bush ; and a way-side sycamore  
Beneath whose leaves they rested, moved his boughs  
From noon till evening with the moving sun  
To make them shade. And, coming nigh to On,  
Where stands the house of Ra, its mighty God—  
Cut in black porphyry, prodigious, feared,—  
Fell from his seat. But if all this be so  
I wot not."

She thus describes the blameless life of the thirty years in Nazareth :

"His trade He plied, a Carpenter, and built  
Doors, where folks come and go, unto this hour,  
Not wotting how the hands which wrought their doors  
Unbarred Death's gate by Love's high sacrifice ;—  
Tables whereon folks set their meat, and eat,  
Heedless of Who was 'Bread of Life' and gave  
Such food that whoso eateth hungereth not.  
And, in those little lanes of Nazareth,  
Each morn His holy feet would come and go  
While He bore planks and beams, whose back must bear  
The cruel cross. And, then, at evening's fall,  
Resting from labour, with those patient feet  
Deep in white wood-dust, and the long curled shreds  
Shorn by His plane,—He would turn innocent eyes  
Gazing far past the sunset to that world  
He came from, and must go to ; nigh to Him,—  
Nigh unto us, albeit we see it not,  
Whereof Life is the curtain, and mute Death  
Herald and Door-keeper. One eve, they say,  
The shadow of His outstretched arms—cast strong  
By sun-down's low-shot light,—painted a Cross  
Black on the wall ; and Mary, trembling, drew  
Her garment o'er the lattice."

The following sweet song is chanted describing that shadow of the cross :

"Meek and sweet in the sun He stands,  
Drinking the cool of the Syrian skies ;



Lifting to Heaven toil-wearied hands,  
 Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

“Gazing from trestle and bench and saw  
 To the Kingdom kept for His rule above ;  
 Oh, Jesus, Lord ! we see with awe !  
 Oh, Mary’s Son, we look with love !

“We know what message that even-tide  
 Bore, when it painted the Roman cross,  
 And the purples of night-fall prophesied  
 The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

“The Crown which the Magi brought to her  
 It made a Vision of brows that bleed ;  
 And the censer, with spikenard, and balm, and myrrh,  
 It lay on the wall like the Sponge and Reed.

“But now Thou art in the Shadowless Land,  
 Behind the light of the setting Sun ;  
 And the worst is forgotten which Evil planned,  
 And the best that Love’s glory could win, is won !”

With bitter tears, Mary, whom the poet identifies with her of Magdala, out of whom our Lord cast seven devils, confesses her sin, her sorrow, and her forgiveness.

“’Twas there, at Kenna, ’mid my thickest sins,  
 Red outwardly with murder ; inwardly  
 Black to the heart’s core with wild wickedness,  
 Dwelt in by all the seven dark devils of Hell,  
 I saw my Lord ! Oh, first I saw my Lord !  
 And, sir ! I heard His voice. . . .

“Wherefore, I followed to Capernaum,  
 One in His lengthening train—the last and least—  
 Unnoticed ; for I cast aside my webs  
 Of Coan, and my torques of Roman gold  
 At Kenna—and dressed as our peasants use  
 Along the Lake.”

Then in exquisite verse she describes the teachings of Our Lord on that “fair Sinai”—the Mount of Beatitudes.

“The Kingdom came on that soft mountain-slope,  
 Not with the battle-trumpets, not with neigh  
 Of war-horse, flecked with purple foam, and neck  
 Clothed with the thunder ; but by this mild Voice  
 Telling how lowly souls shall be the Lord’s  
 Of the New Kingdom, and the Sorrowful,  
 The meek, the seekers after righteousness,  
 The merciful, the just, the peace-makers,  
 And they who for their brothers’ sake, and Right,

Have suffered persecution. Oh, sir! think;  
In that one mountain morning—at one word—  
All our world changed! Poverty rich! sick hearts  
Comforted! those who weep to laugh and sing,  
This earth the Ante-room to neighbouring Heaven;  
Wise souls its salt; pure souls its lamps; set high  
Like cities upon hills, like candlesticks  
Lighting the house! 'So let them shine,' He said,  
'That men see your good works, and glorify  
Your Father in the heavens!'"

Under the spell of this Holy Presence and these divine teachings, all the base in her was changed to love and worship.

"All my heart  
Burned so with worship that the blessed flame  
Purged it of sin, and shame and sorrow,—left  
Only the gold behind of grateful ache  
To praise and thank and love and honour Him;  
To follow Him with humblest service still  
Through life and death."

She thus describes the scene in Simon's house and the holy words of Jesus:

"Wherefore, this I say:—  
Her sins—her many sins—are wiped away,  
Even as from these my feet her tears were wiped;  
FOR SHE LOVED MUCH! But where forgivingness  
Is little, love is little.' . . .  
And—ah!—beyond all music ever heard—  
Fell dulcet on mine ears: 'Go thou in peace!  
Thy faith hath saved thee! Go in peace! Thy sins  
Are all forgiven."

Then became she one of the most faithful of the disciples of our Lord. She thus records that life in Galilee:

"He led us—Lord of lovely pastorals—  
Through these fair paths, grown to seem Paradise,  
Heaven being so near. Women and children drew—  
Bright with the light of Love's new Kingdom come—  
Into his train; and gave Him laughing guards  
Of little ones, who clustered round His knees—  
Wiser and bolder than we others were—  
Of dark-eyed, wistful Syrian wives and maids,  
Glad to be poor, because He loved the poor  
And made them wealthy with His word. The Lake,  
The lonely peaks, the valleys, lily-lit,  
Were synagogues. The simplest sights we met—  
The Sower flinging seed on loam and rock;  
The darnel in the wheat; the mustard-tree

That hath its seed so little, and its boughs  
Wide-spreading ; and the wandering sheep ; and nets  
Shot in the wimpled waters—drawing forth  
Great fish and small ;—these, and a hundred such,  
Seen by us daily, yet never seen aright,  
Were pictures for Him from the page of life,  
Teaching by parable.”

“ Yet most He loved to teach of love,” she said, and then recounts the story of the prodigal.

“ And, oh ! what heart  
Throbbled not amongst us, while the Master told  
Tenderly,—meaning all the world to hear,—  
How—yet a long way off—his Father saw,  
Saw him, and had compassion ; nay, and ran,  
And fell upon his neck, and kissed the boy  
Mouth to mouth, Father’s lips on Son’s lips pressed,  
Staying his words of sorrowful self-blame  
With dear impatience ;—leading us to learn  
That God’s love runneth faster than our feet  
To meet us stealing back to Him and peace,  
And kisses dumb our shame, nay, and puts on  
The best robe, bidding Angels bring it forth,  
While Heaven makes festival ; for Angel’s meat  
Is happiness of man.”

The Indian Magus, who had all his life been seeking for the light, recognizing a light above the light of Buddha, exclaims :

“ Whence are words to thank  
These words which teach me where thy Jesus filled  
The leaf of wisdom in, and wrote for men  
The Name Lord Buddha would not say nor spell ? ”

A brilliant chapter recounts the splendour and the pagan pomp and wealthy merchandise of Tyre, and our Lord’s visit thither and contact with this heathenry, soon to be, by His sacred ministry, brought back to the service of its rightful Lord.

Dwelling with grateful and adoring love upon the love of God, revealed in Christ, this woman who loved much, for she was much forgiven, thus expounds to the Indian sage this wonderful revelation of the Divine and eternal God in the human Christ :

“ This Godlike One,  
This spotless, stainless, sinless, blameless Christ,  
Whom none did once convince of one small swerve  
From perfectness ; nor ever shall !—so strong  
The elements obeyed Him ; so divine  
The devils worshipped ; so with virtue charged  
The touch of Him was health ; so masterful  
The dead came back upon His call ; so mild

The little children clustered at His knee,  
And nestled trustful locks on that kind breast  
Which leans to-day on God's—Consider, sir !  
A human heart beat there ! a human brain  
Pondered, and pitied, and was sorrowful  
Behind that Sovereign brow."

Rising to the conception of the perfect kingdom of God on earth, in golden words Mary describes the golden age to be, and the Golden Rule,—the motto of the world :

" But with Christ to love,—  
With Him to show us what lay lost in us—  
Man by His birth, God by His deathlessness—  
For His sake all the race of men grows great ;  
Old laws are spent ! What need command us more,  
With crash of Sinai's thunder, not to rob,  
To murder, covet, bear false witness ? Those  
Were chained for Hatred ;—Love is done with them !  
Love, standing with the children, at His knee,  
Spells the new lesson that the neighbour wronged,  
The poor left comfortless, the foeman slain,  
Were kinsmen used unkindly, lovers lost ;  
Being one household, with one Father, God,  
One eldest brother, Christ."

An exquisite passage is that in which the beautiful Shelomith, the beloved daughter of Jairus, called back to life by the words of Jesus, tells with a strange reserve the story of her recall from the spirit world. More touching still is the account of the raising of Lazarus, identified as the brother of this Mary Magdalene, and as the rich young lawyer, who went away grieved from Christ because he had great possessions, and whom our Lord recalled from the grave, and who is further identified as the young man who watched our Lord with loving sympathy on the evening of that dark hour at Gethsemane :

" So Jesus, sitting with a babe  
Asleep upon His breast, and on His knee  
One round-eyed ' Angel of the Kingdom,' nursed  
Full fatherly :—a shallop drove its keel  
Sharp on the tinkling shingle, and thence gave  
My Brother to our band. For I had told  
At Bethany how great the Master was ;  
How wise, how holy, how compassionate.  
And El'azar sped, running through the reeds ;  
And thrust past peasants, mothers, and the Twelve ;  
And kneeled and prayed : ' Good Master ! wherewithal  
Shall I gain Life eternal ? ' Jesus said :  
' Call me not good ! None is all good save One !



Thou knowest the Commandments ?' at those words  
 Reciting Moses. Quoth my brother, then,  
 'All these have I observed from my youth up !'  
 And Jesus seeing, loved him ; kissed his head  
 As Rabbis will when scholars answer well ;  
 But bade him go his way, sell all his goods,  
 And give his shekels to the poor, and buy  
 Treasures in Heaven. Thereat El'azar turned  
 Sorrowful, for he was a Ruler, owning vines,  
 Milch-kine and olive-yards. Yet, that kind kiss  
 Lay strong upon him ; and he did this thing  
 And gave much wealth, and lived for better gold,  
 And grew the Master's friend, faithful and close,  
 Ministering, when we came to Bethany."

Then she describes the illness of her brother, the delay of  
 Christ, the hopeless sorrow of the sisters :

"Too late ! too late !  
 Why had He tarried, only seven leagues off,  
 Who might have healed ; and El'azar so loved ?  
 'Lord, had'st Thou but been here !' brake from my lips,  
 'My brother had not died !' Then, as I think,  
 To see our tears, and all those mourning folk,  
 And know our lamentation one salt drop  
 In this world's brimful sea of misery ;  
 Bethinking how, by night and day ; near, far,  
 Eyes stream, hearts crack, and homes are laid in waste  
 For terror of this secret-footed Death  
 Which comes unseen, and slayeth silently ;  
 And hath not answered once, though myriads ask :  
 'What art Thou ? Wilt Thou give us back our Dead ?'  
 Bethinking Him of this, compassionate,  
 Folding all human sorrows in His heart,  
 Our Heavenly Master groaned in spirit ; shook,  
 A-tremble with that vast Love, gathering  
 Against His breast all such as weep on Earth.  
 'Where have ye laid him ?' sighed He. When I said  
 'Lord ! Come and see !' the gracious eyes were wet  
 With tears which comfort all tears.

"Jesus wept.

So, to the Tomb we came. The gray slab made  
 Its monstrous door, where tread of guests falls not,  
 Nor knock is answered, but the Dead within  
 Keep speechless company, and, in the dark—  
 With none to visit them save rat and worm ;  
 Nothing befalling but a bone which drops ;  
 Moulder together, all a-dust and dry,  
 Saying no word,—disconsolate, undone,  
 Staring with empty eyes at olive-roots  
 Whose fruit they used to pluck—for others now !

Saying no word ! Husband and Wife and Child,  
Brother and Sister,—who were wont to mix  
Lips, hands, and hearts in Earth's warm fellowship,  
Silent and separate, on noisome beds.  
Oh, till He lived did we not dread our Dead  
So still, so altered, so unlovely, so—— ?”

Then follows the transcending miracle, and the happiness of the overjoyed sisters over the brother of their love.

But the shadows are gathering over that holy life—the scenes of the Last Supper, the anguish of Gethsemane, the betrayal, the cross and passion on the tree. We would gladly quote the exquisite pathos of those closing scenes, but space will not permit.

“Measure what a pang  
Tore us, and mocked our faith, and made our hopes  
Fall, leaf by leaf ; like last leaves, when the blast  
Of winter strips the vineyard gray and bare !”

All their high hopes were gone. “They trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.”

“For our King's drink the hyssop on the sponge !  
For our King's purple the slow-trickling blood !  
For our King's courtiers the writhing thieves  
This side and that ! for our King's ministers  
Those legionaries with the savage spears !  
For our King's praises gibes of passers-by !  
For our King's throne the cruel torturing Tree ! . . .  
Ah, never since tears rolled—since human hearts  
Beat quick with hope, to break in black despair,  
Lay Love so wingless, Faith so quite forlorn  
As that dread day, on guilty Golgotha !”

And Mary recounts how on the morning of the first Easter, at the early dawn, she came to the garden—

“Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not  
How Love was dead, and Life's dear glory gone,  
And World's hope lay there in the tomb with Him.”

But alas !

“Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay Him fair,  
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood  
From His pierced palms, and comb His tangled hair  
To comeliness, and leave Him—like a King—  
To His forgetful Angels. Weeping hard, . . .  
For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet  
The word He spake—My Lord ! my King, my Christ !  
Was my name :

“Mary !” Only I turned  
My quick glance upward ; saw Him ; knew Him ! sprang  
Crying : ‘Rabboni !—Lord ! my Lord ! dear Lord !’”

## MEDICAL MISSIONS.

*CANADIAN METHODIST MISSION IN CHINA.*

BY THE REV. V. C. HART, D.D.

NEARLY all missionaries are earnest advocates of medical missions. From Africa to Syria and Persia, from India and China to Siam and Corea, hundreds of the most devoted missionaries plead for this branch of Christian work. The past few years has seen a wonderful change in missionary tactics, and the day is gone when medical missions are considered unimportant factors in the world's conversion. The Church Missionary Society sent able and experienced men to the "Happy Valley" of Cashmere; but after repeated failures, the idea dawned upon the Society that a medical missionary might be successful. One was borrowed from the Presbyterians and sent to the Valley. The work was opened, and has proved a grand success. Much of the wonderful success in Formosa is, no doubt, due to this branch of work, which was established in conjunction with the evangelistic. Siam was practically untouched by Christian influence until Drs. Bradley and House arrived upon the field. A boastful priest said to Dr. Bradley, "Have you come with your chisel to undermine our great mountain of Buddhism?" The Doctor was destined to wield one of the best chisels ever devised to cleave the flinty mountain of heathenism. He was to carry a most potent charm to dispel the horrid superstitions which had so long enslaved the Siamese.

Scarcely seven years ago, my friend, Dr. Allen, exchanged his newly begun work in central China for a position near the King of Corea. Corea was then destitute of missionaries, a sealed country as to Western ideas. No one dared to preach Christianity, or disseminate Christian literature. In the providence of God he had the one thing needful to capture the "Hermit Empire." The news that reached us a few months after his arrival startled the most sanguine and aggressive workers. Was it possible for a young and inexperienced man, without knowledge of the language, to capture the heart of the king, and obtain permission to teach and preach Christianity? Such was the fact, and it was accomplished by the simple act of healing the king's nephew. Dr. Post tells thrilling incidents in connection with his Syrian work. Medical men have opened more closed gates in China in the past ten years, than all other agents.

In obedience to home orders, the writer, early in 1887, repaired to the city of Chung-king, in the province of Sz-Chuen, to re-

establish the Methodist Mission, which, with the Catholic Missions, had been destroyed by a furious mob the previous year. The people were still suspicious and disposed to be hostile, as they were still labouring under considerable excitement over the events which had cast such a deep shadow over all mission enterprises in that beautiful province. The only pleasant phase discernible was the repeated inquiries by the people about "the Doctor" and his return. The united experience of scores of missionaries is the same as the writer's, and all pronounce a like verdict upon the need of medical missions, especially in the early stages of mission work.

### *Great Need in China.*

No land calls more loudly for our efforts in this direction than China, and none affords greater facilities for reaching the masses by its employment. Half the population are afflicted with eye and skin troubles, brought on, not by the climate, but by neglect and ignorance of the laws of hygiene. Fevers and agues prevail to an alarming extent, and small-pox is always epidemic. The native physicians are powerless in the presence of disease. There are drugs in great abundance, and doctors everywhere, with scorpion, beetle, and tiger-claw mixtures, and surgeons armed with clumsy instruments to pick and probe at ulcers and superficial troubles. They are mere charlatans, of course, and prey upon the credulity of the ignorant—and all classes are fearfully ignorant of diseases and their origin. The profession is taken up by men without training or examination. The unsuccessful literary candidate hangs out a sign, and forthwith begins to concoct nauseous syrups, and spread plasters, the potency of which he has not the least conception of. The surgeon has as little idea of anatomy as the carpenter or stonemason.

The people have unlimited faith in charms, and a few flourishes with the pen upon coarse paper by a sorcerer, or Taoist priest, is a panacea for many ills. Disease is the presence of devils in the person afflicted, and when medicines fail, charms always come into play. John Hay says: "The very air in Spain is peopled with devils." In China, not the air alone, but the earth teems with millions of evil spirits, which delight to afflict poor mortals. The natives say, "Three feet above the head the air swarms with spirits." A popular Taoist book says, "Three inches below the earth's surface the spirits have their dwellings." The natives have great faith in amulets to ward off disease, and other evils. A copper coin, brightened upon a bronze image or upon a temple



bell, worn over the place afflicted will afford relief and keep off evil influences. It is needless to state more to show the blessing scientific surgery and the proper administration of medicine must have for a people like the Chinese.

While being myself a clerical missionary, my sympathies have been largely with medical missions, and during the later years of service in China much of my energies were directed in that channel. A few words of my personal experience may prove of interest to the reader.

For many years I had pleaded the privilege of opening up a mission at Nankin, a city second only to Peking in political importance, and well situated for effective work. The response from the mission authorities was always "No funds; wait another year." Finally in 1883, when on furlough in the United States, formal consent was obtained, providing sufficient funds could be secured, to begin the work. Before my return to China a lady of Oak Park, Ill., donated \$10,000 to found a hospital, and thus inaugurate the long-desired work. In the autumn of 1883 the Nankinese saw a foreign-built house-boat pass up the canal from the great river Yangtse and anchor below the powder mills, within a stone's throw of the site of the world-renowned Porcelain Tower. The grim city walls towered a hundred feet above our frail craft, while tens of thousands of merchants and artisans pressed over the marble bridge in full sight below. We hastened to lay our plans before the officials, and sought their co-operation. Our arguments were of no avail, and we left them with their words, "We do not desire a hospital," ringing in our ears.

The rebuff was unexpected, because the medical work had already received cordial support at Canton, Tientsin, and at many other great centres. With a sad heart, but determined will, we returned to our little home in the canal to wait patiently for developments, knowing full well that every step would be watched, and every possible obstacle put in the way of securing a building site. When Hudson Taylor withdrew his recruits from Nankin he is reported to have said, "I abandon the city to the devil." It was looked upon as the hardest of all fields. Whenever the missionary went through the streets he met little but abuse. Officials and people seemed leagued together against all missionary efforts.

The winter passed, summer came and went, and another winter, before our efforts were crowned with success. The struggles of those eighteen months will never be effaced from my memory. At last the site was secured, and two officials were delegated by the Viceroy to put up the boundary stones. The site was not the

one purchased, but an exchange, which gave to the Viceroy in the eyes of the people more public spirit and benevolence than the old gentleman ever possessed, for he was, if anything, more conservative than his predecessor, who declared when he gave to the Presbyterians a small plot of ground that "no more land would be given to foreigners." Long before the hospital was finished both officials and people were proud of the fine structure, and eagerly inquired when the Doctor would come. The opening day was a perfect victory; sixteen high officials came to the chapel, listened to our prayers, and songs and speeches. They then sat down with our foreign visitors and our missionary ladies to a bountiful repast in the principal ward. A singular incident occurred directly after the opening. One of the officials soon after his return home found his two wives in hot dispute, the end of which was both attempted suicide with opium. The doctor was summoned, and, although the women were stupid, and more dead than alive, mustard, a stomach pump, and coffee did heroic work and they were saved.

The first day the hospital was opened to the public—and a nominal fee was charged—two hundred and fifty sick people passed its portals, were preached to, and doctored by our colleague, Dr. Beebe. It was a day never to be forgotten. Women brought children with scrofula and ulcers. Even the blind came, hoping to be restored to sight. Consumptives in the last stages found their way by the aid of friends, and pleaded to be cured. All through the hot summer, long before the hour of opening scores, and sometimes hundreds, crowded about the outer gate and clamoured for tickets. On one occasion the gates were forced, the walls broken, and the crowds took possession of the chapel court. Such eagerness we considered pardonable, knowing, as we did, the motives which urged them on.

For five years the sick multitudes have come and gone; thousands of them healed have gone forth, and heralded far and near the wonderful skill and goodness of the foreign doctors. Grateful patients have sent presents; tablets of costly material and of ingenious devices have been erected by appreciative officials. The attitude of people and officials has wholly changed. The general results have been patent to all workers. Every society now represented in the city has been directly benefited by the presence of the hospital. So much so that, whereas, five years ago it was almost next to impossible to purchase a small plot of ground or even rent a dwelling, now large plots are freely purchased; the people are no longer terrorized by the officials and threatened with imprisonment should they part with land or house to the hated foreigner.

The old conservative city, with a circumference of twenty-two miles, the queen of the Yangtse River, the most famous literary centre of the empire, has been touched in every part by this plain humane institution. Converts have been won, and all the missions are reaping thus early through the means of the widow's gift. Dr. Jellison, in a late letter from Nankin, says: "We are advancing in the work and converts are coming. We treated 3,800 patients during the three months ending January 1." Another missionary writes that they are receiving probationers at the rate of twenty each quarter.

We turn from this interesting field, and point you to another city and province eighteen hundred miles to the west, to that great province, the richest and most populous in China, whose area is greater than all Japan, and population twice as great. The Canadian Methodist Church proposes to enter and cause it to blossom in spiritual things as it does in temporal affairs. This province, called Sz-Chuen, *Four Streams*, "is an empire of itself," as Bishop Ames once said of the State of Missouri when pleading for young men to man her vacant fields during the civil war. On the one hand are the wild tribes, as yet unreached by missionary enterprise; near by is Thibet, and westward the great and undeveloped province of Kansuh. Politically it is in touch with Pekin and Thibet. The language of Thibet could be learned from priests and tribute-bearers who resort to Chenten. Within its fertile valleys are one hundred walled cities, besides a host of populous market towns and villages. One language is spoken over all this vast territory. The committee has chosen Chenten as a centre from whence the vast territory is to be reached.

No other section of the empire affords so many attractions to the zealous, consecrated worker. The district is remote from direct foreign intercourse, consequently missionaries will be the sole representatives of our Christian civilization. Here they may carry forward their plans unhindered by the presence of ungodly foreigners and the train of evils which follows the advent of foreign trade in China. The staff of workers as now constituted is two medical men and two preachers. The medical men are well-fitted for religious work, their hearts are in full accord with the spiritual development of the mission, and the Church is to be congratulated in being able to command such pioneers for her medical mission. Although hundreds of bright young men are fitting themselves for this work, it is not likely to be overdone. There are but eighty medical missionaries in China, and 360,000,000 of people—one doctor to 4,500,000.

*The Financial Need.*

Missionaries without good backing cannot be eminently successful. The Missionary Society will look after their support, which we understand will be sufficient to keep them from want. To call missions self-supporting is a misnomer, there are none such. Some that are so called, cost individual Christians more than they have ever paid to organized societies. The missions to Africa are as costly as any in the world. The Church may count upon pouring out rich gifts if she is to take the world for Christ.

These medical men need instruments and medicines, charts and a manakin. Wherever we open chapels they will need funds to fit up dispensaries. Within a day's journey from Chenten are some twenty walled cities and as many market towns, lying along navigable streams or in rich valleys. These must be reached from the centre, and a dispensary in each large place would do untold good. Five hundred dollars will fit up one in connection with a chapel. Have we not twenty devoted Christians who would like to put as many dispensaries into that richest valley of the world? We shall need a plain but well-equipped hospital at Chenten, able to accommodate one hundred patients. Such a building can be put up for \$6,000. Surely there is some well-to-do layman who will take this department as a memorial for his children to watch and pray for. In connection with it we need a commodious chapel, capable of seating five hundred people: it will cost \$3,000. We also want funds for a school to train native assistants, both clerical and medical: \$4,000 will be enough.

These several objects will cost not less than \$15,000.

Will it pay to venture this sum upon new work? We may as well ask, will it pay to send the men to the field? If it will pay to send the men, surely it will pay to give them a modest start. What will the Sunday-schools of Canada do? Who will bring them in touch with this new forward move? We have all been reading about Wesley and the wonders he accomplished. Let us, as followers of Wesley, combine to do a grand thing for poor, dark China. This is the opportunity of a life-time, and as stewards of the manifold gifts of Christ we are responsible for the work we can do for the perishing millions of heathen darkness.

Let us remember the words of 2 Corinthians xiv. 15, "For the love of Christ constraineth us: because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again."

BURLINGTON, Ont.



## SPRING.

BY ROBERT EVANS.



I SAW the living leafage of the spring,  
 What time the voices of the grove and dell  
 Their tender tales of love so sweetly tell ;  
 Lo, the clear dew-drops there stood quivering  
 As though on their own rays they might take wing,  
 And all the leaflets tremble with the thrill  
 Of nature's music over vale and hill.  
 As if some undertone soft echoing  
 Had lisped the name of each, and sung its praise,  
 The beauty of its form, its mitred edge,  
 The vivid green it tenderly displays ;  
 Its rustling ripple o'er the waving sedge,  
 And all the harmonies of light and shade  
 In which it's virgin beauty was arrayed.  
 HAMILTON, Ont.

## TRUE LIVING.

To live is to do  
 What must be done ;  
 To work and be true,  
 For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others,  
 To lighten their load ;  
 'Tis helping your brothers,  
 And trusting in God.

## DAMPNESS.

It is not to be wondered at that the ancients regarded water as one of the elements of which all things are composed; for it is a truth demonstrated by modern chemistry that almost all natural objects contain a large proportion of water. Not only the plants that drink the summer showers, and show by their juicy succulence that they have incorporated the liquid streams into their substance, but the very soil in which these plants grow, and the solid rocks themselves, contain a large proportion of water. And, when we take away from animals, and even from man himself, the water which they contain, the amount of solid residue left behind is surprisingly small. It is true that, in all these cases, our senses give evidence of the presence of water, and do not require the corroborative testimony of chemical analysis. The moisture adhering to soil and to rocks, the juice of plants, and the blood and other fluids present in animals, all evidently acknowledge water as one of their chief constituents and testify plainly to the presence of this liquid.

But if we were to suppose that water is always absent from those substances which to our senses give no evidence of its presence, we should commit a great mistake. The dry and solid rock consists largely of water; and clay, though baked in the summer sun and dried in the summer breeze, cannot be robbed of all its moisture. When the washerwoman buys fourteen pounds of transparent and apparently dry soda, she in reality pays for nine pounds of water, and gets but seven pounds of real soda, instead of the fourteen that she supposes she is getting. In short, water is present everywhere—in the dry wood that has for years formed our furniture, and even in the apparently perfectly dry dust that blows about our streets.

Even the air, on a dry and sultry day, when everything is parched and when every breath seems to burn our throats, is charged with moisture. That warm and apparently dry air contains moisture is easily proved. An ice pitcher becomes covered with dew, not because the pitcher *sweats* through from the inside as it is said to do, but because the water held in suspension by the hot air, even when apparently dry, contains a considerable amount of moisture. Procure a small quantity of salt of tartar, a cheap drug that may be obtained from any apothecary, and, on a dry day, lay it on a common plate, and expose it to the atmosphere. In a short time it will have attracted from the air an

amount of water sufficient to dissolve it, and it will have become converted into an apparently oily liquid, called by the old chemists, who did not fully understand the changes that take place, oil of tartar. The experiment will be more convincing, perhaps, if the salt with its containing vessel—which in this case, however, should be as light as possible—be placed in the pan of a moderately delicate pair of scales, and carefully counterbalanced. In this case, the abstraction of the moisture from the air is rendered evident by the gradual increase in the weight of the salt and the descent of the pan in which it is placed.

If, then, moisture may be regarded as everywhere present, it becomes a nice point to determine when anything, such, for example, as the air we breathe, our houses, beds, clothes, etc., may be considered damp. To look for perfect dryness would be a vain search; nor would it do us much good if we could find it. Perfectly dry air would remove the moisture from our bodies so rapidly that we should wither as if smitten with the blast of the simoom. In such an atmosphere, our throats would be parched as if in an oven, plants would wither; and nature become one universal desert. But, on the other hand, air that is too moist—that is to say, air that is really damp—produces effects that are equally disastrous. In such an atmosphere, metals rust and corrode, vegetable matters rot, and the growth of fungi, such as mildew, mould, etc., is generally promoted. Air in this condition is universally regarded as unwholesome; and it consequently becomes an important practical question to determine when our dwellings are really damp, and to distinguish between this condition and that in which bodies may be considered as ordinarily and properly moist. Theoretically, the question is one that is not easily solved; but practically, it is not so difficult. Let us consider the case of the air; and find out, if we can, what the conditions are in which it may be said to be damp.

When perfectly dry air is brought into contact with bodies containing water in a free state, there instantly begins a strife for the possession of the liquid. Since water evaporates at all temperatures, even when it is frozen solid, the air surrounding the moist body becomes loaded with vapour, and, as it then gradually mixes with the air in its neighbourhood, its place is supplied with drier air, until the whole air contained in the room or vessel has been saturated with water. The point at which this saturation occurs depends chiefly upon the temperature of the atmosphere. On a warm day the air is dry, not because there is little or no water present in it, but because, owing to its high temperature, it is capable of receiving and retaining a considerable additional

quantity of moisture. In other words, air and everything else is capable of holding in its substance a certain definite quantity of water. If the amount of water present is so great that it appears in the form of moisture, or if the proportion even approaches the limit which the body is capable of holding even before it becomes evident to our senses, we call it damp. Absolute dryness, then, is to be carefully avoided, and so is that degree of moisture in which objects part easily with the water which they hold. The evil effects of the first condition are to be seen in the dry and oppressive condition of an atmosphere heated by a stove or furnace; the results of an excess in the opposite direction are most clearly seen in unwholesome basements and damp and malarious cellars.—*The American Engineer.*

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### OBSCURE MARTYRS.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

*“The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”*

THEY have no place in storied page,  
 No rest in marble shrine;  
 They are passed and gone with a perished age,  
 They died and “made no sign.”  
 But work that shall find its wages yet,  
 And deeds that their God did not forget,  
 Done for their love divine—  
 These were their mourners, and these shall be  
 The crowns of their immortality.

Oh! seek them not where sleep the dead,  
 Ye shall not find their trace;  
 No graven stone is at their head,  
 No green grass hides their face;  
 But sad and unseen is their silent grave—  
 It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,  
 Or a lonely desert place;  
 For they needed no prayers and no mourning bell—  
 They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,  
 And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;  
 We shall know at last by a certain token  
 How they fought and fell in the fight.  
 Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,  
 Passionate cries unchronicled,  
 And silent strifes for the right—  
 Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh  
 That she left her best children to battle and die.



## DEACON PHEBY'S SELFISH NATUR'.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.\*

In a peaceful spot in an old Indian burying-ground among the New Hampshire Hills, on a fair June morning, I first saw the hero of my sketch. He was very unlike a hero as I saw him then. A strange, nondescript figure, I did not at first know if it were man or woman; for he wore over his rough brown coat a small plaid shawl of faded red and black, folded cornerwise with the point behind, and two ends crossing over the breast; a long blue-and-white checked apron was tied about the waist, and hung nearly to the ankles, almost hiding the shabby, patched trousers; his yellow hair was long, and fell over his shoulders straight and lank, and upon it he wore a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw, tied down over the ears by a dingy blue ribbon.

On a mossy stone between two mounds, one long and narrow, the other looking like a child's grave, sat this quaint creature. It was knitting, and did not look up as I passed, butterfly net in hand, and I tried not to stare too curiously at the singular being. But as soon as I went in-doors I asked eager questions as to its identity.

"Oh, that's only Deacon Pheby," said Eunice Ann. "I thought you'd seen him afore. His folks used to live round here, they say; the Knightses they was. His mother was the Widder Knight, and there was two young ones, a boy 'n' a girl. They moved 'way from here 'fore I come, an' I never heerd on 'em till about a year ago, when this queer-lookin' feller come along, an' said he was the Widder Knight's boy growed up. An' folks says he really is; but seems 's if suthin' 's come over him. For they say he used to be a likely, smart boy, full o' sperrits, cuttin' up an' kitin' round, fishin' an' gunnin' an' trappin' an' sech. But he come back this way, dressed up in women's duds, an' callin' himself Pheby; says his ma's dead an' gone, an' the girl, too; but he don't tell much about himself, where he's been, or what he's been doin'. He's a good, pious sort, too; carries a Test'ment round in his aporn pocket, an' 'most allers has a hymn-book, too, an' reads 'em a lot. He's allers pleasant-spoken, an' dreffle nice to dumb creeters an' young ones, an' partikerly to old folks, an' so they've got to callin' him Deacon, an' every one in Francony has a good word for Deacon Pheby, crazy 's he be."

This was all she, Uncle Eben, or any one else could tell me of the strange man. And it was only from himself, after frequent meetings in the Indian burying-ground, where he was a daily visitor, that I learned at last his pathetic story. I had watched

\* Many of our readers will remember the exquisite story of "Fishin' Jimmy." They will read with delight this pathetic sketch from the same graceful pen, abridged from "The Seven Sleepers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

him for days before I spoke to him. He always brought his knitting—a stocking of coarse blue yarn—but it did not grow very fast.

Our acquaintance began one day, as I ventured to swing my net around his very head in pursuit of a white admiral butterfly, the first of the season, by his remarking, pleasantly, "This 's a real nice butterflyey, gravesy kind of a place, ain't it, ma'am?"

This broke the ice, and we were soon friends. But it was not on that first day, nor for many days afterwards, that I gathered all his story.

"I don't rec'lect father; he was Pel'tiah Knight, from Bungay way. He died when we young ones was babies. Mōther never said no great about him, an' I guess he wa'n't much to speak on. An' the fust thing I rec'lect was livin' with mother in the little house out by Sindler's Mill. How we come to be there, whether father'd worked there afore he died or what all, I can't say, for I don't know. 'Tennerate, there we was, jest mother an' Pheby an' me.

"Yes, ye might 's well know fust 's last, I ain't reely Pheby; I'm t'other one. We was twins—boy an' gal. I was Phebus, an' she was Pheby.

"We favoured each other in looks, but we wa'n't a mite alike in ways, she an' me. For I was jest a boy, with a real selfish boy natur'. I set by fishin' an' shootin' an' trappin'. I was allers outdoors, runnin' an' playin', hollerin' an' cuttin' up, full of my play an' my tricks, an' not much use to mother or comfort to her, I callalate. But Pheby, she was jest a soft, lovin', cuddlin' little thing, allers hangin' round mother, coaxin' an' huggin' her, an' keepin' close to her—a real house-cosset of a gal. I don't think there was anything so dreffle wicked in me. I was jest a self-seekin' boy, an' I never once thought mother or anybody expected or wanted kissin' an' cuddlin' an' takin' care on, so 'twas all left to Pheby, an' she done it. Mother—well, she was jest a mother, the real kind: there ain't but one real sort, ye know, though there's lots o' make-bleeve ones. I can't put her into talk, somehow—you can't never with mothers, ye know—she was—well, she was jest—mother. I knowed what she was allers, 's soon 's I knowed anything; I felt it inside the hull time, when I was fishin' or playin' ball, or settin' traps, but I s'pose I never showed it much in them days, for I was dreffle selfish, 's I tell ye. But, true 's I live, I jest liked mother."

He patted the long green mound again, smiled a queer, tearful kind of smile, and went on: "But seein' 's we was so diffunt, an' I was sech a rough, ha'sh kind of a boy, an' Pheby sech a lovin', coaxin' little creetur, 'twas nat'ral—course 'twas—that mother should like her best, set by her a heap more. An' she done it. She never could bear to have her out of her sight; she wanted to see her an' hear her every blessed minute. I might be off all day long, wadin' Tucker Brook, or fishin' down Gale River in the spring, or shootin' pa'tridge an' squir'ls in the fall, or trappin' rabbits an' minks in the winter, an' mother didn't make no fuss

over me when I come home. But let Pheby go blueberryin' with the Quimby gals, or over to Almy Appleby's to play, or even out behind the house to pick dandelion greens, an' mother was allers worryin' an' frettin' an' watchin'. She'd go to the winder an' peek out, an' she'd stand in the door an' watch, an' she'd walk down to the gate, an' she'd call 'Pheby! Pheby!' long before 'twas time to think of her comin' home.

"When I think o' mother, seems 's if I 'most allers see her that one way—standin' on the door-step lookin' out, with her hand held up over her eyes to keep the sunshine out, lookin' an' lookin', kinder pale an' frightened like, watchin' an' waitin' for her little gal. She was allers kinder white an' thin, an' I tell ye she could put a dreffle sight o' lookin'-for an' scariness an' waitin' an' lovin' into them eyes o' hern. They was diffunt eyes from any I ever see; dreffle soft an'—oh, I don't know what they was, not even what colour. They wa'n't brown exackly, nor blue quite, nor gray nuther; they was jest mother-colour, I suppose. I tell you I liked mother.

"An' Pheby, she suited mother another way, too; she was kinder pious. Mother was real religious—raised that way. Her folks was all perfessors, 'way back 's fur 's she knowed about 'em. She come from Haverill, an' her gran'f'ther was deacon in the Cong'rational Church there. I didn't take much notice on it then; thought mothers was allers pious; 'twas one of the things made 'em mothers. If she hadn't been so I'd 'a' thought 'twas all right—that mothers hadn't oughter be. But seems diffunt now, an' I like to think on't. I can hear her v'ice lots o' times when I'm settin' here—kind of a lonesome v'ice 'twas—singin' about her kitchen work or over her sewin', 'How lost was my condition,' 'Oh, happy are they!' 'The Lord into His gardin comes,' 'Broad is the road,' an' 'What var'ous hindrances.'

"Some of them hymns was pretty scary an' sollum, I can tell ye, for a young one to hear about bedtime. But my! we never minded it a speck when we heerd 'em in mother's kinder softly v'ice to them queer old moth'ry tunes. Why, when I had the earache or a stiff neck, I'd drop off to sleep in a jiffy to sech hymns as 'Stop, poor sinner, stop an' think,' or 'My thoughts on awful subjicks roll,' if 'twas mother sung 'em; and if sometimes I heerd a word that scaret me a minute about chains an' brimstun an' groans an' sech, why, the next minute 'twould be 'His lovin' kindness, His lovin' kindness, His lovin' kindness, oh, how sweet!' in that kinder shakin', soft, comfortin' v'ice o' mother's, an' I'd see 'twas all right, an' I'd drop off agin. But I was jest a boy, bent on my own 'musements, an' didn't think o' bein' pious myself; I left that to mother an' Pheby. For Pheby took to it nat'ral. She l'arnt off hymns by the yard, an' she said hull chapters o' Scriptor', an' she allers put away her playthings Sat'day nights without bein' told, an' she read tracts bound up together with leather covers, an' Doddridge's 'Rise 'n' Progress.' She'd set still for hours over a life of a missionary an' his wives, an' like it, too. So she was a dreffle comfort to mother that way 's well 's others;

an' bimeby she went through all the ne'ssary things—conviction an' conversion an' all the orthodox 'rangements—an' become a perfessor in the Congr'ational Church over to Francony. An' mother was so tickled that Sunday, but 'twas kind of a sollum tickle, an' I felt lonesome an' left out—for I was a mean-sperrited boy—when she an' Pheby set on the door-step after supper, an' talked, an' read the Bible, an sung,

“ ‘Do Thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform.’ ”

“Arter that them two was more together 'n ever, an' went off by theirselves, an' staid in their bedroom, an mother looked at me real sorrerful. An' Pheby, she talked right out plain to me about my sins, an' asked me real pers'nal questions out o' the village hymn-book, like, ‘Say, have you a arm like brass that you His will oppose?’ an' ‘Is this the kind return?’ An' she'd say pieces out o' the last end o' the cat'chism about them pious boys in Scripiter, how

“ ‘Young King Josiah, that blest youth,  
He sought the Lord an' loved the truth.’ ”

“So I felt kinder 'shamed, an' staid off an' fished more'n ever, an' showed pretty plain that, 's Pheby said, I had a flinty heart, an' was a stubbun soul. I was a dreffle bad boy, ye see, an' even if I'd sometimes make up my mind to be convarted an' a perfessor, jest to please mother an' take that sorry look out of her eyes, why, the next minute when I was fishin', an' felt a twitch at my line, an' struck a two-pounder, or what felt like one, an' he got off, why, I'd forget all about meetin's an' mother an' Scripiter, an' stay off all day long, an' night too 'most, to git that fish. An' so 'twas—so 'twas.

“But bimeby there come a time when mother decided to move 'way from Sincler's Mill, an' go up into Canady, where she'd got a little piece o' land that had come to her from her folks, an' see if we couldn't do better up there.

“So we packed up our duds an' started. I never shall forgit 's long 's I live how the old place looked 's I left it that day, an' how nice an' snug an' quiet little Francony 'peared as we saw it ahind us, ridin' towards Littleton that mornin'. I was jest a boy then, full o' my games an' my fishin' an' trappin'. I never was a real boy agin. 'Twas a dreffle journey, 'mong strangers, 'way up into that wild part o' Canady. We had a heap o' trouble to find mother's land, an' when we did it was 'way off in the woods, fur from any folks, with jest a shackly old log-house on it. We got a man 't the nearest town to drive us there an' fetch our things, an' when he driv off an' left us, seemed 's if we was outside the world an' all alone. I can't rec'lect much about that time, the gettin' there an' all, 's you'll see when I tell ye what happened. We'd been trav'lin' in the cars with a lot of em'grunts, dirty, furren kinder folks, an' I 'spose we ketched it o' them. 'Tenerate we hadn't hardly got into that lonesome, empty little



cubby-house afore we all three took sick, and found out—mother knowed it; she'd seed it afore—we all had that awful thing, smallpox.

"We was all alone; we couldn't go for help or doctors. If we could 'a' done it, mebbe we wouldn't, we was so afraid they'd carry us off an' shet us up somewhere for havin' that dreffle complaint about us. So we jest done 's well 's we could, dosin' with ginger tea an' boneset an' sage an' saffron, for we'd fetched our yarbs along, o' course. I wa'n't 's sick 's t'others: I guess I wouldn't be, for somebody had to keep up an' do. Mother was awful sick an' crazy, an' her eyes got in a dreffle state; and Pheby, she jest went into a sorter stupid, sleepy kinder way, an' I couldn't rouse her up for nothin', not to eat or drink or take her physic. An' 'twan't more'n a few days when she fell faster asleep, an' I couldn't do nothin' to wake her up, an' poor pretty little Pheby was dead 's a nail.

"Dear! dear! dear! There was mother all het up, an' wild, an' most blind, not knowin' me nor nobody; little Pheby dead an' cold; an' me nothin' but a boy o' fourteen, an' a real selfish boy, too, to do for 'em. Don't make me tell all that—how I dug that little grave an' all, how I put her away, an' had the fun'ral, an' was sexton an' bearers an' minister an' mourners an' all my own self. It's much 's I can do to tell the rest, an' fact is I can't rec'lect jest what I done, for I wa'n't very healthy myself jest then, an' my head ached to split all the time.

"Fust I thought mother was goin' to die too, but bimeby I see she was gittin' a mite better, all except her eyes; but she couldn't see no more 'n a mole. Then I begun to think how I'd ever tell her that Pheby was dead, her little gal that she set by so, an' no one left to her but me, a onconverted, selfish-natur'd boy.

"I d'know when it fust come in my head what I'd do. Mebbe 'twas when I see she was stun-blind an' sorter feeble-minded yit. Anyhow, it seemed to come right over me someways that I mustn't let on jest then that 'twas Pheby 'twas dead, but make her think 'twas jest only me.

"Well, 'twan't so dreffle hard at fust. I put on a caliker bed-gown o' Pheby's in case she took hold on me, an' I used to bring her doses an' drinks, an' boost up her head to take 'em, an' she never took no notice who done it. But one day arter I'd laid her down, she reached out an' took hold o' my sleeve, an' she says, real faint an' whisp'ry, 'Who is it?' I waited jest a minnit to swaller afore I said it, then I says right out, 'It's Pheby, mother.' Somehow—it's queer, ain't it?—I never told a real up an' down lie afore in all my born days. Mother didn't like lyin'; an' somehow, with all my dreffle sins, I hadn't 'quired that. So I 'spose my v'ice was kinder shaky; but mother never noticed nothin'; she was so pleased she pulled me down an' kissed me, an' kep' whisp'rin', 'My little gal! my own little gal!' An' arter that she dropped off to sleep like a baby.

"I set there by her, for she'd got hold o' my hand, an' I tried not to think too hard, for my head wa'n't jest right yit. But I

couldn't scasily help wond'rin' how long I could keep it up, an' when she'd find out. An' then—for I was allers a mean, self-seekin' young one—once in a while I'd think how she hadn't said a word about me (the real me, I mean), or whether I was round, too. Jest 's if she could be expected to when her heart was full o' Pheby! An' she didn't for a good while. She was jest like a baby—eat an' slept, an' didn't trouble herself about nothin'.

“You're hoarse an' croupy, Pheby,” she says one time, an' I answered 't I hadn't got my v'ice back yit arter bein' sick. But one day 's I was soppin' her face to cool it off, she seemed to rouse up a mite, an' she says, ‘Pheby, where's your brother?’

“I couldn't speak out jest 't fust, an' afore I done it, she says agin, ‘Pheby! Pheby! where's Phebus, I say?’ I put my head down on the bed, for I was afeared I should bu'st right out cryin', an' afore I'd swallered 'nough to speak, mother says, ‘Oh, Pheby, he's dead!’ An' I heard her kinder sob, an' afore I knowed it I found I was goin' to up an' tell her not to cry, for I wa'n't no more dead 'n she was. But next minute she says, wipin' off the tears: ‘My poor boy! my poor boy! I hope he was prepared! But oh, my little gal, how glad your ma is that it wa'n't you!’

“Well, I was that onwholesome an' selfish that I felt a speck jealous at fust. But I see I must jest grit up, for I'd got a big job o' work; for, for all I could see, I'd got to be Pheby now the rest o' my days, or mother's days, anyway. An' arter all 's been said an' done, she did sob at fust when she heerd I was dead. I tell ye, rec'lectin' that sob 's been a big comfort to me lots o' times. For, ye see, I liked mother.

“Well, she didn't git her sight back, an' somehow she wa'n't never so clear in her head arter her sickness, or mebbe I couldn't 'a' kep' it up 's I did. But my! 'twas hard 'nough 's 'twas. If Pheby 'd been like some gals 'twould 'a' been easier. If she'd been a noisy, tomboy, bouncin' sorter gal, like Liz Jackman now, fond o' playin' with boys an' fishin' an' chasin' squir'ls an' all that, why, I might 'a' got some fun out o' bein' that kind. But to be a Pheby gal, soft an' quiet an' pritty-behaved an' 'fectionate, an', 'bove all, pious, why, it 'most stumped me, I tell ye. You can't s'pose it for yourself, for 't come nat'ral to you. You was born that way, an' didn't have to make no effort; but 'twas strainin' on me.

“At fust, when I was kinder weak an' shaky an' dreffle scaret about mother, 'twan't so diff'cult. I moved round softly an' spoke whisp'ry, an' wa'n't so awful diffunt from Pheby. But 's I got more rugged an' mother was better, why, I was allers on the p'int o' doin' some boy thing or other, an' sometimes I done 'em.

“Time an' time ag'in mother'd look kinder 'mazed, an' she'd say, ‘Pheby Knight, what air ye doin’? Ye seem to 'a' lost all your nice, mannery ways sence I was laid up.’ An' I'd rec'lect myself, an' sober down, an' put on my proper, gal ways ag'in, an' say, ‘You must scuse me, mother, that dreffle sickness upset me, an' I don't seem to throw it off yit.’ An' that allers seemed to 'count for ary queer thing I done. Anyway, I wa'n't so full o'

sperrits as afore we left Sincler's Mill. So much trouble an' worryin' an' makin' bleeve an' deceivin' 'd wore on me some, for, 's I told ye, I wa'n't no great of a boy, an' let little things wear on me. One thing was I missed Pheby—the real one—dreffle bad. Sisters is real lux'ries, ye know, any on 'em, an' when you come to a twin, a kinder phillerpener sister, why, it's like a piece o' your own self. An' I couldn't talk about her or cry over her afore mother, for why, I was Pheby, ye see, 's fur 's mother was concerned, an' 'twould 'a' seemed like sinful pride. An' then—for I was a stingy, mean-sperrited boy—I did hanker arter my fishin' an' gunnin' an' trappin'. I'm 'shamed to tell ye how hard 'twas not to try that brook ahind our cabin. I scasily durst look at one spot in it—a kinder dark, deep hole near a stun, I knowed 'most there was a big trout lyin' there in the shadder. You'll jest despise me when I say I run off once with my tackle, an' 'd jest throwed in my line an' seed a break, when mother calls out through the winder by her bed, 'Pheby, Pheby, ye ain't nigh the water, be ye?' I jerked out my line, an' throwed the pole down, an' run back, dreffle 'shamed o' myself; but I was mean 'nough to think a heap about that break, an' s'mise an' s'mise how much it weighed.

"But the very hardest o' all was the pious part. I hadn't took that into consid'ration when I begun, but it had to come over me 'most the fust day. 'Pheby, won't you read me a chapter?' says mother, in her quav'ry, thin v'ice.

"Now, though I was an ign'runt, onrighteous boy, I knowed what that meant, an' that 'a chapter' with mother allers went for Scripter. So I went an' got the Bible an' set down by the bed, an' I says, 'What'll I read ye, mother?' 'One of the old chapters, Pheby,' says she. 'You know 'em all; the ones I like.' What was I goin' to do? I *wa'n't* Pheby, an' I *didn't* know 'em all, or ary one on 'em. I never'd took much notice when mother an' Pheby was readin' the Bible, an' even when they'd read to me I was thinkin' in my triffin' way about fishin' an' playin', and didn't pay no 'tention. But I set my teeth an' opened the book. I thought mebbe it would open itself to the right kinder place, so I begun right off, jest where the leaves come apart. But I hadn't scasily begun afore I knowed I was wrong. For it was jest a string o' long names, all Bible names, o' course, an' good in their way, but no more approprit to read to a poor sick Christian than a school deestrick list. I stumbled 'long over Hakkoz an' Hupper an' Malchijer, an so on, awful scaret, an' knowin' I was on the wrong track, till mother says, 'Pheby, Pheby, what makes you pick out sech a chapter as that? I want suthin' comfortin', some of our fav'rits, ye know.' I tried ag'in, but I was certain I'd go wrong, an' so I did, for I hit on a place about buildin' the tab'nacle, an it was all about the len'th bein' so many cubics, an' the breadth so many cubics, an' the height so many cubics—int'restin' information, but no ways comfortin' to that poor blind, troubled soul. So there was nothin' for 't but to make some excuse an' put it off a little. So I said my head ached—an' it did

to split—an' I see mother thought the whole thing was 'cause o' that sickness, an' she must jest wait. But, I tell ye, it hurt me dreffle bad to think I couldn't be a comfort to her that way, an' I thought an' thought an' thought what I could do.

"Pretty soon another thing come up. Mother was low in her mind; 'twas dreffle hard for her to lay there, blind an' sickly, when she'd allers been sech a hard-workin, useful woman, an' when I see her a-cryin' softly to herself, I ast her if there wa'n't nothin' I could do for her, an' she says: "It makes your head bad to read to me, Pheby, an' ye can't see straight to find the right passages, nuther. But I know ye can jest sing me one of the old hymns, an' that'll be soothin' an' comfortin'."

"Oh deary me! I never could sing much except when playin' games with the boys, an' I didn't know a single hymn or a hymn toon, while Pheby had a v'ice like a thrush. But I must do suthin', an' quick, too. I got out the hymn-book—Pheby know'd 'em all 'thout the book—an' I opened it softly; I didn't darst turn the leaves, I was 'feared they'd rustle, so I had to take the fust varse I come to, an' it was, 'Lo, on a narrer neck o' land.' I couldn't think o' any toon jest that minnit but 'Oatspysbeans'—a kissin' game toon, ye know—an' I struck up on that. It went pretty well to the two fust lines,

" 'Lo, on a narrer neck o' land,  
'Twixt two onbounded seas I stand,'

but when it come to that third short one, ye know,

" 'But how insensibul,'

it wouldn't go one mite, an' I broke clear down.

" 'Pheby Knight,' says mother, 'be ye crazy?' But afore she'd got further'n that I didn't have to make bleeve; I jest bu'st out cryin'. 'I can't sing, I can't read, I can't do nothin' to help ye now,' I says; 'but oh, I do like ye, mother!' An' I did.

"Well, again she put it on the sickness, an' it passed over that time. But things kep' happenin'. I worked away at the Bible an' picked out cheerflier passages. I practised hymns, an' got so's I could make 'em go better, an' for a spell I kinder thought I was satisfyin' mother, an' pearin' like a good avrige Christian. I felt dreffle mean about it, though. There's things I can't put into talk, but you'll kinder guess at 'em; sollum, secrety sorter things, like prayin', an' all that, an' whisp'ry little talks about subjicks I don't know nothin' about. My! my! arter one o' them talks, when I'd make bleeve for a spell, with mother talkin' softly an' cryin'—a kinder happy cryin' 'twas—I used to feel for all the airth like some one that had sneaked into the masons' lodge by some mean trick or t'other, an' got hold o' all their secrets. An' twa'n't long afore I found 'twas all for nothin' an' wuss, too. For one day I come in an' found mother a-cryin' 's if her heart would break, an' when I teased an' pestered her to tell me what the matter was, she jest throwed her arms round me an' says, a-cryin'



an' sobbin', 'Oh, Pheby, my little gal, I'm afeard—I'm afeard you've lost your 'surance an' become a backslider!' Then I see I hadn't done it right, arter all, an' that mother'd seed through me—found me out. Though anyway I hadn't exackly been a backslider, for I hadn't ever got high up enough to start me on a slide, so to speak. An' then I knowed that I'd got a bigger job afore me 'n I'd ever 'lowed for, an' that if I kep' on bein' Pheby an' pleasin' my poor old mother, I'd got to gin up makin' bleeve in one matter, an' be the real, true, genwine kind.

"I can't tell ye about all that, an' o' course you don't expect it. Somehow twa'n't so drefle hard, arter all, an' once I'd done it, ary other part o' the hull business come easier some way. I got a awful heap o' comfort out on it, too. So you see even that was jest part o' my selfish ways. I don't s'pose there ever was a selfisher, mean-sperriteder boy than me them days. But twa'n't all smooth sailin', I can tell ye; there's lots o' gal doin's that comes awkerd for a boy. There's mendin', an' patchwork, an' knittin', an' washin', an' ironin', makin' beds, sweepin', dustin', an' all them house things. Makin' soder biscuits 's kinder worryin', ain't it, the fust time? Drawin' tea, too. An' pie. Pie's drefle difficult till you get the hang on it. But, deary me! they was triffin' things, arter all; only I allers made so much o' little troubles.

"But I don't know but the biggest piece o' work, when all's said an' done, wa'n't l'arnin' how to be 'fectionate, an' have Pheby's little cuddlin' up, kissin', lovin' ways. I never'd been used to it, ye see, an' seemed 's if I couldn't get hold. I rec'lect the fust time I tried to stroke mother's hair 's I'd seen Pheby do, I kep' reachin' out an' haulin' back, reachin' out an' haulin' back, afore I darst touch that hair with my big, hard, rough hand. But I had to do it, an' lots o' sech things, for o' course I wa'n't goin' to have mother do without 'em 's long 's she wanted 'em; an' she did; I guess mothers gen'ally does. An' I got a good deal o' sech treatment myself too, an' I liked it, an' was mean enough sometimes to take it all to myself, an' 'most forgit 'twas all for poor Pheby that wa'n't there to enjoy it. For, ye see, 's I told ye afore, I jest liked mother.

"I don't mean to say that mother never said nothin' 't all about me—the real true me—for she did. But 'twas allers about my soul, an' how 'feard she was she hadn't done her duty by it, an' how 'twas mor'n likely 'twasn't prepared. It was kinder shiv'ry—though that don't exackly seem an approprit word for 't—to hear her dwell on the prob'le situation o' that soul. For 'twas my soul, arter all, though I was makin' bleeve twa'n't, an' sometimes I'd try to speak for 't, an' venture to hope 'twould come out all right, bad 's 'twas. But she never 'peared very hopeful, an' I don't know 's I wonder at it.

"Well, it didn't last very long—this time o' havin' mother all to myself, bein' her fav'rit, her own little gal, to be coddled an' cosseted an' made much on. Mother didn't grow any ruggedder. She got drefle poor, so 's I could heft her like a baby, an' I had

to do for her 'most 's if she was one; she was so weak an' helpless like. An' there come a time when she kep' me close to her ev'ry minnit, night an' day, an' wouldn't seasly let me out o' her sight. She didn't sleep good, an' I'd set by her in the dark, an' say hymns an' chapters, an' do for her, an' make much on her in my poor, rough way, 's much like Pheby's 's I could make it, but pretty diffunt, I guess, arter all.

"An' one o' them nights, 's I set there on the floor, close to the bed, an' it growed kinder cold towards mornin', I drewed a piece o' the counterpane up over me, an' sorter shivered, for I was a great hand to pamper my wuthless body, an' make much o' little trials. An' mother she tried to wrop the blankets round me, an' she says, 'Poor little gal, poor Pheby, wearin' yourself out for your old mother,' an' then she drewed my face down on the piller, an' she says: 'Pheby, you and me, we both knows I ain't goin' to be here long; an' I'd be dreffle glad to go, blind an' sick 's I am, an' like to be, if 'twa'n't for leavin' you. You've been a good darter to me, Pheby, allers. What should I ever 'a' done without you all these blessed years, partikler this last spell here in Canady, sence your brother died? Poor Phebus, 'twas awful to be took off 's he was, in the midst of his sins; but oh, whatever'd I done if you'd been took, an' him the one left ahind?' 'Mother,' says I, in a kinder whisper, 'mebbe he'd 'a' tried to help ye, bad 's he was, for—I 'most know, mother—he liked ye!' 'Well, I s'pose he did,' says mother; 'but he never showed it much, an' anyway he never could 'a' done for me 's you have, Pheby.'

"Then she talked to me a long spell. I see she was worryin' an' achin' to think o' leavin' me alone, a little gal, to get on by myself; an' it 'most seemed 's if I must tell her the truth, jest to set her mind at rest. But I knowed it wouldn't do then, she was so weak an' ailin', an' needed Pheby more'n ever to help her through with the last o' things. For I see it all plain enough now—she was goin' to die. She was a-growin' weak real fast. I couldn't leave her a minnit, even to get a doctor nor an'y help; an' 'twouldn't 'a' been any use, for she was struck with death, I knowed. She said a good many things 's she was able, whisp'rin' most on 'em right into my ear 's I sat on the floor there by the bed. But, o' course, 'twas all meant for Pheby. I own up I jest hankered for a word for myself—Phebus, ye know—afore she went off for good; but that was my selfishness, born in me, and 's nat'ral to me 's the breath I breathed.

"'I know,' she says—'I know I'll like it up there, an' I'm so tired out; but, Pheby, I can't make it seem 's if I'd be contented without you. I'm so used to ye. I'll miss ye dreffly, and I'm afraid ye won't come very soon nuther, for Scriptor says your days shall be long in the land, 'cause you've allers honoured your mother.' Then she waits a minnit, an' she says agin, puttin' her poor lean hand up to my face, 'Oh, Pheby, I wish I could take ye 'long too; 'twon't seem like home without ye. I'm afeard I'll be lonesome even there.'

"'Mother,' I says, not all on my own 'count, but wantin' so to comfort her, 'there'll be—Phebus. He ain't much, I know, but—he's one o' your own folks, arter all.'

"'I hope he's there,' says she kinder mournful; 'but, 'tennerate, he ain't you, my gal. He never was very 'fectionate.'

"'No, mother,' says I, he wa'n't; but—mebbe—there's jest a chance, ye know, that he's altered some up there.'

"Agin she didn't seem very sangwine, so I give up tryin' to help her that way. Arter all, 'twould be all right when she once got there.

"Towards the last she begun to tell me, over an' agin, how she should keep on watchin' over me an' interestin' herself in me, if she was 'lowed. 'I guess He'll let me,' she says, kinder weak an' softly. 'He'll see how 'tis, an' how I'm frettin' about ye, an' He'll let me keep my eye on ye.' Arter that she kep' up that one thing. Over an' over she says, 'most to the last minnit, 'Rec'lect, I'll be watchin' ye all the time, Pheby;' an' agin, 'I'll keep my eye on ye, little gal; don't forget that.' So 'twas to the end; jest little bits o' words to Pheby; kinder good-byes an' sayin's about leavin' her, promisin's to watch her an' keep run on her allers. But jest at the very last, when I thought she was actually gone, she opened them soft, moth'ry eyes o' hern, that I thought was shet forever, an' she looked straight up to the rafters, an' she says, real loud an' quick, an' dreffle pleased like, 'Why, Pheby!'

"Deary me! deary me! She'd found me out.

"I don't rec'lect nothin' more for a spell. Seems I was took bad arter that, an' had a long sickness, a sorter head fever o' some kind, so 's I didn't know nothin' nor nobody, an' was crazier 'n a loon. But I was took care on. I ain't said nothin' to ye o' the folks that lived highest our house, for it didn't seem to have much to do with the story about me an' mother. But they was dreffle good people, kinder Frenchy, an' talkin' a queer lingo, but the best o' neighbours. I don't know what we should 'a' done without 'em. Mother never could get the hang o' their talk, but I got so's I could make out a good deal on it, an' they was a heap o' comfort to me afore she died. When I come to myself arter my sickness, there they was a-takin' care o' me, an' doin' for me 's if I'd been their own folks. Cath'lies they was, too, but Christians, if ever I see one.

"Well, 'twas ter'ble to come to, an' rec'lect mother was gone, an' me the last one o' the fam'ly left; an' fust I couldn't scasily bear it. But I had to; an' it helped me a good deal to think how she an' Pheby was in the same place now, an' dreffle pleased to be together. But arter a spell there was another kinder consolation come to me, but a selfish sort it was. It was jest this, that mother bein' dead, an' gone where nothin' could never worry her, I could stop bein' Pheby or ary other gal, an' be a boy agin. Oh, ye don't know what that meant to me, for you've allers been one kind. But arter makin' bleeve all them months, wearin' gal's clothes an' actin' out gal ways, why them very words, 'a boy agin,' set me 'most crazy. To think o' whittlin', playin' ball an' marbles,

smokin' out woodchucks, goin' in swimmin', throwin' stuns, settin' traps, shootin' squir'ls an' pa'tridges, an' above all, fishin'. Why, I couldn't hardly stan' it, weak 's I was then. When I laid there, all het up an' thirsty an' tired, why I'd keep thinkin' an' thinkin' o' Sineler's Mill, an' Gale River right in front o' the ole house. I could 'most hear the water a-bubblin' over the stuns, an' see the moss, all soft an' wet an' slipp'ry to step on, an' look down into the dark holes in the shadders where the trout used to lay—I knowed ev'ry single one o' them holes 's well 's if I'd been raised in 'em—an' how I jest hankered an' hankered arter bein' in the old spot, a boy agin! Now you'd 'a' thought, arter all the lessons I'd had, an' the warnin's, that some o' the old selfish ways would 'a' been took out o' me; but no; there they was, an' I 'most forgot mother, Pheby, an' all for a spell, 's I thought over them old times when I was Phebus Knight, an' all gin up to my own self-seekin' pleasures.

"But I'm drefle glad 'twas only jest for a spell, an' that I come to my right mind arter a little. 'Twas when I was gettin' better, an' 'lottin' on startin' for the old home pretty soon. I'd been thinkin' about mother, an' goin' over in my head all she said an' done, till I come to that last night an' the good-bye talk, an' o' course I come to the thing she kep' sayin' up to the end: 'I'll keep my eye on ye, Pheby; I'll watch ye all the time.' An' all on a sudden it come over me what that meant, an' what I'd got to do. Ye see, I knowed mother an' Pheby bein' together now would talk over things, an' mother'd see how 'twas, an' that Pheby was reely the one that died, an' that 'twas me, Phebus, that had took care on her an' done Pheby's part. I knowed that mother bein' a mother, one o' the real sort, an' Pheby bein' a soft-hearted little gal, an' my twin, too, they'd make more'n they'd oughter o' what I'd done, an' me bein' away an' all, they'd begin to feel kinder sorry for me, an' mother in partikler 'd fret about it, an' wish I hadn't had to give up all my boy doin's an' be a gal so long for her sake. Oh, I knowed mother, ye see, an' could tell jest how she'd worry about me, an' how 'twould half spile ev'rything up there in her new hum. Seemed 's if I could 'most hear hersayin': 'Oh, Pheby, I can't bear to think o' that poor boy, how he gin up his fishin' an' all, an' wored your clothes, an' jest stayed round me day an' night, so's I shouldn't miss a darter's care. An' he so selfish by natur' an' fond o' his own 'musements.

"I kep' hearin' that talk, in mother's fretty, sorry v'ice, an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I knowed she was allers a woman of her word, an' she had her eye on me now. An' when she seed me tickled to death at bein' free agin, throwin' off my gal duds an' my gal ways, an' goin' back to my rough play an' my boy doin's, it would stren'then her all the more in her 'pinion, an' she'd jest fret an' fret about all I'd gone through, an' how I'd done it all for her, an' she'd never had a chance to thank me fort. Well, o' course you see that the selfishest boy livin' wa'n't goin' to have heav'n spiled for his mother jest 's she'd got there, if he could do anything to help it. So 't seemed plain enough that I'd got to gin up any little idee I'd had about goin' back to be a boy agin,



an' keep on makin' bleeve. I knowed I could do it; I'd kep' it up so long, it come quite easy an' nat'ral now, an' I felt cert'in I could make mother bleeve I reely enjoyed bein' a gal, an' what's more to the p'int, that I had enjoyed it, an' she'd see she needn't fret no great about me an' my givin' up anything for her, for I'd done it jest for fun like, an' cause I reely liked it.

"So there ain't much more to tell, ye see. Course 's soon 's I see what any right-minded boy 'd a-seen at fust, why I wa'n't quite so mean, arter all, 's not to do it. So I jest kep' on. 'Tain't much, when ye come to think on 't. I'd done it for a long spell, an' I kep' on. There was jest one thing I couldn't do at fust, an' that was go back to Sincler's Mill. I dassent, ye see; I'd been sure to backslid, set me once in sight o' Gale River, an' 'Tucker Brook, an' the woods round the old place. So I stayed round there a spell, an' then I went off to one place arter another. I don't rec'lect jest what I have done. It don't seem very long one way; time's got by somehow. I've been sick a good deal I guess. From what they tell me, I s'pose I've had some 'tacks o' that kind o' head fever that come over me arter mother died. But twa'n't a ketchin' complaint, so folks used to take me in an' do for me; an' somehow I've had a very comf'table time, consid'rin'.

"An' I callate I've sat'sfied mother by this time that I like women ways an' women clothes better than t'other sort. I come back here arter a spell; thought I could stand it better'n at fust. An' I'm dreffle glad I done it. For, ye see, this place here's such a sat'sfaction to me. Mother an' Pheby's buried in Canady, ye know. It was pretty hard to leave 'em there, an' not have nothin' to do for 'em to occ'py my mind like. But one time I happened to drop in here an' see this place, jest like a ready-made cem'tery. Course I knowed it wa'n't one; but arter makin' bleeve so long, what's one more bleeve makin'? So I picked out two graves for their'n—this long one for mother's, an' this little one for Pheby's; an' I jest take care on 'em. It's a dreffle comfort.

"I won't say that I 'ain't had a r'lapse 'casionally an' forgot I wa'n't a boy, but I allers rec'lected arter a spell, an' afore mother'd noticed anything, I guess. Why, it's only jest a few days sence one time I was settin' here knittin', an' I heerd Snide, 'Gene Elliott's black dog, ye know, a-barkin' an' whinin' an' yelpin'. An' I looked over in the medder, 'cross the road, an' there he was a-scratchin' up the sod, makin' the dirt fly, an' shakin' an' cryin' with excitement, like a Christian. I knowed he'd got a wood-chuck there in his hole; an' I forgot every blessed thing I'd oughter remembered, an' started for that hole. I throwed my knittin' down, held up my apern, an' run, a-callin' out: 'Good old Snide! take him, Snide! take him!' I was half way there, an' Snide he was waggin' his tail an' barkin' to me to hurry, when all on a sudden it come over me what I was a-doin'. I looked up quick to see if anybody up there had her eye on me; then I picked up my knittin', smoothed my apern, an' I says, real loud an' plain; 'I wonder if Nervy Eaton won't show me that new

stitch she was tellin' on? I'd like to make a tidy. An' mebbe I'd better set some bread to-night; it's bakin' day to-morrow.'

"I don't go very frequent to Sincler's Mill. It's kinder lonesome out there now. The old mill's all gone to rack, an' our house 's a shackly old thing—doors an' winders gone, an' things tumblin' to pieces. I was out there t'other day, though, lookin' round, an' thinkin' o' them times when I used to live there an' was a boy, with a hum, an' a twin-sister, an'—a mother. It kinder brought back things. Why, come to think on't, I 'ain't lived a mite like what I thought I was goin' to when I used to lay out things there 's I was fishin' or settin' round in the woods. I was 'most sure for a long spell that I'd be a pirate; or, agin, I kinder laid out to be a big hunter, to kill lions an' tigers an' sech wild creeters. Seems to me I was all for bein' a sea-cap'n one time, an' goin' whalin', an' killin' polar bears on the ice. My! I 'ain't done one o' them things. I've jest gone on my own selfish way, allers doin' nothin' for nobody. I was a-standin' near the river, jest acrost from the old house, a-lookin' at it. I didn't exactly like to go inside on 't, 'twas so lonesome, an' yer steps sounded so holler when you walked on the floor. But I looked at the old place a long spell. The door was gone, but the doorway was there, an' part of the steps, an' 's I was lookin' I see—right there, 's plain 's I see you now—I see mother. She was standin' right in the doorway. She had on a kinder indiger blue dress she used to wear a good deal, with white spriggles on it, an' a little hank'chief round her neck, an' she looked jest as nat'ral. She was lookin' down the road, holdin' up her hands over her eyes to keep the sun out, an' she was lookin' an' lookin', kinder pale an' scairt like, with a kinder watchin' an' waitin' an' wantin' look in her eyes—them soft, moth'ry eyes o' hern. She didn't speak, but jest 's I see her, why right out from under the bank, close by me, a little brown bird flew out, an' he says, loud an' clear, but kinder mournful like, 'Pheby! Pheby!' I tell ye I couldn't scasily stand it; an' whenever I think on 't now, it kinder upsets me. An' I look up through them tree-tops, with my eyes so wet it makes things all sorter dazzy, an' true 's I live I can see mother's face jest 's plain. She's lookin' out of a kinder doorway, an' her eyes is jest the same old mother-colour, so soft an' lovin', an' she's got a sorter anxious, waitin', watchin', wantin' look in 'em. An' I says to myself: 'Why, what's the matter o' mother now? Pheby's to hum. I wonder if she's expectin' anybody else?'"

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"WE live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest :

Lives in one hour more than in years do some,

Whose fat blood sleeps as it doth slip along their veins."

—Bailey's "*Festus*."

## ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER X.

REYNOLDS BARTRAM was greatly annoyed by the results of the several interviews he had imposed upon the new assistant cobbler at Bruceton. He had silenced, if not conquered, all the older religious controversialists of the town, and found weak spots in the armour of many good people not given to controversy, whom he had beguiled into talking on religious themes. Why he should want to talk at all on such subjects puzzled the people of the town, all of whom had known him from boyhood as a member of a family so entirely satisfied with itself that it never desired any aid from other people, to say nothing of higher powers. Sometimes the Bartrams went to church—for social purposes—but always with an air of conferring a favour upon the Power in whose honour the service was enacted.

But Bartram had good enough reasons for his sudden interest in religion. He was in love with Eleanor Prency, and, with the manner of his family regarding everything that interested them, he was tremendously in earnest in his wooing. Like a judicious lawyer, he had endeavoured to make his way easier by prepossessing the girl's parents in his favour; but when he began to pass the lines of pleasing civility, within which he had long known the judge and his wife, he was surprised to find an undercurrent of seriousness, the existence of which in the Prency family he never had suspected. The judge appeared to estimate everything from the standpoint of religion and righteousness; so did his wife; so, though in less measure, did the daughter.

Such nonsense, as the self-sufficient youth regarded it, was annoying. To visit a pleasant family with the intention of making a general conquest; to be confronted by a line of obstacles which he always had regarded as trifling, yet which he was unable to overcome; finally, to be told that religion was a reality because it had changed Sam Kimper, one of the most insignificant wretches in town, from a lazy, thievish drunkard to an honest, sober, industrious citizen—all this was to make war upon Reynolds Bartram's constitutional opinions as to the fitness of things.

A change of opinion somewhere was necessary, so it must occur in the Prency family, and as soon as it could be brought about—this was Bartram's first conclusion after an hour of deep thought. If the Prencys chose to talk theology in the privacy of their family life, they were welcome to do so, but he wished none of it, and, unless his head had lost its cunning, he believed he could devise a method of preventing further inflictions of it.

He convinced himself that his best method would be to discover

and expose the weakness, perhaps hypocrisy, of the wretched cobbler's professions. Maybe Kimper meant all he said, and thought he believed something essential to religion, but had not scores of other common fellows in the town done likewise during "revivals" and other seasons of special religious effort, only to fall back into their old ways soon afterward? It was all a matter of birth and training, argued Bartram to himself; the feeblest and most excitable intellects, the world over, were the first to be impressed by whatever seemed supernatural, whether it were called religion, spiritualism, mesmerism, or anything else. It was merely a matter of mental excitement: the stronger the attack, the sooner the relapse. Sam Kimper would lose faith in his fancies, sooner or later; it might be somewhat cruel to hasten the result, but what was a little more or less of the life of such a fellow compared to the lifelong happiness of one of the Bartrams—the last of the family, and, as the young man believed, the best? Should the cobbler's fall be hastened, Bartram would make it right; indeed, he would volunteer in his defence the first time he should again be arrested for fighting or stealing.

But his plan did not work. Day after day he had made excuses to drop into the cobbler's shop and worry the ex-convict into a discussion, but not once did he depart without a sense of defeat. As he said to himself, "What can be done with a man who only believes and won't argue, or go to the bottom of things! It's confoundedly ridiculous." During his last visit he said: "Sam, if the Power you profess to believe in can really work such a change as you think He has done in you, He ought to be able to do almost anything else. Don't you think so?"

"That I do," said the cobbler, working away.

"You believe He has power to any extent, I suppose?"

"You're right again, Mr. Bartram."

"Of course, you think He loves you dearly?"

"I'm ashamed to think it—that any Bein' should love a good-for-nothin' feller like me. But what else can I think, Mr. Bartram, after all that's gone on in me, an' what He's said Himself?"

"Very well; then if He is so powerful, and cares so much for you, I suppose He brings you more work and better prices than any one else in your business?"

"Sam did not reply at once, but after a while he said; "It amounts to the same thing: He makes me work harder than I ever knowed how to do before. That brings me more money, an' gives me a hope of gettin' along better after a while."

"Oh, well, you have a family—quite a large family, I believe. Does He do as much for your wife and children as for you?"

"Whatever He's doin' for me is done for all of us, Mr. Bartram."

"Just so. But do you mean to say that what you're making enables you to do everything for your family that you should?"

The cobbler's face contracted under the shade he wore over his eyes. An evil smile overspread the lawyer's countenance. A little time passed; the discussion was becoming sport, such sport as the angler feels when a wounded fish, a hundred times



smaller than he is, is struggling and writhing in agony on its back.

"You don't seem certain about it, Sam," the tormentor finally said.

"Mr. Bartram," the cobbler answered in a little while, "what He done for me came about so quiet an' unknown-like that I don't know what He may be doin' for the wife and children. God knows they need it, an' as He came to look after them that was needy, I don't believe He can make a mistake an' pass by my house."

"But I should think you would be sure about it. Have all the children got good shoes and stockings and warm clothes? Winter is almost here, you know."

"No, sir; they haven't," Sam sharply replied.

The lawyer quickly caught the change of tone and made haste to explain.

"I didn't mean to disturb your peace of mind, Sam; I asked only in order to learn how much foundation there was to your faith. They haven't them, you say. How will they get them?"

"I'll earn 'em," said the cobbler, with a savage dash of his awl which one of his fingers barely escaped.

"But suppose you can't; suppose trade slackens, or Larry takes a notion to a new helper?"

"Then I'll beg, rather than have 'em suffer."

"And if folks won't give?"

"Then my folks 'll have to go without."

"In spite of your new, loving, strong friend, your Saviour? If He's all you take Him to be, aren't you sure He'll look out for your family?"

"Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler, resting for a moment, and straightening his weary back, "if I was in trouble—been doin' somethin' wrong, for instance—an' was hauled into court, an' had you for my lawyer—though of course I couldn't expect to have so smart a man—I'd ort to believe that you'd do everythin' that could be done an' ort to be done, or'tn't I?"

"Certainly, Sam, certainly," said the lawyer, with his customary professional look of assurance.

"But I shouldn't know all about it in advance, should I? Even if you was to tell me all you meant to do and how you'd do it, I shouldn't take it in. If I could, why, I'd be just as smart as you—the idee!—an' shouldn't need you at all."

Both suppositions were so wildly impossible that the lawyer indulged in a sarcastic smile.

"Well, then," continued Sam, "here's Somebody helpin' me more than any man ever could—somebody that's smarter than any lawyer livin'; I suppose you'll own up to that?"

The idea that any being, natural or supernatural, could be wiser than one of the Bartrams was not pleasing to the lawyer, when suggested so abruptly, but it was conceded, after a moment of thought, by a condescending nod of the head.

"Then," Sam continued, "how am I goin' to be supposed to know all that He's doin' an' not doin' for me, and when He's goin' to do somethin' else, or whether He's goin' to do it at all? If I was as smart as a lawyer, I wouldn't need one; if I was as smart an' good as Him that's lookin' after me, there wouldn't need be any God or Saviour, would there?"

"Then you are satisfied He is God and Saviour, eh? Some wise men have believed differently."

"I only know what I was told an' what I've read for myself, sir. The man that put me up to it told me not to try to believe everythin' that everybody else did, but to believe as much as I could and live up to it, bein' extra particular about the living up."

"But you ought to know something, have some distinct idea as to who you're believing in. What do you know about Him, after all?"

"I know, said the cobbler, "just what I've told you before when you asked me the same question. I know He was once in the world, an' didn't do anybody any harm, an' done a great deal of good, an' taught folks to do right an' how to do it. Ev'rybody b'leives that, don't they?"

"I suppose it's safe to admit that much."

"Well, sir, I'm tryin' to foller Him an' learn of Him and b'lieve in Him."

"Is that all?"

"That's enough, as far as I've got. You're a good deal smarter than I be, sir; won't you tell me how to go further?"

The lawyer shook his head and departed. The cobbler fell on his knees and buried his face in his hands. The lawyer, chancing to look in the window, saw the movement; then he drew his hat down over his eyes and sauntered off in a manner quite unlike his customary carriage of his handsome figure.

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## CHAPTER XI.

The genuineness of the change which had come over Sam Kimper slowly became the subject of general conversation in Bruceton. Judge Prency frequently spoke of it, so did his wife, and as the Prencys were leaders of village society, whatever interested them became the fashion. People with shoes which needed repairing visited the new cobbler in great numbers, each prompted as much by curiosity as business, for they seldom haggled about prices.

Sam's family, too, began to receive some attention. Mrs. Prency, having first secured a promise from Sam that the children should go to Sunday-school, if they could be decently clad, interested several ladies to the extent of bestowing some old clothing, which she hired a sewing-woman to make into becoming garments for Billy and Mary. Mrs. Kimper, too, was enabled to dress well

enough to appear in church, though she stipulated that she should go only to evening services.

"I don't 'mount to much, Mrs. Prency," said she to the family's benefactor, "there ain't much left of me as I once was; but I ain't going to have people look at me the way they do, any more than I can help."

"The feeling does you credit, Mrs. Kimper," said the lady; "but you won't long be troubled that way. The oftener you let people see you, the less curious they'll be."

Sam's new way of life, too, began to be discussed where men most congregated. Loungers at stores, the railway station and the post-office talked of the town's only ex-convict, who had not gone back to his old ways. Most of the men who talked of him did it in about the manner of spectators of the gladiatorial combats in ancient Rome; they admired the endurance and courage of the man, but seldom did it occur to them to stretch out a hand to help him.

There were exceptions to this rule, however. An old farmer who had brought a load of wheat to the station listened to the talk, asked a great many questions about the case, and finally said, "I s'pose you're all doin' all you can to help him along?"

The bystanders looked at one another, but no one answered in the affirmative. One man at last found words to say: "Why, he's tryin' to help hisself along, and we're watchin' to see how he'll succeed. Now, I was along by his place this mornin' an' seen him carryin' in the last wood from his wood-pile. 'Sam,' I hollered, 'don't you wan't to buy a load of wood? I've got some I want to sell.' 'I need it,' said Sam, 'but I ain't got a cent.' Well, mebbe I'd have trusted him for a load if he'd asked me; but it occurred to me to stand off and see how he'd manage it. It's cold weather now, an' if he don't get it some way his family 'll go cold. I went by there agin at noontime, but he hadn't got none yit."

"He's as independent-like," said another, "as if he hadn't been in gaol."

"You're a pack of heartless hogs!" roared the farmer, getting into his waggon and driving off.

"Can't see that he's any different from the rest of us," muttered one of the bystanders.

Could the group have known the trouble of the new cobbler's heart, as he bent all day over his work, and thought of the needed wood, their interest in the subject would have been enhanced. Sam's wife was a cold-blooded creature; the baby was somewhat ailing; it would not do for the fire to go out, yet the fuel he had carried in at morn could not more than last until evening. The little money that had come into the shop during the day would barely purchase some plain food, of which there was never in the house a day's supply. He had not the courage to ask credit for wood; his occasional attempts to "get trusted" had all failed, no matter how small the article wanted. He looked for Larry

Highgetty, his employer, to beg a small loan, but Larry, though he came into the shop every morning for his share of the previous day's earnings, could not be found that afternoon.

Suddenly, as the sun was almost down, Sam remembered that a house was being built several squares away. Carpenters always left many scraps behind them, which village custom allowed anyone to pick up. The cobbler devoutly thanked Heaven for the thought, closed the shop, and hurried away to the new building. The men were still at work, and there was a great deal of waste lying about.

"May I have some of these leavin's?" asked Sam of the master builder.

The man looked down from the scaffolding on which he stood, recognized the questioner, turned again to his work, and at last answered, with a scowl, "Yes, I suppose so. It would be all the same, I guess, if I didn't say so. You'd come after dark and help yourself."

Sam pocketed the insult, though the weight of it was heavy. So was that of the bits of board he gathered, but he knew that such thin wood burned rapidly, so he took a load that made him stagger. As he entered the yard behind his house he saw, through the dusk which was beginning to gather, a man rapidly tossing cord-wood from a waggon to a large pile which already lay on the ground.

"My friend," gasped Sam, dropping his own load, and panting from his exertion, "I guess you've made a mistake. I ain't ordered a load of wood from nobody. Guess you've come to the wrong house."

"Guess not," replied the man, who was the farmer that had freed his mind at the railway station during the afternoon.

"This is Sam Kimper's," exclaimed the cobbler.

"Just where I was told to come," said the farmer, tossing out the last sticks and stretching his arms to rest them.

"Who was it told you to bring it?" asked the resident.

The farmer stooped, took a large package from the front of the waggon and threw it on the ground; then he threw another, took his reins, turned the horses and began to drive out.

"Won't you tell me who sent it?" Sam asked again.

The farmer turned his head and shouted: "'Twas Jesus Christ, if you must know, and He told me to bring you that bag of flour and shoulder of bacon, too." Then the farmer drove off at a gait quite unusual to farm teams.

The cobbler burst into tears and fell upon his knees. When he arose he looked in the direction from which came the rattle of the retreating wheels, and said to himself: "I wonder if *THAT* man was converted in the penitentiary?"

The story, when Sam told it in the house, amazed the family, though little Mary giggled long on hearing the name of the supposed giver. No sooner was supper ended than the child slipped out of the house and hurried to the hotel to tell her sister Jane



all about it. Within half an hour the story had passed, through the usual channels, to all the lounging places that were open, and at one of them—the post-office—it was heard by Deacon Quickset. It troubled the good man a good deal, and he said, “There’s now no knowin’ how much harm ’ll be done the fellow by that speech. If he thinks the Lord is goin’ to take care of him in such unexpected ways, he’ll go to loafin’, an’ then get back into his old ways.”

“Didn’t the Lord ever help you in any unexpected way, deacon?” asked Judge Prency, who nearly every evening spent a few moments in the post-office lobby.

“Why, yes, of course; but, judge, Sam an’ I aren’t exactly the same kind of man, I think you’ll allow.”

“Quite right,” said the judge. “You’re a man of sense and character. But when Jesus was on earth, did He give much attention to men of your general character and standing? According to my memory of the record—and I’ve re-read it several times since Sam Kimper’s return—He confined His attentions quite closely to the poor and wretched—apparently to the helpless, worthless class to whom the Kimper family would have belonged had it lived at that time. ‘They that are whole need not a physician’—you remember?—‘but they that are sick.’”

“Accordin’ to the way you seem to be thinkin’, Judge Prency,” said the deacon, coldly, “them that’s most deservin’ are to be passed by for them that’s most shiftless.”

“Those who deserve most are those who need most, aren’t they, deacon? That is, if any one is really ‘deserving,’ as we use the word.”

“Your notions would break up business entirely, if they were carried out,” asserted the deacon.

“Not at all, though I have never discovered that business is the first interest of the Almighty.”

“You mean to say that because I work hard, an’ get a little forehanded, I ought to take a lot of shiftless folks, an’ teach them to be lazy an’ depend on me?”

“Certainly not, deacon. How you do jump at conclusions! There aren’t a lot of shiftless people in this town; there are very few, and even they might be helped, and shamed into taking care of themselves, if you and I and some more forehanded people were to follow our Master’s example.”

“I’ve spoke to every unbeliever in this town about his soul’s salvation,” said the deacon. “I’ve always made it a matter of duty. Christ came to preach salvation, an’ I’m follerin’ His example, in my humble way.”

“Didn’t He do anything else?” asked the judge. “You remember what answer he sent to John in prison, when the Baptist seemed to have lost heart, and wondered whether Jesus were really Him who should come? He said that to the poor the Gospel was preached, but He gave half-a-dozen other proofs, each of them showing special care for men’s bodies.”

"Judge, you're talkin' materialism," said the deacon. "It's a spirit that's gettin' too common ev'rywhere."

"Oh, no, I'm not; I'm talking the words of Jesus Himself. Aren't they good enough for you, or are you like children at the table, who will take only what suits them, and ignore everything else?"

"Such talks never do any good, judge," said the deacon, buttoning his overcoat and turning up the collar. "I've spent a good deal of my life thinkin' about sacred subjects an' tryin' to lead my fellow-men in the right way. You ain't goin' to make me believe, at my time of life, that I've been all wrong, an' that Jesus Christ come on earth only to start a charity society."

"Nor to teach people to live right?"

"He wants 'em first to know how to die right. I should think, judge, that Sam Kimper had been convertin' you over again, an' doin' it backwards. That fellow has only got hold of one end of the Scripture—one little fag-end of it."

"Too small an end to be worthy of your attention, I suppose, deacon?"

"This is all wasted time and idle talk, Judge Prency," said the deacon, leaving the place so quickly that he forgot to ask for his letters.

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## CHAPTER XII.

One bright, breezy October afternoon Sam Kimper's daughter Jane got "an hour off" from her duties at the hotel, and proceeded to devote it to her highest ideal of possible enjoyment. There were many other pleasures for which she longed, but as they were unattainable just then she made the most of that which was within her reach for the time being. It was to array herself in her best and saunter to and fro in the principal streets, look into shop windows, and exchange winks and rude remarks with young men and women with whom she was acquainted.

Although her attire was about what one would expect of a drunkard's child who had spent her later days in the kitchen and corridors of an hotel, Jane was not an unsightly creature. She had a fine figure, expressive eyes, and a good complexion. Had any one followed her during her afternoon stroll, and observed her closely during her successive chance meetings with young men and women of her acquaintance, he would have seen hard lines, coarse lines, ugly lines in her face; yet when in repose the same face was neither unwomanly nor without an occasional suggestion of soul. It was a face like many others that one may see in the streets, entirely human, yet entirely under the control of whatever influence might be about it for the time being, the face of a nature untrained and untaught, which would have followed either Jesus or Satan, or both by turns, had both appeared before it in visible shape.

During a moment or two of her afternoon out Jane found herself approaching Mrs. Prency and Eleanor, these ladies being out on one of those serious errands known collectively as "shopping."

"Do see that dreadful dowdy girl!" exclaimed Miss Eleanor, whose attire was always selected with correct taste.

"She has never had any one to teach her to dress properly, my dear," suggested the mother.

"She might have some one who cared enough for her to keep her from appearing in public in red hair and a blue ribbon," said the daughter.

"Such girls have no one to keep them from doing anything they like, my dear. Let us try to be sorry for them instead of being disgusted."

"But mother——"

"Sh—h! She'll hear you. I'm going to bow to her. I wish you'd do the same."

"Mother!"

"To oblige me. I'll explain afterward."

The couple were now within a few steps of Jane, who, with an odd mixture of wistfulness and scare, had been studying Eleanor's attire. When she saw both women looking at her she began to take a defiant attitude, but the toss of her head was met by one of Mrs. Prency's heartiest smiles, accompanied by a similar recognition from Eleanor. Short as was the time that could elapse before the couple had passed her, it was long enough to show a change in Jane's face—a change so notable that Eleanor whispered, "Did you ever see any one alter looks so quickly?"

"Never, but I sha'n't lose any opportunity to see it again," said Mrs. Prency.

"Mother, dear!" said Eleanor, I hope you're not suddenly going to recognize every common person you may meet in the street. You're so enthusiastic."

"And so different from my daughter in that respect, eh, dear?"

"But, mother, you've always been so careful and fastidious about your associations and mine. I remember the time, only a year or two ago, while I was at school, when you would have been horrified if I'd had anything to do with a creature like that."

"You were a child then, my dear; you're a woman now. That girl is daughter of the poor fellow ——"

"Sam Kimper, that you and father talk of so frequently? Yes, I know; she was a horrid little thing in school, two classes below me. But, mother, I don't see why we ought to recognize her, just because her father has been in the penitentiary, and behaved himself since he came back."

"Because she needs recognition, dear child; because she gets it from plenty of people of her own class, and if she has it from no others she never will be any better than she is; perhaps she will become worse."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Eleanor, with a toss of her handsome head. Such people never change. There were plenty of such

girls in the same classes with me in the public school, and they've all gone off and married common, low fellows. Some of them were really pretty girls while they were young, too."

"All the more reason why others of the same kind should have some encouragement to do better, my child."

"But, mother," persisted Eleanor, "what possible good will it do that Kimper girl for us merely to recognize her in the street?"

"You may do as much more for her as you choose, if you think mere courtesy is not enough. Eleanor, you are a beautiful, happy girl; you know—and I remember—all a girl's natural fancies and longings. Do you imagine that being badly born and reared can keep that girl from having the same feelings? She probably wishes she could dress as well as the best, attract attention, be respected, have a real, fine fellow fall in love with her."

"The idea!" exclaimed Eleanor, laughing long and merrily. "But suppose it were all true, how can mere notice from us help her? I'm sure the minute we passed her she made a face, and envied me my better clothes."

"You will think differently when you have more experience, my dear. When I was as young as you I thought——"

"Oh, mother, there she is again," said Eleanor, crossing the street; "she's turning right toward us. And," murmured the young lady, after assuring herself that it was really the same combination of red hair and blue ribbon, "how different she looks!"

"Because two women of some standing and position chanced to notice her. Let's help the good work along, daughter." Then, before Miss Eleanor had time to object, and just as the cobbler's daughter was in front of them, Mrs. Prency stopped, extended her neatly-gloved hand, and said, with a pleasant smile, "How these girls do grow! You were little Jane only a year or two ago, Miss Kimper."

Never before had Jane Kimper been addressed as "Miss." The appellation sent colour flying into her face and brightness into her eyes as she stammered out something about growing being natural.

"You haven't grown fast enough, though, to neglect good looks," continued Mrs. Prency; while Eleanor, endeavouring to act according to her mother's instructions, drawled, "No, indeed!"

Then the cobbler's daughter flushed deeper and looked grateful, almost modest, for girls read girls pretty fairly, and Jane saw that Eleanor was regarding her face with admiration.

"You girls of the new generation can't imagine how much interest we women who used to be girls have in you," said the judge's wife. "I'm afraid you'd be vain if you knew how much Eleanor and I have looked at you and talked about you."

"I didn't s'pose anybody that was anybody ever thought anything about girls like me," Jane finally managed to say.

"You're greatly mistaken, my dear girl," said the lady. "Nearly every one in this world talks a good deal about every



one else whom they know by sight. You really can't imagine how much good it does me to see you looking so well and pretty. Keep right on doing it, won't you? The girls of to-day must be our women, a few years hence; that's what I keep impressing upon my daughter day by day. Don't I, dear?"

"Indeed you do, mother." Eleanor said it with a look at Jane which was almost a signal for sympathy; the cobbler's daughter was greatly mystified by it.

"I don't see," said Jane, after standing awkwardly for a moment in meditation, "how a girl's goin' to be much of a woman that amounts to anything, one of these days, if she's nothin' to do now but dirty work at a hotel."

"Maybe you could change your work," suggested the lady.

Jane's lips parted with some hard and ugly lines, and she replied: "Some things is easier sayin' than doin'."

"Should you like a different position?" asked Mrs. Prency. "I'm sure it could be had, if people knew you wanted it. For instance, I need some one every day, for some weeks to come, to help my daughter and me with our sewing and fitting. There are always so many things to be done as winter approaches. I sometimes feel as if I were chained to my sewing machine, I have so much to do. But I'm afraid such work would seem very stupid to you. It would mean sitting still all day, you know—no one to talk to but Eleanor and me."

Jane looked wonderingly at the two women before her. No one but them to talk to! She never had imagined an opportunity to talk to such people at all. She supposed all such women regarded her as a part of the scum of the earth, yet here they were, speaking pleasantly to her—Mrs. Prency, a woman who naturally would fill the eye of an impulsive animal like Jane: Eleanor, the belle of the town—two women whom no one could look at without admiration. No one but them to talk to! All her associates faded from Jane's mind like a flock of mist under a sunburst as she answered, "If there's anything you want done that I can do, Mrs. Prency, I'd rather work for you for nothin' than anybody else for any money."

"Come to my house as soon as you like, then, and we'll promise to keep you busy—won't we, daughter?"

"Yes, indeed," murmured Eleanor, who saw in her mind's eye a lot of her work being done without effort of her own.

"You sha'n't do it for nothing, however; you shall earn fully as much as you do now. Good-day," Mrs. Prency said, as she passed on, and Eleanor gave Jane a nod and a smile.

The hotel drudge stood still and looked after the couple with wondering eyes. The judge's wife dropped something as she walked. Jane hurried after and picked it up; it was a glove. Jane snatched it, pressed it to her lips again and again, hurried along to return it, stopped suddenly, thrust it into her breast, and then, passing the back of her ungloved hand across her eyes, hurried back to the hotel, her eyes cast down, and her ears deaf to occasional familiar remarks intended specially for them.

## CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.\*

It has been known for some time that Professor Goldwin Smith was writing a comprehensive volume on this subject. No man living, from his exhaustive study of Canadian history, from his breadth of view, and from his charming literary style, is better fitted to prepare such a work. High as expectation has been raised, we deem it more than met in these pages. In the early and romantic history of our country Professor Smith has found a congenial theme. With a grace of diction surpassing even Parkman's, and with philosophic insight and a striking condensation of expression, he gives a graphic picture of the old régime and analysis of the spirit by which it was animated.

The Professor recognizes the enormous power of the Roman Catholic Church. "Not Versailles or the Pyramids bespeak the power of the king more clearly than the great church and the monastery rising above the cabins bespeak the power of the priest. Ten million dollars would probably be a low estimate of her property. Besetting the people from the cradle to the grave with her friars and nuns, she gathers in money of which none ever leaves her coffers, not even for taxes, since she asserts her sacred immunity from taxation. . . . To add to the holy fund the priests do not disdain to peddle amulets and trinkets. . . . But she has made the people in her way moral, as well as in her way religious. . . .

"Nevertheless, looking upon the condition of the people on the one hand, and the vast array of churches, convents and rectories on the other, we are reminded of Edmond About's saying about the peasantry of the Romagna, who were backward and unprosperous though they had fourteen thousand monks preaching to them the gospel of labour."

We think the learned Professor unduly pessimistic in his view of the outlook of the Province of Quebec. "Commercial Montreal in French Quebec" he says, "is becoming the outpost of an alien territory. Proposals have been made for transferring it from Quebec to Ontario, close to the border of which it lies." It is true that in the Eastern Townships and other parts of Quebec Roman Catholicism is extruding the Protestant population. But the growth of Montreal in wealth, in social influence, in educational institutions, is chiefly Protestant. We judge that the Presbyterian, Methodist, and the Church of England communions are increasing in influence relatively faster than the Roman Catholic Church. The Professor admits that "among the strongest bulwarks of Protestantism in the country is the Presbyterian College in Montreal." He also states that "there are in the Province French Protestants to the number, it is said, of about ten thousand. They have produced, in the person of Mr. Joly, who was for a time Provincial Premier, one of the most thoroughly upright and universally respected men of the Province." These converts from Roman Catholicism, we think, are the beginning of a revolt of the more intelligent and liberal French-Canadians from the fetters of Rome.

\* *Canada and the Canadian Question.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. With map. 8vo, pp. x.-325. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House. Price \$2.00.

Professor Smith describes Ontario as the core of the Confederation, and gives a graphic sketch of its social, economical and political status. "Where there is wealth," he says, "there will be social distinction; and opulence, even in Toronto, sometimes ventures to put a cockade in the coachman's hat. . . . Wealth everywhere is power: everywhere to a certain extent commands a social position. . . . But wealth in Toronto society has not everything its own way." He deprecates the tendency to city life, and says: "The people cannot afford to be so well housed in the city as they are in the village, . . . and though they have more of crowd and bustle, they have really less of social life, because in the village they all know each other, while in the city they do not know their next-door neighbour." Inasmuch as our school system is practically secular, the "organ of religious teaching," he remarks, "is the Sunday-school. Of these there are said to be in Ontario nearly four thousand, nearly half the number being Methodist." He highly commends "the co-operation of the ministers of all Protestant churches at least, in good works. There is even talk," he adds, "of Christian union. . . . Economy may in time enforce, if not union, some arrangement by which a friendly division of the spiritual field may enable the village, which neither knows nor cares about dogma, to feed one minister instead of starving three."

Of the Protestant Churches in Ontario, he says, "The largest and most striking is the Methodist: striking in its combination of a powerful clergy with a democratic participation of all members in church work; strong, also, in its retention of the circuit system, which saves it from the turbulence bred in other churches by the restlessness of churches which grow weary of hearing the same preacher. "The Metropolitan Church of the Methodists in Toronto," he says, "is a cathedral. . . . The Presbyterian Church is that of the Scotch here as everywhere, a thrifty, wise and powerful clan. . . . The Anglican Church in Canada, as in England, may almost be said to be two churches—one Protestant, the other neo-Catholic—under the same roof in uneasy union; and hard is the part of their Bishop. They are held together by a laity unspeculative and attached to the Prayer Book."

The Professor deprecates the sending of Canadian boys and youths to the public schools and universities of England as seldom attended with good results. Speaking of Canadian games, he says, "Football is much played and under the regular English rule, everything being kicked except the ball."

Speaking of the limited literary field afforded in Canada, he says, "A literature there is fully as much and high in quality as could be looked for, and of a character thoroughly healthy. Perhaps some kind critic might say it retains some of the English sober style, and is comparatively free from the straining for effect which is the bane of much of the literature of the United States." The Canadian press, notwithstanding its limitations, he highly commends. "Toronto reads at breakfast-time the debates in the British House of Commons the evening before, and looks on as well as a Londoner at all that is going on in the world, and shares in full measure in the unification of humanity by the electric wire."

With rapid pen the Professor traces in outline the record of French Canada before and after the conquest. He pays the following noble tribute to the United Empire Loyalists—the pilgrim fathers of Upper Canada:

"This was the heroic era before politics, unrecorded in any annals, which has left of itself no monument other than the fair country won by those obscure husbandmen from the wilderness, or, perhaps, here and there a grassy mound, by this time nearly level with the surrounding soil, in which, after their life's partnership of toil and endurance, the pioneer and his wife rest side by side. . . . "The rough lot, we trust, was cheered by health and hope, while the loneliness and mutual need of support would knit closer the tie of conjugal affection. To the memory of conquerors who devastate the earth, and of politicians who, vex the life of its denizens with their struggles for power and place, we raise sumptuous monuments; to the memory of those who by their toil and endurance have made it fruitful, we can raise none. But civilization, while it enters into the heritage which the pioneers prepared for it, may at least look with gratitude on their lonely graves."

Professor Smith then admirably sketches the development of the political institutions, analyzes the Federal Constitution, and traces the fruits of Confederation. Into the discussion of "The Canadian Question" we shall not follow the Professor. He discusses five possible conditions: Dependence, Independence, Federation, Political Union with the United States, and Commercial Union. The latter he strongly urges as the best solution of the problem of the future. Discussion or even criticism of this theme is outside the province of this periodical. The book will bring the Canadian Question before the tribunal of public opinion in Great Britain and the United States, as well as in this country, with a weight of influence and with a brilliancy of manner such as it has never received before.

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## RECOGNITION.

BY MAUD RENNIE BURTON.

I AND my Soul stood face to face, alone.  
 (Oh Soul, how black and scarred thou art when known !)  
     And my Soul said,  
 "Look at me well, because I am thine own.  
 Year in and out I grew as thou hast grown,  
     And my feet followed in the way thine led."

Facing my Soul in dread at twilight drear,  
 I shrank away and cried aloud in fear.  
     Then my Soul said,  
 "Ay! cry and call; no man will ever hear:  
 Nothing will answer but the echoes clear.  
     Dost thou, then, shun the path thine own feet tread?"

Alone, but for my Soul at close of day,  
 Small wonder that I cried and shrank away.  
     But my Soul said,  
 "We are alone here, in the twilight gray.  
 'Thou Hypocrite! Fall on thy knees and pray.  
     Why fear'st thou me?' I followed. Thou—hast led.  
                                 —Independent.



## Current Topics and Events.

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### METHODIST MISSIONS IN CHINA.

The article on Medical Missions in China, by Rev. Dr. Hart, cannot fail to very strongly impress its readers with the importance of the new Methodist Mission in that country. In that vast empire is collected one-third of the human race: a nation, not dull, slow, and ignorant, but quick, ingenious, and docile; a nation with probably the oldest civilization and the oldest literature in the world; a nation which, under the benumbing influence of its superstitions, exhibits a remarkable instance of arrested development, a sort of ossification of its institutions; yet, a nation of vast possibilities and, if it be not Christianized, one of vast menace to Christendom.

China has already a steam navy, with numerous war-ships, well-equipped with all the modern appliances—electric lights, torpedoes, improved cannon, everything necessary for the art of marine warfare. It has an enormous army, equipped in part with the latest weapons of precision; it has exhaustless resources of men and means; it has been learning in the school of science and war; it has been a keen student, as well, of diplomacy, and if it should become an aggressive force, might carry terror to the whole of Australasia, not to say to the British possessions in Burmah, Malacca, and India. These people are not unsusceptible of gratitude for favours received. They are eminently docile, faithful, and obedient to their employers. Probably in the providence of God the great overflow from China to the lands of Christendom may be the means of sending the Gospel from converted Chinamen back to their own land. Unfortunately, in many places the chief impression they receive is that of the intolerance, injustice, hatred, and cruelty of the baser elements of the so-called Christian nations. Nevertheless, many converts are made, and some

of these are full of zeal for the conversion of their fellow-countrymen.

The system of medical missions seems by far the most efficacious way of reaching these people. One of the first of these medical missionaries was a young woman from Canada, who won high favour in the imperial court for benefits conferred upon a near relative of the reigning sovereign. She now occupies an important and lucrative office at court. Our Lord Himself was wont to combine the healing of the body with the healing of the soul, and many who would reject the didactic teaching of the Gospel would hail with joy His practical benefits. We hope our Churches, mission bands, and Sunday-schools will take a profound interest in this new departure, and that an earnest, general, and systematic effort will be made to greatly increase the revenue of the Missionary Society, in order to meet the new tax made upon its resources by this aggressive movement on the hoary ramparts of Chinese superstition.

In addition to the Rev. Dr. Hart, Superintendent of the Mission, its first members will be Rev. G. E. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., O. A. Kilburn, M.D., and Rev. Dr. Stevenson, M.D., medical missionaries. These beloved brethren, and the ladies who, we understand, are to accompany the mission, will have the warmest sympathy and prayers of the Church in their great undertaking; and the mission which they establish, we doubt not, will have, also, liberal material support on the lines indicated in Dr. Hart's article, to make it the power and success that it ought to be in that dark land.

### METHODIST MISSIONS IN PALESTINE.

The admirable contribution of the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B.A., ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference, on the subject of the Methodist Missions in Moab and Syria, in this number, should receive earnest

consideration. Brother Bond has travelled extensively through these Bible lands, and is deeply impressed with the importance of the Methodist Church doing her share in the evangelization of the Lord's land, where the name of Jesus first began to be preached. There is a perennial interest about those sacred scenes which appeals at once to the judgment and the imagination. We doubt not that the inauguration of a mission in Palestine would awaken a sympathy and enthusiasm on its behalf that would greatly redound to the benefit of our entire mission work. As, however, the missionary committee has just inaugurated a new mission to the great Chinese empire—an empire embracing in its teeming millions one-third the population of the globe—it has not felt warranted in simultaneously establishing a mission in Palestine. If, however, any of our readers are moved to practical sympathy with the heroic Mr. Lethaby, Mr. Bond will be glad to convey their contributions to that brave-hearted missionary. Mr. Bond writes us that in his judgment the city of Nablous, the ancient Shechem, is the most promising place in Palestine for the Methodist mission. It is quite central and in the main route of travel, and a medical mission planted there would be, indeed, a light kindled in a dark place.

Our missionary authorities, we understand, do not see their way clear just at present to take up this new mission, in view of the pressing claims upon the Society in many other directions, and in adhesion to the principle to avoid going into debt. The Rev. W. Henderson, who has travelled extensively in Palestine, strongly urges, in a recent *Guardian*, a mission in Palestine, like that proposed by Bro. Bond. He states that some fifty consecrated students in our college offer themselves for missionary work wherever sent. He further states that many of our people are desirous that a mission should be opened in Palestine, and urges the importance from a strategic point of view of planting a mission in the Lord's land. He adds: "For

us as a people the duty of the hour is to send a missionary to Palestine as soon as practicable." He suggests that a school, or orphanage, be opened, as the uplifting of that land, like every other, will be effected by the regeneration of its childhood. "It will be desirable," he adds, "to have a mission, to some extent, under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society," and concludes with the fervent remarks: "That country is waking up. Christian capital is projecting modern improvements. A multitude from different quarters are settling there. It is a land of imperishable interest. The set time to favour Zion has come." If any authorized Board will take up this work, we feel confident that the sympathy and enthusiasm of our zealous Epworth Leagues and Sunday-schools would be enlisted in the work.

#### THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

One of the most significant movements of the times is the federation of the Australasian colonies into the Commonwealth of Australia. Within the memory of men now living, known only as a penal colony, it becomes a great nation with a population of four millions, composed of the most adventurous spirits of the mother-country and their vigorous descendants. Sydney and Melbourne are already great metropolitan cities, each with a population of 360,000, rivalling in wealth and splendour some of the greatest cities of the motherland. The great "Mother of Nations," founding such bulwarks of civilization in the far east and west, north and south, as the new Dominion and this new Commonwealth, is building up throughout the world a Greater Britain, that shall maintain the Anglo-Saxon traditions and civilization in every part of the world. In her forty colonies she has planted the germs of a world-wide empire. As a recent writer, speaking of this new movement, remarks, "The loyalty of the British heart will still circle the earth with the morning drum-beat, and all the more warmly

that it will be a feeling unvexed by the jealousies of power." The genial critic in the *New York Independent* writes as follows of this great movement:

"The action of the Federation Convention, now in session at Sydney, in creating the Commonwealth of Australia, is one of enormous historical importance. It really inaugurates a new, great continental empire ruled by an English-speaking race. The Constitution attempts to combine the merits of the forms of government of both the United States and Canada, avoiding their defects. While the Crown appoints the Governor-General, the Governors of the States are elected by their legislatures. We expect nothing but good from this new imperial republic. It will unify the interests of Australia, will promote population and trade, will fill up the wilderness of the continent with people, and will create a strong Christian nation, of our own stock and faith, with which we shall be in the closest sympathy, and whose example will, we may well believe, control very considerably the future even of our Northern Canadian neighbours."

#### THE COLUMBIAN FAIR AND THE SABBATH.

THE *New York Independent*, with characteristic enterprise, obtained some weeks ago the testimony of many public men, governors, senators and statesmen, concerning the opening of the Columbian Exhibition on Sunday. These distinguished laymen, by a very large preponderance, expressed themselves very strongly against the opening. In the April number it has the opinions of ninety-three bishops and archbishops of the American Churches. These are still more strongly pronounced in their opposition to such desecration of the Sabbath. The eleven bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are against it. So are the ten bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Of the twenty-eight bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church all but two are in favour of closing. Of forty-

four Methodist bishops only one, a coloured bishop in the South, who has peculiar opinions on many things, favoured opening it part of the day. Of six Roman Catholic archbishops, three strongly urged that it be closed on Sunday, and three that it be open in the afternoon. Of sixteen Roman Catholic bishops, four would close and eleven would open. These figures show, among other things, that one great menace to the sanctity of the Sabbath in the United States is the Roman Catholic Church. One cause of this is that it is so largely made up of a foreign element, with its lax notions of Sabbath observance. It is to be hoped that the strong remonstrance of the Christian people will prevent the great National Exhibition from becoming the engine for breaking down the keeping of the Sabbath. The demoralization and wickedness of an open World's Fair, with its Sunday excursions, Sunday drunkenness and the like, would make what should be a grand demonstration of the higher civilization of the age a barbarizing and de-civilizing spectacle.

#### THE LATE W. H. KERR.

With the death of the late W. H. Kerr Canadian scholarship sustains a great and irreparable loss. He was one of the few Canadian scholars who, amid the engrossments of business and professional toil, kept up his familiar use of the classic languages. Mr. Kerr was not only one of the most brilliant classical scholars of our country, but he also had a special felicity and grace in the composition of Latin and Greek verses. He often displayed his skill in the translation into these ancient tongues of some of the noble hymns endeared to all the Churches. Of these the readers of this *MAGAZINE* have enjoyed many examples presented in its pages. It is to be hoped that these fine translations may be published in collected form.

#### THE LATE DR. DE PRESSENSE.

The death of this distinguished scholar and author leaves a blank in the French Protestant Church not

easily filled. Pressense was the foremost figure of that Church. In his remarkable position as a Senator of the French Republic he rendered valuable service to the cause of Christianity, by promoting legislation favourable to Christian morals. His best service to the Church was rendered by his busy pen. He was the founder and chief writer of the *Revue Chrétienne*, his contributions to which have a remarkable ability and power. Among his more prominent works are "Early Years of Christianity." His volume on the Martyrs and Apologists of the Early Church is the most brilliant that we know of that important period.

#### PERSECUTION.

The Russian treatment of her Jewish subjects is a disgrace to the nineteenth century. It recalls the tales of the dark ages, when those Mordecais of mankind were mocked, and jeered, and spurned in every land. This persecution we deem more baneful to Russia than it is to the Jews themselves. In Moscow and St. Petersburg they are the brain and nerves of the nascent commerce of that undeveloped empire. In their expulsion history repeats again the tragic blunders of the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain, and of the Huguenots from France. The saying of Napoleon is as true to-day as it was eighty years ago, "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar beneath." Although veneered with a superficial polish of French politeness, many of their nobles of high rank betray all the savagery of their Slavonic and Tartar ancestry.

Equally brutal and short-sighted is the recent persecution of the Stundists of the southern provinces. These are a community of reformed religionists, who are seeking to recover the simplicity of primitive Christianity, long buried beneath the superstitions and puerilities of the Greek Church. Their religion is one of great spiritual purity and power. They have been called the Methodists of Russia, and doubtless their persecution, virulent

though it be, will no more suppress their religious zeal than the persecution of the Methodists suppressed theirs.

#### DEATH OF PROFESSOR BENNETT.

We exceedingly regret to learn the death of the Rev. Dr. C. W. Bennett, Professor of Archæology and Cognate Science in the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Dr. Bennett had made special study of the science of Christian archæology, and published a very valuable volume on that topic, which won distinguished recognition both in the Old World and the New. We had agreeable personal correspondence with Dr. Bennett on the subject in which we both were interested. He was exceedingly beloved by his students and by the Methodist Church, of which he was a devoted son and minister. He had projected other important works, from whose execution, in the mysterious providence of God, he was cut off.

#### VISIT TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

In fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, the editor of this MAGAZINE contemplates, in the spring of 1892, to make, if Providence permit, a visit to Egypt and Palestine. After visiting Cairo and the Pyramids, he will go up the Nile as far as the first cataract, visiting the ruined temples and cities of Edfu, Luxor, Thebes, and Philæ. A month will be spent in Palestine visiting the scenes of Bible story, Joppa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, Nablous, Nazareth, Galilee, over Mount Hermon to Damascus, Baalbec, and over the Lebanon to Beyrout. He will also visit Rhodes, Cyprus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Naples, Rome, Florence, etc. Dr. Withrow has consented to take charge of a select private party who may wish to make this excursion, which will be made under the best condition and at the most suitable time of the year. Any persons desiring information on the subject may write to Rev. Dr. Withrow, 244 Jarvis Street, Toronto.



## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The net increase of members is only 688, though the total increase in some districts is nearly three thousand; the decrease in others reducing the net gain. In forty years since 1855, the increase was 163,445, or more than sixty-two per cent.

The number of young people in Junior Society classes stands at 62,406, an increase on the year of 1,605.

The West London Mission has 1,002 fully accredited members. The "Sisters" are doing a noble work amongst the soldiers, the policemen, and the "cabbies." They have also started a boys' club. A social hour is held at Prince's Hall service on Sunday evenings. *Advance*, the organ of the mission, has a circulation of 10,000.

The Joyful News Mission has an income of \$50,000, and has 101 evangelists at work and in training. Rev. J. C. Clapham says that "the agency is one of the most valuable movements of modern Methodism. Ministers, and laymen, and foreign missionaries testify to its utility. Rev. D. Hill, of China, says, "Thank God for such gifts to His Church."

The Wesleyan University Settlement in Bermondsey promises to be a useful institution. There will be twenty residents in the house, in addition to the warder, all of whom will be employed in home mission work. A women's settlement will soon be organized, where ladies will be accommodated who will labour among the poor women in the locality.

During the existence of the Extension Fund upwards of \$460,000 have been expended in aiding 1,200 cases, and has helped to introduce Methodism into needy localities where previously it had no footing.

From the thirty-seventh annual report of the Educational Society we learn that the amount expended on day and Sunday-school buildings during the past year was \$225,575.

The Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Society is doing a good work; 165 persons are on the sick fund, and 370 on the annuitant list, making a total of 535 on the funds. At the annual meeting held in York, in May, 970 pulpits were supplied by members of the annual meeting.

It is a matter of universal regret that the income of the Foreign Missionary Society is more than \$50,000 deficient. British Methodism to-day contributes \$20,000 less to this fund than it did twenty-two years ago. If the contributions to-day were proportionately equal to those of 1878, they would show an advance upon their present figure of \$125,000. The London, Baptist, and Church Missionary Societies also report large deficiencies.

Happily the missions abroad are prospering. In ten years as many members have been added within the bounds of the Madras District as were added in the previous seventy. Converts are multiplying among the Hindoos, and missions have been started among the Pariah people. A new mission is to be established in Mashonaland, Africa.

The University of Glasgow has conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. J. Agar Beet.

All the branches of Methodism in Great Britain are preparing to send about two hundred delegates to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in Washington, United States, in September next.

The *Christian Intelligencer* has the following interesting paragraph: "The Wesleyans in England, who claim the honour of having the best Sunday-schools in the world, regu-

larly hold public examinations with their scholars before they are promoted to higher grades. Their Sunday-school Catechism contains questions which might sometimes put theological students to hard thinking. With them the Sunday-school is no plaything."

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Andrews has sent the amount required to the Centenary Memorial Celebration Fund, so that both the two great American Methodist Churches have contributed their pillar for City Road Chapel.

Bishop Taylor has lately reported from Africa. There are twenty-six stations in Liberia, in Congo seven, in Angola six; total thirty-nine. Missionaries in Liberia twenty-two, in Congo twelve, in Angola fourteen; missionaries not assigned, sixteen; total sixty-five. The African Conference reports three thousand members. Twenty missionaries were not able to reach the Conference; those in Congo and Angola were two thousand miles from the seat of Conference.

Bishop Taylor lost \$8,000 by the failure of Kean's Bank in Chicago. This money was intended to be used in redeeming African girls, whom the Bishop places in the mission schools. Several have thus been redeemed. The only way to get them is by purchase. They cost thirty dollars each.

Chaplain McCabe states that there were forty thousand fewer conversions in the Churches last year in consequence of the agitation on the admission of women to the General Conference. The Chaplain, however, rejoices that the missionary receipts exceed those of last year at the same date by \$59,000. No wonder that he has shouted himself hoarse.

The Epworth League is wonderfully popular. From the latest reports it appears that there are 5,130 chapters in the Northern Churches.

A pilgrimage to England is to be made during the summer by members of the Epworth League. City Road Chapel, London, and Epworth

will be visited. At the latter place services will be held in the Wesley Memorial Methodist Church.

Dr. Deems presented to the Missionary Board at New York portraits of Bishop Joshua Soule and Bishop James D. Andrew, who went off with the organization of the Church South. The portraits are a gift from gentlemen in the South.

Bishop Walden is in Europe holding the conferences there, and also attending the Evangelical Alliance at Florence, Italy.

Lum Foon, formerly a Methodist in San Francisco, gave up a good business and returned to China to do missionary work at his own charges. He has built a mission property in foreign style of architecture, with preaching hall and schools. The "Jesus" house is the talk of the country. Lum Foon preaches the Gospel and teaches school, having about thirty pupils under his care.

Fully thirty Methodist Episcopal Churches are dedicated in the United States every week: that is 1,560 a year.

Dr. Lucian Clarke, assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate* (New York), states that its circulation is the largest of any denominational paper in the world; \$125,000 are to be distributed this year among the superannuated from the Book Concern profits.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Bishop Wilson has just returned to his home in Baltimore, having for the third time journeyed round the world, visiting the missions of his own Church and those of other denominations. He thinks that the outlook is encouraging all along the line.

The *Independent* of New York, in an excellent article on the centenary of the death of John Wesley and a history of the Church organizations that sprang from the great movement he inaugurated, writes very eulogistically respecting this branch of Methodism, which comprises forty-six annual conferences in the two hemispheres. Her members have

held all but the highest office in the nation. They are found on the Supreme Bench of the United States, in both Houses of Congress, in numerous executive mansions and foreign embassies, and in leading college chairs throughout the South.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

We are glad to record the fact that another Methodist has been appointed a member of the Dominion Senate. J. B. Snowball, Esq., of Northumberland, New Brunswick. He is a son of the late Rev. John Snowball.

The Wesleyan College at Montreal, at its late convocation, conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. Marshall Randles, Professor of Theology, Didsbury, Manchester, England.

Methodism flourishes in Cape Breton in spite of much poverty and distress, amounting sometimes to starvation. There are fifty society classes, many of them large: Sunday-schools prospering: Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies going ahead: anti-tobaccoists actively fighting the pipe; about one-half of the business men have given up selling tobacco.

The following, which we have taken from a Presbyterian journal, is commended to the prayerful consideration of our readers: "At this season of the year our Methodist friends begin to 'invite' pastors, and the pastors accept, subject, of course, to the action of Conference. If the invitation—of course it would not do to say 'call'—works right in June and brings the new man after Conference all is well. If the invitation fails, as it may fail from one of a dozen causes, there is likely to be some friction. Our Methodist friends seem to be considerably enamoured with the invitation business. Perhaps if they knew as much about it as some Presbyterians do, they would not be so anxious to take a plank out of the Presbyterian platform. Many thoughtful Presbyterians, who have had much to do with giving calls and who have watched closely the way the thing is often done, have little or no faith in the system. The only

reason they have for not denouncing it is the difficulty of finding anything better."

The editor of *Canada* believes that the great Protestant Church of Canada at no distant date, strong in all the elements that give victory over infidelity and unrighteousness, will comprise both the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, and it may be others. "What a power that united Church would be."

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Annual Committee, or Conference Executive, have resolved to recommend Conference to appoint a large and influential committee, and prepare a report on the proposed basis of Methodist Union. The said report will then be forwarded to the Conference of the Methodist Free Church, and if the answer of the latter be favourable it will then be an open question to be submitted to the quarterly meetings. One paper and three addresses will fall to the lot of the representatives of the Connexion at the Ecumenical Council which meets in the fall.

A bazaar was lately held in Manchester, which produced \$9,000.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

We are sorry to learn from our English exchanges that the College at Manchester is in serious financial difficulties. Some are even afraid that, unless help is speedily forthcoming, the premises may have to be sold. Could not many old Primitives in Canada render help. Who will join the present writer in rendering a helping hand?

A bazaar was held in Tunstall, which produced \$6,800.

The President of Conference, during his visit to the Isle of Man, spent a day with the Anglican Bishop at Bishop's Court.

#### BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

In 1850 the late Rev. James Way, the pioneer missionary, entered on his work in Australia at a salary of \$150 per annum. In December, 1890, his eldest son left South

Australia on a trip to India, Palestine, and Europe. In many respects the career of Chief Justice Way is exceptionally brilliant, even in the galaxy of distinguished sons of Methodist ministers.

As a proof of the kindly feeling now existing between the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians, it is proposed that where the Primitives are strong and the Bible Christians weak the latter body shall be absorbed by the former; and where the Primitives are weak, they shall give up their Society to the Bible Christians.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

The mortality among ministers has lately been great. We have to record the decease of the Rev. Charles Lavell, M. A., of Niagara Conference. He was in the itinerancy thirty-nine years, and for about ten years sustained a superannuate relation. Most of his itinerancy was spent in the cities of Ontario and Quebec. For several years he was Chairman of District, and once at least Secretary of Conference. He was a man

greatly beloved, a real Christian gentleman, and a minister of more than ordinary ability. He was the spiritual father of Dr. Potts, and was himself brought into the Methodist Church through the instrumentality of the late Dr. E. Ryerson.

The Presbyterian Church mourns the death of the Rev. T. McPherson, of Stratford. He was more than eighty-six years of age, a native of Ireland, but of Scottish descent. His piety was more than ordinary; he lived a life of holiness.

On April 15 the Rev. John Atkinson died at Benton Harbour, almost ninety-four years of age. He organized the first Methodist society in Quincy, Ill.; was a friend of Bishop Asbury and Jesse Lee.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has been bereaved by the death of the Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D. He was a pastor more than sixty years. His last words were, "All is well!"

Bishop R. Disney, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Chatham, Ont., April 20.

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## Book Notices.

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*Who Wrote the Bible? A Book for the People.* By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Pp. 381. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Dr. Gladden has a remarkable faculty for uttering timely truths in a very forcible manner. Of this his admirable book on "Applied Christianity, or Moral Aspects of Social Questions," a book which discusses the most exigent topics of the times, is a striking example. The present volume is emphatically a book for the people—for busy people who have not time nor, perhaps, ability to follow the learned discussions of Biblical critics, but who want to know the facts and legitimate conclusions of the current discussions about the Bible. Dr. Gladden gives us here the results, rather than the

process of scholarship in a plain, simple, straightforward manner. He answers questions, so far as they can be answered, which continually crop up concerning the sacred books.

He is staunchly conservative as to the essentials of Biblical criticism. He utterly rejects the vagaries of much of what is called the "higher criticism" of the times. "The theories of the destructive critic," he says, referring to the Pentateuch, "that this literature and this legislation was all produced in Palestine about the eighth century before Christ and palmed off on the Jews as a pious fraud, does not bear investigation." "It is," he adds, "an astounding statement, illustrating the length to which destructive criticism will go." "The incidental allusions strewn throughout the Pentateuch to camp life and its conditions," he remarks, "could not have



been introduced at a later period, and are a striking corroboration of the Mosaic origin of these books." With good-humoured sarcasm he adds, "I question whether Professor Kuenen and Professor Wellhausen with all their wealth of imagination could have done any such thing." His conclusion is: "That the legislation of the Pentateuch is genuinely Mosaic in its entire spirit and character."<sup>2</sup> Dr. Harman makes a similar remark about the very ancient words occurring in these documents.

As to the book of Genesis Doctor Gladden explains the Jehovist and the Elohist elements of the original documents. He points out not only the conventional but literally predictive character of the Messianic and other prophecies of Scripture. One of the most important topics is that on the origin of the Gospels, even of the latest, the Gospel of St. John, of which the best criticism of the day finds striking testimony, even as far back as the first century. "The Origin of the Gospels," "Formation of the Canon," "How the books were written and preserved," and other subjects are all plainly elucidated. In the final chapter, entitled "How much the Bible is worth," he vehemently asserts that, notwithstanding its human elements, notwithstanding its "various readings," notwithstanding the difficulties of harmonization which sometimes arise, the Bible is divinely inspired, is a book of righteousness and a record of the development of the kingdom of righteousness in the world, is the revelation of God to man. We may not in every case agree with Dr. Gladden's treatment of special topics, but his general conclusion, and the tenacity with which he holds the essential unity, veracity, integrity, and indubitable authenticity of the Word of God, make his book an aid to faith of a most valuable character.

*William E. Dodge, the Christian Merchant.* By CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 349. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. J. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street. Price \$1.50.

By the death of William E. Dodge,

the moral forces not only of the city of New York, but of the American Republic, sustained a great and irreparable loss. He enjoyed the blessing of a pious ancestry and a godly training. He was early made the subject of converting grace in a sweeping revival. He threw himself with zeal into Christian work, and this, says his biographer, he never interrupted for a single day. He early identified himself with the Sunday-school work, Bible study, missionary work, temperance work, anti-slavery, promotion of peace, Christian missions, evangelical alliance, and Christian association work. All this while he was diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, carrying on great undertakings, forming a coal and iron company, engaged in extensive commerce by sea and land, railway and steamship enterprises, eight times elected President of New York Chamber of Commerce. He was a leading member of the Presbyterian Church, and the friend of the slave, the outcast, the reformed gaol-bird, the Indian and the heathen. Such a life is an inspiration to the young men of this age. In this book we get glimpses of many of the chief Christian workers of the century. The author has done his work well. He has photographed with realistic power a noble and remarkable life. We commend the volume for Sunday-school libraries and family reading.

*A Concise Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge: Biblical, Biographical, Theological, Historical, and Practical.* Edited by ELIAS BENJAMIN SANFORD, M.A. 8vo. Pp. 985. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

For ministers, local preachers, and Sunday-school teachers we know few books more useful than a compendious cyclopædia of religious knowledge. It is a library in itself, and if any subject needs special elucidation, it suggests the books and methods by which it can be best followed up. We have no hesitation in saying that, in our judgment, the book under review, as it is the most

recent, is also the best compendious cyclopædia that we know. Subjects of minor importance are treated very concisely, while subjects of major importance receive ample space. The editor has been assisted by over thirty of the most eminent religious writers of the country, representing the different Churches. Among these are Bishop Vincent, Dr. Selah Merrill, Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. C. S. Robinson, and many others. As evidence of the completeness of treatment we may note that the subject of the Reformation fills fourteen double-column pages, and the reformed Church three pages additional. Methodism receives twelve pages, and the Wesleys five additional. Egypt twelve pages and seven illustrations. Palestine six, with coloured map. Jerusalem six pages and eight cuts; and many places in Bible lands receive description and illustration. An important feature is the copious list of authorities on subjects on which the reader might desire further information. Thus, in the article on the Catacombs, J. H. Parker's archæology of Rome, and the present writer's book on the subject are given as references. The book is very impartial, the history and doctrines of the several Churches being treated by recognized representatives of those Churches.

*Toronto, Old and New; a Memorial Volume, Historical, Descriptive, and Pictorial.* By G. MERCER ADAM; with introduction by Rev. HENRY SCADDING, D.D. 4to, pp. 212.

It was a very happy thought to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791, whereby the Province of Upper Canada was organized, by the issue of this handsome volume, which records the rise and progress of the chief city of that Province. The execution of the design is as admirable as its conception. That the work has been done by the accomplished pen of Mr. G. Mercer Adam is a guarantee of its literary merit. The history of the city of Toronto is, to a large extent, the

history of the Province of which it is the political, commercial, educational and literary centre. The author traces, in his usual graceful style, the beginnings of Toronto in the old Indian days and under the French régime. He pays his tribute to the United Empire Loyalist fathers and founders of Upper Canada. He sketches the career of Governor Simcoe, and the picturesque incidents in the early history of "Little York." He records the events leading to the war of 1812-15, and the part which the town of York took therein. The early and more recent makers of Canada are faithfully portrayed. Dr. Strachan, the Robinsons, the Blakes, the Bethunes, W. L. Mackenzie, the Morrisons, the Andersons, and other pioneers. We think, however, the honoured name of Dr. Ryerson, the great antagonist of Bishop Strachan, the champion of constitutional liberty and the founder of our public school system, deserves more than the merely casual mention which it receives. But this is better than the treatment which it receives in Dr. Scadding's otherwise excellent volume on "Toronto of Old," in which it does not appear at all. The story of the rebellion is concisely told, and the results of the union of the provinces, the railway era, the Fenian raid, the confederation era, the recent development of the city are succinctly recorded.

Of special interest is the topographical and descriptive account of Toronto, illustrated as it is with many scores of admirable engravings of the principal streets, parks and buildings, public and private, and a brief biographical sketch of prominent citizens and public men in the educational and artistic professions, and its leading bankers, merchants and captains of industry. The resident of Toronto may well be proud of the architectural beauty of its public and private buildings, and of the evidence of its manufacturing and commercial prosperity. The engraving, printing and mechanical manufacture of this book, and also the interest of the subject, make it one which should be in every drawing-room or library of the city.

*A Manual of English Prose Literature, Biographical and Critical; Designed mainly to show Characteristics of Style.* Pp. xiii.-552. By WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., Professor of Logic and Literature in the University of Aberdeen. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

We are glad to know that the classics of English literature are receiving more systematic and scientific study in our schools and colleges than ever before. The time was when men professedly educated knew far more of Greek and Latin writers than they did of the great authors of their own language. That time is past, and now some degree of acquaintance with those great writers is absolutely essential to any claim of a liberal education. Yet, few men have the time or opportunity for reading very widely in the vast library of English literature. That is the work of a life-time.

The advantage of the book before us is that, under judicious guidance and criticism, we have the marked characteristics of the great writers set forth and illustrated by quotations, with biographical and biological notes of great value. Professor Minto's book has the honour of reaching the third edition in Great Britain, as well as being republished in America.

An introductory analysis of style describes its elements and qualities, and the critical notes point out the merits and defects of style, enabling the student to acquire the one and avoid the other.

One hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the critical study of the great modern masters, De Quincey, Macaulay and Carlyle. The author then takes up, in historical order, the chief prose masters from the fourteenth century. Special attention is devoted to Sidney, Hooker, Bacon, Johnson, Burke, Paley and Hall, and more brief criticisms, with citations to many scores besides.

We are convinced that the reader will derive a much more intelligent, just and comprehensive view of

English literature as a whole, and of its great masters individually, by a study of this book, than by ten times the amount of desultory and unguided reading. The book is closely printed, and its 570 pages contain a fine body of English literature.

*Documents Illustrative of the Canadian Constitution.* Edited, with notes and appendixes, by WILLIAM HOUSTON, M.A., Librarian to the Ontario Legislature. 8vo. Pp. xxii.-338. Toronto: Carswell & Co., Law Publishers; and Wm. Briggs.

In this volume Mr. Houston has given us a very valuable collection of historical documents. Upon his theory of education, which we deem unquestionably a sound and just theory, these documents form the true material for the scientific study of Canadian history. Of course, they must be supplemented by connecting links and records on matters of fact. But to comprehend the spirit of our constitution its origin should be studied at first hand.

Mr. Houston justly condemns the unintellectual method of "cramming" history by the deglutition of either books or lectures. He recommends strongly the seminary method used in the most modern universities, which is to be largely adopted in our own Victoria College. In this manner the study of the old English chronicles of Hollingshed and his fellow redactors in English history, and of Bradford's Journal and other contemporary records in colonial history give a new life and interest to the study of the social and political developments of the English-speaking race. The advantage of this mode of study is that it teaches the student to think for himself, which is the real and only intelligent method of education. Mr. Houston's long journalistic training and his politico-economic studies have given him special advantages for the editing and annotation of the documents herein contained. These annotations embrace much that is very valuable.

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W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,  
EDITOR.

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WEDDING PARTY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

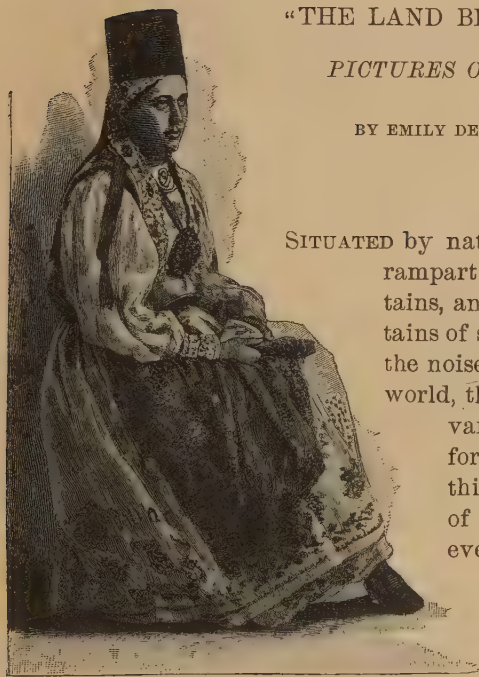
July, 1891.

"THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST."

*PICTURES OF TRANSYLVANIA.*

BY EMILY DE LASZOWSKA-GERARD.\*

## I.



SAXON WOMAN OF TRANSYLVANIA.

SITUATED by nature within a formidable rampart of snow-tipped mountains, and shielded by heavy curtains of shrouding forests against the noise and turmoil of the outer world, the very name of Transylvania tells us that it was formerly regarded as something apart, something out of reach, whose existence even for a time was enveloped in mystery. In olden times these gloomy forest gorges were tenanted only by the solitary bear or by packs of hungry

wolves, while the mistrustful lynx looked down from the giddy heights, and the chamois leaped unchecked from rock to rock. The people who lived westward of this mountain rampart, know-

\*This vivacious writer is the wife of an officer in the Austrian military service. She had special opportunity during a prolonged residence to study the character, institutions, customs, and folk-lore of the interesting people of Transylvania. Her book on the subject (New York: Harper Bros.) is one of permanent value. From it we abridge the following pages.

ing but little or nothing of the country on the other side, designated it as Transylvania, or the "Land beyond the Forest"—just as we sometimes talk of the "Land beyond the Clouds."

The old-world charm still lingers around and about many things. It is floating everywhere and anywhere, in the forests and on the mountains, in mediæval churches and ruined watch-towers, in mysterious caverns and in ancient gold-mines, in the songs of the people and the legends they tell. Like a subtle perfume evaporating under the rays of a burning sun, it is growing daily fainter and fainter, and all lovers of the past should hasten to collect this fleeting fragrance ere it be gone forever.

Some one has rather aptly defined Transylvania as a vast storehouse of different nationalities; and in order to account for the *raison d'être* of so many different races living side by side in one small country, a few words of explanation are absolutely necessary to render intelligible the circumstances of daily life in Transylvania, since it is to be presumed that to many readers the country is still virtually a "Land beyond the Forest."



TOWN OF DEES, TRANSYLVANIA.

Situated between  $45^{\circ} 16'$  and  $48^{\circ} 42'$  latitude, and  $40^{\circ}$  to  $44^{\circ}$  of longitude, the land covers a space of 54,000 square kilometres, which are inhabited by a population of some 2,170,000 heads. Of these the population of different races may be assumed to be, pretty nearly, as follows: Roumanians, 1,200,400; Hungarians 652,221; Saxons, 211,490; Gipsies, 79,000; Jews, 24,848; Armenians, 8,430.

In the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era the land belonged to the Dacians, who were in course of time subjugated by Trajan, Transylvania becoming a Roman province in the year 105 A.D. It remained under the Roman eagle for something over a century and a half; but about the year 274 the Emperor Aurelian was compelled to remove his legions from the countries over the Danube and abandon the land to the all-

ravaging Goths. The Roumanians themselves like to think they are descended directly from the Romans. About 1150 A.D. the province was but thinly peopled, and ill qualified to resist attacks from without. The king invited Germans to come and establish colonies in this scantily peopled land, promising them



ROUMANIANS.

certain privileges in return for the services he expected. Hungarian heralds began, consequently, to appear in German towns, proclaiming aloud in street and on market-place the words of their royal master. As a German poet sings:

“When castles crowned each craggy height  
Along the banks of Rhine,



And 'neath the mailed warriors' might  
Did simple burghers pine ;

“ When bowed the common herd of men,  
Serfs to a lord's commanding,  
The holy Roman empire then  
For free men had no standing.

“ Then off broke many and away,  
Another country questing ;  
' We'll found another home,' said they—  
' A house on freedom resting.

“ ‘ Hungarian forests wild and free,  
Are refuge for us keeping ;  
From home and home's dear ties will we  
Emancipate us, weeping.’ ”

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since the towns of Transylvania were freed from their girdle of mediæval fortifications, and their outskirts still present a very unfinished appearance.



FORTRESS GATE, KARLSBURG.

Whoever has lived among the Transylvanian Saxons, and has taken the trouble to study them, must have remarked that not only seven centuries' residence in such a strange land and in the midst of antagonistic races has made them lose none of their identity, but that they are, so to say, *plus Catholiques que le Pape*, that is, more thoroughly Teutonic than the Germans living to-day in the original Fatherland. Their extreme and isolated position and the peculiar circumstances of

their surroundings have kept them what they were. Such as these Saxons wandered forth from the far west to seek a home in a strange land, such we find them again to-day, seven centuries later, like a corpse frozen in a glacier which comes to light unchanged after a long lapse of years. Their features, of a sadly unfinished wooden appearance, irresistibly reminded me of the figures of Noah and his family out of a sixpenny Noah's ark. There is something Noah's-ark-like, too, about their attire,

which, running entirely in hard straight lines, with nothing graceful or flowing about them, no doubt helped to produce this scriptural impression. The Saxon peasant is stiff without dignity, just as he is honest without being frank. The men are, on the whole, pleasanter to look at than the fair sex, having often a certain ungainly picturesqueness of their own, reminding one of old Flemish paintings.

The Roumanians, on the other hand, are much more attractive in appearance. They seem to be a long-lived race, and it is no uncommon thing to come across peasants of ninety and upwards, in full possession of their faculties. In early infancy the Roumanian babe is treated as a bundle, often packed in a little wooden oval box, and slung on its mother's back, thus carried about wherever she goes. If at work in the field, she attaches the box to the branch of a tree; and when sitting at market it can be stowed on the ground between a basket of eggs and a pair of cackling fowls. When after a few months it outgrows the box, and crawls out of its cocoon, the baby begins to share its parents' food, and soon learns to manage for itself.

Once in actual possession of a calf the Roumanian lad considers himself to be a made man. He has no ground of his own; but such petty considerations not affecting him, he proceeds to build himself a domicile, wherever best suits his purpose, on some waste piece of land. Stone hardly ever enters into the fabrication of his building; the framework is roughly put together of wooden beams, and the walls clay-plastered and wattled, while the roof is covered with thatch of reeds or wooden shingles, according as he may happen to live nearest to a marsh or a forest.

The inside of a Roumanian hut is by no means so miserable as its outward appearance would lead us to suppose. The walls are



SAXON PEASANT OF TRANSYLVANIA.

all hung with a profusion of holy pictures, mostly painted on glass and framed in wood, while the furniture is brightly painted in rough, but not inartistic, designs; the passion these people have for ornamenting all their wood-work in this fashion leading them even to paint the yoke of their oxen and the handles of their tools. There is always a weaving-loom set up at one end of the room, and mostly a new-born baby swinging in a basket suspended from the rafters. The products of the loom consisting in stuffs striped, chiefly blue, scarlet and white, in Oriental designs, sometimes with gold or silver threads introduced in the weaving, are hung upon ropes or displayed along the walls. These usually belong to the trousseau of the daughters (perhaps

the self-same infant we see suspended from the ceiling) but can occasionally be purchased after a little bargaining.

Roumanian women are very industrious, in some places you never see a woman without her distaff; she even takes it with her to market, and may frequently be seen trudging along the high-road with a heavy burden on her head or shoulders and twirling the spindle as she goes. The men do not seem to share this love of labour, having on the contrary, much of



CATHEDRAL, KARLSBURG.

the Italian lazzarone in their composition, and not taking to any kind of manual labour unless driven to it by necessity.

The life of a shepherd is the only calling which the Roumanians embrace, *con amore*, and his love for his sheep may truly be likened to the Arab's love of his horse. A real Roumanian shepherd, bred and brought up to the life, has so completely identified himself with his calling that everything about him—food, dress, mind and matter—has, so to say, become completely “sheepified.” Sheep's milk and cheese form the staple of his nourishment. His dress consists principally of sheepskin, four sheep furnishing him with the cloak which lasts him through life, one new-born lamb

giving him the cap he wears; and when he dies the shepherd's grave is marked by a tuft of snowy wool attached to the wooden cross above the mound. His whole mental faculties are concentrated on the study of his sheep, and so sharpened have his perceptions become in this one respect that he is able to divine and foretell to a nicety every change of the weather merely from observing the demeanour of his flock.

Marriageable Roumanian girls often wear a head-dress richly embroidered with pearls and coins; this is a sign that their trousseaux are ready, and that they only wait for a suitor. The



VAJDA-HUNYAD CASTLE.

preparation of the trousseau, involving as it does much spinning, weaving, and embroidering, in order to get ready the requisite number of shirts, towels, pillow-covers, etc., considered indispensable, often keeps the girl and her family employed for years beforehand. In some districts we are told that it is customary for the young man who is seeking a girl in marriage to make straight for the painted wooden chest containing her dowry; and only when satisfied, by the appearance of the contents, of the skill and industry of his intended, does he proceed to the demand of her hand. If, on the contrary, the coffer prove to be ill-furnished, he is at liberty to beat a retreat, and back out of the affair.



An orthodox Roumanian wedding should last seven days and seven nights, neither less nor more; but as there are many who cannot afford this sacrifice of time, they circumvent the difficulty by interrupting the festivities after the first day, and resuming them on the seventh. The ceremony itself is accomplished with much gaiety and rejoicing. The parents of the bridegroom go to fetch the bride, in a cart harnessed with four oxen whose horns are wreathed with flower garlands; the village musicians march in front, and the chest containing the trousseau is placed in the cart. One of the bride's relations carries her dowry tied up in a handkerchief attached to the point of a long pole.



STREET IN NAGY-SZEBEN (HERMANNSTADT).

The cathedral of Karlsburg, shown in cut on page 8, which is the chief sanctuary of the Roman Catholic Church in Transylvania, is an immense building; although its outward appearance has been spoiled by later additions, its interior presents a solemn and imposing aspect. Two strong bastions defend the great entrance, above which is an equestrian statue of Charles VI. as Roman Emperor, while sculptures on the frieze represent vanquished Turks, as shown in our cut on page 6.

The castle of Vajda-Hunyad stands within the village on a limestone rock of moderate height; the deep moats and huge ramparts, with their lofty towers, render it an impregnable fortress.—See cut on page 9.

On the principle that the character of a people is best demon-

strated by its proverbs, a few specimens of those most current among Roumanians may be quoted :

“Father and mother you will never find again, but wives as many as you list.”

“The blessing of many children has broken no man’s roof as yet.”

“Better an egg to-day than an ox next year.”

“No one throws a stone at a fruitless tree.”

“Patience and silence give the grapes time to grow sweet.”

“If you seek for a faultless friend you will be friendless all your life.”

“There where you cannot catch anything, do not stretch out your hand.”

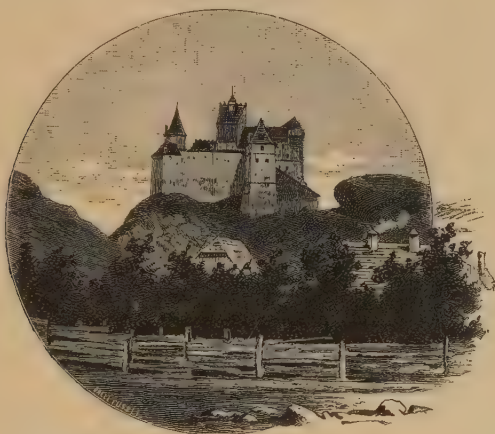
“Who runs after two hares will not even catch one.”

“The dog does not run away from a whole forest of trees, but a single stick will make him run.”

“A real Jew will never pause to eat until he has cheated you.”

“You cannot carry two melons in one hand.”

“Who has been bitten by a snake is afraid of a lizard.”



TORZBURG CASTLE.

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### THE CHILD AND THE SEA.

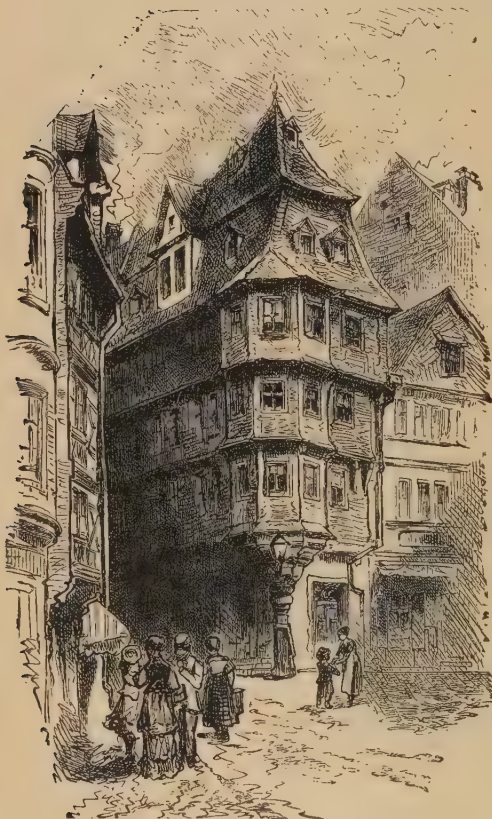
A LITTLE child sat by the billowy sea,  
Where the breezes were blowing for aye ;  
And he played with the pebbles along the beach,  
And he longed for the beauties he could not reach,  
As the undertow bore them away.

But the child was a man of full three and ten ;  
And the breezes eternity’s breath ;  
And the moments were pebbles along the beach,  
And his friends were the beauties he could not reach,  
And the undertow was death.

—*Rev. A. W. Cooper.*

## CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

## HEIDELBERG TO HARWICH.



LUTHER HOUSE, FRANKFORT.

FROM Heidelberg to Frankfort is an uneventful ride, passing Darmstadt, the home of the late Princess Alice of England. I obtained for our party a private saloon coach, very elegantly upholstered and fitted up. I called the attention of the guard to the fact that it was labelled second-class, whereas our tickets entitled us to first-class coaches. "Oh, that's all right," he said, and he coolly folded up the second-class label and the reverse side showed that it was first-class. The only difference between first and second-class seems to be that one may be reserved exclusively and go on fast trains,

while the other may not. Unless they desire to be very exclusive, or to travel in very grand style, I would advise all tourists unacquainted with such nice distinctions to take second-class carriages on German railways. They are quite as good as the first anywhere else.

The magnificent railway station at Frankfort is the finest and largest in Europe. It is four times as large as the great St. Pancras station in London, which is the second largest in the world. It is not like St. Pancras station, however, all under one vast roof, and so the *coup d'œil* is not so striking. The general

appointments and facilities for travel are superb. At Frankfort, and some other places in Germany, there are no hotel omnibuses. The sergeant of police, who, in magnificent uniform, looks like a field officer, calls for cabs, which come in rotation without the least confusion, and in a few minutes the whole party is transferred in comfort to their hotel.

I observed a great change in Frankfort since I visited it ten years ago. It has become much more modernized, and the picturesque old Judengasse—the Jews' quarter—had been renewed almost beyond recognition. Frankfort is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city we saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the trade emporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

We lodged at the fine hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But its chief attraction is its ancient, narrow streets between the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, each story projecting over the lower till the upper ones almost meet overhead, with grotesque figures supporting the projections and roof, the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls.

Till the year 1806 the Jews' street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Römerberg, an ancient square, was the inscription: "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Römer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Römerberg. We visited the election room, decorated in red, where the emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected emperor dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole



series of emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne down—the Karls, Conrads, Seigfrieds, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day, long since turned to the dust and almost forgotten.

Among the most striking monuments of Frankfort is that of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schœffer, the German inventors of printing; with figures of Theology, Poetry, Science, and Industry sitting at its base—a noble tribute to a noble art. There are also fine monuments of Schiller, Senckenberg, and Goethe; and the birthplace of the latter, a handsome timbered house with four projecting stories.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretchedly florid manner, and everywhere we read, “Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns”—“Holy Mary, pray for us.” Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

A handsome stone bridge, dating from 1342, crosses the Main. It is embellished with a statue of Charlemagne, and with a gilt cock perched on a crucifix. According to the legend, the architect vowed that the first thing that crossed the bridge should be sacrificed to the Devil, and a cock became the victim.

Of special interest was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer. The quaint corner oriel was very striking.

It is an hour's ride from Frankfort to Mainz. The railway follows the winding Main, commanding fine views of the Taunus Mountains. Mainz is a strongly fortified town of 60,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of 8,000, at the junction of the Main and Rhine. Here Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, in 751, set up his See. He was the son of an English wheelwright, and assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. The cathedral, a huge structure of red sandstone, 522 feet long, is of several dates, from 978. It is filled with monuments of much historic interest, from the thirteenth century.

At Mainz we took the steamer down the legend-haunted Rhine to Coblenz. This storied stream has been so fully and so frequently described by abler pens than mine, that I pass very lightly over its stirring memories.

“Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,  
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions  
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!  
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,  
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,  
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet  
And looking up at His beloved face ! ”

Between Bingen and Bonn lies the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose every crag, and cliff, and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with the grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel of this great highway of central Europe—even a king on his way to be crowned has been seized and held till ransomed. A Rhine steamer, like a Swiss hotel, offers a fine opportunity to study the natural history of the genus tourist, of many lands and many tongues. I was much amused in observing an imperious little lady, followed by a gigantic footman in livery, whose arduous task it was to humour the caprices of her ladyship and of her equally imperious little lap-dog.

The Lurlie Rock is a high and jutting cliff, on which is the profile of a human face. Here dwelt the lovely Siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair,\* lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. According to a veracious legend, the Neibelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlenberg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off.

Many grim strongholds were passed, where wild ritters kept their wild revels.

“And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,  
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.  
There was a day when they were young and proud,  
Banners on high and battles passed below ;  
But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.”

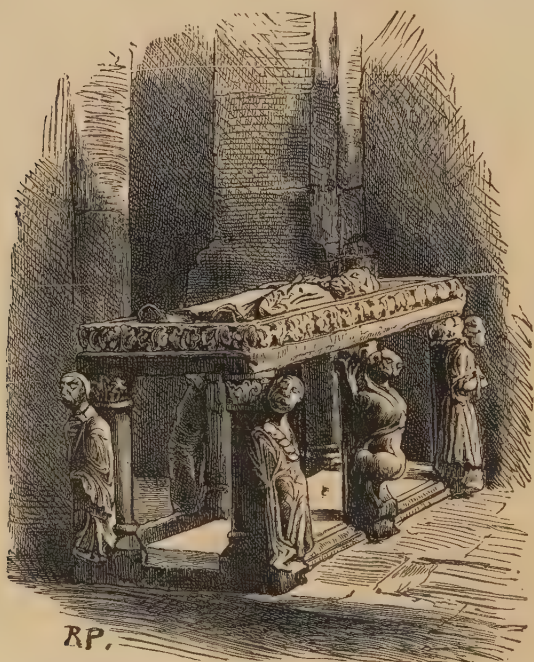
After a day of delight we were glad when the steamer glided through the bridge of boats to the quay at Coblenz, a large town, whose fortifications will accommodate 100,000 men. In the old church of St. Castor, the sons of Charlemagne met to divide his

\* Heine's song on this subject is one of the most popular :

|                                   |                                      |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| “Sie kammt es mit goldenem Kamme, | “With a golden comb she combs it,    |
| Und singt ein Lied dabei ;        | And sings so plaintively ;           |
| Das hat eine wundersame,          | O potent and strange are the accents |
| Gewaltige Melodei.”               | Of that wild melody.”                |

empire in 843. The monumental effigies in the old churches of this Rhine valley are often characterized by an elaborate grotesqueness that seems very incongruous on a tomb. Of this, the figures on the tomb of Conrad Kurzbold are a striking example. The narrow streets and old gates and churches of Coblenz were also very queer. On the clock tower a bearded mechanical figure forever rolls his eyes and opens his mouth in a very ridiculous manner.

Our drive through the residential streets of Cologne—its broad

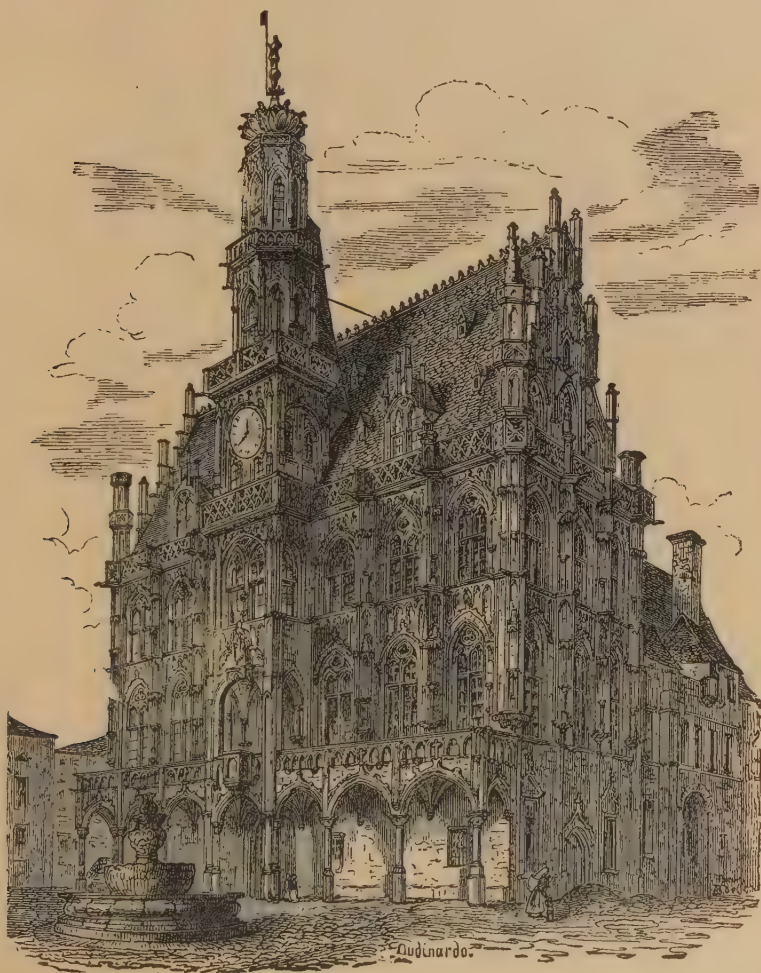


TOMB OF CONRAD KURZBOLD.

boulevards, laid out on the site of its ancient walls, displayed a surprising development of elegant modern street architecture; costly, palace-like structures attesting great wealth and enterprise. They were more like the rows of the fine stone buildings of Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, New York, than like the semi-detached villas which we find in the neighbourhood of most of our Canadian cities.

It was a striking contrast to pass from these broad, open spaces to the narrow streets of the old city, with their magnificent shops and bazaars, ablaze with jewellery and costly wares. The stately minster of Cologne more completely than any other fulfilled the

ideal of Gothic architecture; but while a magnificent national monument, it is degraded by puerile legends of the "Three Wise Men," or Gipsy Kings, of Bible story, and by many apocryphal relics. More absurd still is the story of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgin martyrs, whose relics are shown to the devout or

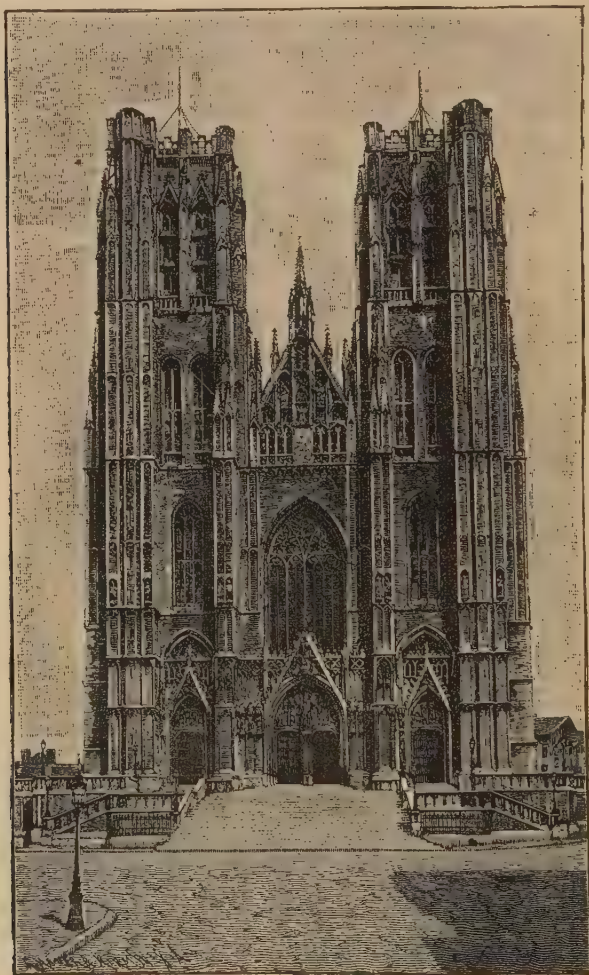


TOWN HALL, OUDENARDE.

curious, the skulls on shelves wearing embroidered caps, the other bones arranged in fantastic devices. As of special sanctity are shown the right hand and left foot of Saint Ursula, a spine of the crown of thorns, an alabaster vessel, one of the water-pots containing the water made wine at Cana in Galilee—though it could



never have held two or three firkins as described in the sacred narratives. I "posed" for a moment the garrulous custodian of these relics by asking how he was sure of the identity of the saints which he so confidently asserted to be those of St. Ursula,



CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE, BRUSSELS.

and the rest. After an impatient shrug of the shoulders, he went on as fluently as ever. The splendid architecture of the new streets of Cologne was the most progressive-looking thing we saw in Germany.

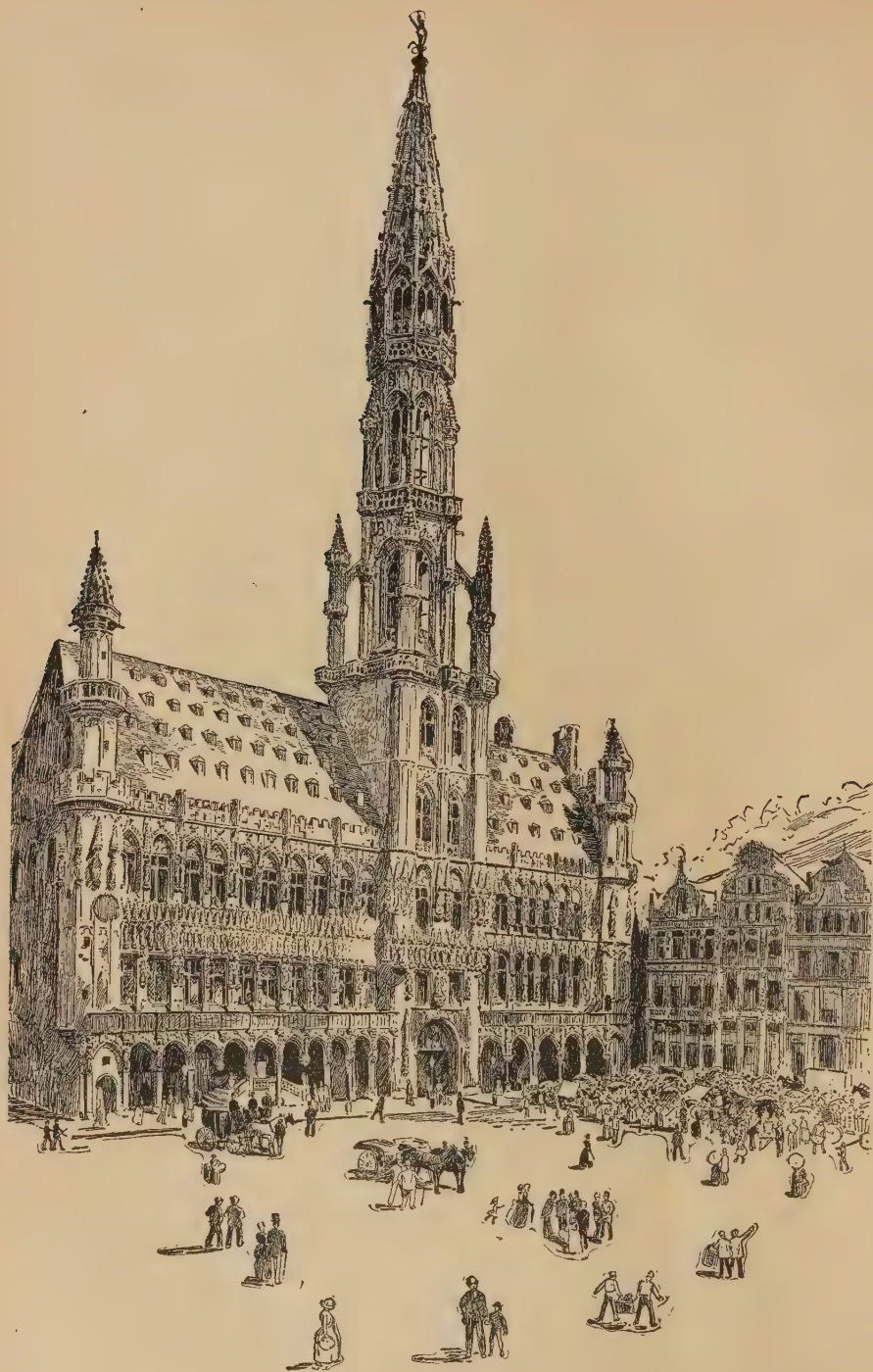
In the evening we made a very pleasant family group in the

quaint old hotel by the Rhine side, and the young ladies of the party made friends with the *chef de cuisine*, took possession of the kitchen and had an old-fashioned "taffy pull." The deftness with which the ladies went into the manufacture of home-made candy was a great astonishment to the *chef* and his satellites. It was a pleasant episode of home-life in a foreign land.

A long ride across the undulating plains of Eastern Belgium, cultivated like a garden and studded with busy manufacturing towns—Namur, Liege, Louvain, and many another—brings us to the gay capital, Brussels—a lesser Paris, with stately streets and noble architecture. The new Palais de Justice, it is claimed, is the largest building in Europe—a colossal pile, rivalling in massive majesty the structures of Babylon and Nineveh. A visit to the picture gallery of the mad painter, Wiertz, was like a nightmare vision—a most extraordinary blending of the grotesque and horrible. He was an ardent hater of war and war-makers, and two never-to-be-forgotten pictures are his "Last Cannon," in which a mighty angel wrenches in pieces the deadly enginery of war, while attendant angels proclaim over a war-scarred world the mild triumphs of peace, and his "Napoleon in Hell," in which the victims of the arch-despot's cruelty invoke the wrath of heaven upon his head.

Our drive through Brussels was made in grand style. We had four open carriages, with well-groomed teams and liveried drivers, under whose auspices we did the principal sights of the city. It happened to be the eve of the *fête* of the Immaculate Conception, and the great square was all abloom with a magnificent display of flowers for religious and domestic decoration. The ancient church of St. Gudule is of vast size and venerable majesty—one of the richest I have seen. In an artificial grotto was a figure of the Virgin, dressed like a fairy queen. The singing of the vespers at twilight was exquisitely sweet. The celebrated Hôtel de Ville is one of the noblest town halls in Europe. Its flamboyant façade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in the air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword, as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stone-work looks like petrified lace. In this square we saw the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpenters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter represents the stern of a large ship, with four protruding cannon.

The next day I wished to do some banking, but found that the bankers' and brokers' offices were all closed, it being a religious



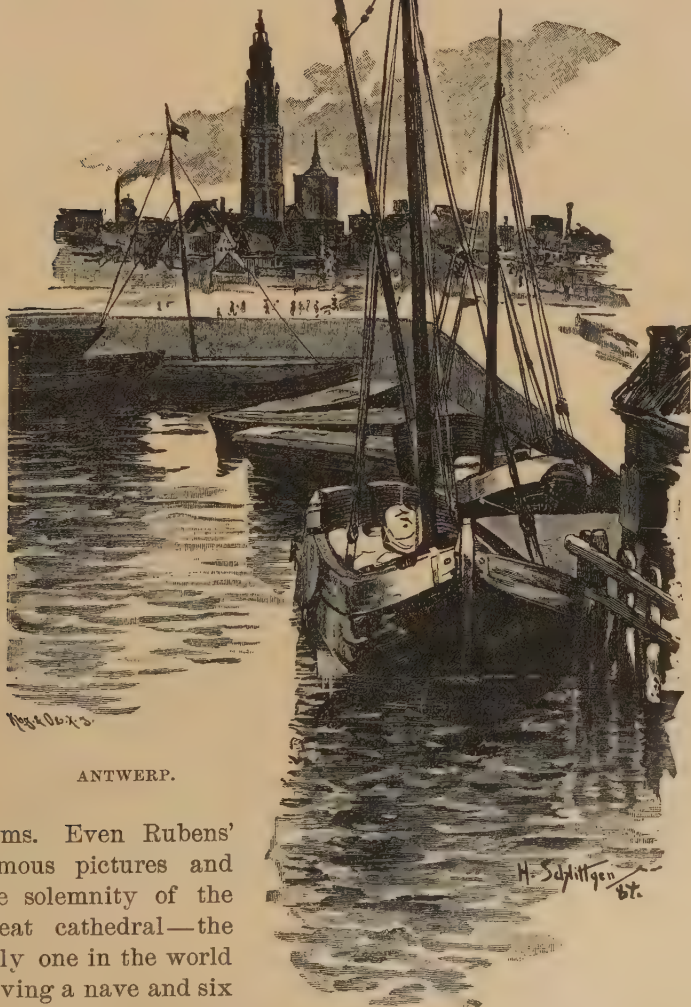
THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.



fête day. This would have caused me serious inconvenience had I not found a private office where my bills of exchange were honoured.

A couple of hours' ride last city on the Continent. Assumption of the Virgin, profusely decorated. A large age and sanctity was embroidered mantle bedizened

brings us to Antwerp, our It being the festival of the the great cathedral was doll-like figure of great rayed in a richly-embellished with jewellery and costly



ANTWERP.

gems. Even Rubens' famous pictures and the solemnity of the great cathedral—the only one in the world having a nave and six aisles—seemed vulgarized by the tawdry spectacle. Not so the beauty of the noble

spire, whose tracery seemed as delicate as Mechlin lace—fit, said



Napoleon, to be put in a glass case—as seen from the square without, with its

“Beautiful wild chimes,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And blending like a poet’s rhymes.”

At six in the evening we went on board the steamer for Harwich, and dropped down the winding Scheldt. The exquisite spire of the cathedral sank slowly beneath the horizon, and on either side were spread the broad green “polders,” or fertile meadows, reclaimed from the hostile sea, bordered by green dykes, and studded with windmills pumping the water. The grim ramparts, through which peered the menacing cannon, like one-eyed cyclops, suggested the storied memories of the famous siege of Antwerp. All this made a memorable picture, in the fading twilight of our last night in Europe.

Next morning by daylight we were at Harwich, and here our party may be said to have broken up. Some returned direct to London, others proceeded, with their conductor, to York, Durham, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Some prolonged their visit in Scotland and Ireland, and the main party returned with their guide, philosopher and friend to Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal. It was cause for devout thanksgiving that in journeys so extended and varied as ours had been, by land and sea, for many thousand miles, not an hour’s serious illness nor a mishap of any kind occurred to mar the pleasure or disturb the happy memories of the “Canadian Tourist Party in Europe.”



ON THE SCHELDT.

I COUNT myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

—Richard II., ii. 3.

# OVER THE COTTIAN ALPS—THE MONT CENIS ROUTE.

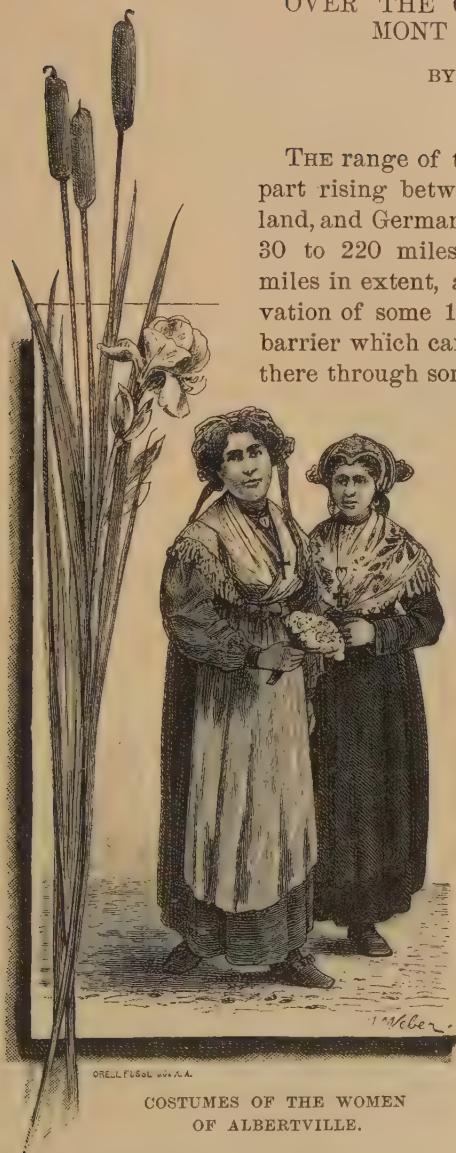
BY V. BARBIER.

## I.

THE range of the Alps, an enormous rampart rising between Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany, varying in breadth from 30 to 220 miles, in a vast semicircle 750 miles in extent, and attaining a mean elevation of some 10,000 feet, forms a gigantic barrier which can be crossed only here and there through some deep depression, and by

their side the famous wall of China would seem a mere toy.

This magic name—the Alps—awakens in us recollections of mighty conquests and of the proud conquerors who have forced their way across this seemingly impassable barrier, but it also leads us to reflect on the still greater victories gained by modern science and enterprise over the forces of nature, by the construction of roads and railways which permit of a safe and easy transit across the mountains, and it fills us further with pleasing anticipations of excursions to be undertaken among grand



COSTUMES OF THE WOMEN  
OF ALBERTVILLE.

and romantic scenery, and of mountain peaks to be scaled, not without danger, it may be, but with a sense of enjoyment which danger does but heighten.

Soon after crossing the swift and turbid Rhone, the train begins to climb the foot-hills of the Alps of Savoy, taking ad-



TUNNEL OF GRANDS ROCHERS AND LAKE OF BOURGET.



vantage of the ravines, worn by the streams in the course of ages. As we near the mountain the valley becomes narrower and wilder, until at last it forms a mere defile between two perpendicular mountains. On either side the torrents form numerous pretty cascades, which modify to some extent the ruggedness of the landscape. The sombre gorges of the Albarine are almost overpowering in their grandeur, and we experience a feeling of relief when, at Virieu-le-Grand, the horizon widens. The snowy range of the still distant Alps is cut like a cameo against the deep blue sky.



CHATILLON CASTLE.

The soil of the valley of Savoy is favourable to the cultivation of the most diverse products; cereals thrive well, hemp, maize, and tobacco are successfully grown. Fruit-trees are specially abundant. The forests supply various useful products in great abundance. The Spanish chestnut here develops its stout trunk and throws out a magnificent head of palmated foliage. Walnut-trees are largely cultivated for the sake of the oil expressed from the fruit. Rows of mulberry-trees in the meadows and fields indicate the culture of the silkworm, an industry which has undergone a development limited only by the ravages



of disease among the worms. In the lower valleys large areas are devoted to the culture of the vine.

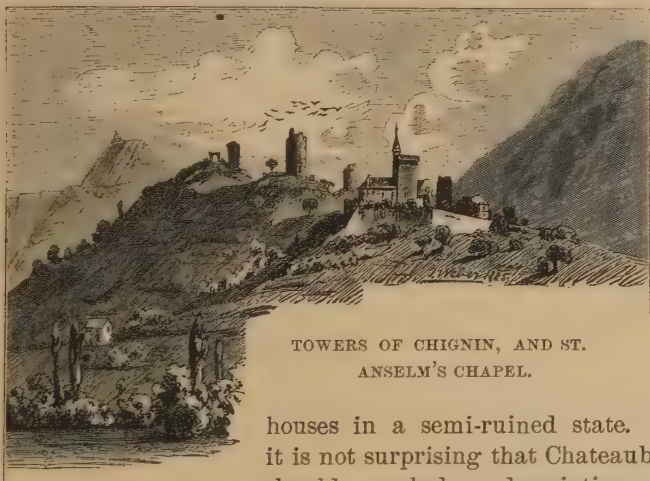


CHAMBERY.

The train now passes rapidly in front of the hill of Châtillon, commanding a view of the entire lake; our way lies between the rocks on one side and the lake on the other, and we have con-

stantly beneath our eyes the most delightful prospect that can be imagined—one that has been eloquently described by Lamartine. Near us is the Abbey of Hautecombe, occupying the summit of a lofty rock which commands the lake, a truly royal abode, the sombre and melancholy souvenir of a great and lordly race, whose ancestors here sleep their eternal sleep.

Chambéry is situated in the midst of a spacious plain surrounded by high mountains descending in gentle undulations. The hills, which rise amphitheatre-like between the town and the mountains, are covered with fields of wheat and maize, and with vineyards so arranged that they produce a most pleasing effect. Here and there, interspersed among magnificent groves of timber, rise elegant chateaux, trim villas, and ancient feudal manor-



TOWERS OF CHIGNIN, AND ST.  
ANSELM'S CHAPEL.

houses in a semi-ruined state. Thus it is not surprising that Chateaubriand should conclude a description of the celebrated plain of Taygète by saying: "From the beauty of the sky and the appearance of the cultivated fields one might fancy himself in the environs of Chambéry."

Many charming lakes occur in those mountain valleys. The basin now occupied by the Lake Aiguebelette, tradition says, was formerly a fertile vale, with a village in its midst. One stormy night an aged beggar had knocked in vain at many doors, and was everywhere denied admittance. But:

"Alone in one poor hut a widow dwelt,  
And now before the Crucified she knelt,  
Beseeching God the wanderer's feet to guide,  
And that no harm the fisherman betide,  
That His strong hand the poor man's cottage shield,  
Lest to the tempest's force its rafters yield.

Nor vainly here the suppliant's prayer was made ;  
 The widow opened, crossed herself, and bade  
 The old man enter and find needed rest."

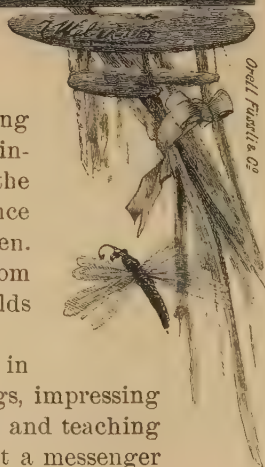


VIEW FROM ABOVE  
 ST. PIERRE D'ALBIGNY STATION.

The sequel may be guessed—a seeming beggar is a celestial messenger; the inhospitable village is engulfed in the waters as Sodom and Gomorrah had once been destroyed by fire from heaven. Only two small islands stand out from the midst of the waters—the little fields of the widow and her daughter.

This naïve tradition is still related in the chimney corner on winter evenings, impressing upon the children the duty of charity, and teaching them to see in the passing mendicant a messenger of heaven.

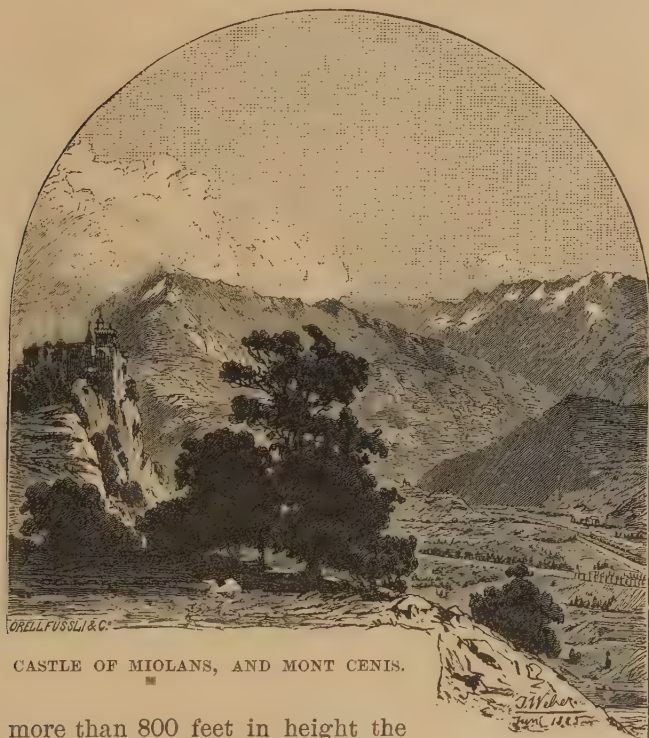
"These islets have been spared by Time's rude hand,  
 The waves still break in ripples o'er their strand,  
 Saying to those to whom the tale is known :  
 'A cup of water to a thirsty one,  
 Small though the gift, is ne'er bestowed in vain,  
 Eternal recompense that deed shall win,  
 When to their Father's house the just are entered in.'"





Many of the hill-tops are crowned with ancient castles, of which tradition records many a stirring tale. The castle of Chignin was built, it is said, at the time when the Saracens were occupying and devastating this district, which they had invaded after their defeat at the battle of Poitiers. The ruins of the castle of Chignin are extremely massive, and have in part defied both the action of time and the hand of man.

Near the railway we notice at the summit of a perpendicular



CASTLE OF MIOLANS, AND MONT CENIS.

rock more than 800 feet in height the ruins of the famous castle of Miolans, standing at the base of the Arelusaz. This ancient stronghold was the abode of one of the oldest houses of Savoy. At a later date the castle was converted into a state prison, and some celebrated victims of statecraft have been immured in this terrible fortress, the Bastille of Savoy. First among them we may name Père Monod, who was sacrificed for reasons of state to the political enmity of Richelieu. Another celebrated personage imprisoned at Miolans, was the famous Marquis de Sade. Thanks to the assistance of his wife, he succeeded in escaping, in spite of the formidable situation of the castle, by lowering himself down



the vertical rock by means of ropes manufactured from shreds of his garments and bed clothes.



CASTLE OF MIOLANS AND MONTS DE L'ARCLUSAZ.

At the present day the buildings, as shown in the subjoined illustration, are roofless and otherwise dilapidated, so that there

remains but a shapeless skeleton, so to speak, of the old castle, whose size and importance may still be plainly inferred. A visit may be paid to the dungeons and secret cells of the prison-house. Higher and higher winds the train by many a ziz-zag, giving broader, grander views over a sea of mountains at every turn. The pinnaced crags reveal in their tortured strata the energy of primeval forces, by which they were heaved high in air. The mountain villages cling like eagles' nests to the face of the cliffs; and down the mountain sides leap foaming torrents, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."

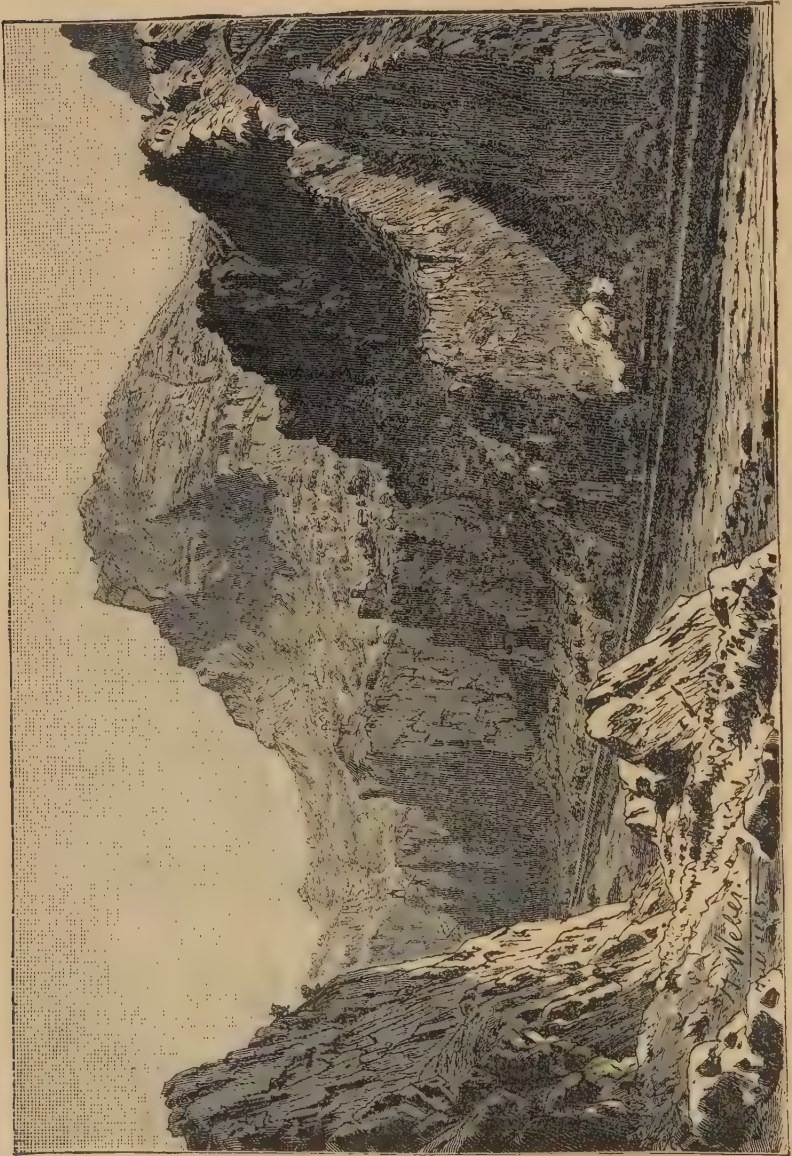


ENVIRONS OF  
CHAMOUSSET.

The costumes worn by the women of Albertville and its environs are extremely picturesque. The head-dress in particular deserves special mention. One of those represented in the engraving, in our initial cut, recalls the coiffure of Mary Queen of Scots; it is known as the *frontière*. This portion of the attire is usually selected to display the luxury of women who are possessed of property and are anxious that the fact should be generally known. The *frontière* is formed of a kind of cap lined with cardboard, and terminates in a point on the forehead, leaving the rest of the countenance and the hair above the temples exposed; it is trimmed with wide gold lace bordered with ribbons of a light colour.



If steep and lofty mountains, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes actually overhanging, form an uninviting framework to



GORGES OF PONTAMAFREY.

the valley of the Arc; if the dusky forests with which the northern slopes of the mountains are covered impart to it a desolate and gloomy aspect, yet on the other hand, on all the hills

and declivities having a southern exposure, Maurienne exhibits the astonishing result of the patience of its inhabitants, who have not left a square foot of ground unproductive. Everywhere the industry of the mountaineer has transformed a naturally stubborn soil into fertile gardens, and these green oases rejoice the eye of the traveller.

On the right, behind a spur of the mountain, lies St. Georges, above which are seen a vast number of huts appearing as if glued to the steep rocky declivity. These structures give shelter to the labourers employed in the mines. These mines have been worked since the occupation of the country by the Saracens, and the presence of scorix on the summits of the mountains witnesses to the existence of iron foundries here at a very remote epoch, when this industry was in its infancy.

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"THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE GOD."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

OH, blessed are the pure in heart, for they,  
Walking the wondrous streets of shining gold,  
In His own light who is the light thereof,  
The King, in all His beauty, shall behold.

In His own light,  
That light so pure, so crystal clear, so soft,  
And yet so bright ; unadorned, although from it  
The myraid worlds borrow their radiance,  
And though through all the ages it has filled  
The unmeasured bounds of heaven.

Himself to see—the King, all kings above—  
In all His royal beauty, undescribed  
And unimagined. Oh, for these, His own,  
The pure in heart, await this ecstasy,  
To see Him as He is, and bow before Him.

Oh, in Thy light to see Thy beauty, Lord,  
Make pure our hearts that we may claim Thy word :  
With Thee may walk about those streets of gold,  
And view, with Thee, their wonders all untold.

TORONTO.



MACKAY, OF UGANDA.\*



A. M. MACKAY, OF UGANDA.

"THE best missionary since Livingstone," writes H. M. Stanley, of Alexander Mackay, the nursing-father of the martyr church of Uganda. "He served the interests of civilization with splendid success," writes Emin Pasha. "A score of us would never make

\* A. M. Mackay, *Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda*. By his Sister. Hodder & Stoughton. [This article is abridged from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.—ED.]

a Mackay," says Grant, the veteran Nile explorer. Such is the unsolicited testimony of the three highest living authorities on Equatorial Africa, to the far-reaching consequence of a young Scotchman's determination to be an engineering missionary. With no thought of thus receiving honour from men, but with the strongest conviction of a divine vocation, he writes in his journal: "May 4th, 1874. This day last year Livingstone died—a Scotchman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbour—in the heart of Africa. 'Go, thou, and do likewise.'"

The son of a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, of considerable reputation as a geographer and scientist, Alexander Mackay passed a pleasant and uneventful childhood under his father's personal tuition and constant companionship. Although a successful student, the lad seems to have early manifested a disposition to take the keenest interest in observing natural objects and in practical arts, especially ship-building and engineering. Whilst he was a student in Aberdeen Grammar School, the death of his mother and her last injunctions to him to search the Scriptures, awakened in his heart a livelier interest in the things of God. It is evident that before he was seventeen he had buckled on the Christian armour. A two years' course in the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh, was the first stage in his unconscious, but most effective, preparation for his peculiar life-work. When exercising the invaluable technical knowledge thus acquired, he writes from Uganda: "I find the teaching I received at the Free Church Normal School of the greatest value. Would that all missionaries were taught how to teach!"

A teacher's profession, however, had no attractions for him compared with that of an engineer; so, on leaving college, he studied to such good purpose as to obtain, in 1872, an excellent post in an influential engineering firm in Berlin. Here, surrounded by aggressive infidelity, yet not without helpful fellowship with Lutheran Christians, the purpose of utilizing his professional knowledge on the mission-field grew steadily stronger. His thoughts soon turned to Africa; nor was he daunted by the fact that neither the London Missionary Society, to whom he at first offered himself for Madagascar, nor the Church Missionary Society, on his first application, could find a place for him. "He that believeth, shall not make haste," is his quiet comment; and whilst accepting another secular engagement, he was ever on the watch for the divine summons: "I have set before thee an open door." Meantime he breathed the practical prayer: "Lord, open my mouth where I am!" In January, 1876, he was chosen as one of the first band of missionaries to Uganda, sent out by the Church

Missionary Society, in response to the appeal of Stanley. After a short farewell visit to Edinburgh, in which eager use was made of every opportunity to increase his knowledge of medicine and navigation, and pick up any practical information likely to increase his effectiveness as a missionary, we find him in London taking his leave of the committee with the solemn reminder that in six months one or more of the little band of eight missionaries would surely have fallen. "When that news comes," said he, "do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately."

On arriving at Zanzibar, the expedition into the interior, after vainly essaying a water route, was divided into four marching caravans, of one of which, including two hundred porters, Mackay had charge. On his reaching Ugogo, however, a sharp attack of illness compelled his retreat to Zanzibar, with instructions not to start for his final destination until June. He could serve the mission, however, by organizing supply caravans, and later found more congenial employment in cutting a road to Mpwapwa, more than two hundred miles inland.

From Mpwapwa, Mackay pushed bravely forward. A weary march of two hundred and thirty miles, in daily peril from barbarous tribes, brought him to Kagei, and thence by a perilous journey he reached Uganda. His first impressions of his new home were highly favourable. An undulating country lay before him, with a climate like that of our English summer. The soil is rich and the natural produce abundant; cotton and coffee are indigenous; and although grain is unknown, green plantains in profusion supply daily food without need of cultivation. The Waganda, as reported by Stanley, had attained a considerable degree of civilization, were highly intelligent, and, led by their King, Mtesa—regarded by himself and his subjects as the greatest earthly potentate—eager to show their best side to Europeans, and willing, notwithstanding their uncertain halting between heathenism and Islam, to lend an ear to the preaching of the Christian faith.

Mackay was able without delay to read and explain the Scriptures at court, where the way for his teaching had been paved, as he gratefully acknowledges, by the influence of Stanley. The first few months' records in the missionary's diary are bright with hope. Pupils were readily found to learn to read the Scriptures; the court observed the Sabbath as far as to admit of regular services; and the intelligent observations of the King were most encouraging. "Isa (Jesus)," said he, in admiration, "was there ever any one like Him?" Under date of January 26th, 1879, we read: "Held service in court; the Psalm I selected, fifty-first,

struck with force. Read St. Matthew x. 32-xi. 30." "This," said King Mtesa, "is truth that I have heard to-day. Your religion," he added, turning to a Mahometan courtier, "is different from the truth, therefore it must be lies." Shortly after began the struggle, frequently to be renewed, against the belief in charms and witchcraft. At first, Mtesa decidedly resented Mackay's exposure of superstitious follies. In one of the fits of childishness which alternated strangely with more intelligent moods, Mtesa turned from the point at issue to grumble at the white man for lack of capacity to supply all the capricious wants of his royal master, who evidently regarded him chiefly as a useful contrivance for saving the labour of an idle people. It was the old question: "What sign'showest thou? What dost thou work?" Eventually, however, he yielded to the sweet reasonableness of the missionary, and to his solemn appeal to him, as the one African king who knew the true God, to listen to the divine command: "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me." The charms were gathered together and burned.

A more serious form of the hydra-headed superstition of the country was soon to be combated. Mukasa, the great wizard of the lake, was expected at court to cure the king's illness by incantations. The queen-mother and many influential chiefs were too much for the weak moral fibre of the King, who revenged himself on his uneasy conscience by threatening amidst the approbation of his courtiers, to return to the ancient faith of the country. The wizard arrived, his presence being signalled by great debauchery. Mackay's courageous protest, however, was not in vain; in a few days the capricious monarch returned to his better self, and exhorted his chiefs to prepare for the world to come, by listening to the white man who had come to teach them religion.

In the intervals of teaching Mackay was incessantly working at forge and grindstone for daily bread, surrounded, meanwhile, by pupils spelling out written reading-sheets. Wooden and leaden types were cut by him; away from the court the people eagerly received instruction; but as time went on it became sadly evident that Mackay's teaching was tolerated by Mtesa purely as a means of securing his skilled professional services. Longer residence in the country compelled a complete reversal of the favourable judgment passed upon his majesty by travellers to whom he had displayed only his best side. It became evident that he revelled in bloodshed and wanton cruelty; daily sending out executioners to lie in wait to catch and torture innocent wayfarers. It came to the missionaries' knowledge that, even whilst offering himself as a candidate for Christian baptism, Mtesa had



been deliberately planning a grand butchery of human beings. More than *two thousand* had been caught in the highways, and sacrificed as an expiatory offering to the spirit of Mtesa's father.

In 1881 a sorcerer counselled the King, with a view to check his chronic illness, to slaughter human beings on the hills round his capital; the victims, after horrible mutilation, were to be roasted alive. Sick at heart, Mackay writes, after he and his colleagues had risked their lives by appealing against this terrible cruelty :

"The wretch who orders all this to be done for his own gratification, is he who is called in Europe "the enlightened and intelligent King of Uganda." It is he who professed to Mr. Stanley to be converted to Christianity, whom the Romish priests wrote of as becoming a good Catholic."

The sad year of disappointed hope, bodily peril and ruined influence closed with an incident of hope. A sick lad earnestly desired baptism, having been brought to faith in Christ by solitary reading of St. Mark's Gospel in Suahili. No missionary being near him in his last sickness, he begged a heathen companion to fetch water from a neighbouring pool and sprinkle it on his head "in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Thus went home to God the first baptized convert of Uganda. In the following spring five more, after long and careful instruction, were baptized into the faith of Christ.

We may not enlarge upon Mackay's varied services to the mission during the next two years: now navigating the lake to secure supplies: now building Bishop Hannington's boat, brought out by him in pieces from England—a work involving three months' incessant toil amidst fever-breeding air: now giving systematic catechetical instruction: now designing an elaborate coffin for the queen-mother, and improving the solemn occasion once more to appeal to the King to secure his own soul's salvation. We hasten on to the terrible crisis caused by the death of the monarch, under whose protection, highly capricious and precarious though it had been, the infant Church of Uganda had been nurtured into vigorous life. His successor was the weak and blood-thirsty Mwanga, now infamous as the murderer of Bishop Hannington. By his tragic fate the mission in Uganda was placed in the utmost peril. The conscience-stricken King, seized with panic, began a frenzied persecution of the converts. Some were roasted alive, singing to Jesus in the flames so long as their shrivelled tongues could frame the words; others were hacked to pieces by scores, and their limbs left lying in the highway. The missionaries were utterly unable to protect their converts, in

jeopardy every hour, only able by stealth to send letters out of the country detailing their distressed condition. They knew to the full the meaning of the cry: "There is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God!"

Day after day Mackay put forth the best efforts of his mechanical skill to please the caprice of Mwanga, hoping merely to win some favour for the imprisoned Christians, whose cause he pleaded by reiterated personal persuasions. "Very humble, very weak, very child-like he was on his knees before God; very bold, very strong, very manly afterwards, as he bore the browbeating and bullying of Mwanga and his chiefs." This man, small of stature, but great in soul, whose honest eyes looked fearlessly into the face of the tyrant, exercised a remarkable fascination over the monarch who professed such an affection for him as to detain him for eleven months after the other missionaries had been allowed to escape. No doubt this reluctance was largely owing to his professional usefulness; but we see him willing on any pretext to stay with the black converts, who needed his teaching and support. Their visits for instruction were chiefly made by night; by day he found employment—through the lonely months which followed the departure of Mr. Ashe, in August, 1886—in making and printing in Luganda a complete translation of St. Matthew's Gospel. One providential purpose in his detention seems to have been the communications maintained by him with Emin Pasha. Before the Stanley Relief Expedition had accomplished its work, the letters and supplies sent by Mackay were of the greatest value to the beleaguered Pasha.

At length, however, in July, 1887, Mwanga consented to his departure for a time. Eventually he had the refreshment of meeting several missionary brethren, including Mr. Ashe and Bishop Parker. The joy of meeting was soon overclouded by a fresh sorrow, the death, from malarial fever, of Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn. Very touching is the picture of the engineer laying under a tree in the jungle the body of his Bishop, and reading over it in *Suahili* the pathetic burial service, so soon to be read, in like surroundings, over himself, the victim of the same fell disease.

We quote Mr. Stanley's account of things as he found them on his visit in September, 1889, in the company of Emin Pasha:

"There was a big, solid workshop in the yard, filled with machinery and tools; a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmith; a big canoe was outside preparing; there were saw-pits and large logs of hard timber; there were great stacks of palisade poles; in a corner of an outer yard was a cattle-fold and a goat-pen; and out of the European quarter there trooped

a number of little boys and big boys, looking uncommonly sleek and happy ; and quiet labourers came up to wish us, with hats off, Good-morning. I was ushered into the room of a substantial clay structure, the walls about two feet thick, evenly plastered, and garnished with missionary pictures and placards. There were four separate ranges of shelves filled with choice, useful books. . . . Mackay has no time to fret, and groan, and weep ; and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of graves, and worms, and oblivion, and to be doleful and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, Mwanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint, or a moan, amidst the 'wildernesses,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."

Too long had the little band of refugees to wait before hearing of the ignominious deposition of their quondam tyrant, Mwanga, who did not hesitate to beg, in abject terms, the assistance of the exiled missionaries. For awhile the Arabs, ever the worst enemies of Christianity, instituted a fierce persecution of the Christians. But by October, 1889, the year of darkness for the native Church was over. Mwanga, for the moment humbled and softened, begged for "a host of English teachers to come and preach the Gospel to his people." The message was forwarded to England by Mackay, with an earnest appeal for reinforcements. "What is this you write?" he adds. "Come home? Surely, now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post! Send us only our *first* twenty men, and I may be tempted to help you to find the second twenty." In less than six weeks, however, from the date of this letter, suddenly, in the midst of his busy life, came the highest home-call which none may disobey. On February 8th, 1890, he died of fever.

His resting-place is to be marked by such a memorial as all who see it can understand: like himself, simple, practical, and unpretending, yet bearing constant witness to the ever-blessed Name of Jesus. A simple marble cross, to be mounted on a block of rough-hewn native granite, bears the words in English, Arabic, and Suahili, the printed native character of which he was the first to introduce:

ALEXANDER MACKAY,

TEACHER OF THE BAGANDA,

FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, FEB. 8TH, 1890.

## METHODISM AND ITS RELATION TO LITERATURE.\*

BY WILLIAM DALE, M.A.,

*University College, Toronto.*

CONNECTED, as I am, with the study and teaching of a language which so many, in this practical age, think altogether useless, perhaps I ought to apologize to you for venturing to say anything on a modern subject. But those who have studied the civilization of the ancient world—a civilization quite as varied and almost as wonderful as that in the midst of which we live—possess an advantage over those whose knowledge and studies are limited, for the most part, to recent times. The advantage to which I refer—it is only one among several—is the advantage of comparison. Students of the ancient languages are familiar with civilizations that have passed away, with literatures that are fixed in beauty or deformity, as the case may be, with tendencies that have come to an end, with modes of thought that have perished, with philosophies and religions that had their rise, their period of vigour, their slow decay, and final extinction.

Such a student, when dealing with a modern subject, unconsciously has in mind some standard by which he can form his opinion. The standard may be a right one or a wrong one; but, at all events, it is some advantage, in the midst of the multiplicity and confusion of the facts of modern life, to possess some rule by which great men, great books, tendencies and modes of thought, which mould and influence the minds of men and shape their destiny can be measured, and, in some degree, made comprehensible. So I may crave your indulgence while, for a few minutes, I try to interest you in a subject to which my own attention has been more or less directed for some time past, viz : Methodism in its relation to literature.

I do not pretend to have worked out the subject in detail; I have neither the time nor the knowledge sufficient for that. If I can but direct your attention to certain great features of the subject, suggest certain lines along which it can be pursued in greater detail, show how Methodism has influenced what is sometimes called the great world; has, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less really, changed, or helped to change, the whole tone of a great period of literature, that is all I hope or wish to accomplish. I

\* A paper read before the Students' Circle, Carlton Street Methodist Church, February 9th, 1891.



know well if the question, what influence has Methodism exerted on literature? were put in some quarters, and very respectable quarters, too, it would be answered with a laugh of scorn. Methodism, it would be said, is synonymous with ignorance and fanaticism. Methodism and literature are wide as the poles asunder. Is there any truth in an answer like this? We shall see.

What is literature? You will, perhaps, agree with me if I define a national literature as the expression, in language, more or less formal, of the higher or spiritual life of a nation; and that book is the greatest and the best that expresses the thoughts and aspirations of man which are true for all time. That is why the Bible is the greatest and truest of all books. That is why Homer, and Virgil, and Shakespeare, and Milton are as true to-day as when they were written three thousand, or two thousand, or three hundred, or two hundred years ago. The poetry of Tennyson or Browning is literature just so far as it expresses the spiritual life of to-day, and it will endure as literature just in proportion as that expression of life will be the expression of the spiritual life of the future. We can thus see how it is that some spiritual books, the "*Imitatio Christi*," the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," the "*Thoughts of Pascal*," are among the greatest of books; and how, on the other hand, so much theological writing is not literature at all, in any sense of the word, but only a weariness to contemplate, a barren wilderness, where there is neither food nor shelter.

The visions of a Bunyan are the visions of suffering humanity, true for all time and all men; the visions of—shall I say Jonathan Martin? arise from a disordered brain, or a diseased body, true, perhaps, for the man himself, but for himself only while the mood is upon him. But the point I wish to make is this, that all literature is closely connected with great religious and national movements; that all periods of intense faith (in something) are periods of literary production, the literary period being, as a rule, subsequent to, but closely following on, the period of religious or political ferment; and that an age of scepticism and indifference is an age of spiritual and literary death, no matter how polished the periods, or how graceful the expression. Any of you who are at all acquainted with French literature will know what I mean. My meaning is contained in the famous request to Pope, the greatest representative of the artificial and religiously indifferent school of English literature, to translate that wonderful composition,—the "*Samson Agonistes*," of Milton, into poetry. The soul of Puritanism, which breathes through that poem, was as far from the comprehension of Alexander Pope, as the religion of Wesley was from the comprehension of Voltaire.

I would just like to notice here, in passing, the close connection between nationality and religion, on the one hand, and literature on the other; how, especially in English history and among the English peoples, nationality, religion, and literature have been inextricably blended, and have, together, formed that wonderful factor in modern civilization—the English character; how the English love of toleration and freedom has been the cause of England's greatness; how the love of freedom has been accompanied, however, by a danger of severance from the national life; how that danger, so far, has been kept within limits, and how the soul of that great structure, which we call the British Empire, the essence of England's greatness, lies in non-conformity, in dissent—in Wyckliffism, in the early Reformers, in Puritanism, in Methodism. These different phases of belief were essentially the same—the moral regenerators of England in successive centuries, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth. Such is my reading of English history.

I cannot dwell on this point, interesting as it is. I hasten on to get a nearer view of my special theme, and this is the first important point that I would like you to bear in mind, viz.: the three great religious movements of the Reformation, Puritanism and Methodism, in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, respectively, and my interpretation of them—whether true or not, I leave you to judge—as constituting the real spiritual life of the nation, the periodic rousing up of the heart of England, after times of spiritual lethargy and decay, to a partial sense, at least, of her duty and high mission in the world.

Now consider for a moment the periods of English literature in connection with, or as following closely upon, or in part contemporaneous with these periods of great spiritual awakening. The greatest period of English literature is that which begins with the names of Spenser and Shakespeare, and ends with the names of Milton and Bunyan. Writers have searched for the causes of this great outburst in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of the partial lull which followed, then of the second great spiritual awakening which gave us the "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress." The causes are summed up in the words Reformation and Puritanism—the former European in extent, the latter distinctly English and national.

I would like, had I time, to show you what I conceive to be the true meaning of "Paradise Lost," how it sums up in itself all the highest influences of the Reformation period; how these were dying in England, and how Milton caught them up and handed them down to us; how it stands for all time as a protest against the

tyranny, the falseness, the sensuality, and the irreligion of the period that followed; and how it represents to the world, for all time, the great fact that England was the birthplace and home of the noblest race of men that modern times have seen—the old Puritans, and how, for some inscrutable reason in the order of Providence, they were trampled down by the rout of masqueraders who followed—but only for a season. The seed was still left which was to bear fruit in the next century.

This great age was followed by French influences and French manners, culminating, in the time of Queen Anne and the First George, with the names of Addison and Pope—the age of artificiality, of polish, of fine manners, of indifference, of scepticism, or, at best, deism. Pope's "Essay on Man" is the best example of the artificial school. The moral teaching of the school, which practically included the whole nation, is summed up in the famous aphorism, "Whatever is, is right." Contrast that with the Miltonic view of the divine government of the universe, and you have the difference between the England in which Puritanism prevailed and the England in which Wesley began to preach. The "Essay on Man," you will remember, appeared in 1734, and Pope died in 1744—dates very nearly corresponding with the appearance of Methodism. Belief in God as the common Father of man had almost disappeared from literature. The school of Pope was satiric, didactic, philosophical, political, witty especially—as wit was then understood—but distinctly careless of man's higher interests, if not openly irreligious. The higher classes were sceptical and indifferent; the lower classes, brutal and ignorant. The Church was engaged in the search for preferment, and the means of escaping all responsibility. Nature, passion and imagination had all disappeared from poetry and from literature, because religion and belief had disappeared from life.

Such was literary and religious England when Wesley was at Oxford. No wonder, if unconsciously, the burden of it rested upon his soul. I would not be misunderstood here, when I call the time and the literature of that age irreligious. Perhaps my meaning will be caught when I say that the religious life of the personal soul, which had characterized the Puritan, had practically died out in England, and was revived again by the preaching of Wesley.

This is the second point that I wish to emphasize, the preaching of Wesley was the beginning of the second Reformation in England—a Reformation still in progress, a Reformation from which has flowed the great movements of the present century. It is not my intention to dwell minutely on Wesley's work. We all of us

know what he did : how he taught, and preached, and organized ; what help he received, what opposition he met with, what classes of people especially he influenced, how all this went on until Wesley's death, in 1791—a date which it is worth while to bear in mind.

I will ask you to remember all this, to imagine the great scenes in London, in Cornwall, in Yorkshire, and the quieter religious life which gradually spread itself throughout the length and breadth of England, owing to the establishment of the Methodist societies. If you will remember all this, or try to imagine it, you will not think me guilty of exaggeration when I say that in 1791 the spiritual life of England had undergone a radical change, due chiefly to the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield.

Now I will try to approach my subject a little more closely still. English literature, and especially English poetry, is distinctly theological in tone. Since Cowper's time it has become more and more so, until we reach the often insoluble enigmas of Browning. This theology is not dogmatic, but unconscious—a doctrine of God in relation to man, to nature, to the poet himself. It has been called theology in the rough, and may be quite distinct from the every-day belief of the poet. For instance, Shelley, atheistic as he was in his ordinary belief, yet in his poetry is often unconsciously a Christian. This theological element first becomes marked in Cowper. It had first appeared in Milton and the Puritan poets, it had withered and died in the artificial school of Dryden and Pope, it reappeared in Cowper. What was the reason of this ? The reason is to be found in the mighty religious movement led by the Wesleys, proclaimed with fiery force by Whitefield, which descended through Newton to the hymns and poetry of Cowper. This movement began in 1739, seven years after the publication of the first part of the "Essay on Man," and aroused into fierce extremes the religious heart of England.

The great poets of this century, from Wordsworth to Browning, have all followed, in their treatment of man, of nature, of God, the path that was pointed out by Cowper, and the path pointed out by Cowper was distinctly Methodistic, and directly the result of Methodism. Of course, there were other influences, but the influence arising from Methodism was the determining cause.

I will illustrate the subject by a few detailed references to Cowper and Wordsworth. The hymns of Charles Wesley—the Methodist hymns—introduced into English poetry, for the first time, passion and the personal element, as well as doctrine. Passion and the personal element took deep hold of Cowper, and were nurtured by his belief, which he derived from Newton.



This personal poetry was first heard in England, among the great poets, in Cowper; it descended to Wordsworth, to Shelley, to Byron—derived, of course, from other sources. Cowper's was derived from Methodism, from the daily struggle of his soul with God, from his prayers, and fightings with the Unseen. Compare the two following passages—the first from Pope's "Essay on Man," the second from Cowper's "Task." The first impersonal, apart, somewhat scornful, and patronizing; the second devotional, instinct with the personal realization of Christ, the Saviour of the World.

Listen to Pope's description of man:

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise and rudely great:  
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,  
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,  
He hangs between: in doubt, to act or rest;  
In doubt, to deem himself a God or beast:  
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer:  
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err:  
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
Whether he thinks too little or too much:  
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused:  
Still by himself abused, or disabused:  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:  
The glory, jest and riddle of the world."

Such is man in Pope's hard and brilliant lines—brilliant, indeed, but without a touch of passion or of personal feeling from beginning to end. Now listen to Cowper's lines, in which both these poetic elements tingle in every word:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd  
Long since. With many an arrow, deep infix'd,  
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew  
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
There was I found by One, who had Himself  
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,  
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.  
With gentle force, soliciting the darts,  
He drew them forth and healed, and bade me live."

There is something more in these lines than mere personal feeling. There is that sense of the deep tragedy of life, which is the burden of every one who thinks. But there is more than this. There is a clear indication of the source, the only source, whence relief can come. I think you will agree with me, when comparing these two passages from two representative poets, that a great revolution had taken place in poetry, and that the direction which

that revolution took in English poetry was owing to the religious influence exercised by Methodism on the higher life of England. And I think it would not be difficult to show that the higher moods of Tennyson are largely traceable to the Methodistic leaven which, for a century, has in ever-widening circles permeated the English people. Sometimes the poet, as, for example, Byron, or Shelley, struggles against this burden of the world, this longing of the soul for rest, and pours out his passionate appeals against it. Still there is no escape.

The whole question of the relation of the soul to God has, from Wesley's day up to the present, been a distinct element in the higher poetry of England, and has been treated largely in a distinctly Methodistic way, because the solution which Wesley preached for the healing of the burdened soul is a true solution.

It is interesting to trace the notes of this new poetry of man, which thus entered into English literature: to note its development in Cowper, its intensity in Wordsworth, and especially how it loves to dwell upon the poor in all their relations of life. To the poor the Gospel was preached, as it had never been preached before. It was the age, too, of Howard, of Wilberforce, of Adam Smith. The question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" began to be answered in England, by the upper classes even, in the affirmative, for the first time in the nation's history. Life in the country began to be preferred to life in the town, as the truer and simpler mode of life. All these elements of change show themselves distinctly in Cowper, combined with the emotions of a religious mind. And it was Cowper's religion that gave the special direction in which all these various influences were to flow. England, in the fifty years from 1740 to 1790, had become a new world.

But not only was the poetry of man completely changed; the treatment of nature had undergone a similar change in the same period, and this change was first distinctly felt and uttered by Cowper, and carried to its full development by Wordsworth. In Pope, natural description is the most artificial of all his poetry. Nature was what he could see or describe from his study window, not the living things of earth, and air, and water, through which God spoke to man. The following lines give a fair idea of his conception of Nature, viz., the well-known passage:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:  
That changed through all, and yet in all the same:  
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small—  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.”

This is not the nature we know; we conceive of nature as something wholly different from this intellectual and mechanical thing which Pope composed in his study chair, with hardly a thought of the real nature without. How different in Cowper and Crabbe. The distance is simply immeasurable. Up to Cowper's time the poetic theory both of God and of nature is mechanical. Cowper took the higher step—in which nature is conceived of as a living being, and it was through his religion that Cowper did this. With him Christ, the personal Saviour, is the ruler of the universe, the author of its parts. “There lives,” he says, “and works a soul in all things, and that soul is God.” Take one passage out of many, to illustrate my meaning:

“One spirit, His,  
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,  
Rules universal nature. Not a flower,  
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands  
The forms in which he sprinkles all the earth.”

In such passages as this the influence of Cowper's religion is clearly seen. Nature is a spirit of life: in fact, the Spirit of Christ, working through the universe. Wordsworth made the last step in the conception of nature as a living being to whom affection was due, and who could, of herself, awake feeling, and thought, and passion in man. I cannot pursue this interesting theme. I just note here, by way of recapitulation, that Cowper introduced into modern English poetry all that part of it which deals with the thought, the feeling and devotion of man, and his relation to God, as well as that part which deals with the idea of nature as a living being, and with the relationship between man and nature, on the one hand, and God and nature, on the other; and that, in the latter element, as in the former, Cowper's religion—Methodism—was the determining cause.

But these elements do not exhaust the whole of Cowper's poetry, nor does Methodism exhaust all the influences which have gone to make up the complex form of modern English thought in regard to the great subjects of nature, man, God. I hardly know how to

introduce this, the third element, of Cowper's poetry, or to express its relationship to the two elements I have already touched upon. Whenever I read Cowper I feel its undertones throughout his poetry. The element to which I refer is summed up in the words, so pregnant with meaning—the French Revolution.

I can only indicate here a few of the points which have at times occurred to myself, as to the influence of the French Revolution on England; you remember the date of the outbreak, 1789—two years before Wesley's death. Somebody will, some day, draw a parallel, or a contrast between Wesley and Voltaire\*—the founder of Methodism and the apostle of the French Revolution. It is often forgotten that many, perhaps most, of Voltaire's ideas were imbibed in England, in the society of Bolingbroke and of Pope; that the ideas of reason, freedom, humanity, toleration, which he preached in France with such destructive force, were distinctively of English origin. Voltaire's life and Wesley's life were contemporaneous. Their object was much the same—the regeneration of mankind, the salvation of humanity. But how different the means adopted! In Wesley's doctrine the regeneration of mankind could only come about through the regeneration of each individual, the personal salvation of each man through belief in a personal Saviour. To Wesley, the one thing that held man's soul in bondage was sin, misery, a corrupt heart; and Wesley was right.

How different the case with Voltaire and his coadjutors! To them, the one thing that held man's soul in bondage was superstition, the Church, religion, as they saw it in France. Remove that—*écrasez l'infâme*—and man is free, humanity is regenerated. But Voltaire was wrong. No regeneration of humanity is possible without personal salvation. Still, the ideas preached by the Revolutionists were ennobling ideas in certain respects; they resounded throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and poets eagerly caught the tone.

This is the third element, the Revolutionary element, which pervades Cowper's poetry. He dwells on mankind at large, human nature at large, man independent of rank, and condition, and education. But in Cowper the unity of man, the universal brotherhood of man, is grounded on the universal Fatherhood of God; and man's moral guilt and folly arise not from the tyranny of Church or State, but from the world's rejection of Christ; and

\* When I wrote these words I had not seen Dr. Stafford's able article, "Voltaire and John Wesley," in the February number of this MAGAZINE, in which the contrast I have in mind is, in part at least, drawn out.—[W. D.]



the one remedy is not the destruction of the Church and the overthrow of the monarchy, but the cross of Christ. What a different gospel from the gospel of Rousseau and Diderot! and yet, how similar the objects in view—the moral regeneration of man.

In his satires, Cowper touches upon almost every phase of life in England, not savagely, but with healing gentleness. God is England's king, calling the nation to lay aside its follies and vices, and act worthily of its great calling. Read the "Poem of Expostulation," and see how this note runs through the whole of it—the precursor of the patriotic poetry of Wordsworth. Here, again, we see how Cowper's religion modified his ideas. God, not reason, is the deliverer and avenger of the oppressed, and defender of the cause of the slave. All political, and moral, and priestly oppression will be visited with God's anger. This is Cowper's version of *égalité* and *fraternité*. It is not the apotheosis of a goddess of reason as the salvation of mankind. You all know how this element of poetry dominates in Burns, in Shelley, and in Byron—indeed, the last has been called, by a very competent critic, the poet of the French Revolution.

But this was not all: Cowper carries the poetry of man a step beyond this. The great ideas of an international union, of a confederation of mankind, rose before him as in a vision. The parliament of man was first introduced into poetry by Cowper, and here again note the influence of his religion. The Redeemer of mankind is the centre of this moral regeneration. "All creatures worship man, and all mankind one Lord and one Father."

I must close here. My conclusions are these:

1. That the great schools of modern English poetry and English thought date from the publication of Cowper's "Task," in 1785, six years before Wesley's death; that the great subjects of that poetry and thought—nature, man, God—have been treated since that time very largely on the lines laid down by Cowper; that Cowper's mode of treatment was distinctly Methodist, and directly the result of that revival of religion preached by Wesley and his followers.

2. That while Methodism directly may not have produced many literary works, it has done something infinitely better: it has largely helped to produce a national character based on morality and religion, without which any literature worth the name is impossible.

3. Methodism possibly saved England from a minor French Revolution; its excesses, and even occasional displays of what some people call fanaticism, forming a safe means for the

exhibition of emotions which, otherwise directed, might have been dangerous; and has thus largely contributed to the moral sanity and healthiness of the nation: fundamental qualities which make English literature the noblest of all literatures.

Of the literature of the revival in its strictest sense, *i.e.*, the practical religious works produced, I have said little, for they were but parts of the great work, intended not to please but to further the work of saving lost men. The leaders and workers in the great movement of last century had other work, nobler work, to do than write books, *viz.*, to form a nation of righteous men and women, for whom, and by whom books would be produced in good time, and without whom not many books worth the name could be produced. In short, the Methodistic and Evangelical revival of last century forms the spiritual foundation of the England of to-day, and that means literature and much else.

To trace the influence of that revival for the last one hundred years would require volumes, and a rare spirit and temper. If I have but called attention to some of the salient features of that influence, and to some of the important lines along which the study of the subject can be directed, I have accomplished my object. I have not gone into details, not wishing to obscure what is perfectly clear to myself, *viz.*, that the tone of religious thought, of the thought of all earnest men on higher matters at the end of the eighteenth century had undergone a complete change. This higher thought is the foundation of the literature of the present century; and the change of opinion was almost wholly due to Methodism.

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## CROMWELL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

HAMMER of God, smiting oppressions down,  
 Breaking the yoke from fettered nation's neck;  
 For wrath of tyrant king thou didst not reck,—  
 As little for his futile smile or frown—  
 Trampling as bauble 'neath thy feet a crown.  
 Stern sword of Justice, at the awful beck  
 Of a brave people's peril thou didst deck  
 Thy fame with blended curses and renown.  
 Greatest of England's kings, albeit uncrowned;  
 Mightiest moulder of a Commonweal,  
 Guardian of liberty forever found,  
 In fiery furnace-heat thou didst anneal,  
 The thrice-attempered weapons which shall fight  
 For evermore the battle of the right.

## THOMAS HURLBURT—INDIAN MISSIONARY.

BY HIS BROTHER, ERASTUS HURLBURT.

CHRISTIAN biography is of great value. Good works show the power of the Gospel on the heart and life.

The parents of the Hurlburt family were of Puritan origin: their parents on both sides were United Empire Loyalists; and the fathers, both of Heman Hurlburt and of Hannah, his wife, were British officers on the side of the Loyalists. At the close of the American war, in 1783, the grandfathers having taken the oath of allegiance to their sovereign, rather than violate their plighted faith, chose to forego their earthly possessions and remove to the wilds of Canada with their families, and pitched their tents in Augusta, near the present site of Prescott.

The privations of the early settlers were great, especially during the "hungry summer" of 1789, which was a season of much suffering; some even died of famine. Those who survived resorted to every expedient to maintain life: they plucked the leaves of the beech trees, broke the buds off the basswood, and stripped the bark from elm trees which they boiled in milk or steeped in water. On such fare, and without bread, the people struggled on as best they could till the berry in the grain was in milk, which they boiled, and began to recover strength. The first cakes that were made of the pounded corn, and baked on a board before the open fire, began a season of luscious festivity and of gladness to many a hungry family.

When about twenty-seven years of age Heman Hurlburt was married to Hannah, the daughter of Nicholas Moshier. The fruit of this marriage was sixteen children—eleven sons and five daughters—most of whom have passed away.

About the time of my father's marriage he purchased the farm of two hundred acres, situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, on which farm my parents lived a married life of about sixty years. The sons were well instructed in the business of the farm, and the daughters in the economy of the house.

The parents of the Hurlburt family were members of the Methodist Church for forty or more years, and their fervent piety adorned, in their daily walk, their benevolence; and Christianity ripened, as they approached the end of their long and arduous pilgrimage, into supreme love to God.

Four of the sons were ministers in the Methodist Church, three of the sons were lawyers, two tanners, and one died in youth.

Of the two tanners, one was an acceptable and useful local preacher for forty years or more. All of the preacher-brothers were greatly beloved by the members of the Conference with whom they were associated. Three of them spent many years among the Indians as missionaries. All have passed away except Erastus, now stationed at Oneida Indian Mission for the twelfth year.

The parents, with four of the sons, now sleep in the graveyard attached to the far-famed Blue Church on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which contains the sacred dust of Barbara Heck, who was so intimately associated with the founding of Methodism, both in the United States and Canada.

The Hurlburt family home was in the neighbourhood of Prescott, where Elder Case and many other Methodist itinerants were entertained, for some forty or more years. The parents were Methodists of the old school, and trained their children in the ways of righteousness and true holiness.

Thomas Hurlburt, who may be called the hero in the Indian mission work, was the fourth son, and for over forty-four years laboured on Indian missions. He was born in 1808, was converted when a boy eight years of age, but lost his religion by the time he was twelve, was reclaimed at the age of eighteen, and entered the Indian mission work in 1828. As a school-teacher in Muncey he had charge of the school and other pastoral work, lived in a bark shanty the first year, the next in an Indian house, and the next year built the first mission house with his own hands, "between times" and at night. When he took the mission there were about fifteen members just emerging from heathenism; when he left, at the end of three years, there were eighty-five.

With the exception of a few years the whole of his ministerial life was spent among the Indians. During six years of his ministry he laboured in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. As presiding elder of an Indian district, in the far west, very few connected with the Methodist ministry had such an extensive acquaintance with the aborigines of Canada.

Thomas Hurlburt spent several years in the region of Lake Superior District before going to Hudson's Bay. When in Lake Superior District he did much valuable work as a missionary. For lack of glass for his mission house he got large, strong white sheets of paper, and pasted over the whole sash on the outside, and oiled it. This admitted considerable light and had a beautiful appearance when the sun shone upon it. Part of the timber he got out alone, and drew it a mile and a half on the ice by his own strength. "The house," he writes, "I put up entirely



alone, with exception of the plates and part of the beams. I have had about ten thousand feet of lumber I sawed by hand."

During the time Thomas Hurlburt laboured in Lake Superior District he was almost as much secluded from his brethren as when he was stationed in the Hudson's Bay Territory. For several years he had not even the privilege of attending Conference. In his Journal, September 15th, 1854, he says:

"Had quite a talk with one, Thomas Mastiatalk, the Indian who was with Dr. Ray in search of Sir John Franklin. He gave me a very interesting account of their journey, their wintering in a snow house, where they had six weeks of constant night. In March they started on the ice far to the north, and were thirty-seven days on their northern journey. They were one hundred miles beyond the region inhabited by the Esquimaux, where they still found the tracks of the musk ox. Sir John Franklin and party were dead. Sir John's watch all in pieces, with his silver spoons, knives, forks, etc., were found. Dr. Ray and party did not see any of the remains of Sir John or party, but the Esquimaux say that Sir John was found dead with his blanket over him, and his gun by his side. The probability is that all perished of hunger."

In 1841, Thomas Hurlburt went to the Hudson's Bay Territory for the first time, in company with the noted James Evans and Peter Jacobs, an Indian missionary, where he remained for two years. The next year he returned to Canada, where he laboured for several years in the Indian work; and from 1844 till 1851 he laboured in the Indian work in the United States, as a presiding elder in the Mission Conference stretching from north to south through all the States west of the Mississippi; and while there he extended his acquaintance with the Indian dialects.

In 1855, returning to the Hudson's Bay, he was entrusted with the superintendency of the whole work in that territory. Here he performed prodigies of labour in preaching, school teaching, board sawing and house building, type founding, printing, translating and studying languages, adding the Cree to his previous stock of Indian dialects. He learned the Indian language so thoroughly and preached in Indian so long that he spoke the English with an Indian idiom and intonation, and, as he would sometimes remark, could think in Indian and dream in Indian. The Indians called him an "Indian in a white man's skin."

Besides his expertness in learning and systematizing barbarous tongues, in which he showed a philosophic perception of the essential structure of language and linguistic affinities, he gave evidence of a philosophic turn of thought in general matters. His knowledge of natural science, more especially of geology, was very extensive.

"In 1838," he writes, "when we started on our lonely exploring journey, expecting to be absent from my family about a year, I covenanted with my wife to meet for prayer at an appointed time. As we advanced north-westward I observed the time of meeting her at a throne of grace, a little earlier as to my time, so that our united prayers might mingle as they ascended. On a high rocky island, where we had encamped for the night, it seemed the time had come. I wandered over to the westward side of the island and picked a few huckleberries, watched the sun sinking into the western horizon. The wild, terrific scenery of the country north, and the broad expanse of the water westward, with the sun in full-orbed glory sinking low, was enough to make me poetic—but wife and children, and all that was dear on earth, were far away. I descended to a secluded place in the overturned cliff of the island, where I was entirely secluded from all but the eye of God. Surely heaven was there; never have I felt more filled, penetrated and surrounded with the glory of God. I fully believed that at that moment the earthly desire of my heart was praying with and for me."

"November 21st, 1854.—This morning out of sight of land; supposed to be a little past the Pic Station, where I laboured three years. It is now twelve years since I left the place. We had gathered a church of twenty souls, a good part of whom were soundly converted and maintained a consistent walk. I have a great work to perform, and I have forsaken all to perform it. I thank God that ever since I brought my mind to undertake this work in the spirit of sacrifice I have felt His grace with me; and not an hour of my waking time without feeling I have communion with God. I scarcely ever bow my knees without feeling the presence and power of the Holy Ghost."

On his way to the North-West the second time, in company with Rev. John Ryerson, R. Brooking and Allan Salt, he visited Garden River Mission, where the lamented Rev. George McDougall was then stationed. He remarks he had a very precious time with the Indians, with whom he had formerly laboured. One of the Indians in relating his experience in the meeting remarked: "I have heard of Neqick Noss (Indian name of otter) so long that I thought he must be an old man by this time." On this Thomas remarks: "Was it not a spice of refined flattery? Could Talleyrand have done it any better?" In the same tour North-West, he visited a Roman Catholic mission. "The priest," he writes, "has been at this mission for nine years, and speaks the Indian language very well. All the Roman Catholic missionaries all over the world pursue this course, and study the language of the people where they reside as soon as possible. What a pity we are not as wise as they in this respect?" In 1854 Thomas wrote these words, relative to himself: "Now I believe there is not a white Methodist missionary in all North America, except myself, that preaches in the Indian language."

In the spring of 1854, Thomas Hurlburt was appointed to the

mission work in the Hudson's Bay region for the second time. The distance he had to travel rendered it necessary to leave all his household effects behind, and the nature of the country was such that he had to leave all the members of his family in Canada, excepting his wife and the youngest child. Between the internal conflicts and the physical exposure and hardships, it required no small amount of firmness and endurance to bear up under it all. "This was the fifth time in the course of our missionary labours," he writes, "that we have been compelled to break up our domestic establishment and dispose of our effects." The collection of years was thus scattered. Among other things," he remarks, "I emptied a bushel or two of my books on the floor, and told my friends to help themselves. I miss some of them now that I am settled again."

The arrival of Thomas Hurlburt at Norway House and Ross-ville at the time he did was very opportune, as he took charge of the mission and saved it from being lost to Methodism. He remarks in his journal:

"The place being the central depot of trade for all the great interior, when the fact was spread abroad that a mission was again established at this place, the Indians from the northern region were attracted to the place; many finally settled here. Some came from a distance of six hundred or eight hundred miles to learn the wonderful news of the Gospel of Jesus. Some families came from Fort Churchill, which is on the border of the Esquimaux country, and is the limit northward where timber will grow. All beyond this is bleak and bare. The population of the mission is now three hundred and fifty souls, one hundred of whom are scholars in school. The language of these people, though a kindred dialect of the Ojibbeway, was, nevertheless, so distinct, that at first I could scarcely understand a single word. I heard them when in their conversation and in their devotions, and was at first much discouraged; but after a short time I began to trace resemblances. I applied myself with all my might to acquire their language. I read in their books, conversed with them as well as I could, and when otherwise disengaged was always speaking mentally all the words I knew. The first thing in the morning was to talk Cree, and the last thing I remembered at night on going to sleep was making mental speeches in Cree. Their language was written and printed with some eighty-five different characters, called the syllabic system: that is, every letter represented a syllable. In the course of three months' time I could read a chapter from the New Testament in this character in public worship. I also read the abridged Church Service in this character every Sabbath morning.

I found genuine religion among the people. Our church was generally filled on the Sabbath day, and the week-day services were well attended. The membership of the church numbered one hundred and sixty-five, and there was a great demand for books in the native language. There was a printing office with supply of paper donated by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and there was also the old press, with a stamp on it dating

its construction in 1787. Benjamin Franklin may have used it. But the type, eighty-five different characters, how to make them was the question. In going into the printing office, which had not been used for years, being no printer nor printer's son, and seeing such an array of symbols, I felt almost as though it was a haunted place, and that I should cross myself or use some incantations to expel any spirits that might claim the place as its abode. I could obtain no help in printing, still the cry came for more books. Finally the demand was so pressing that I ventured to examine those mysterious characters, and see how they were arranged. What made it worse was the school-boys had access to the office, and I found the type pretty well mixed. I assorted and arranged them all one by one, and then undertook to set up the Lord's Prayer in the Cree with this character. It looked so well, and so much like the real thing, that I imagined I had mastered the art, and would now advance rapidly. I was all in haste to take the impression of what I had set up, and felt like a little boy when he catches his first fish; I was going to tell everybody what I had done. When at length the impression was struck off I found so many strange and unaccountable mistakes that it nearly took the breath out of me. I clapped my hands to my forehead, questioning with myself whether I had not lost my senses. I concluded to try to correct the errors, and if I did not succeed any better than before, I would give it up as a bad job, with serious doubts as to my sanity. I improved some in my after efforts, but not so rapidly as to consider myself a prodigy. There being no hope of assistance in printing, and the demands of the work being very pressing, in the fall of 1856, I commenced a reprint of the Gospel by St. John, and procured three of the epistles translated and produced a reprint of another. I finished one thousand copies of the former and two thousand of the latter. My pressman was part Esquimaux.

"I had not proceeded far when a new difficulty arose—my type running short before I had set up three pages. Having type metal and a small hand-mould, I tried my hand at making type. When the day's work was done in the printing office, I went into an old out-kitchen, and there, over a little fire, with the thermometer outside thirty or forty degrees below zero, I would cast type till late at night, and was satisfied if I could make four hundred type in one night. Thus I worked until there was type enough to set up sixteen pages, which was all that was required.

"At the end of two years and a half I was able to preach to the Indians in their own language. Copies of the Word of God being scarce, and the people being eager for the Word, every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock I read a chapter, and commented on it verse by verse as I went along.

"After our new translation of such portions of the Scriptures as they had never had before was printed and put in circulation, it was interesting to observe with what vividness and force the new truths, or the new light in which they were presented, would impress the minds of the pious portion of our people. 'Old Amos,' our native assistant, was especially attentive, and remarked, 'The Great Spirit's Word causes many new thoughts to arise.' Such was the eagerness for books among the Crees that they were unwilling to leave for their winter hunting grounds unless supplied with books. This strong desire on their part for books arose, partly from the desire to pass away their long winter nights by reading



over and over again the same little books by their camp-fires, and partly from a relish for the Word of God. The literature in this language would not make much of a figure by the side of our own, but it was all the world of letters to them. The whole New Testament has since been translated and printed in the syllabic characters in their language; and there are thousands of Indians, throughout a vast extent of territory, who are now nightly, by the light of their camp-fires, reading the Word of God: and untold good in the cultivation of intellect, and in the purification of the moral atmosphere and the social circle among them, will be the blessed result of their study.

“One winter we established a Missionary Society of our own, which was the first effort that had been made towards rendering the missions in the territory self-sustaining, and all told we raised about fifty dollars, which amount was used for the purpose of defraying the expenses of two native men who were selected and sent on a tour of preaching to the Indians. They visited some tribes about two hundred miles distant, who had never before been visited by religious teachers, and were absent two months. Among the rest they visited some camps of the Chippawa tribe, an entirely distinct language and people. They found our Indian books among them also, the Cree being the learned language of this part of our continent. Those Indians from other tribes, who wished to have the reputation of being learned, must be able to speak Cree.”

The failure of Mr. Hurlburt's health compelled Mrs. Hurlburt to ask for a return to Ontario, but, like a hero as he was, he resolved to remain alone at his station for another year, while he sent his wife home. The rigours of that northern climate, where the thermometer is sometimes fifty degrees below zero, was more than she could endure. In 1871 he removed to the Great Manitoulin Island, in Lake Superior, where he remained until his death, which took place April 14th, 1873. On the Manitoulin Island he laboured with all his might to make known the way of salvation to both whites and Indians. For a time he and his family took up their abode in a board shanty, with the thermometer at zero. He succeeded in getting a log parsonage erected. In one of his letters he refers to his labours in this section of country more than thirty years before. He says:

“I took a very promising young man into my house, and for six months instructed him in his own language, until he was able to read fluently and write well. I translated the Wesleyan Catechism, No. 2. This young Indian became a very efficient assistant missionary, and was accepted as such by the Indians for ten years, or as long as he lived, and kept the little church together, waiting my return or someone in my place. He was known through all that region as ‘Wise Indian.’

“In 1841, and again in 1842, I visited Lake Nepigon, and remained near a month each time. The Indians received me as a messenger from God, as they said to me, ‘Knowing you have come with the words of the Great

Spirit.' When I left that region there were six hundred souls under our control, ready to receive the Gospel."

In one of his communications he remarks:

"On the approach of winter I have begun to look around to establish such appointments as seem within my reach on foot, with or without snowshoes, according to the state of the roads. In these explorations, the swamps being not yet frozen over, the wet and fatigue make me quite ill for a time."

The following letter was written about three weeks before his death:

"I am well and strong for a man sixty-five years of age, and like the work here, because to the poor the Gospel is preached. All schemes and dreams of ambition are dead; my life-work is almost done; though still able comfortably to preach three times on Sabbath and walk ten miles."

In the last letter he wrote to the mission house, he remarks:

"There is a large band of Pagans at the Mississauga River, some seventy-five or eighty miles up the lake, most degraded. I must try and visit them in the spring. I have a good boat, but it is too large for me to go alone, and to take a man along it costs too much. I must (D. V.) make myself a smaller and lighter boat in which I can go alone, and stay as long as I please, without expense. I go every week to our Indian village, five miles up the lake, on snowshoes, these ten miles a day being about as much as I can do comfortably. I go every Sabbath morning, partly on snowshoes, to the white settlements, one three and the other four miles, and preach in Little Current village every Sabbath evening. With my acquaintance with all the people and country from fifty to seventy-five miles all around, I feel better prepared to pursue my labours profitably and understandingly. I can travel by boat much better and faster than I can walk, making twenty-five miles a day by boat, and only ten or twelve walking. Our weather is cold and the snow deep, but I have a good pair of snowshoes and good moose-skin moccasins, and I am all right if the thermometer does not sink more than twenty degrees below zero."

From a fall on the ice near his house he never fully recovered: concussion and paralysis of the brain following, he continued feeble for two or three weeks. On April 14, 1873, Thomas Hurlburt passed on to his reward in heaven.

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NEVER messenger shall come if he be not sent,  
 We will welcome one and all, since the Lord so meant;  
 Welcome pain or grief or death, saying with glad acclaim,  
 "Blessed be all who come to us in the Lord's dear name."

—Susan Coolidge.

## HOMEWARD FROM THE ANTIPODES.

BY LADY SIDNEY KINTORE.

## II.

THE hotel garden at Honolulu is lighted by coloured lamps, for to-morrow is King Kalakaua's birthday,\* and an *al fresco* concert takes place to-night in his honour. We hurry to dinner, in order to lose none of the music, and at the meal I am introduced to the celebrated *poi*, and shown how to eat it. Imagine a bowl of thickish gray stuff, like tapioca, boiled in water; salt your first and middle fingers, dip them into the bowl, and withdraw them corkscrew fashion. Two mouthfuls I swallowed like this—but *poi* is an acquired taste. The taro root (a kind of arum), from which *poi* is made, grows entirely in water. As we drove up to the pali I saw various patches of embanked mud, and on each hillock grew a taro plant. Every one says it is nutritious, and what every one says must be right. Its cultivation seems to be the male Hawaiian's only industry.

Another native delicacy was fried egg plant—not at all bad. Our waiter was Chinese, dressed in clean white linen, with pigtail coiled round his head. He possessed an amiable smile and moderate intelligence (as far as we were concerned). The manager is American: indeed, the American element is very strong all over Honolulu, and especially in the veranda overlooking the garden, where we repaired directly after dinner for the concert. This veranda seems the general rendezvous and smoking-room of the town, and is crammed. Passengers from the *Alameda*, officers from the *Charleston*, boarders from California and other States, mix with the genial, lively, free-and-easy inhabitants. Every front chair is occupied, and every occupant is smoking a cigar—this atmosphere does not improve my headache—but the mosquitoes seem perfectly indifferent, and attack me savagely.

The music is charming, especially native airs sung by native voices—for Hawaiian, even as a spoken language, is soft to the ear as the rippling of water. The band is trained by a German, and both time and melody are really good. The King is fond of music and takes a genuine interest in its cultivation, so says Colonel McFarlane, his chamberlain, who came with an invitation to some birthday celebrations, which begin to-morrow at 5.30 a.m.

\* His Majesty died since in California.

The fascinations of a tropical evening are difficult to leave, especially the first one ashore after so much sea. Everything in nature is still, even the leaves of the algarolia trees. Stars and lamps twinkle among the garden foliage together. Here no one is in a hurry, no one cross, there is plenty of time for everything, and oh, rarest of luxuries, no telegraph office. "Go as you please, only go cheerfully," seems the general motto. Everything in the hotel is cool and clean, a breeze whispers through its corridors day and night. . . . I think I will go to my room and, sitting at my open window, write a letter for the *Zealandia* to take to Australia, as she passes next week. There is so much to tell, let me commit it to paper while the impressions are fresh. But vain intention—I was driven to bed by mosquitoes. They arrived in swarms; they bit my hands through gloves, my legs through stockings, my face under my hair; the more I slew the more arrived, hungry and vicious, till at last, in despair, I left my unfinished letter and hurried behind mosquito curtains.

Next morning, November 15, I am waked at 5 a.m., and in the half-light of early morning hasten to a bath-room in the veranda; even there my enemy, the mosquito, pursues his wicked calling, and the electric light, which I reluctantly use while dressing, attracts him still more. Inverurie has spent a miserable night, his mosquito curtains having played him false; and the face of a baby who slept on the *Alameda* at the wharf is almost unrecognizable.

But horsemen are passing in crowds (every man, woman and child rides in this country), then a band goes along the road. Honolulu is astir, and it is time we were starting. Our captain meets us in the garden, and we walk with him to the palace. It is a fine European-looking building, standing in grounds an acre or two in extent, and approached by a wide avenue and English-looking lawns. At one time it was surrounded by a high wall, but this was pulled down in the late riots, so now palace and garden are visible from the road.

At the top of a fine flight of steps stood the King, dressed in a morning suit that looked like cricketing flannels, and a straw hat. He was surrounded by his staff, and the balcony was full of native ladies dressed in that most comfortable of garments, the *hoolooku* (a sort of long, loose nightgown with a yoke); on their heads were straw hats covered with natural flowers, and every colour of the rainbow appeared in their garments. They had large dark eyes, black hair, lovely teeth, thickish lips, warm brown complexions, and are all more or less plump. Every one was smiling and chattering, and seemed carelessly and perfectly



happy. The King, seeing our party, sent for us, and when I had made my curtsy, offered me a seat in the front row. The Queen, dressed in a white *hoolooku*, sat in the doorway and smiled as we passed her. At the top of the steps stood a large calabash, into which each person dropped a small contribution, for to-day the old native custom of *hookapu* is revived, and the King is there to receive his people and their gifts.

Here are the horsemen, the flower, I presume, of Hawaiian chivalry—but I don't think much of their horses, they are a mixed lot, mostly lean, weedy and undersized. High Mexican saddles and the gay colours worn by the riders hide a multitude of sins it is true, and when they rush up the avenue at full gallop and throw their horses on to their haunches in front of the palace steps, it is a most picturesque sight. When their leader has made a speech in Hawaiian they trot past the king in single file, cleverly throwing their contributions into the calabash as they salute.

Then come Princess Liliokalani and her three attendants, arriving in two buggies, and all dressed alike in dark, chintzey-looking *hoolookus* and hats with a broad scarlet band. She, as head of a ladies' riding society, intones a long congratulatory speech to her brother; and then appear the *equestriennes*, also at full gallop, and all dressed alike in bodies of similar chintz, hats with scarlet bands, and scarlet riding habits falling on each side of the horse. Our Hawaiian sisters ride astride; the habit is caught with the foot into the stirrup and, I must say, the women looked as if saddles were arm-chairs and horses animals off which it was impossible to fall.

The élite are followed by poorer officers, who are received by an official, at the foot of the steps, dressed in European fashion as to clothes, with a tall white hat and a splendid garland of real flowers thrown over his shoulders. Here comes a poor woman, with a child on one arm and a hen on the other. She chants a lengthy song and strolls away at last, leaving the hen with the steward. Others arrive, all with some trifle—vegetables, fruit, live stock—all of which disappears into the royal larder. Then comes the American admiral and his flag lieutenant, with something in a green cardboard box (I couldn't see what); and here is the captain suggesting we should start for the Pali, or we shall not see it before we sail.

"You will return later?" says the Queen through her interpreter, as we pass out, and I promise to do my best.

At the hotel door stands a buggy with two horses, and we are off at once: first through some narrow streets, evidently dedicated to busy, thrifty John Chinaman, and so on to a road with an

upward tendency. This is bordered on each side by gardens, in which stand foreign houses, native houses, wooden villas with verandas of every size and shape, all succeeding each other in bewildering confusion. Flowers and creepers are everywhere, most of them unfamiliar, or recognized as "stove-plants" one has seen in greenhouses in England. There must be a large number of well-to-do people in Hawaii, judging by the architectural evidences during the first two miles of our drive. The last building of any size is the Mausoleum, where the Hawaiian kings are buried. It stands on the slope of the hill, and I could not help picturing to myself, as we looked back along the tree-arched road, a funeral-train winding slowly and picturesquely up, bearing the royal body to its last long home!

After this dwellings become more scattered, and soon are merely cottages standing in little gardens where *poi* is cultivated, or familiar vegetables are grown for the market by indefatigable John. The valley soon widens out and the road becomes steeper; a shower of rain falls and we find the mud sticky and slippery. Looking back, Honolulu is lost to view, and the hills rise on each side of us like walls of rock; the trees are mere shrubs, and cattle are feeding in rough pastures which lie between us and the mountain base. It is becoming so cold that I gladly get into my ulster, and we could almost imagine ourselves in Scotland.

At the foot of a very gluey and steep ascent we leave the buggy and climb on foot, meeting a train of thin-looking mules, led by two Chinamen, sliding down to market. We turn a corner as we reach the summit, and such a view bursts upon us—the rocks rising perpendicularly to a height of four thousand feet, look as if some one had cut them into precipices with a huge axe. The Pali itself is just a wall of rock; over its edge were once driven hundreds of defeated natives by King Kamehameha I., and their bones may still occasionally be found eight hundred feet below. The valley looks from this height like a mere picture, traversed here and there by white lines and little patches; on nearer acquaintance these become roads and gardens green with banana and sugar cane.

The mules we so lately passed must have come up that rough zig-zag path below us: I had rather they did it than I.

"There will be a breeze outside," remarks our captain, as he scans the distant coral reefs with professional eye.

"There is one here," I answer, with a shiver not wholly anticipatory, as we turn to rejoin the buggy.

The descent is so sticky in parts that our gallant steeds walk for the first mile or two, but as we get lower the road is both

dryer and harder, and we bowl along merrily. The temperature grows decidedly pleasanter as we regain Honolulu, at any rate for a person clad like myself in the lightest of foulards, and with nothing between us and the wind but a frivolous dust rug. Breakfast was waiting at the hotel, and I must say we did it justice.

We then started to post our letters and, as a preliminary measure, tried to buy stamps; but mail days are rare in Honolulu, and one authority having mentioned stamps among the unattainable luxuries, murmured something about "to-morrow." I offer brief explanations through a small window, while an anxious crowd behind me nearly sweep me off my legs. Eventually the letters are received and paid for. I wonder if they were ever stamped or dispatched?

"If I am to see the Queen again before leaving, we must go now," I remark to Inverurie, as we turn dejectedly away, "for the *Alameda* sails in an hour." True enough; here are some of her passengers already en route.

I return to the hotel, settle a moderate bill and, jumping into a buggy, drive to the palace. Running up the flight of steps aforementioned, I find myself in a large entrance hall, now crowded with people in European dress. To the right is the throne room, a very English-looking apartment: varnished boards with a centre square of crimson carpet, large plate-glass windows, and at the end a dais, on which sat the King and Queen on two gold-and-white chairs; back to the windows sat Princess Liliokolani and two other ladies of dusky hue, while by their sides stood several men who were apparently British—certainly the father of the heiress-apparent is a Scotchman, for his name is Cleghorn, and his wife, a Hawaiian, sat next to the king's sister. This ceremonial reception was much like that at any European court, and the dignity of the royal ladies was what struck me most. Princess Liliokolani had on her head a wreath made of the costly yellow feathers which grow on some tiny rare bird with an unpronounceable name, and which are the insignia of Hawaiian royalty. Her dress was of European black, and her yellow feather fan came, I should say, from Marshall & Snelgrove. The Queen wore a white brocade *hoolooku*, and both she and the King were covered with orders. The suite were, I think, dressed in gold lace, trimmed here and there with blue, black or red cloth.

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WHEN clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.

—Richard III., ii. 3.

## METHOD IN THE GROWTH OF CONTINENTS.\*

How impressive the unity of purpose with which Nature has pushed forward the consummation of her vast schemes! Ends have been foreshadowed through almost an eternity of years, while the all-directing Mind has steadily controlled the ministering forces, in the midst of millions of disturbing agencies, till the premeditated work has been accomplished. We witness in the plans of the Infinite Architect the same intelligent cohesion of parts as in a well-laid human scheme; and while the relations of certain events far transcend the scope of our reason, and the perfection of contrivance is immeasurably superior to that of human designs, we understand enough and measure enough to know that a philosophy which is at once human in its method and divine in its comprehension underlies the whole chain of natural events. There is a logical relationship of things established by God and recognizable by man, and the sequences of events are oftentimes so clear that even finite intelligence is able to penetrate the future and unveil plans existing only in the infinite conception.

This ideal connection of the parts of the Creator's universe is, perhaps, best traced among organized beings, but I propose first to point out its existence in the history of inorganic nature. The infinitely diversified features of the earth's surface have been wrought out by the operation of a few principles working through ages in definite modes. We see that certain rocks bear the evidences of their sedimentary origin. We look about, and find sedimentary accumulations still forming and hardening. We look back, and ascertain that the same processes, continued through ages of the past, have piled up thousands of feet of rocky beds, in which still slumber the mummied forms of the primeval world. We see that certain rocks bear the marks of fire. We plunge our hands into a thermal spring, and gather intimations of internal heat. The molten eruptions of a volcano demonstrate the continued existence of melted rocks. If masses of igneous origin have cooled from a state of fusion, who can say that they have not cooled from that higher temperature at which we know that rocks and all other things can subsist only as vapour? Do we find rocks existing in that condition? Yes; worlds still exist as igneous vapours. Here, then, we may assume our starting-point. A world of airy flame, after ages of

\* Abridged from "Sketches of Creation," by the late Professor Alexander Winchell, LL.D.



cooling, gathered a liquid nucleus at its core—a globe of molten rock, wrapped in a glowing atmosphere of all that remained as vapour. Next, a fiery floor congeals over the surface of the burning tide; the burning tide, as if in rage, lashes it to fragments, and the abated heat allows them to be recemented. When the hotter fires had been quite imprisoned in the strengthening crust, dews began to gather in the upper air, and streaks of haze barred out the burning beams of the lurid sun. Rains fell upon the fervid crust, to waste themselves in sudden vapour, and return to the attack upon the crust. Gleams of electricity lighted the misty drapery of this geologic night, while the thunders of Nature's ordnance echoed through the caverns of the clouds.

A rain of acid waters at length got the mastery of the wrinkled surface, and every ravine and valley witnessed the race of the rivers for the lowest levels. Every water-course bore onward its freight of sediment, the materials of the masonry of continents. The filmy ocean swallowed the rivulet, crawled over the hill-top, and embraced the world. The world, in turn, opened its wide and rocky jaws and swallowed the ocean—and another ocean laved the face of Nature.

In the progress of events, an occasional ridge of barren granite lifted its back permanently above the level of the sea. As the liquid core contracted, the surplusage of the enveloping crust was absorbed by the wrinkles already existing, and thus the granite backs rose higher and higher. As the ridges were higher raised, and the valleys deeper sunken, the accumulated oceans pressed heavier and heavier against the slopes of the rocky beds, and the gathered sediments of ages weighted the ocean's floor with a burden which easily outweighed the crust which bridged the hills. And thus it was that the valleys were ever deeper sunken, and that which was at first an insignificant wrinkle became at last a stable mountain. From the coast of Labrador south-west along the Laurentian Hills we tread upon that ancient summit which was the first-born of Old Ocean. From the far north-west it comes down to us with the same time-worn record written on its weathered brow, while a chain of noble lakes fringes the angulated ridge along its western branch, and the eastern bathes its feet in the waters of the St. Lawrence. As the flowers of one spring-time foretell the forms which will reappear when spring-time comes again, so this ancient germinal ride was but the first blooming of a continent; and when the circle of a geologic year was run, the rocky leaves of the growing continent unfolded themselves again in their appointed fashion. Note the parallelism of that primeval ridge with the present shores of the

Atlantic and Pacific. When we know that each successive revolution of the globe has but rolled the waters of the ocean farther to the south-east and south-west, do we not perceive that the deep ocean's bed has ever been the deep ocean's bed, and that the first ridge of land was the nucleus of the continent, and the trend of its shores a prophecy of the coast lines of our day?

Here, then, immeasurable ages before the creation of man—before even a living thing had crawled in the waters of the sea—Nature had distinctly staked out the continent, and fenced in one enclosure the vast area between the Atlantic and the Pacific between the great lakes and the Mexican Gulf.

By successive upheavals belt after belt was added to the area of the land. Even a phase of continental history which seems somewhat exceptional was wrought out by the strictest adherence to the established methods. When the time arrived for the creation of land animals, the shrinkage of the nucleus had proceeded to a point which subjected the crust to the most enormous lateral pressures. Uneasy in every attitude, it maintained a perpetual oscillation—I say perpetual, though in movements so vast a hundred years are as a moment. Vegetation, which was appointed the scavenger of the atmosphere, gathered up its freight of carbon, and a well-timed subsidence of the surface inundated the carbonaceous accumulation, and buried it in mud and sand far from the reach of the destroying influence of the atmosphere. A hundred times the process was repeated; and so it happened that when the atmosphere was purified, the tension of the crust could be no longer borne, and one grand convulsion rolled up the Appalachians in their hundred folds; and there, nicely assorted between the rocky leaves of the mountains, were the layers of carbon, changed from the poison to the comfort of the coming man!

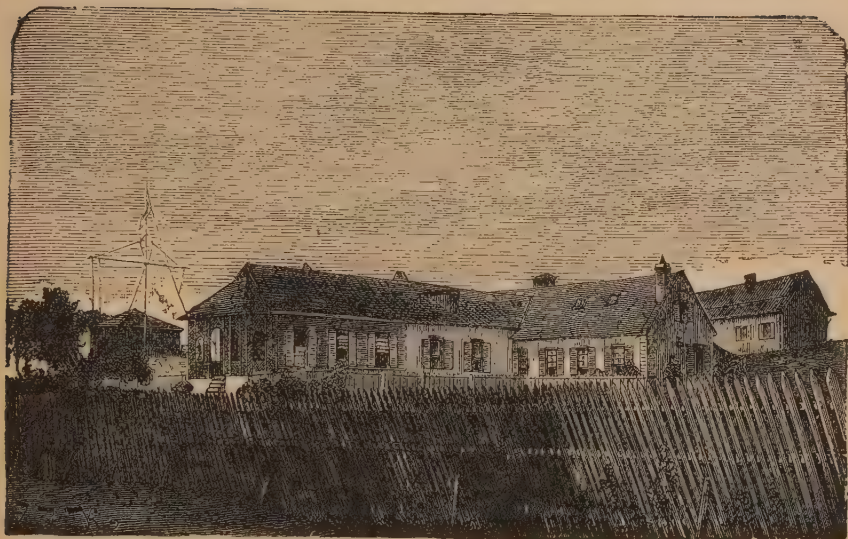
To recount the events of the following ages is to repeat the story of the past. By-and-by the plastic hand of Nature had moulded the continent to its destined features. It seemed to need but man to be a finished work. But the Creative Architect contemplated a higher finish than human wisdom could have contrived. Now that the Atlantic and Pacific had completed those portions of the continent in their more immediate vicinage, it remained for the smaller sea which surrounds the pole to develop by its pressures the northern slope of the land, and thus to become the remote agent in strewing the surface of the rocks with an arable soil. The uplift of the Arctic regions brought on the reign of ice, and wintry devastation swept over the late verdant landscapes. The downthrow of the Arctic highlands ameliorated the climate, and spring again visited the icy fields.

The movements of ice and water left the surface covered with cubic miles of rubbish produced from the destruction of the underlying rocks. But the entire continent was destined to a new baptism. The once forbidden ocean was readmitted to career in triumph over states that had long ago been reclaimed from his dominion. Michigan disappeared beneath the wave, and Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and New York, and Canada. The entire northern and middle regions of the continent sank down to a level lower than had been reached since the deposition of the coal. Then, in due time, began the last resurgence of the land. By degrees the finny waters shrunk back nearly to their former lines. Now the river channels were dug out; and now the Niagara began anew to plow its stupendous gorge. Unknown ages passed, and man assumed the sceptre of the earth.

With what fidelity has geology deciphered the records of this wonderful history! We marvel that so many secrets of the silent ages have been found out. And yet we run over their chronicles as if but the annals of the last year. How immense a field for the imagination to sweep over! What amazing intervals of time to contemplate! what gigantic operations to trace! And yet we behold from the beginning the action of the same physical forces as are in action to-day. The immutable and omnipresent forces of chemistry first held the elements under sway. Affinity, gravitation, caloric, electricity, in their varying operations, have wrought out the diverse phases of the modern earth. The plan of operations has been equally uniform. Igneous forces pressing upward—oceanic waters bearing downward and outward. An incipient wrinkle, a growing ridge, and upheaved cordillera. The ocean bed was made for the primeval waters. The place for the continents was marked out in earliest time, and each successive event contributed consistently to the final consummation. Even their outlines were foreshadowed in the trend of those primal ridges which made a mockery of dry land before a living thing had appeared upon the earth. And when the finishing touch was to pass over the globe, we find it effected by the same general agency as piled up miles of strata and raised granite summits to the clouds. An upheaval, a submergence, and another upheaval constitute the last three chapters of the history. Who can contemplate this identity of agencies, this persistence of plan and perfection of results, without being impressed that One Intelligence has planned the scheme and guided the blind forces from the beginning to the accomplishment of the long-anticipated end?

## ST. HELENA IN 1850.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.



LONGWOOD HOUSE, ST. HELENA.

THE article on "Napoleon at St. Helena," in the May MAGAZINE, brings freshly to my memory a visit made to that notable island during the year named above. Napoleon died in 1821; his body was removed to France in 1840; so the great conqueror had been dead nearly thirty years, and the impressive scenes of the transfer to the *Hotel des Invalides*, ten years before this visit of the writer, were still household topics of talk on the island.

It is impossible to convey an adequate impression of the appearance of St. Helena when approaching, as we did, from the side fronting the Cape of Good Hope. The trade winds favour the voyage from that direction, but they help to give St. Helena a very forbidding look to a spectator, inasmuch as on the windward side, which is devoid of any harbour or inlet, the waves are perpetually covering the bald rocks with angry surf. The locality of Napoleon's solitary home and grave can be seen from the sea only on the side referred to. Verily, the student of Napoleonic history looks for the first time on that dreary mausoleum, washed at its base by waves, and swept on its summit by spume and clouds, with more indignation than even Mr. Punshon feels when



inditing his articles in a pleasant student's retreat. It was, forty years ago, a spot only to be chosen as an alternative with death.

Passing round to leeward, the hill-tops sending down at intervals inhospitable puffs and squalls of wind, the ship rounds to in shelter, and swings to her anchor among a large fleet from every nation and with every kind of flag. Betimes the roar of artillery calls up the seamen or passengers, to find that a British man-of-war has come to anchor, when sharp concussions and reverberations on sea and land remind us that John Bull holds sway in these waters, and means not to hide his light under a bushel. Off in the distance one sees a rakish craft approaching—a satanic thing of the ocean—masts inordinately leaning to the stern, figure sharp, black and cunning, but flying a St. George's cross at the mainmast head, denoting that she has been captured in the act of carrying slaves from the African coast. A short shrift awaits those marauders, for death through cruelty has happened among the slaves. Next day there are dark objects, very human like, swinging at the yard-arms of the slaver.

It is a new, rather exciting, altogether weird sort of life lying in the roadstead of St. Helena.

There is a cleft, not to be dignified with the name of valley, between two mountains at the landing. Across this opening a heavy wall has been built, pierced at intervals with gateways. Outside of the wall is a wide, deep trench, across which the gates are lowered each morning, thus forming drawbridges. When the gates are hoisted at sun-down, the island looks like an immense jagged half of a nut set on the water, cone upwards. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere; and over every ledge of rock, right and left, for hundreds of feet above the spectator, there shows its ominous nose some giant piece of artillery. On the summit of each guardian mountain is a battery of guns, "enough," says a guide, "to blow a hostile fleet to 'Davy's locker.'" We are even told that, pending the extraordinary possibility of an army entering over the wall after crossing a wide trench of water, a powder magazine is so concealed underground that a match would send ten thousand men to destruction in a twinkling. And this is the prison chosen for Napoleon!

Before I pass on to the scene of the illustrious prisoner's confinement and sepulchre, let me remark briefly upon the stern necessities of the case. Mr. Punshon's ire is excited by Sir Hudson Lowe's seeming cruelty. Mr. Punshon's sympathies are Corsican rather than English. No just student of Napoleon's life, character and wars: of his frightful ambition, with its insane disregard of human beings and national property: of his unscrupulous defiance

of treaties and obligations, can avoid the conviction that behind Sir H. Lowe was a jealous and profoundly anxious British Government, and that Napoleon himself was the prime cause for each positive demand made upon his privacy. If a ship so constructed that she could elude observation, either by dressing in false colours or by sinking entirely out of sight when the purpose required it (and such a vessel, it was believed, had actually visited St. Helena), had such a craft succeeded in making off with Napoleon, who can doubt he would have found eloquent words to defend his course, and backed up his rhetoric by setting the nations again in a blaze? To my mind Napoleon was the most complete incarnation of heroism this world has ever seen; but he was as Titanic in selfishness and falsehood as he was splendid on the battle-field or the throne. No, no! Waterloo is a glorious chapter in British history; but Waterloo ought never to have been written, and would not had Napoleon possessed one-half the moral principle which my brother considers necessary for taking membership in the Methodist Church of this day. A born strategist, a consummate orator, a general of the ages, but insatiable as the horse-leech's daughter, and cruel as the grave.

How well I remember the ascent to the signal staff, counting the steps by scores and hundreds, and the view from that elevation, with ships showing like pretty flies, and men-of-war like clumsy spiders. Then the next resort, Napoleon's house and Napoleon's grave: the iron palings, the weeping willows, the pond where the great man found his little pet fishes dead one morning, and said, with a deep sigh, "Everything I touch dies." Here are the melancholy paths where he took exercise, the jutting promontory where he stood with folded arms looking out upon the sea, emblem alike of the restless life behind him, and the boundless eternity before him; and here, too, are men and women who were with him, who came as near him as mortals ever were allowed, save his wives and his concubines. Lovely! he was always that. Characters like Napoleon's must ever endure the penalty of exclusion from the world of mortals. Their brains and their passions belong to a race infinitely above us and infinitely below us.

The story of Napoleon's return from St. Helena to France was often repeated to my wondering, boyish inquiries. For nearly two miles the road from the landing to the grave was lined with soldiers and marines, arms reversed, every man a picture of military perfection. Up through this double guard tramped, with military step and downcast heads, the French officers. Some of the Old Guard were there, who had turned many a bloody tide of war—Napoleon's favourites and his unfailing admirers. The

grave was opened and the lid removed. There was the *petit corporal*, the dictator of Europe, the immortal Napoleon Bonaparte. Death had removed the soul and stilled the great heart and brain; it had not destroyed any of his features, excepting part of one eyelid. Then what a scene! Great warriors, mighty men, yielded to the storm of sympathy. They threw themselves on their knees, would have clasped their old general, had they dared, in their arms. That two miles of roadway to the landing was bedewed with tears, and made vocal with human groanings and sighs. St. Helena never saw such a pageant, and never will again. From being the prison of the world's first emperor, it has relapsed into the same old, wave-washed resting-place for weary sailors.

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

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#### TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you:

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed,

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;

Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,

Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,

With glad days and sad days and bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,

Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful blight.

Let them go, since we cannot retain them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone;

God in His mercy receive and forgive them!

Only the new days are our own,

To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—Susan Coolidge.

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'Tis weary watching wave on wave,

And yet the tide heaves onward;

We build like corals, grave on grave,

But pave a pathway sunward.

We are beaten back in many a fray,

But newer strength we borrow;

And where the vanguard rests to-day

The rear shall camp to-morrow.

## THE EMPIRE OF THE SPADE.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE current century is pre-eminently a century of exploration and discovery on the most extensive scale.

The multiplying victories and ever-widening dominions of the humble, yet daring and heroic spade, have aroused the attention of the world; and the story of its brilliant achievements during the past fifty years is invested with all the fascinations of some captivating romance, and all the keen, winsome attractiveness of some personal and wonderful charm.

Marvellous resurrections distinguish the times through which we are passing. Many strange graves have been compelled to relax their long, firm grasp of buried treasures, and with a very delirium of delight have the captors borne away from unlocked tombs the relics of civilizations long since dead, and the priceless memorials of events and scenes connected with a far-off, historic past.

It was not without a touch of splendid excitement that we walked through the British Museum some time ago, its halls, stairways, galleries and spacious rooms all teeming with objects, many of which cannot fail to interest and thrill with the strange adventures they are there to tell. The very variety and vastness of this most cosmopolitan of all institutions fills you with a sort of glorious confusion, and a bewilderment almost delicious, as the countless voices from remote ages and nations speak of events and memories surpassing fable, silencing as they do the swelling, gushing audacities of an immature and wreckless scepticism in the most impressive and eloquent form.

Pilgrim-throngs from almost every clime file through those noble rooms from day to day.

Fragments of the older world have found a shelter here, and cast the dim shadows of ancient years upon the multitudes of men as they pass to and fro through those capacious aisles.

It is with mingled feelings that we look upon these relics, crowned with more than twice twelve hundred years, and listen to the waves from almost every sea and age as they beat and break at last on this famous but quiet shore.

Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea, Media, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Thebes, Nineveh, Palestine, Greece, Rome, and scores of lands both east and west, throw off their shrouds of sand and ruin



and age-long mystery, and at last stand up in the world's imperial city to tell that story which all men wait to hear.

Up from these nations and capitals of the ancient times come sculptured slabs, pieces of once splendid thrones, gates of palace-homes, obelisks, columns, pillars, inscribed bricks, alabaster, bronze doors, winged lions, broken arches, voices carved in stone, massive pictures of battle scenes, clay tablets, cylinders with strangest writing, papyri rolls, mummies and mummy-cases (dating 1670 B. C.), all having something to say respecting the great drama which vanished generations have played in the wide theatre of the past.

In this work of research and discovery the spade has been mightier than the pen, and we honour the brave and patient toilers who have triumphed over obstacles of greatest magnitude, and have won, by their consecrated effort, a very empire of spoil from once sealed and forgotten graves.

In this group of apostles of the spade are Layard, Robinson, Conder, Lynch, Warren, Loftus, Botta, Birch, Rawlinson, Rasam, Smith, Oppert, Porter, Maspero, Naville, Mariette, Bruysch, Sayce, and others we cannot name.

Before men like these, the most perplexing and bewildering hieroglyphics have been compelled to yield up their long-hidden meaning; babels of confusion have become centres of harmony; dreamy faces, veiled with the thick shadows of three thousand years, have been unmasked; and it is not too much to affirm that such mastery as such men possess will yet open many a clenched hand, fling back many a curtain of darkness, roll away the stone from many a grave, and from many a stony lip will compel a language full of pathos and of power.

But the most striking feature in all this empire of the spade is the fact that in all the readings which this wealth of discovery presents, there is not to be found a single contradiction to the teachings of the higher revelation in the Word of God. On the contrary, the Biblical references to all those ancient nations, kings and peoples are being confirmed in a manner the most wonderful and complete. The verifications which have come to light during the last half century would fill volumes, and constitute a most powerful branch of Christian evidences in possession of the apologists of to-day. History in the printed page and in those strange libraries of stone is full of harmony, and still the story of fresh resurrections of long-buried witnesses goes on from year to year.

Here, then, in this broad temple of the nation's wonders, gathered from a thousand sources, we have spread before us an

epitome of the world's civilizations, and a magnificent cyclopedia in which the struggle and upward march of humanity is told in most impressive and telling form.

In this ecumenical congress of unsepulchred relics, coming from the centres of once mighty kingdoms, from the solitary wilderness of the roaming Arab, and from lands festooned with sacred memories, we have a procession of strange, venerable messengers from the East, whose burden of thrilling testimony the world and Church have waited long to hear.

Great silences, crowned with the snows and diadems of three and four millenniums, have at last been broken, and a cheap and arrogant unbelief has been compelled again and again to hide her face, crimsoned with a deep, deserved and burning shame.

Hail, then, ye devoted and heroic priests of the spade! Go forth with a still nobler daring, for in this lofty ministry of research greater surprises await your patient and splendid toil, and the sanctuary of truth will be all the fairer, and the psalm of all these grand corroborations will be all the louder and sweeter when your work is done.

CANADA.

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## THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from its common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet—  
By what we have mastered of good or gain,  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

## ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

DEACON QUICKSET was entirely truthful when he said to the keeper of the beer saloon that he had worried his pastor again and again to call on the repentant thief and try to bring him into the fold of the Church, but he probably did not know that the said pastor had opinions of his own as to the time and manner in which such work should be done. Dr. Guide, under whose spiritual ministrations the deacon had sat every Sunday for many years, was a man of large experience in church work of all kinds, and although he was extremely orthodox, to the extent of believing that those who already had united with his church were on the proper road to heaven, he nevertheless realized as a practical man that it is frequently the case that there is more trouble with the sheep in the fold than those which are straying about.

He had devoted no little of his time, since he had been settled over the Bruceton church, to the reclamation of doubtful characters of all kinds, but he frequently confided to his wife that one of the most satisfactory proofs to him of the divine origin of the Church was that those already inside it were those most in need of spiritual ministrations. He had reclaimed some sad sinners of the baser sort from time to time with very little effort, but the characters over whom he frequently lay awake nights were men and women who were nominally in good standing in his own denomination, and in the particular flock over which he was shepherd.

He had, therefore, made no particular haste to call upon Sam Kimper, being entirely satisfied, as he told his wife—his only confidante—that so long as the man was following the course which he was reported to have laid down for himself he was not likely to go astray; whereas a number of members of the congregation, men of far more influence in the community, seemed determined to break from the straight and narrow way at very slight provocation, and among these, the reverend doctor sadly informed his wife, he feared Deacon Quickset was the principal. The deacon was a persistent man in business. "Diligent in business" was the deacon's own expression in justification of whatever neglect his own wife might chance to charge him with; but it seemed to some business men of the town, as well as to his own pastor, that the deacon's diligence was overdoing itself, and that, in the language of one of the storekeepers, he had picked up a great deal more than he could carry. He was a director in a bank, agent for several insurance companies, manager of a land improvement company, general speculator in real estate, and a man who had been charged with the care of a great deal of

property which had belonged to old acquaintances, now deceased. That he should be very busy was quite natural, but that his promises sometimes failed of fulfilment was none the less annoying, and once in a while unpleasant rumours were heard in the town about the deacon's financial standing, and about his manner of doing business. Still, Dr. Guide did not drop Sam Kimper from his mind, and one day when he chanced to be in the vicinity of Larry Highgetty's shop, he opened the door, bowed courteously to the figure at the bench, accepted a chair, and sat for a moment wondering what he should say to the man whom he was expected by the deacon to bring into his own church.

"Mr. Kimper," said the reverend gentleman, finally, "I trust you are getting along satisfactorily in the very good way in which I am told you have begun."

"I can't say that I've any fault to find, sir," said the shoemaker, "though I've no doubt that a man of your learning or brains could see a great deal wrong in me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my good fellow," said the minister, "you will not be judged by my learning or brains, or those of any one else except yourself. I merely called to say that at any time you are puzzled about any matter of belief, or feel that you should go further than you already have done, I would be very glad to be of any service to you if I can. You are quite welcome to call upon me at my home at almost any time, and, of course, you always know where I can be found on Sundays."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the cobbler; "but somehow when I go to thinkin' much about such things I don't feel so much like askin' other people questions or about learnin' anythin' else, as I do about askin' if it isn't a most wonderful thing, after all, that I've been able to change about as I have, an' that I haven't tumbled backwards again into any of my old ways. You don't know what those ways is, I s'pose, Dr. Guide, do you?"

"Well, no," said the minister, "I can't say that my personal experience has taught me very much about them."

"Of course not; that I might know. Of course, I didn't mean anything of that kind. But I sometimes wonder whether gentlemen like you, that was born respectable, and always was decent, an' has had the best of company all your lives, an' never had any bad habits, can know what an awful hole some of us poor common fellows sometimes gets down into, an' don't seem to know how to get out of. I s'pose, sir, there must have been lots of folks of that kind when Jesus was around on the world alive; don't you think so?"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the minister, looking into his hat as if with his eyes he were trying to make some notes for remarks on the succeeding Sunday.

"You know, sir, that in what's written about Him they have a good deal to say about lots of attention that He gave to the poor. I s'pose, if poor folks was then like they are now, most of 'em was that way through faults of their own, because everybody in



this town that behaves himself, and always behaved himself, manages to get along well enough. It does seem to me, sir, that He must have gone about among folks a good deal like me."

"That view of the matter never occurred to me," said the reverend gentleman; "and yet possibly there is a great deal in it. You know, Mr. Kimper, that was a long time ago. There was very little education in those times, and the people among whom He moved were captives of a stronger nation, and they seem to have been in a destitute and troubled condition."

"Yes," said Sam, interrupting the speaker, "an' I guess a good many of them were as bad off as me, because, if you remember, He said a good deal about them that was in prison, an' that was visited there. Now, sir, it kind o' seems to me in this town—I think I know a good deal about it, because I have never been able to associate with anybody except folks like myself—it seems to me that sort of people don't get any sort of attentions nowadays."

The minister assumed his conventional air of dignity and replied, quickly, "I assure you you are very much mistaken, so far as I am concerned. I think I know them all by name, and have made special visits to all of them, and tried to make them feel assured of the sympathy of those who by nature or education or circumstance chance to be better off than they."

"That ain't exactly what I meant, sir," said the cobbler; "such folks get kind words pretty often, but somehow nobody ever takes hold of them and pulls them out of the hole they are in like Jesus used to seem to. I s'pose ministers, an' deacons, an' such folks can't work miracles like He did, an' if they haven't got it in 'em to pull 'em out, why, I s'pose they can't do it. But I do assure you, sir, that there's a good deal of chance to do that kind of work in this town, and if there had been any of it done when I was a boy I don't believe I'd ever have got into the penitentiary."

Just then Dr. Brice, one of the village physicians, dropped into the shop, and the minister, somewhat confused, arose and said, "Well, Mr. Kimper, I'm very much obliged to you for your views. I assure you that I shall give them careful thought. Good-day, sir."

"Sam," said Dr. Brice, who was a slight, nervous, excitable man, "I'm not your regular medical attendant, and I don't know that it is any of my business, but I have come in here in a friendly way to say to you that, if all I hear about your working all day and most of the night, too, is true, you're going to break down. You can't stand it, my boy; human nature isn't made in that way. You have got a wife and family, and you seem to be trying real hard to take care of them. But you can't burn a candle at both ends without having the fire flicker out in the middle all of a sudden, and just perhaps when you can least afford it. Now, do take better care of yourself. You have made a splendid start, and there are more people than you know of in this town who

are looking on you with a great deal of respect. They want to see you succeed, and if you want any help at it I am sure you can get it, but don't kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Don't break yourself up, or there won't be anybody to help. Don't you see?"

The shoemaker looked up at the good-natured doctor with a quick expression, and said, "Doctor, I'm not doin' any more than I have to to keep soul and body together in the family. If I stop any of it, I've got to stop carryin' things home."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, "that may be, that may be. But I'm simply warning you, as a fellow-man, that you must look out for yourself. It's all right to trust the Lord, but the Lord isn't going to give any one man strength enough to do two men's work. I have been in medical practice forty years, and I have never seen a case of that kind yet. That's all. I'm in a hurry, got half-a-dozen people to see. Don't feel offended at anything I have said to you, and don't think I have been impertinent, please. It's all for your good, you know. Good-day!"

The doctor departed as rapidly as he had entered, and the cobbler stole a moment or two from his work to think. How his thoughts ran he could scarcely have told afterward, for again the door opened and the room darkened slightly, for the person who was entering was Father Black, the Catholic priest, a man whose frame was as big as his heart, he being reputed to be one of the largest-hearted men in all Bruceton. Everybody respected him. The best proof of it was that no one in any of the other churches ever attempted to do any proselytising in Father Black's flock.

"My son," said the priest, seating himself in the chair, and spreading a friendly smile over his large expressive features, "I have heard a great deal of you since you came back from your unfortunate absence, and I merely dropped in to say to you that if it's any comfort to you to know that every day you have whatever assistance there can be in the prayers of an old man who has been in this world long enough to love most those who need most, you may be sure that you have them."

"God bless you, sir; God bless you," said the cobbler, quickly.

"Have you connected yourself with any Church here as yet?" asked the priest.

"No, sir," sighed the cobbler, "one an' another has been pullin' an' haulin' at me one way an' another, tellin' me that it was my duty to go into a Church. But how can I do it, sir, when I'm expected to say that I believe this and that that I don't know anythin' about? Some of 'em has been very good tryin' to teach me what they seem to understand very well, but I don't know more than when they began, and sometimes it seems to me that I know a good deal less, for with what one tells me in one way and another tells me in another, my mind—and there is not very much of it, sir—my mind gets so mixed up that I don't know nothin' at all."

"Ah, my son," said the good old priest, "if you could only understand, as a good many millions of your fellow-men do, that

it's the business of some men to understand and of others to faithfully follow them, you would not have such trouble."

"Well, sir," said the cobbler, "that's just what Larry's been sayin' to me here in the shop once in a while in the mornin' before he started out to get full, and there's a good deal of sense in what he says, I've no doubt. But what I ask him is this—an' he can't tell me an' perhaps you can, sir. It's only this: while my heart's as full as it seems as if it could hold, with the little that I already believe and am tryin' to live up to, where's the sense of my tryin' to believe some more?"

The look which followed this question was so earnest, and Father Black was so unable to answer quickly a question put so abruptly, that there was an embarrassing silence in the shop for a moment or two.

"My son," said the priest at last, "do you fully believe all that you have read in the good Book that I am told you were taught to read while you were in prison?"

"Of course, I do, sir; I can't do anythin' else."

"You believe it all?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"And you are trying to live according to it?"

"That I am, sir."

"Then my son," said the priest, rising, "God bless you and keep you in your way! Far be it from me to try and unsettle your mind or lead you any further until you feel that you need leading. If ever you want to come to me you are welcome at any time of the day or night, and what you cannot understand of what I tell you I won't expect you to believe. Remember, my son, the Father of us all knows us just as we are, and asks no more of any of us than we can do and be. Good-day, my son, and God bless you again!"

When the priest went out, Sam rested again for a moment, and then he murmured to himself: "Two ministers and one doctor, all good people, tryin' to show me the way I should go, and to tell me what I should do, an' me a makin' only about a dollar a day. I s'pose it's all right, or they wouldn't do it."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

Reynolds Bartram and Eleanor Prency rapidly became so fond of one another that the people of the village predicted an early engagement. The young man had become quite a regular attendant at church, not that he had any religious feeling whatever, but it enabled him to look at his sweetheart for an hour and a half every Sunday morning, and walk home with her afterwards. Although he had considerable legal practice, it was somehow always his fortune to be in the street when the young lady chanced to be out shopping, and after he joined her there generally ensued a walk, which had nothing whatever to do with shopping or

anything else, except an opportunity for two young people to talk to each other for a long time on subjects which seemed extremely interesting to both.

Bartram and Eleanor met one afternoon, in their customary manner, in the principal street of the village, and walked along side by side for quite a way, finally turning and sauntering through several residence streets, talking with each other on a number of subjects, probably of no great consequence, but apparently very interesting to both of them. Suddenly, however, it was the young man's misfortune to see the two Kimper boys at the opposite side of the street, and as he eyed them his lip curled and he said: "Isn't it somewhat strange that your estimable parents are so greatly interested in the father of those two wretched scamps?"

"Nothing that my father and mother do, Mr. Bartram," said Miss Prency, "is at all strange. They are quite as intelligent as any one of my acquaintance, I am sure, and more so than most people whom I know, and I have no doubt that their interest in the poor fellow has very good grounds."

"Perhaps so," said the young man, with another curl of his lip, which exasperated his companion; "I sometimes wonder, however, whether men and women when they reach middle age, and have been reasonably successful and happy in their own affairs, are not likely to allow their sympathies to run away with their intelligence."

"It may be so," said Eleanor, "among people of your acquaintance, as a class, but I wish you distinctly to except my parents from the rule."

"But, my dear girl," said the young man, "your parents are exactly the people I am speaking of—exactly the people to whom I am alluding."

"Then do me the favour to change the subject of conversation," said the young lady, quite proudly; "I never allow my parents to be criticised in my hearing by any one but myself."

"Oh, well," said the young man, "if you choose to take my remarks in that way, I presume you are at liberty to do so, but I am sure you are misunderstanding me."

"I don't see how it is possible to misunderstand anything that is said so very distinctly; you lawyers have a faculty, Mr. Bartram, for saying exactly what you mean—when you choose to."

"I can't deny that I meant exactly what I said."

"But you can at least change the subject, can't you?"

"Certainly, if you insist upon it, but the subject has been interesting me considerably of late, and I am really wondering whether my estimable friend the judge, and his no less estimable wife, may not be making a mistake, which their daughter would be the most effective person in rectifying."

"You do me altogether too much honour, sir. Suppose you attempt to rectify their mistakes yourself, since you seem so positive about their existence. To give you an opportunity of preparing yourself to do so, I will bid you good-day." Saying



which, the young woman abruptly turned into the residence of an acquaintance to make an afternoon call, leaving the young man rather more disconcerted than he would have liked to admit to any of his acquaintances.

He retraced his steps, moodily muttering to himself, and apparently without knowing in what direction he was walking, he found himself opposite the shop of the shoemaker, who had been the indirect cause of his quarrel with his sweetheart.

"Confound that fellow!" muttered Bartram, "he's in my way wherever I move. I've heard too much of him in the streets and the courts and everywhere else that I've been obliged to go. I wish I could understand the fascination that fellow exerts over a number of people so much better than himself. Hang it! I am going to find out. He is a fool, if ever there was one, and I am not. If I can't get at the secret of it, it will be the first time that I have ever been beaten in examining and cross-examining such a common specimen of humanity."

Thus speaking, the lawyer crossed the street and entered the shop, but, to his disgust, found both the cobbler's sons there with their father. The boys, with a curiosity common to all young people, and particularly intense among the classes who have nothing particular to think of, stared at him so fixedly that he finally arose abruptly and departed without saying a word. The boys went out soon after, and Billy remarked to Tom, as the two sauntered homeward: "Tom, what do you s'pose is the reason that fellow comes in to see dad so much?"

"Gettin' a pair o' shoes made, I s'pose," said Tom, sulkily, for he had just failed in the attempt to extract a quarter of a dollar from his father.

"The shoes that dad was makin' for him," said Billy, "was done two or three weeks ago, 'cause I took 'em to his office myself. But he comes to the shop over and over again, 'cause I've seen him there, and whenever he comes he manages to get to talkin' with dad about religion. He always begins it, too, 'cause dad never says nothin' about it unless the lawyer starts it first."

"Well," said Tom, "seems to me that if he wants to know anythin' on that subject he should go to some of the preachers, that ought to know a good deal more about it than dad does."

"Well," said Billy, "what I was meanin' is, some folks seem to know a good deal about things without bein' learned that other folks will give their whole time to, an' don't know very much about. Every place that I go to somebody says somethin' to me about dad an' religion. Say, Tom, do you know dad's mighty different to what he used to be before he got took up?"

"Of course I do. He's always wantin' folks to work, and always findin' fault with everythin' that we do that ain't right. He didn't used to pay no attention to nothin'. We could do anythin' we wanted to, an' here I am, a good deal bigger, and just about as good as a man, an' he pays more attention to me than he ever did, and fusses at me as if I was a little bit of a kid. An' I don't like it either."

"Well, as he said to me t'other day, Tom, he's got to be pretty lively to make up for lost time."

"Well, I wish, then," said Tom, meditatively, "that he hadn't never lost no time, 'cause it's takin' all the spirit out o' me, to be hammered at all the time in the way he's a doin'. I just tell you what it is, Billy," said Tom, stopping short and smiting the palm of one hand with the fist of the other, "I've half a mind to go to steady work of some kind, if dad don't let me alone."

"Mis' Prency was talkin' to me the other day about dad," said Billy, "an' she asked me whether he wasn't workin' awful hard at home after he left the shop, an' I said 'Yes,' an' she said, 'I hope you all do all you can to help him?' an' I kind o' felt ashamed, an' all I could say was that I didn't see nothin' I could help him about, and she said she guessed if I'd think a little while I could find out. Say, Tom, let's get to work a-thinkin' an' see if there ain't some way to give dad a lift. Seems to me he's doin' everythin' for us all the whole time, an' we ain't doin' nothin' at all for him."

"Oh, now! quit your preachin'!" said the elder brother, contemptuously.

The younger brother prudently lapsed into entire silence, and the couple soon reached home.

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## CHAPTER XV.

"Well, doctor," said Deacon Quickset to his pastor one morning, "I hope you have persuaded that wretched shoemaker to come into the ark of safety, and to lay hold of the horns of the altar."

"My dear sir," said Dr. Guide to his deacon, "the conversation I had with that rather unusual character has led me to believe that he is quite as safe at present as any of the members of my own congregation. I don't propose to disturb his mind any further. 'Milk for babes,' you know, the apostle says, 'and strong meat for men.' After he has proved himself to be equal to meat there will be ample time to experiment with some of the dry bones which you seem anxious that I should force upon him."

"Dr. Guide," said the deacon, with considerable dignity, "I didn't expect this kind of talk from you. I have been sittin' under your ministrations a good many years, and, though sometimes I didn't think you were as sharp-set as you ought to be, still I knew you was a man of level head and good education, and knew everything that was essential to salvation, else otherwise why did the best college of our own denomination make you a doctor of divinity? But I've got to let out what is in my heart, doctor, and it is this, that there is no stoppin'-place for any one that begins to walk the straight and narrow way; he has got to keep on as long as he lives, and if he don't he is goin' to be crowded off to one side."

"You are quite right, deacon," said the minister, "and, there-

fore, I object to putting any stumbling-blocks in any such person's way."

"Doctor, I want to say that it seems to me that now is just the time to get up a warmer feelin' in the church. Now, if you will just announce next Sunday that there is goin' to be a series of special meetin's to awaken religious interest in this town, I think you will do a good deal more good among them that needs it than by worryin' members of your own congregation."

"I already had determined on a special effort at an early date," said the pastor. "And still more; after two or three conversations with the man whom you were so desirous that I should call upon, I have determined to invite him to assist me in the conduct of the meeting."

"What?" exclaimed the deacon; "bring in that thief and drunkard and ignorant fellow, that is only just out of jail, to teach the way of life to people that needs to know it? Why, Dr. Guide, you must be losin' your mind?"

"The meetings will be held, deacon, and Mr. Kimper will be asked to assist. In fact, I already have asked him. I trust that his presence will not cause us to lose such valuable assistance as you yourself may be able to give?"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the deacon, "I never did—it beats all. Why, if there was another church of our denomination in this town, I believe I'd take my letters and go to it—I really would."

Nevertheless, the special meetings were immediately announced, and they began directly afterward; and, according to the pastor's announcement, the ex-convict was asked to assist. His assistance did not seem to amount to much to those who came through curiosity to listen. But after he had made a speech, which, at the suggestion of Dr. Guide, had been carefully prepared, but which was merely a rehearsal of what he already had said to numerous individual questioners, there was impressive silence in the lecture-room in which the meetings were being conducted.

"My friends," said the pastor, rising soon afterward, "when our Lord was on earth, He once raised His eyes to heaven and said: 'I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.' I confess to you that I never was able to understand the full meaning of this expression, but as I have become more and more acquainted with our friend who has just spoken to you, and have learned how fully his faith is grounded, and how entirely his life has been changed by what seems to us as the mere beginnings of religious belief, I am constrained to feel that I have yet a great deal to learn about my own profession and my own duty as a minister. What has just been said to you contains the essence of everything which I have preached from my pulpit in twenty years. I wish it were in my power to re-state it all as clearly as you have heard it this evening, but I confess it is not. I fear to add anything to what you have already heard, for I do not see how in any way I could make this important subject any more clear to your com-

prehension. I will therefore say no more, but ask, as is the custom, that any here present who desires to change his life, and wishes the assistance of the prayers of God's people, will please rise."

As is usual in all such meetings, there was a general turning of heads from one side to the other. In an instant a single figure in the midst of the little congregation arose, and a second later a hoarse voice in one of the back seats, a voice which most persons present could identify as that of Sam Kimper's son Tom, exclaimed: "Reynolds Bartram!"

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"—JOHN XIX. 5.

*Ἴδὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

DARK-VISAGED men, with lurid hate  
Flaming from every countenance,  
Beheld in mock imperial state  
The meek incarnate God advance;  
Pilate, weak-kneed with Mammon's bribes,  
Saw Self's ambitions rudely toss  
On the sea of Jewish threats and jibes,  
And cried, *Ἴδὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Fools in the Light of Gospel page,  
See now like ancient Sadducees,  
Reflected rays, an earthly sage,  
A Zoroaster, Socrates;  
Auroras to the sun prefer;  
With sophist theory, cunning gloss  
Smite 'twixt the God and Carpenter,  
And scoff, *Ἴδὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Yet as the sun goes circling on,  
As men are less and man is more,  
As perishes the might of brawn,  
These words resound the wide earth o'er:  
Peace, Progress, Liberty have signed  
Their charters 'neath the rugged cross,  
To unborn nations rude and blind  
They shout, *Ἴδὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

And, O my heart, hast thou forgot  
The lesson here for thee upborne,  
When on earth's pavement trickles hot  
And red thy blood from scourge and thorn?  
'Tis consolation rare unpriced,  
'Tis recompense for bitterest loss,  
To grasp as friend the human Christ,  
And cry, *Ἴδὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

SMITHVILLE, Ont.



## AUNT RANDY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.\*

WE were on the Landaff Valley road, only a mile or two out from Franconia village. Nathan was driving, while Pirate and Corsair (Nathan would always call the latter Horsehair), in defiance of their reckless names, lounged lazily along the road. Again and again were the horses made to stop while I jumped out to secure some tall stalk of baneberry flowers, or to gather a fragrant bunch of white violets.

Just as I had returned to the carriage after one of these raids I saw an odd sight. In the small garden back of a house past which we were flying was a woman who conducted herself in the strangest manner. Though apparently rather elderly, she was dashing frantically about, her wide cap-border flapping around her face, her limp calico gown twisted about her ankles by the breeze, and her long arms waving in the air. In one hand she held what looked to me, as I was hurried by, like a banner of dingy white on a long pole, and with this she performed the wildest antics. Now it was waved aloft, while its bearer stood on tiptoe, and even sprang into the air, head bent backward and face upturned; then it sank to the ground, or was trailed over the vegetable beds. Standing up in the carriage and looking back eagerly, I could see this wild dance continue, until suddenly the flag was quickly lowered or dashed to the ground, and the strange standard-bearer threw herself down beside it in a crouching attitude, and seemed to clasp its folds in her skinny hands.

"Nathan! Nathan!" I cried, breathless. "What is it? Oh, who is she?"

"Aunt Randy."

"But what is the matter with her? Is she crazy?"

"Guess not; no more'n most women."

"But what is she doing?"

"Ketchin' butterflies."

"Oh!" cried I, drawing a long breath, expressive of both disappointment and relief. "I see; that was a net she was holding, and she is a collector."

I am a woman of hobbies myself, and had lately taken up entomology with some ardour, so I felt at once interested in this congenial being, and questioned Nathan with new zeal. I soon knew all he had to tell, which was but little. The woman had come to Franconia a few years before from North Woodstock. She was dressed in black, looked pale and wretched, and seemed

\* Many of our readers will remember the exquisite story of "Fishin' Jimmy." They will read with delight this pathetic sketch from the same graceful pen, abridged from "The Seven Sleepers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

to be alone in the world. She lived by herself in the little white house where we saw her, and "didn't seem to take no notice of no one." She avoided the neighbours, shut herself up in dark rooms, never went to "meetin'," or "sewin' s'ciety," or any such gathering, and refused to admit the minister or other friendly visitors. But there was a sudden change. One summer day she was seen in a field near her house "chasin' a yellow butterfly," and after that she was a different being.

"She took to all kinds o' live flyin' an' crawlin' an' hoppin' creepers," the story went on. "She'd spend a hull day runnin' after butterflies and millers, and huntin' for bugs an' caterpillars an' spiders an' hoppergrasses. An' nights she'd be scootin' round with a lantern to ketch them big hairy things like bats that flop into lights. An' she'd keep her winder open every evenin', and start up an' kite 'round the room with that kinder fish-net, an' ketch every thing that come in. An' she begun to take notice o' people—children fust; an' she'd ask the boys an' girls to come in an' see her live things, an' she'd talk real nice to 'em—good's a book. An' somehow she's different every way, pleasanter-spoken and contented like. Some folks thinks she's crazy; an' she does act dreffle queer sometimes. But there's crazier people outside the 'sylums than Aunt Randy."

"Is she married? Has she a family?"

"Well, folks say she's a widder, an' her husband was a bad lot. She never says nothin' about him, an' she don't think no great o' men folks. Her name's Mis' Gates, an' Randy's short for Mirandy; but I tell folks she's so independent, an' sot on not belongin' to no man, she won't let any one call her My anything, so she's left it off o' Randy."

It was not long before I made the acquaintance of the odd entomologist. I think she recognized in me a kindred spirit, saw that I too liked "flyin' an' crawlin' an' hoppin' creepers," and so met my advances more readily.

Strange as it may appear, Aunt Randy had not only never seen a book about insects, but she had never even known, until she met me, that such books existed. She had never met an entomologist or any one interested in the study of her favourites, and all her information was derived from her own experience. So her talk was fresh and delightful, and quite free from polysyllabic terms and the ever-changing nomenclature of the study as we find it in books. I remember that the first thing I ever carried to her for identification was a butterfly. It was the large dark chocolate one with pale yellow borders, known as the *Antiopa*. Now I confess I knew its name and something of its habits, but I wished to test Aunt Randy's knowledge. As she saw it her rugged face lighted up with a smile of recognition, and taking it gently from my hands, as though she were touching a baby, she said:

"Ah, you pert little fellow! Held out to this time, did ye? If you ain't hardy an' full o' pluck, I don't know who is. Ye see"—looking up at me—"this kind stands the winter right through."

"Yes," I answered, perhaps a trifle patronizingly, "it hibernates, I know."

She looked a little puzzled, but went on: "I don't know about that, but he jest gets along somehow through our cold Francony winters. Sometimes I find 'em stickin' to the rafters, or snuggled two or three together in a hole between the stones o' the old wall there, or inside the shed, or in the wood-pile, lookin' 's if they was dead as door-nails. But come to bring 'em in by the fire, or hold 'em a spell in my hands, they come to life agin. An' warm sunny days they'll go crawlin' round, an' in the spring, when the frost goes out o' ground, an' the weather gets settled, they come out for good. But they're pretty hard-lookin' then, an' they don't live long arter layin' their eggs, an' the second crop don't come round till along the fust o' August or thereabouts."

"What is its name?" I asked.

"Waal, I don't know this one by his fust name; he's a stranger to me—come from further down the road, I guess. The fam'ly name I give 'em is Tough, 'cause they stan' the cold so well, but I don't know all their given names. Lizy an' Mary Ann spent the winter under the stone out there by the wall, an' Caleb stayed in the shed, but I've lost sight of 'em now, though" (looking around towards the garden) "I thought I see Wilbur just now out by the fence."

Shades of Linnæus and Hubner forgive her! *Vanessa antiopa* vulgarized into Mary Ann Tough!

One day I found her in the little garden, holding a saucer carefully in her hands, while a ragged specimen of the common cream-coloured butterfly of our vegetable gardens, *Pieris rapæ* sipped at the contents.

"Posies is so scarce just now," she said, softly, without moving or looking up, lest she should disturb her fluttering guest, "that I bring out sugar 'n water for 'em once 'n a while. This one 's drefle fond o' surrup, an' can't never get too much. This is one o' the Cabbagers, 's I call 'em, 'cause o' what they raise their young ones on. Her folks live 'round here, an' she was born an' reared jest back o' the house. Why, I rec'lect jest 'as well as anything when she was a mite of a caterpillar that couldn't do nothin' but crawl an' eat. I tell ye, she an' her brothers an' sisters did make the cabbage-leaves fly; I never see nothin' like 'em for that sort o' garden sass—cold slaw, 's ye might call it. An' now Malviny—that's her given name—has forgot her beginnin's, an' won't take nothin' but sugar, for she 's got a sweet tooth—if butterflies ever have sech things."

"But how do you know Malviny from any other white cabbage butterfly?" I asked.

"How do you know your dog Kent, that you an' the boys are so fond on, from any other black curly dog, or your yellor horse, Pirate, there, from any other long-tailed sorril? For one thing, I know her by that split in her right-hand back wing, an' that rubbed place between her shoulders. But it's her ways I tell her by, mostly; we've all got ways, ye know."

And so she lived on, surrounded by her insect friends, loving them, understanding them, calling each one by his Christian name, and quite happy in their society. There was a big dragon-fly with spotted wings whom she addressed as Horace, and who, she declared, had followed her weeks ago all the way from Streeter's Pond as she drove home with her old mare and the buck-board. And as she dwelt upon the salient points of his character, his sense of humour and comical disposition, while he whizzed about her head, I declare he did look to me quite unlike other dragon-flies. I seemed to see a humorous twinkle in his big eyes, and for the moment firmly believed in Horace's sense of the ludicrous.

Aunt Randy and I soon became warm friends, and it was not long before she told me her story. I need not dwell upon the early part of it. Her married life was a hard one, her husband a shiftless, idle vagabond. She did not apply these epithets, but the facts spoke for themselves. She worked hard, and he spent her earnings at the tavern. They had one child, a boy, and to him the mother's heart clung as to nothing else in earth or heaven. For his sake she struggled on, bore her husband's neglect and ill-treatment, worked for all three, and kept some little remnant of faith and hope in her heart. At last one winter's day her husband went away and never returned. Some weeks later she heard of his death, and was free. Just then a distant relative, of whom she had lost sight for many years, died and left her a little money; so new hopes sprang up in her chilled heart. She would take the child, she thought, buy a little place in some quiet village, and leave her wretched past far behind her. Alas for human hopes! Just as the little house in Franconia was secured, and she was about to remove there with her child, the boy sickened and died.

If I should write pages I could not convey to you, as the few abrupt words of this patient, undemonstrative New England woman conveyed to me, all the tragic meaning of that loss to her. As a child she had lived in a Christian home, and had some religious training, and amid all her trials hitherto she had tried in her poor blind way to believe and trust and think that somehow things were for the best. But now, with this terrible blow, all faith in God and man was killed. She buried the boy with no more thought or hope of a future reunion than has the veriest heathen, left his grave and their old home—a grave, too, now in which all hope and faith were entombed—and came to Franconia, where she lived for months the solitary life of which Nathan had told me, a misanthropic, hopeless soul. Let me try now to tell you in Aunt Randy's own words, as near as they may be, how the change came.

"I used to shet myself up here all day an' think. I couldn't have no posy gard'n or anything like that, now the little feller wa'n't here to play in it. An' I couldn't bear to hear the birds singin', 'cause he used to like 'em so, an' I'd jest shet up my eyes as I went along so's not to see the vi'lets an' dand'lions an' butter-



'n'-eggs, an' them posies he used to pick an' fetch in to me in his little fat hands. But one day I had to go down the road a piece, of an errand, an' before I could help it I ketcht sight of a big chump of fire-weed shinin' all pink in the sun. Now, fire-weed was my boy's fav'rite posy; it growed all around our house in North Woodstock, an' he used to pick it an' fetch in big bunches on it, an' set 'em in the old blue pitcher. He was drefle fond o' that plant, an' when I see it—well, it all come over me so, I jest bust out cryin' right in the road, an' I was 'fraid somebody 'd see me, so I had to stop an' purtend I was lookin' at the posies. An' as I was stoopin' down a-lookin' an' tryin' to get my handk'chief out, I see a big worm on the fire-weed. 'Twa'n't crawlin' or eatin', but jest settin' up on its hind-legs in the humanist way, with its head up an' its hands out, an'—

“You'll think I'm an old fool, but what with the water in my eyes an' the sun a-dazzlin' me, an' my heart just breakin' for that boy, why, I kinder thought that worm looked liked the young one, an' I felt the queerest drawin' to it. I reached out my finger to poke it, an' it put down its head and drawd its chin in for all the world like that boy when he was scaret an' bashful. I tell ye, from that minnit I'dopted that creeter an' took him right inter my heart. I hadn't cared for a livin' thing afore sence that little coffin went out my front gate, an' I tell ye 'twas good to feel that drawin' towards suthin'. I picked the plant he was on, an' I carried him home jest 's careful, an' then I fixed a box o' dirt an' stuck the plant in, an' jest let it alone till he'd got kind of acquainted like. But, dear me! he made friends to once; he never tried to get away; he never was off his vittles from the minnit he come. The fust time I see him eat my heart come right up in my mouth, he et so like my boy, jest bitin' little bites right reg'lar round an' round a leaf till he'd made a place the shape o' half a cent, like the boy'd do with his cooky. I named him Jacob, after the other, an'— Oh, I can't tell ye what a comfort he was to me! I hadn't had no pervidin' to do for 'so long, but now I had to go down the road every single mornin' an' get fresh fire-weed for Jacob to eat. I put a cup o' water for him too, but I never see him drink. I guess he licked the water off the leaves, for I used to wet 'em to make 'em tasty an' temptin'. Another thing that made him look like the boy was his colour. He was kind o' blacky-green, with round pink spots on his sides, for all the world like my other Jacob in his little tight jacket with the glass buttons I made for him outer my old invisible green dress. An' he had a little pink face, an' he used to look up at me so peart an' knowin' when I'd talk to him. 'Twas a new thing to me, after all them lonesome months, to have some one at home waitin' for me when I was out, an' I used to hurry back 's quick 's I could, jest 's if the boy was watchin' at the winder with his pretty little nose all flat agin the glass.

I had a stick stan'in' up in his box, an' a big piece o' mosquiter nettin' over it like a tent, but I only kep' it shet down when I

was out, an' nights, for I didn't want him to think he was locked up, an' every night at bedtime I'd go an' draw down that nettin' snug an' tie a string round the bottom, an' look in last thing to see if he was all right. You'd scarcely b'lieve how that tuckin' in helped me after I'd been without it such a spell.

"'Twas gettin' late in the season—'twas the fust day o' September I took him—an I begun to think about the winter, an' how I should make Jacob comfortable. I thought I'd move inter the front bedroom, where there was a stove, an' take him right in there to sleep. An' as for food, why, I'd dig up a lot o' fire-weed an' set it out in pots, an' keep him in vittles till spring. I'd found by this time that he wouldn't eat nothin' else: he was real set in his ways. I tried him on the nicest things—rose leaves an' buttercups an' lavender an' diffunt yarbs—but he'd just smell at 'em an' turn away, an' look for his fire-weed. That was so like the boy! If he wanted ginger-bread, he wanted it; and dough-nuts, nor jumbles, nor sour-milk cake, nor not even meat-pie would do—he must have ginger-bread or nothin'.

"Well, I might 's well come to the wust sooner 's later. One day I see Jacob didn't seem like hisself; he stopped eatin', an' went crawlin' round 's if he wanted suthin' he hadn't got. I give him water an' fresh fire-weed; I set him by the north winder where the wind blew in, for 'twas a hot day; but nothin' did any good. All day he went crawlin' round, restless an' fev'rish like, never eatin' nothin', nor takin' any notice o' anything. I set up by him all night long, my heart 's heavy as lead, for I was goin' over again them dreffle days when my boy took sick. Just at daylight, he crawled down onto the ground an' lay there a spell, an' then I heerd him a-rustlin' about, an' when I looked he was kinder diggin' in the ground, pickin' up little bits o' dirt an' throwin' 'em about. 'It's like pickin' at the bedclothes,' I says, my heart a-sinkin' 'way down. So he went on for hours diggin', diggin'. I put him up on the leaves lots o' times, but he'd crawl right down agin, so I let him alone 't last. Bime-by I see he'd made quite a little hole, an' all on a suddent it come into my head he was makin' a grave.

"An' he was. Slow an' sure he dug, an' crawled in 's he dug, an' I sat watchin' hour after hour, an' cryin' my poor old heart out over him. An' late in the afternoon he'd finished his work, an' buried hisself, jest leavin' a little hole at his head; an' he put up his little pink face an' looked at me so human-like, an' then he reached out an' took a little lump o' dirt an' pulled it over the hole, an' he was gone, an' I hadn't anything left in the world but my two graves!"

The old woman stopped and wiped her eyes before she could go on, and I assure you that I forgot the hero of her story was nothing but a caterpillar, and found my own eyes wet.

"Well," she at last proceeded, "I didn't disturb him. Seemed 's if God had some way o' tellin' dumb creeters when they was to die, an' so I tied the nettin' down over his box an' left him there.

"I better not say much about that time. 'Twas a bad spell. My heart, that had got kind o' soft an' warm with somethin' to love an' take care on, got hard an' frozen agin, an' oh, the hard thoughts I had o' God for takin' my last comfort away, an' lettin' both my little Jacobs go away to lay for ever 'n' ever in the dark an' cold! The spring-time came, an' I hated it; an' oh, I dreaded the time when the fire-weed would come out all pink an' bright, with him not there no more to eat it, nor my curly-headed boy to pick it! One summer day—I sha'n't never forget it's long 's I live—I was standin' by Jacob's little grave (I'd always kep' his box in my room jest 's it was), when I see the dirt had got shook off the top, an' the poor little body, all dried up an' brown now, was kinder uncovered. I was jest a-goin' to cover it up agin softly, when I seen a little crack come on it, an'—oh, I can't tell it all out in this slow, quiet way! I wish 't could come on you as it did on me that blessed day—Jacob was comin' to life agin! he was—he was! I watched him, never touchin' or speakin' to him—though I jest ached to help—till the end come, an' he was big an' beautiful, brown an' buff an' pink, an' with wings! Oh, Mis' Burton, I can't put it inter words how I felt when I see Jacob come out o' his very grave an' spread his wings an' fly round my room, nor how I cried right out loud as I see it: 'Why not my boy too? O Lord, you can do that jest 's easy 's this!'"

I left Franconia at the end of summer, and during the winter months heard nothing from the little snow-bound village. But when June came again I sought, as for twenty years I have sought, the grand old mountains—old but ever new. One of my earliest visits was to the little white house of Aunt Randy. I spied my old friend in the garden, and felt sure she was having a friendly gossip with some winged friends. I passed through the gate to join her, and as I did so saw a man sitting on the door-steps. He was unmistakably of the genus tramp, had a mean, sly face, with light shifting eyes, and looked a thorough vagabond. I wondered at his presence there, but forgot it instantly in the pleasure of meeting again my old comrade. She knew me at once, and her rugged face was thinner and more worn than when I last saw her, brightened as she met me. After a few words of greeting, she asked me to come into the house, and we were soon seated in the familiar room, the scene of Jacob's death and apotheosis.

"Did you see him?" she suddenly asked, with a jerk of her head towards the front door.

"I saw a man outside," I replied.

"It's him," she went on, quietly—"my husband, ye know—Mr. Gates. He wa'n't dead; 'twas a mistake, somehow; an' he come home las' winter!"

For a minute I was speechless, and before I could decide what to say, whether to congratulate or condole with my friend, she spoke again:

"I can speak plain to you, for I got to feel so to home with you

las' summer, an' ye'll understan' me. When I see him comin' in one day, ragged, an' dirty, an'—well, smellin' o' liquor some—I *wa'n't* glad to see him. There were things I couldn't disremember, somehow; an' I'd thought he was dead an' gone, an' got used to it; an'—I didn't seem to want him. Then—'twas kinder mean of me, but I thought he'd heerd o' the little property I'd come into, an' mebbe he was arter that, an' I kinder hardened my heart. But when I see how sickly an' peaked he looked, an' what a holler cough he had, an' how poor an' mis'erable he was, I begun to feel a little more Christian-like. So I took him in an' done for him. I nussed him, got him new clo'es, fed him up, kep' him warm an' comfort'ble, an'—"with one of her quaint, sudden smiles, which always reminded me of one of those quick, darting bits of sunlight which comes at times, you know not how, over old Lafayette's rocky brow—"an' I finished up by gettin' kinder fonder on him. Now, Mis' Burton," she said, more gravely, "he's never had no 'dvantages. He never took no notice o' worms or sech creeters, an' had no idee what caterpillars turned inter or outer an' as for dead things, be they worms or folks, they was dead, to his thinkin', for goodenall. So I considered all that, an' made 'lowances, an' I begun to learn him religion, little at a time. I didn't use no Bible; he wouldn't ha' stood that—none o' his fam'ly ever would; they ain't Scriptor folks, the Gateses ain't. But I told him all about the crawlin' an' flyin' creeters an' their ways, an' held 'em up as Christian 'xamples to humans; how they went about their bizness so stiddy an' reg'lar, an' pervided for their fam'lies, an' built their own houses, an' was always to home, an' how forehanded they was, lookin' ahead an' layin' up vittles for their child'en who's to come arter 'em, an' all them things, ye know. An' las' of all, I told him 'bout Jacob. Ye see he liked that boy of ourn better'n he ever liked anything else, an' I never let on to the boy that there was anything out o' the way with his pa; so the little feller reely set by Mr. Gates. An' when the frost got outer the groun' this spring I wanted to take up the boy an' bring him over from North Woodstock, an' keep him in the graveyard here, nigher by. An' I took Mr. Gates along; an' as we was bringin' the little coffin home I jest told him that story about the other body and the mir'cle I see with my own eyes."

"And was he impressed by it?" I asked, as she paused for breath.

"Well, I don't know. He's got sorter wat'ry eyes nat'rally—all the Gateses have—but I kinder thought they was wetter'n common when I got through, but 'twas a blowy day; an' he was real careful about liftin' the coffin, an' when the men was helpin' fill up the grave he stood close by, an' I heerd him ask 'em not to put so much dirt on the top, nor stomp it down hard, an' I s'mised he was thinkin' o' the risin', an' plannin' how the little feller'd come out."

The hard, work-worn hands brushed something from the thin cheek as she spoke, and I thought that even the "Gateses" by marriage seemed sometimes to have "wat'ry eyes."



"But his cough grows hollower an' hackier, Mis' Burton, an' Dr. Sankey tells me he ain't long for this world! an' oh, I'm so dreffle pleased he come home when he did, an' didn't die without any preparin', or hearin' 'the gospil's joyful soun,' as my old mother uster sing. A queer gospil, ye may say, but I never heerd a better sermon preached by Elder Garrick or Father Howe than that blessed caterpillar o' the church preached to me when he broke outter the grave that res'rection day last July. An' I tell ye when I'm talkin' caterpillars an' bugs an' such, I throw in, without scarin' him, a good deal of Scriptor religion too, an' he knows mighty well—or 'taint my fault—who's behind it all, and responsible for their goin's on an' all the good in 'em. An' "—with her queer, quick smile again—"I do a heap o' prayin' for him he never has the faintest idee on. It's mean, I hold, to pray at a man, but's long as he don't know what I'm doin' it can't hurt him, an' it's a dreffle relief to me.

"An' he's improvin' on it, an' I've got hopes on him, Mis' Burton. I've seen wuss caterpillars 'n him turn inter real sightly flyin' things, not the best nor han'somest, mebbe, not big green an' buff angels like Jacob, but suthin' with wings, 'tennerate, an' that's a good deal. There was a fat, loggy, whitish worm I knew once, with a blue streak down his back, that lived on a white birch across the road. His name was Ad'niram Judson Birch, an' I had big hopes o' him—thought he was goin' to be a big stripid butterfly; he et enough to make one a foot across—but he hadn't any ambition or fac'ity, somehow—jest et an' stuffed, an' never got on—an' he only come out a kind of a sawfly, without any bright colours on him, or feathers, or anything. But he had wings. I tell ye there's wings in us all 'f we could see 'em. An' when Mr. Gates gits off his caterpillar skin, an' comes up an' shakes the dirt all off, I ain't goin' to be one mite ashamed on him, 's long as he's got wings."

I was called away unexpectedly from the mountains a few days after this interview, and did not return that year. Nathan, a rare and reticent correspondent, wrote me a few weeks after my departure as follow :

"Old Gates, Aunt Randy's wuthless husband, pegged out last week. Good riddunse! Don't need a Yanky to guess where he's gone."

But I try to forget the glimpse I had of the mean, sly face and cringing figure, and remember only dear old Aunt Randy's faith and prayers, and her simple creed : "There's wings in us all 'f we could see 'em."

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THRICE blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure :  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

—*Tennyson.*

## Current Topics and Events.

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### LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW VICTORIA.

This interesting ceremony came off most auspiciously on the afternoon of June 15th. Substantial progress has been made with the foundation of coarse brown stone, enough to indicate how goodly a structure the New Victoria will be. Ample provision was made for a number of invited guests: The banners flaunted proudly in the breeze. The speeches were of brilliant quality, and all went merry as a marriage bell, the only inconvenience being the extremely warm reception given us by old Sol.

Rev. Dr. Potts occupied the chair with his usual ability and grace. Mrs. Cox was the recipient of a handsome silver trowel, with which she well and truly laid the corner-stone of the handsome building which is to grace the park.

The prayer by Professor Reynar was significantly appropriate, as was Dr. Burwash's address. His honour, Judge Dean, the first graduate of Victoria, presented the trowel to Mrs. Cox in a very graceful manner.

The program was a thoroughly representative one. Rev. Dr. Dewart representing the Methodist ministry; Mr. Geo. A. Cox, the Methodist laity; Dr. Douglas, the sister Methodist institutions; Hon. G. W. Ross, the educational system of Ontario; Hon. E. Blake, the University of Toronto; Sir Daniel Wilson, the University faculties; Rev. Dr. Rand, the sister Universities; Dr. Burwash, D.Sc., the Alumni Association of Victoria; Senator Aikins and Hon. Oliver Mowat also made brief addresses.

The occasion was one of profound significance, the congratulations of the wise statesmen, the learned clergy, Professors of the sister Universities, giving a warm welcome to Toronto to the New Victoria. The bright sun shining overhead was an

augury of the brightness which we not under the divine blessing will continue to illumine this institution.

### DEATH OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The death of this distinguished statesman has been the occasion of profound regret, not only throughout Canada, but throughout the British Empire. He has been the foremost figure in Canadian politics for over forty years—during most of the time he has been Prime Minister of Canada. His political opponents, as well as his friends, admit the wonderful versatility of the man, his ability as a politician, and the singular fascination of his personal character. The time for a full estimate of his influence on the history of the country has not yet come. We stand too near the man, and too close to the chief events of his life to calmly measure them. He was human, and therefore had failings, but let these be forgotten. He had many noble qualities, let these be engraved in marble. He loved his country, and served his Queen loyally to the end. His greatest monument is the Confederation of the Provinces, of which he, more than any other man, was prime promoter. He was happy in this that he saw this great Dominion grow from the unstable union of two undeveloped provinces to a great nation spreading from ocean to ocean.

It is one of the noblest features of his character that, notwithstanding the opportunity from the vast transactions carried on under his administration of accumulating great wealth, he died a comparatively poor man. He was not, and comparatively few public men have been, as they ought to have been, a "nursing father" to the Church of God. Nor was he, like Clarkson, Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, distinguished for Christian statesmanship and philanthropy. These men, though greatly inferior in intellectual gifts and tactical skill to the

veteran Prime Minister, have yet left an imperishable record of achievement for humanity, compared with which the greatest political success is but shadowy and evanescent—so transcendently superior is moral greatness to merely intellectual or social qualities. The lesson of the hour to all of us is to live for God and for humanity; to live so as to lift the world up nearer to the cross of Christ.

Around the bier of this distinguished man the asperities and acerbities of political life are softened and sweetened, and over his grave kind words are spoken—the generous tribute of friend and foe. Would it not be well that such a result should be more than transient, and that more kind words, that more generous trust, that more good-will should be extended to the living, instead of being withheld till they can fall only on the dull, cold ear of death?

#### A HIGH COURT OF CHRISTENDOM.

We are glad to learn that that large-hearted man and Christian worker, Bishop Newman, has made a suggestion to a couple of gentlemen at Washington to inaugurate a new movement in the direction of arbitration, by having the United States Government propose a supreme court for the world.

The *Herald and Presbyter* says: "This proposal is worthy of the best thought of this nation. If such a tribunal could be established, with a legal representative from every European government, selected because of his high character and fitness, there would be little danger of injustice to any nation involved in its judgments. The establishment of such a court would be a great blessing to the nations who are now forced by the present situation to have large standing armies, that are eating up the substance of the government and wasting its resources. The disarmament of Europe is a problem that no one government can solve. Such a movement would be the crowning glory of the age, and would advance the policy of peace to a definite solution. We hope to see some good

come from the suggestion without waiting for Europe to disarm."

On this subject, the *Michigan Christian Advocate* comments as follows, with which we cordially agree: "It is certainly time that the great Christian powers of the world should do something to put an end to war and establish permanent and universal peace. A good precedent is already established by the compact recently effected among the American powers to settle all differences by arbitration. What has been done on this continent can be done in Europe and in the world. By all means let us have the supreme court of universal arbitration."

#### INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

"The chairman's speech at the annual meeting of the Peace Society in London, England, expresses," says the *Methodist Times*, "satisfaction at the prominence which has recently been given in practical diplomacy to arbitration as a substitute for war. He noted, hopefully, the recent emphatically pacific utterances of several of the great military monarchs of Europe, as evincing their increasing reluctance to incur the dreadful risks of war. Sir Joseph Pease was undoubtedly right when he stated that the quiet way in which the nation accepted the cession of Heligoland was a striking sign of the times. There can be no doubt that but a short time ago the cession of even so useless a possession would have led to a great outcry against trailing the British flag in the dust. From time to time the hope that an era of universal peace had dawned has been rudely dissipated by the outbreak of great wars. Nevertheless, we entirely share Sir Joseph Pease's hopeful conviction that the principles of arbitration are steadily gaining ground, and that the day is rapidly approaching when war will be regarded by all civilized nations as a gigantic folly and a terrible crime."

#### BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

In a recent number of a country paper we counted the announcements of no less than seventeen secret so-

cieties: I.O.O.F., A.F. & A.M., A.O. U.W., and the like, with a list of their meetings. In several cases there were references to the public worship of these societies in Methodist Churches. An important object, we understand, of these associations, if not the chief object, is the benefit and help they offer their members in time of sickness and, in some cases, the amount paid their families in case of death. In this way habits of thrift and mutual helpfulness have been cultivated among the people, and invaluable and timely assistance has been given in many an hour of need.

The opinion is strongly entertained by some of our most earnest-minded ministers and laymen that the Christian Church ought to furnish all the help, comfort and sympathy which is now offered by these societies. It is thought that these objects can be attained with greater advantage through its comprehensive organization, with less expense of time and money and anxious care, and without the necessity of an organization in large part secret, with a ritual and uniform and complicated officiating, which are often a great tax upon the available energy, as well as time and

resources of their members. A committee of Methodist ministers in Toronto has met several times to discuss this matter and to make arrangements, if possible, for carrying out their plans on the basis of Church fellowship.

The Primitive Methodists of Great Britain have had for many years a benefit society of this sort, and the Wesleyan Church has had one for its local preachers for about forty years, which has paid out about half a million of dollars in benefits in that time.

In some of the Churches of this city coal clubs are formed, whereby the poor who are members are able to purchase their coal supplies at wholesale rates. In the early Church there was also an organization of this sort for the care of the sick and the burial of the dead. In the tendency of the times towards practical Christianity it is thought that much good can be accomplished by looking after the material as well as the spiritual interests of the people, and thus bringing them into touch and sympathy with its religious life. More will probably be heard at an early date of the proposed new departure in Church life and Church work.

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## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

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### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

An English Methodist paper says that the most brilliant commemoration of the centenary of John Wesley's death was held at old St. Giles' Church, in Edinburgh. There gathered in that cathedral, seven centuries old, the representatives of the historic Presbyterian Churches, of the town council, and of the venerable university.

It is proposed to form a "John Wesley" society within the Church of England, to affirm and exercise the right and duty of laymen to preach the Gospel.

A Bible-class was started at Portland Street Chapel, Bristol, in 1889. The class now numbers 850 men. A disused public-house has been turned into a mission room, and worked by the members of this class. There were one hundred conversions in twelve months, and the men offered \$500 themselves towards the cost of a new hall, which has proved a great success.

"Wesley's Chapel, City Road," is henceforward to be the designation of City Road Chapel, London, according to the action of the trustees.



## METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There are 112 annual conferences, and seventeen missions. Nearly fifty conferences will be held in September.

Union Chapel, New Orleans, has a membership of 350, who are Creoles, all of whom were formerly Romanists.

The New York Conference reports 10,000 conversions during the past year, and over \$40,000 collected for missions, the largest missionary collection in its history.

Bishop Hurst reports \$96,000 from the citizens of Washington towards the purchase of the site for the National American University, leaving only \$4,000 yet to be provided for.

The trustees of the North-western University are about to provide a school of technology in that institution. It is thought that the noble gift of \$100,000, recently bequeathed by Mr. Fairweather, will thus be utilized.

A church, known as the "American" Church, though Methodist, was built in Buenos Ayres, in 1870, at a cost of \$60,000, and it is now worth twice that amount.

Wesley Hospital, Chicago, was inaugurated two years ago in a rented house, and in one year one hundred cases were treated. Then another house was added, and still there is not sufficient room. A new property has been secured, and suitable buildings are about to be erected at a cost of \$150,000.

The Book Concern, in Cincinnati, has purchased additional ground for \$90,000, more room being demanded by the growing business.

Itinerants' clubs are being held in various parts of the Church. Bishop Vincent is the founder. The design is to encourage ministers to prosecute Biblical studies. Conventions are held, sometimes for four days in succession, during which lectures are delivered and papers read on prescribed subjects.

The General Board of the Epworth League recently met in St. Louis. Some hundreds of visitors were present. The meetings were of an in-

spiring character, and the evidences are that the Epworth League will become a valuable institution in Methodism.

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Wesley's sermons have been translated into the Spanish language by the authorities of Vanderbilt University, for the use of the Missions in Mexico, and other Spanish-speaking American countries.

The Board of Missions assessed \$325,000 upon the annual Conferences, and appropriated \$226,000 to the various fields.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A new church has been dedicated on Ireland Island, Bermuda. Many hearts were made glad at the dedicatory services, as a new church has long been needed.

The annual meeting of the Book Room and Publishing House, in Toronto, was recently held. All were glad to find that the success of the past year was such that \$6,500 was given to the Superannuation Fund.

The new weekly paper *Onward* is meeting with great success, and has attained a circulation of over 24,000.

The Regents of Victoria College are gratified at the success which attends the work of collecting subscriptions for the Federation Fund. About \$675,000 has been secured in cash and promises, and, of course, there is much to follow. By the time these notes are published the corner-stone of the new edifice in Queen's Park, Toronto, will have been laid.

Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, is now in British Columbia, and after visiting the missions in that Conference, will return by way of Manitoba and the North-West, and will make a tour among the Indian Missions at Norway House, Beren's River, Fisher River, etc.

The District Meetings are now being held. Some of them report gratifying increases in the membership of the Church. Others, however, are pained to find that their

numbers are being depleted by removals. Circuits in rural districts suffer very greatly from this cause, which creates considerable difficulty to those who remain to support the various interests of the Church.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

News reaches us from Australia of an interesting kind. At the annual meeting at Launceston four probationers were ordained, and sixteen others were continued on probation. A new mission was begun in Tasmania, and an increase of ninety-eight members was reported.

In New South Wales, a Connexional Sunday-School Union is to be formed, and intercolonial missionary deputations have been appointed.

In South Australia, three candidates for the ministry were accepted, and one probationer was ordained.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

We announce with regret the death of the Rev. John Bredin, D.D., on May 30th, in the seventy-third year of his age, and in the forty-ninth year of his ministry. He superannuated two years ago, and has been in feeble health for some time past. He was a thoughtful and eloquent preacher, a genial and pleasant companion, and kept well abreast with current thought and history. His beautiful penmanship in the Journals of the Conference will be a memorial of him in future years, after those who knew him personally have passed away.

Rev. Joseph D. Wickham, D.D., died at Manchester, Vermont, aged ninety-five. He preached until he was near ninety, and was a frequent contributor to the *New York Observer*.

Rev. Jos. McD. Trimble, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Ohio, died in May. He entered the ministry in 1828, and was a member of every General Conference since 1844. He was a man well known and greatly beloved.

Rev. Geo. Osborn, D.D., died at

Richmond, London, England, at the great age of eighty-three. No man was better known in Wesleyan Methodism. He was the most powerful link between the past and the present. His name is associated with the great secession of 1849, when the Revs. Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith were expelled, which caused the loss of at least 100,000 members. These were dark days for Wesleyan Methodism in England. All who knew Dr. Osborn believed that he was perfectly sincere in the part which he then took. For seventeen years he was one of the Missionary Secretaries. He was also the same number of years Theological Professor in Richmond College. He was sixty-four years in the ministry. He edited thirteen volumes of the poetical works of John and Charles Wesley. He filled the Presidential chair on two occasions. Few of his brethren excelled him as an expounder of Scripture, and none equalled him as a disciplinarian.

#### ITEMS.

Mr. W. Bowron, of the Methodist Free Church, England, has gone to his reward, and his two sons have resolved to perpetuate his memory by establishing a Deaconess' Home and Training Institution in London, to be called the Bowron House.

Rev. George Brown, President of New South Wales Conference (Methodist) is a man of mark. He is a native of the north of England. In his youth he visited the Mediterranean, and also spent some time in America. Then he went to New Zealand, where he was converted. He soon became a missionary, and from 1860 to 1875 he laboured in Samoa, where he was Chairman of the District. He commenced a new mission in New Britain, which he manned with Samoan, Fijian, and Tongan teachers. He has been very successful as an explorer and a pioneer missionary. As a student of languages he has been wonderfully successful, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and a member of the Zoological Society.

Rev. Mr. Mackay, of Formosa, the Canadian Presbyterian Missionary, writes that the people of a congeries of villages have abandoned their idols, and are waiting for further instruction. The success of the Formosa Mission has been most extraordinary, and this incident is very similar to others that have occurred. Another proof that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

One hundred Australians have volunteered for service in connection with the China Inland Mission.

Such is the progress of Christian missions in Japan that the Buddhist priests have made great efforts, recently, to defend their religion, and some forty-two periodicals are issued, devoted to the spread of Buddhism.

While the number of Christians in Japan is only about one in each thousand of the population, it is interesting to hear that eleven members of the House of Representatives have been chosen from their number, while there are also three Christians in the House of Peers. Among the most prominent candidates for the speakership two are Christians. One of the representatives is a Presbyterian elder.

Rev. J. W. Wadman, M.A., who left British Columbia some time ago to labour in Japan, in a letter to the Rev. J. E. Starr, says, "Three weeks ago I preached my first Japanese sermon with fear and trembling. Had been only fifteen months in the country, and had just put in my

spare moments on the language; and what do you think, I am now conducting a revival in Japanese. The Lord has wrought a miracle. I cannot now doubt but that this was my place. I am very happy."

One thousand Chinamen, members of the Congregational Church, in California and Oregon, have sent two missionaries to their native land, organized a Foreign Missionary Society with \$1,000 to start with, and have contributed \$2,200 to home missions.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, of the Presbyterian Mission in the North-West, has secured a number of subscriptions from private persons to support missions. It is hoped that by this scheme thirty missions will be sustained.

It is only a few years since a cruel and inhuman being was on the throne at Mandelay, Upper Burmah, and to do any kind of missionary work there meant certain death. When this city was built, the eight gates surrounding it were supposed to have been made secure against invaders by the sacrifice of fifty-six young Burmese girls. In October last a missionary conference was held in this same city, at the close of which a communion service was held, and missionaries, native preachers, and native converts of ten different races, representing five hundred churches, bowed at the Lord's table; and in the very place where this man dispensed his cruel edicts Christians gathered and sang, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," etc.

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#### WE SHALL BE SATISFIED.

God is enough ! Thou who in hope and fear  
Toilest through desert sands of life, sore tried,  
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near,  
The bright wells shine : thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice ! O thou, the patient one,  
Who puttest faith in him, and none beside,  
Bear yet thy load : under the setting sun  
The glad tents gleam ; thou wilt be satisfied.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

## Book Notices.

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*Wendell Phillips, Agitator.* By CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 600. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street. Price \$1.50.

"Wendell Phillips," says the author of this book, "was a citizen of the twentieth century sent as a sample to us of the nineteenth. There is not in biography another character more profoundly interesting and instructive, whether judged by the length, variety, influence or genius of his life. This man was unique. Fredrica Bremer said long ago, 'The anti-slavery struggle will be the romance of American history.' But where was there in the American controversy a more heroic figure than Wendell Phillips. He stood the Admirable Crichton of progress. Would any man understand this century? Would he catch fire with one of the purest, ablest, most inspiring of men? Let him study and emulate the career of Wendell Phillips."

This estimate of his biographer will scarcely be thought too high by candid students of this life. Its writer is, of course, an enthusiastic admirer of his subject. He confesses that as he has written, "he has dipped his pen in his heart for ink; he has made an effort to open the window into the man's soul so that the world may look in;" and he claims that the deeper the insight, the greater will be the admiration for the agitator's talents and reverence for his character.

Wendell Phillips came of good old Puritan stock—of the bluest blood of Boston. One of his playmates was J. Lothrop Motley, who became the famous historian. The boy was fed upon Puritan traditions, and imbibed therefrom heroic principles. When he was fourteen years old he heard Dr. Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, "You belong to God." He went home from the church,

threw himself on the floor with locked doors and prayed, "O God, I belong to Thee, take what is Thine own." The act was the key of his character—the inspiration of his life. He was a brilliant student at Harvard. He studied law, and opened an office in Boston.

One day in October, 1835, he looked out of his office window and saw a mob dragging Garrison, the Abolitionist, through the streets with shouts of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" That scene made him an Abolitionist. He soon married a wife as zealous a champion for the slave as himself. They were soon "cut dead" by the fashionable circles of Boston. He became a social outcast and pariah—a man everywhere spoken against, the despised "friend of niggers." He soon made himself heard and felt. His eloquence rang through Faneuil Hall in rebuke of slavery. He flung himself into the anti-slavery contest—and a hot contest it was. He became agent of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, and spent the best years of his life in pleading the cause of the oppressed and enslaved.

He was the champion of every moral reform—of temperance, of labour reform, of woman suffrage—and a strong opponent of capital punishment. He died in 1884, full of years and full of honours, happy in this that most of the great reforms for which he had spent his life he had seen accomplished before he died. Three of his lectures are given in this book, "The Lost Arts," a brilliant performance which we heard delivered in this city; "Daniel O'Connell," and "A Scholar in the Republic." An excellent portrait accompanies the volume. A fine sonnet of Lowell's is a worthy tribute to Wendell Phillips:

"He stood upon the world's broad  
threshold; wide



The din of battle and of slaughter  
 rose :  
 He saw God stand upon the weaker  
 side,  
 That sank in seeming loss before its  
 foes ;  
 Many there were who made great haste  
 and sold  
 Unto the coming enemy their swords.  
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and  
 power, and gold,  
 And underneath their soft and flowery  
 words  
 Heard the cold serpent hiss ; therefore  
 he went  
 And humbly joined him to the weaker  
 part,  
 Fanatic named, and fool, yet well con-  
 tent  
 So he could be the nearer to God's  
 heart,  
 And feel its solemn pulses sending  
 blood  
 Through all the widespread veins of  
 endless good."

*Tuscan Cities.* By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. With illustrations from drawings and etchings by Joseph Pennell and others. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$3.50.

Admirers of Mr. W. D. Howells find him at his best in his delineation of character and picturesque half humorous description of incident and adventure. Persons who have neither the time nor the taste for the microscopic observation and minute descriptions of his realistic stories, will find here his matchless literary skill employed upon themes of broad and perennial interest and of thrilling romantic and historic association. His long residence in Italy as United States Consul gave him the opportunity of studying the institutions of the country and the social, domestic and economic relations and conditions of the people, in a way which no chance tourists and comparatively few foreign residents have the opportunity of doing.

In his charming volume, entitled "Venetian Days," he has done for the "City of the Sea" what Story, in his inimitable "Roba di Roma," has done for Rome. In the present volume he treats in the same reminiscent, poetical and æsthetic man-

ner—a manner which reminds one sometimes of Washington Irving and sometimes, in its quaint humour, of Mark Twain—the chief cities of Tuscany. Nearly half the volume is devoted to *La Bella Firenze*, the ever beautiful Florence, city of art and song, city of tragic history and romantic adventure, city of Dante and Savonarola—a city where every step is on historic ground. Scarcely an aspect of Florentine life is overlooked. To turn over these pages and look at Mr. Pennell's exquisite etchings of Val d'Arno, of the Bargello, of the Signoria, of the Loggia dei Lanzi, is like walking again those streets, and breathing again that enchanted air.

The second study is devoted to the lofty, wind-swept city of Sienna, whose great square and mast-like tower surpasses in picturesque beauty even that of Florence. Rather unjustly, we think, the author applies the undeserved epithet of "pitiless Pisa" to the beautiful city of the Duomo; the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the exquisite "leaning miracle." Industrious Lucca, Pistoja, Prato, and Fiesole, are in turn described and illustrated. The illustrations are not the ordinary photographures or mechanical processes very largely employed nowadays, but exquisite etchings or pen-and-ink drawings, full of artistic feeling, where every line and every shadow adds to the poetic value of the drawing. To these ample justice is done by the printing on the thick cream-laid paper. This charming volume, to our taste, is worth a dozen ordinary books of travel, and is one of the most delightful souvenirs of Italy that we know.

*The Virgin Mary, and Other Sermons.* Preached in New Richmond Church, McCaul Street, Toronto, by JOHN ELLIS LANCELEY, and published by request. Pp. 301. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

We are glad to see such thoughtful volumes as this, and others which have recently appeared, from the pens of our Methodist ministers.

No more appropriate souvenir can a Methodist preacher leave with his congregation than a selection from the discourses which have stirred their thought and moulded their life, that he, being absent, may yet speak to their hearts. A considerable portion of this volume is made up of consecutive expositions of the life of Jesus. The author rightly comments upon the strange avoidance of the special study of the character of the Virgin Mary, on account of the superstitious reverence paid her by the Roman Catholic Church. But that, surely, is no reason for this neglect.

In the second section of the book the author discusses some of the most important social questions of the day. The Methodist Church has always given a clear, strong, ringing utterance on the temperance question, the importance of total abstinence, and the abolition of the liquor traffic. In that respect this volume utters no uncertain sound. We do not know that we agree fully with Brother Lanceley's interpretation of the first miracle at Cana of Galilee, but certain we are, that it affords no warrant for the argument in favour of wine-bibbing, sometimes thought to be adduced therefrom. From the pregnant text, "Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" we have a strong and cogent argument in favour of prohibition. So, too, in the sermons on the pulpit and social questions, and the brotherhood of man, the common obligation of sympathy and helpfulness are strongly enforced. The last sermon is a thoughtful study of the messages of Christ to the seven Churches, from which striking practical lessons are adduced. Brother Lanceley is a man of striking individuality and originality of thought and diction. Both of these characteristics come out strongly marked in this volume. It is full of pith and vivacity, and will well bear reading more than once. A capital picture of the author and a vignette of the new McCaul Street Church accompany the volume, which is very handsomely gotten up.

*Jesus the Messiah in Prophecy and Fulfilment. A Review and Refutation of the Negative Theory of Messianic Prophecy.* By EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D., Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, Toronto. Pp. 256. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price \$1.

Like everything which Dr. Dewart writes, this book is a strong, clear, cogent setting forth of his mature judgment. It is based on broad and earnest study of the important subject of Messianic prophecy. It is the best exposition of the conservative and, as we deem, the orthodox views of modern scholarship with which we are acquainted. In a series of lucid chapters it discusses the origin and development of Messianic prophecy, and its elucidation by its fulfilment. The author takes up, one by one, the chief prophecies which predictively refer to Christ, then discusses the general and typical Messianic prophecies, and shows the correspondence between these predictions, and their fulfilment in the life and death of Jesus Christ. By an extensive citation of eminent scholars he shows what weight of evidence and authority there is on behalf of the conservative view. We cordially agree with the following sentiment: "The supreme object of studying prophecy should be to find out its meaning, rather than the sense in which the prophet or his contemporaries may have understood it. To all who believe that the great truths of prophecy were communicated to the prophets by the Spirit of God, the vital question must be, What is God's thought? Everything is secondary to this."

*Excursions in Art and Letters.* By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, D.C.L. Oxon. Pp. 295. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

It has remained to an American sculptor to give us the best book, literary and descriptive, on Rome—

Story's exquisite "Roba di Roma." His "Conversations in the Studio" exhibits the marvellous play of his genius, the remarkable breadth of his reading, and his cultured criticism. Story strikes us as one of the finest products of American genius. We know no modern sculptor who surpasses him in the plastic art. He is master of a classic English style. His poetry has a grandeur akin to that of his favourite artist, Michael Angelo. The essays in this volume exhibit him not only as an accomplished art critic, but as one familiar with classic literature and philosophy, and as a Shakespearean critic of acumen and insight.

We are inclined, however, to think that, like most artists, and especially like most sculptors, he unduly minimizes the efforts of early Christian art. It is not true, as has often been affirmed, that the early Christians entirely abjured art on account of its idolatrous use by pagans. They rather baptized it like the neophyte converts from Paganism and consecrated it to the service of Christianity. Indeed, that early Christian life, under repression and persecution, created a more imperious necessity for the expression of its loftiest hopes and aspirations in a Christian symbolism, which was often of extreme poetic beauty and of deep spiritual significance.

Nevertheless it is true, as our author shows in his first essay of this volume, that on Michael Angelo, that this great man was the true creator of modern art, especially of sculpture. He was a titanic genius, great as sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, poet, and prose writer. The marbles of the tombs of Medici, the prophets and sybils and the Last Judgment of the Sistine chapel, the mighty dome of St. Peter's, are all trophies of his genius. Two other essays, saturated with Greek and Latin learning, are those on Phidias and the Elgin marbles and on classic modes of art production. The gem of the book, we think, is the "Conversation with Marcus Aurelius." "Of all the books that ancient literature has left," says our author,

"none is to be found containing a record of higher or purer thought or more earnest and unselfish character, than the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. In this little book are rules for the conduct of life which might shame almost any Christian." Our author summons up the shade of the mighty dead, and holds with him high converse on the lofty themes of God, the soul, righteousness, and duty. This seems to us as fine as any of the "imaginary conversations" of Landor.

*Toronto University Studies in Political Science.* Edited by PROFESSOR ASHLEY.

The occupant of the new chair on Political Economy in Toronto University has already accomplished much in the solution of social problems. The second essay published under his editorship is a very lucid exposition on the subject of municipal monopolies and their management, by A. H. Sinclair, B.A. It treats of certain requisites of city life—as water-works, street railway, gas supplies, electric light, and introduces a comparison of their public and private management. This comparison Professor Ashley remarks is the first impartial attempt in that direction, and should do something to moderate the ardour of extremists on either side.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

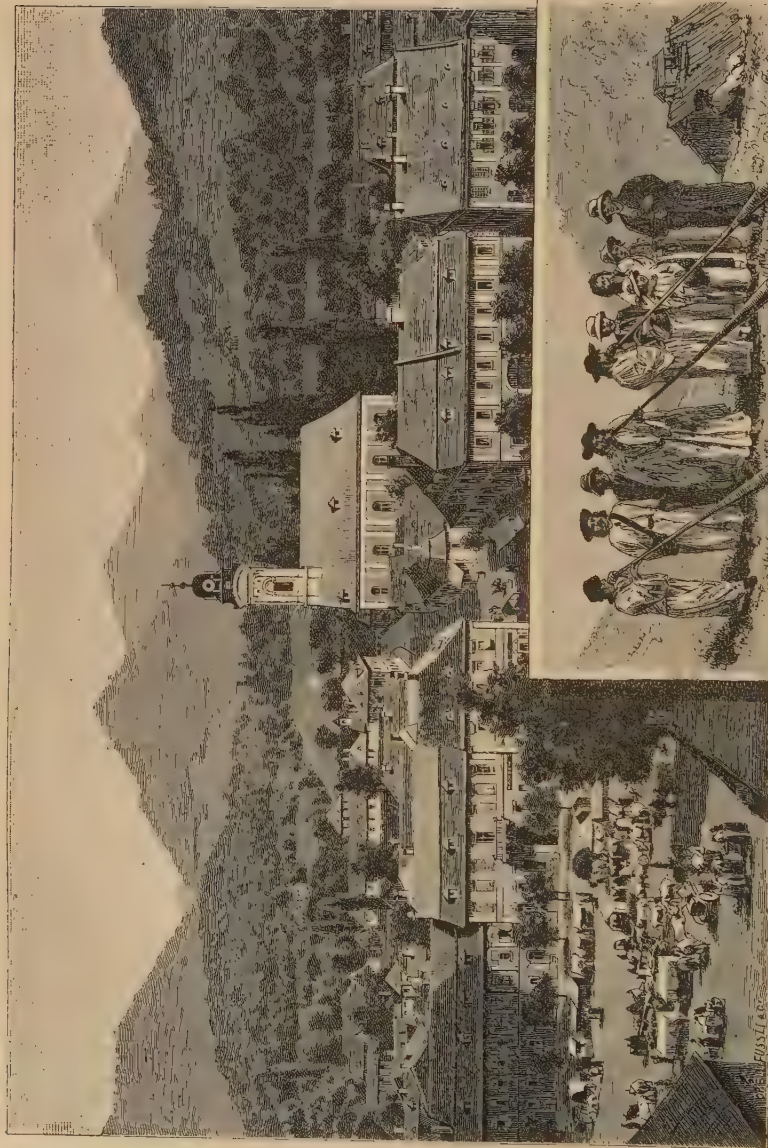
The handsome volume, "Toronto, Old and New," reviewed in the June number of this MAGAZINE, we omitted to state was published by the *Mail Co.*, Toronto.

Hart & Co., publishers, Toronto, announce a book by O. A. Howland, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, on "The New Empire: Reflections on its Origin, Constitution, and its Relations to the Great Republic." This is received and will be reviewed in our next number.

The same publishers also issue an edition of Professor Roberts' fine translation of Gaspe's story of the old regime, "Canada of Old."







NAGY-BANYA AND MARKET-PLACE.



PEASANTS BLOWING FESTIVAL HORNS.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

August, 1891.

"THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST."

PICTURES OF TRANSYLVANIA.

BY EMILY DE LASZOWSKA-GERARD.\*

## II.



OLD TOWERS, NAGY-SZEBEN,  
HERMANNSTADT.

IN every other country where the Gipsies made their appearance they were oppressed and persecuted, treated as slaves or hunted down like wild beasts. In Hungary alone these wanderers found themselves neither oppressed nor repulsed, and if the Gipsy can be said to feel at home anywhere on the face of the globe, it is surely here. Like a gleam of dusky gems, they set off every picture of Hungarian life, and to play to it a running accompaniment in plaintive minor chords.

No one can travel many days in Hungary without becoming familiar with the strains of the Gipsy bands. And who has

\* This vivacious writer is the wife of an officer in the Austrian military service. She had special opportunity during a prolonged residence to study the character, institutions, customs, and folk-lore of the interesting people of Transylvania. Her book on the subject (New York: Harper Bros.) is one of permanent value. From it we abridge the following pages.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 2.

journeyed by night without noting the ruddy light of their myriad camp-fires, which, like so many gigantic glow-worms, dot the country in all directions? At the present time there are in Hungary above one hundred and fifty thousand Tziganes, as the Gipsies are called, of whom about eighty thousand fall to the share of Transylvania, which, therefore, in still more special degree may be termed the land of Gipsies.

The Gipsies are a hot-blooded, impulsive, half-civilized people. They are attached to their children, but in a senseless animal fashion, alternately devouring them with caresses and violently ill-treating them. I have seen a father throw large, heavy



KIS-DISZNOD (MICHELBERG).

stones at his ten-year-old daughter for some trifling misdemeanour, stones as large as good-sized turnips, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill her if it had happened to hit her; and only her agility in dodging these missiles, which she did grinning and chuckling, as though it were the best joke in the world, saved her from serious injury. They are a singularly quarrelsome people, and the Gipsy camp is the scene of many a pitched battle, in which

men, women, children, and dogs indiscriminately take part with turbulent enjoyment. When in a passion all weapons are good that come to the Gipsy's hand, and, *faute de mieux*, unfortunate infants are sometimes bandied backward and forward as improvised cannon-balls.

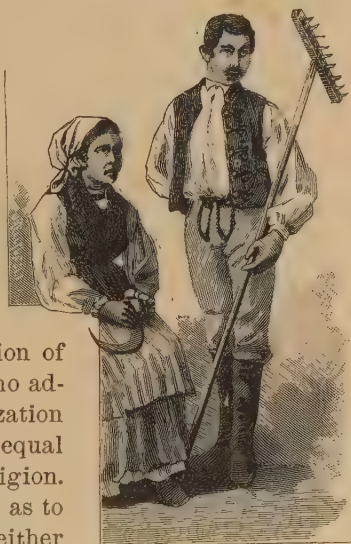
Hungarian music and Gipsy player are indispensable conditions of each other's existence. Hungarian music can only be rightly interpreted by the Gipsy musician, who for his part can play none other so well as the Hungarian music, into whose execution he throws all his heart and his soul, all his latent passion and unconscious poetry, the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of an outcast, the deep despondency of an exile who



has never known a home, and the wild freedom of a savage who never owned a master. I cannot do better than quote (in somewhat free translation) some passages from the Abbé Liszt's valuable work on Gipsy music, which, far more vividly than any words of mine, will serve to sketch the portrait of the Hungarian Gipsy:

"There started up one day betwixt the European nations an unknown tribe, a strange people, of whom none were able to say who they were nor whence they had come. They spread themselves over our continent, manifesting, however, neither desire of conquest nor ambition to acquire the right of a fixed domicile; not attempting to lay claim to so much as an inch of land, but not suffering themselves to be deprived of a single hour of their time; not caring to command, they neither chose to obey. They had nothing to give of their own, and were content to owe nothing to others. They never spoke of their native land, and gave no clew as to from which Asiatic or African plains they had wandered, or what troubles or persecutions had caused their expatriation. Strangers alike to memory as to hope, they kept aloof from the benefits of colonization; and too proud of their melancholy race to suffer admixture with other nations, they lived on, satisfied with the rejection of every foreign element. Deriving no advantages from the Christian civilization around them, they regarded with equal repugnance every other form of religion.

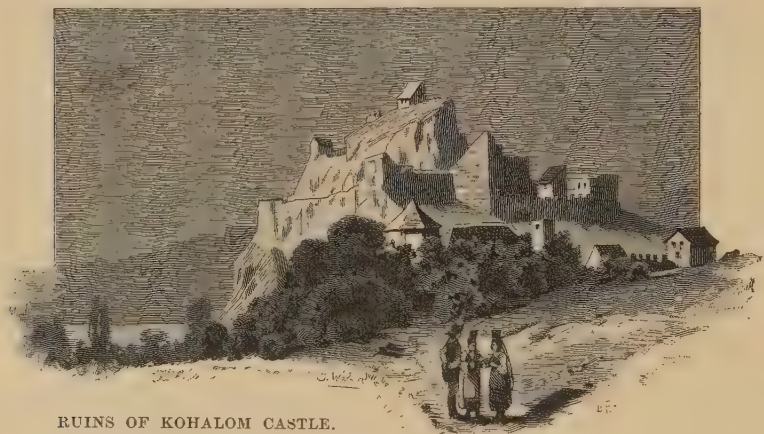
"This singular race, so strange as to resemble no other, possessing neither country, history, religion, nor any fixed laws, seems only to continue to exist because it does not choose to cease to be, and only cares to exist such as it has always been. Instruction, authority, persuasion, and persecution have alike been powerless to reform, modify, or exterminate the Gipsies. Broken up into wandering tribes and hordes, roving hither and thither as chance or fancy directs, without means of communication, and mostly ignoring one another's existence, they nevertheless betray their common relationship by unmistakable signs, the self-same type of feature, the same language, the identical habits and customs.



SZEKLER PEASANTS.



"With a senseless or sublime contempt for whatever binds or hampers, the Tziganes ask nothing from the earth but life, and preserve their individuality from constant intercourse with nature, as well as by absolute indifference to all those not belonging to their race, with whom they commune only as far as requisite for obtaining the common necessities of life. Hatred and revenge are with them only personal and accidental feelings, never premeditated ones. Harmless when their immediate wants are satisfied, they are incapable of preconceived intention of injuring, only wishing to preserve a freedom akin to that of the wild horse of the plains, and not comprehending how any one can prefer a roof, be it ever so fine, to the shelter of the forest canopy.



RUINS OF KOHALOM CASTLE.

"Authority, rules, laws, principles, duties, and obligations are alike incomprehensible ideas to this singular race—partly from indolence of spirit, partly from indifference to the evils engendered by their irregular mode of life.

"Having neither Bible nor Gospels to go by, the Tziganes do not see the necessity of fatiguing their brain by the contemplation of abstract ideas; and obeying their instincts only, their intelligence naturally grows rusty. Conscious of their harmlessness they bask in the rays of the sun, content in the satisfaction of a few primitive and elementary passions—the *sans-gêne* of their soul fettered by no conventional virtues."

The German poet Lenau, in his short poem, "Die Drei Zigeuner" ("The Three Gipsies") traces a perfect picture of the indolent enjoyment of the Gipsy's existence:

"One day, in the shade of a willow-tree laid,  
I came upon Gipsies three,

As through the sand of wild moorland  
My cart toiled wearily.

"Giving to naught but himself a thought,  
His fiddle the first did hold,  
While 'mid the blaze of the evening days  
A fiery lay he trolled.

"His pipe with the lip the second did grip,  
A-watching the smoke that curled,  
As void of care as nothing there were  
Could better him in the world.

"The third in sleep lay slumbering deep,  
On a branch swung his guitar ;  
Through his strings did stray the winds at play,  
His soul was 'mid dreams afar.

"With a patch or two of rainbow hue,  
Tattered their garb and torn ;  
But little recked they what the world might say,  
Repaying its scorn with scorn.

"And they taught to me these Gipsies three,  
When life is saddened and cold,  
How to dream or play or puff it away,  
Despising it threefold !

"And oft on my track I would fain cast back  
A glance behind me there—  
' A glance at that crew of tawny hue,  
With their swarthy shocks of hair."

The words "church" and "fortress" used to be synonymous in Transylvania, so the places of worship might accurately have been described as churches militant. Each Saxon village church was surrounded by a row, sometimes even a double or triple row, of fortified walls, which are mostly still extant. The remains of moat and drawbridge are also yet frequently to be seen. When threatened by an enemy the people used to retire into these fortresses, often built on some rising piece of ground, taking with them their valuables, as well as provisions for the contingency of a lengthy siege. From these heights the Saxons used to roll down heavy stones on their assailants, sometimes with terrific effect; but when they had in this way exhausted their missiles, the predicament was often a precarious one. Some of these stones still survive, and may occasionally be seen, circular in shape, and resembling giant cannon balls. These were the missiles which lay there in readiness to be rolled down on an approaching enemy; and there was a law compelling each bridegroom, before leading

his bride to the altar, to roll up hill to the church door one of these formidable globes. This was so ordained in order to exclude from matrimony all sick or weakly subjects; and as the incline was a steep one, and each stone weighed about two hundred-weight, it was a considerable test of strength.

Would that these old stones, lying here neglected among the nettles, had the gift of speech! What tales of love and bloodshed might we not learn from them! Only to look at them there, strewn around, it is not difficult to guess at the outlines of some of the stories they are dumbly telling us. Many are chipped and

worn away, and have evidently been used more than once in their double capacity, alternately rolled up the hill by smiling Cupid, to be hurled down again by furious Nemesis.

Such thoughts involuntarily crowd on the mind when sitting, as I have done many a time, within some lonely ruin on fine summer evenings; the idyllic peacefulness of the scene the more strongly felt by contrast with the bloody memories linked around it. It is so strange to realize how completely everything has passed away that once used to be; that the hands that pushed these heavy globes, as well as the Moslem crania for which they were intended,



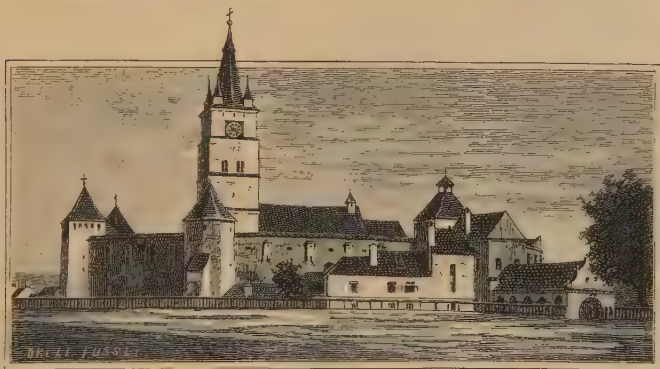
THE "GRAFT," KRONSTADT.

have turned alike to dust; that hushed forever are the voices once awakening fierce echoes within these very walls; and that of all those contrasting passions, of all that tender love and that burning hatred, nothing has survived but a few old stones lying forgotten near a deserted church.

The history of the sieges endured in Transylvania, on the part of Turk or Tartar, would in itself furnish matter for many volumes. Numberless anecdotes are yet current, characterizing the endurance and courage of the besieged, and the original

means often resorted to in order to baffle or mislead the enemy. Living in Transylvania, we are sometimes inclined to wonder whether to be besieged by Turks and Tartars be really a thing of the past, and not rather an actual danger for which we must be prepared any day, so strangely are many little observances relating to those times still kept up. Until within a very few years ago the watchman was under the obligation of calling forth into the night with stentorian voice, "Not this way, you villains, not this way; I see you well!"

Also the habit of keeping provisions stored up within the fortified church walls, to this day extant in most Saxon villages, is clearly a remnant of the time when sieges had to be looked for. The outer fortified wall round the church is often divided off into



FORTIFIED CHURCH, NEUSTADT.

deep recesses or alcoves, in each of which stands a large wooden chest securely locked, and filled with grain or flour, while the little surrounding turrets, or chapels, are used as storehouses for home-cured bacon. "We have seven chapels all full of bacon," I was proudly informed by a village churchwarden.

At Hermannstadt several of the ancient towers are yet standing. The old wall that connected these towers has now been pulled down to half its former height. In addition to these walls and bastions, with their forty towers, the town was defended by broad moats, which completely encircle it. (See initial cut).

"Gray walls and turrets pierce the air,  
Grimly aloft they tower ;  
Vainly the storm vents its fury there,—  
Proudly they challenge its power :  
" "Strong oaks before the storm-wind fall,  
Ancient races must all decay,  
Ruin and mould are over all,  
We alone stand for aye ! " "



The part which a village pastor is called upon to play requires both head and heart, for the relation between shepherd and flock is here very different from the conventional footing on which clergy and laity stand with regard to each other in town life. Not only the pastor to be chosen, but also his wife is carefully scrutinized, and her qualifications for the patriarchal position she has to occupy critically examined into; for if the clergyman is termed by his flock "the honourable father," so is she designated as "the virtuous mother."

An orphaned congregation must have a new pastor; the flock



THE BLACK CHURCH,  
KRONSTADT.

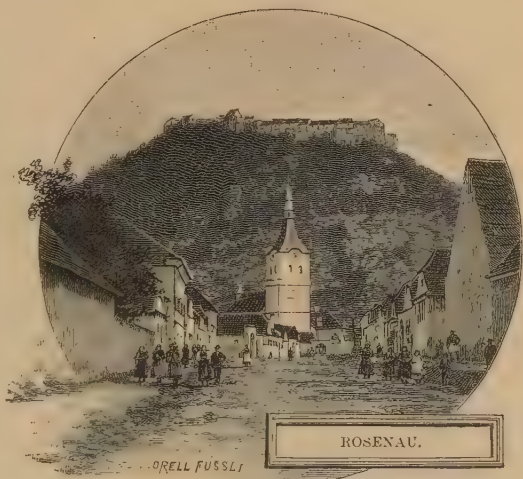
cannot be suffered to remain long without a shepherd; and this is the topic which is being discussed with much warmth at an assemblage of village elders. On the white-decked table are standing dishes of bread and cheese, flanked by large tankards of wine. The first glass has just been emptied to the memory of the dead pastor, and now the second glass will be drunk to the health of his yet unknown successor. These meetings preceding the election of a new shepherd are often long and stormy; for when the wine has taken effect and loosened the tongues, the different candidates who might be taken into consideration are passed in re-

view, and extolled in much heat, or abused with broad sarcasm. One man is rejected on account of an impediment in his speech, and another because he is known to be unmarried; a third one, who might do well enough for any other parish, cannot be chosen here because his old parents are natives of the village; for it is a true though a hard word which says that no one can be a prophet in his own country. One man who ventures to suggest the vicar of a neighbouring village, is informed that no blacker traitor exists on the face of the earth; and another, who describes his pet candidate as an ideal clergyman, with the figure of a Hercules

and the voice of a Stentor, is ironically asked whether he wishes to choose a pastor by weight and measure. If only his head and heart be in the right place, the clergyman's legs are welcome to be an inch or two shorter.

Meanwhile, a group of young men on horseback are waiting at the church door, and hardly has the all-important name been pronounced when they set spurs to their steeds, and gallop to bear the news to the successful candidate. A hot race ensues, for the foremost one can hope to get a shining piece of silver—perhaps even gold—in exchange for the good tidings he brings.

The day before the presentation the pastor has been fetched in a carriage drawn by six white horses. The first step to his installation is the making and signing of the agreement, or treaty, between pastor and people—all the said pastor's duties, obligations and privileges being therein distinctly specified and enumerated, from the exact quantity and quality of Holy Gospel he is bound to administer yearly to the congregation down to his share



of wild crab apples for brewing the household vinegar, and the precise amount of acorns his pigs are at liberty to consume. After this treaty has been duly signed and read aloud, the keys of the church are solemnly given over and accepted with appropriate speeches. The banquet which succeeds this ceremony is called the "key drinking." Then follows the solemn installation in the church, where the new pastor, for the first time, pronounces aloud the blessing over his congregation, who strain their ears with critical attention to catch the sound and pass sentence thereon. The Saxon peasant thinks much of a full, sonorous voice; therefore, woe to the man who is cursed with a thin, squeaky organ, for he will surely fall at least fifty per cent. in the estimation of his audience.

Then follows another banquet, at which each of the church

officials has his place at table marked by a silver thaler piece (about three shillings) lying at the bottom of his large tankard, and visible through the clear, golden wine with which the bumper is filled. Etiquette demands that the drinker should taste of the wine but sparingly at first, merely wetting his lips, and affecting not to perceive the silver coin; but when the health of the new pastor is drunk each man must empty his tankard at one draught, skilfully catching the thaler between the teeth as he drains it dry. The coin is then supposed to be treasured up in memory of the event.



The village pastor, who lives among his people, must adopt their habits and their hours. Five o'clock, and even sooner, must find him dressed and ready to attend to the hundred and one requirements of his parishioners, who, even at that early hour, come pouring in upon him from all sides. Perhaps it is a petition for some particularly fine sort of turnip seed, which only the Herr Vater has got; or else he is requested to look into his wise book to see if he can find a remedy for the stubborn cough of a favourite horse, or the distressing state of a calf's digestion. Another will bring him a dish of golden honey-comb, with some



question regarding the smoking of the hives, while a fourth has come to request the pastor to transform his new-born son from a pagan into a Christian infant.

The virtuous Frau Mutter has likewise her full share of the day's work—an old hen to be made into broth for a sick grandchild, a piece of cloth to be cut out in the shape of a jacket, or a handkerchief to be hemmed on the big sewing machine—all pass successively into her busy hands; and if she goes for a day's shopping to the nearest market-town she is positively besieged by commissions of all sorts.

Letter-writing is also an important branch of the duties of both pastor and wife. It may be an epistle to some daughter who is in service, or to a soldier son away with his regiment; a threatening letter to an unconscientious debtor, or a business transaction with the farmer of another village. Altogether the day of a Saxon pastor is a busy and well-filled one, for his doors from sunrise to sunset must be open to his parishioners, so that after having "risen with the lark," he is well content further to carry out the proverb by "going to bed with the lamb."

We have said little about the scenery of this romantic country—much of it is grandly magnificent. The Königstein, 7352 feet, Professor Winkelmann has rightly called the finest mountain of Transylvania. One can hear a famous echo that repeats fifteen syllables, and have an opportunity of admiring the stupendous rocky gorge separating the Great from the Little Königstein.

The castle of Pelish, the summer home of the King of Roumania, now completed, and since 1884 inhabited every summer by the royal family, is built in the old German style, and has, I hear, been fitted up and furnished in most exquisite fashion—each article having been carefully selected by the Queen herself, whose artistic taste is well known. Deeper in the forest, at a little distance from the castle, is a tiny hunting-lodge, where, in the hot weather, the Queen is wont to spend a great part of the day. It is here that she loves to sit composing those graceful poems, in which she endeavours to reflect the spirit and heart of her people; and visitors admitted to this royal sanctuary are sometimes fortunate enough to see the latest rough-cast of a poem, bearing the signature of Carmen Sylva, lying open on the writing table.

We had a good view of the accomplished Queen on the occasion of our visit. We were sauntering in the grounds, when presently a low basket-carriage, drawn by two handsome cream ponies with distressingly long tails and ill-cut manes, came round to the convent door, close to where we were standing, and was entered by a slender lady attired in the national costume, bare-



headed, and holding up a Chinese parasol to protect herself from the broiling sun. She appeared to be on easy, cordial terms with the respectable-looking family servant who assisted her to get in, and had quite a pleasant chat with him as he stood on the doorstep. It was evident, from the way she was saluted on her passage, that the Queen is a great favourite with people of all classes.



PELESCH CASTLE—SUMMER HOME  
OF "CARMEN SYLVA," QUEEN  
OF ROUMANIA.

The King, whom we came across a little later in the day, seemed of more unapproach-

able species, and the little incident connected with his appearance savoured rather of Russian than of Roumanian etiquette. We were walking in the direction of the newly-built castle, which, situated on the banks of a torrent at the opening of a steep mountain ravine, and deliciously shrouded in gigantic trees, is the most perfect beau-ideal of a summer chateau I ever saw. Suddenly an officer came rushing towards us, waving his arms aloft like a windmill gone mad, and with an expression of the wildest despair, hurriedly repeating something we failed to

understand, but which, evidently, was either a warning or a threat. Before we had time to request this curious being to explain himself more intelligibly, he had disappeared, jumping over the steep, precipitous bank of the ravine, and vanished in the brushwood.

We now looked round in alarm, half expecting to see a furious wild boar, possibly even a bear, appearing from the mountain side, but could only perceive a tall, dark, handsome officer approaching us, and behind him a correct liveried servant carrying a railway rug. The meaning of the mysterious warning now began to dawn on our comprehension: this could only be the King, from his resemblance to the portraits we had seen, and we had probably no business to be here prying on his private premises.

Our feeling of tact was, however, not exquisite enough to induce us to risk our necks in endeavouring to conceal ourselves from his august gaze, so we bravely stood our ground, and nothing worse happened than our bow being very politely returned.

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"THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

"MEEK and sweet in the sun He stands,  
Drinking the cool of His Syrian skies ;  
Lifting to heaven toil-wearied hands,  
Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

"Gazing from trestle and bench and saw  
To the kingdom kept for His rule above ;  
Oh, Jesus, Lord ! we see with awe !  
Oh, Mary's Son, we look with love !

"We know what message that eventide  
Bote, when it painted the Roman cross,  
And the purple of nightfall prophesied  
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

"The crown which the Magi brought to her  
It made a vision of brows that bleed ;  
And the censer, with spikenard, and balm, and myrrh,  
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.

"But now Thou art in the Shadowless Land,  
Behind the light of the setting sun ;  
And the worst is forgotten which Evil planned,  
And the best that Love's glory could win, is won !

## ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

*DERBYSHIRE AND SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.*

## V.



HIGH TOR, MATLOCK BATH.

TAKING train at Rowsley Station, we are soon in the midst of lofty hills, which on either hand shut in the broad rich meadow lands of the Dale of Darley, its flowing river, and its many scenes of beauty; but these can be appreciated only by the tourist who has leisure to visit them. The village of Darley, near Rowsley, is very ancient. In the churchyard is a yew-tree of thirty-three feet girth, said to be the largest and oldest in the kingdom. On our left is Stancliffe Hall, the residence of Sir Joseph Whitworth, of engineering renown. In the grounds are quarries of fine stone. These have been built so as to form rockeries of vast size and endless variety, and every foot of ground is clothed with boldness or beauty.

On the right of Darley Dale is the cold and naked slope of Oker Hill, a singularly insulated eminence, probably of volcanic

origin, rising abruptly from the plain. It is declared to be the site of an entrenched fort erected by the Romans to overawe the disaffected Britons, whom they had driven from the neighbouring lead mines. To this military station the Romans gave the name of Occursus, or "the hill of conflict," of which Oker Hill is a corruption.

We are now at Matlock Bank, on the great slope of which a town has lately risen. Immediately on leaving Matlock we enter a cutting through the rock, known as Willersley Cutting. Our engraving, copied from a photograph, represents the beautiful appearance presented by this cutting in winter, with its walls of ice.



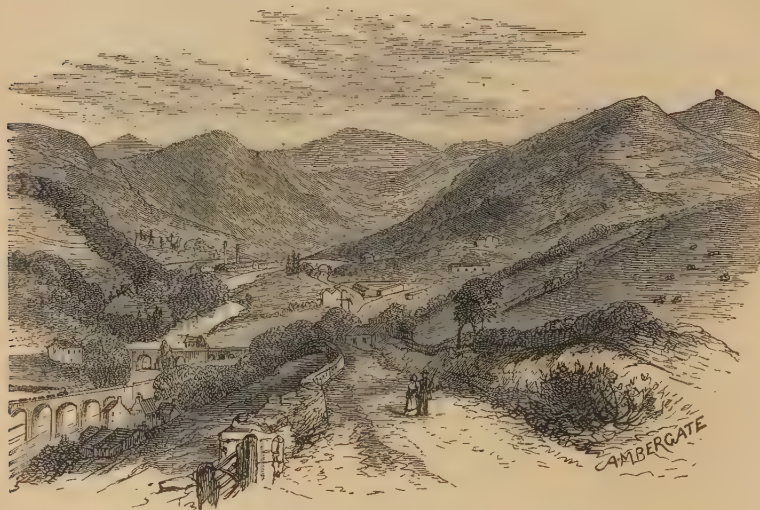
WILLERSLEY CUTTING IN WINTER.

Cromford was "the cradle of the cotton manufacture." Here, Arkwright, in 1771, erected the first cotton mill in the county; the works being supplied with a never-failing warm spring. Richard Arkwright, the founder of the family, was the thirteenth child of a working man at Preston. The lad was apprenticed to a barber, and carried on his trade at Wirksworth. He formed the acquaintance of a clock-maker; developed special skill in mechanical contrivance, and eventually entered into partnership with the celebrated Jedediah Strutt, of Derby, who had invented his machine for the manufacture of stockings. Richard Arkwright's son became the richest commoner in England.

From Whatstandwell Station a view may be obtained of Lea



Hurst, the home of one of England's most honoured daughters—Florence Nightingale. Approaching Ambergate we see beneath us the valley of the Derwent, and beyond are the hills, covered with woods, that form part of Alderwasley Park (pronounced Arrowslea), “famous for its oak timber.” Ambergate is the gate or valley through which the river Amber flows. Here three beautiful valleys meet—from the north, the west, and the south. The river Derwent, overhung with wooded hills, sweeps from the west, and then curves away to the south, and the bright, meandering Amber pours its waters into the Derwent. The bridge spans the river; the cattle are in the rich meadows; the uprising crags and cliffs are almost hidden by the birches and beeches that bend



AMBERGATE VALLEY.

over them; and the distant hills filling up the background, form a scene of singular interest and beauty.

Crich Hill is specially deserving of a visit. “There is one spot,” says Dr. Mantell, “which perhaps is not equalled in England for the lesson it teaches of some of the ancient revolutions of the globe. It is called Crich Hill.” The country around consists of horizontal strata of millstone grit; but Crich Hill, a mass of limestone, has been thrust through once superincumbent strata, the layers of limestone being broken and bent by the dome-like position into which they have been forced. All this is the result of volcanic action. A shaft has been sunk through the limestone hill by miners, who were in pursuit of lead, and the ancient melted lava has been found lying beneath. “Such is Crich Hill

—a stupendous monument of one of the past revolutions of the globe, with its arches of rifted rock, teeming with mineral veins, and resting on a central mound of molten rock, now cooled down.”

Soon we leave the steep and rugged hills overhung with woods, “the southern outliers” of the mountain range known as ‘the backbone of England, and enter the quieter valleys that bear us to the south.

Derby is the central station of the Midland Railway system, and the seat of its administration. Several thousand people are employed in the engineering works. It is also a great centre of communication between north and south, east and west.



DERBY.

At Borrowash some interesting discoveries were made. On an elevated spot, and about two feet below the surface, the soil had a black tinge; bones that had evidently been burnt, were found; and then some seventy or eighty human skeletons were exhumed, some of them being of gigantic stature, and lying due east and west. In one of the skulls was the head of an arrow. A curious box, lined with gold, and containing amulets and jewels, some ornaments, and a small vase, with the bones of a bird, were also discovered, besides the burnt bones of oxen, sheep and boars. It is believed there was here a British *tumulus*, or barrow, the place deriving its name from “the ashes of the Barrow.”

We cross the river Trent by a bridge of three arches, each of one hundred feet span, and enter the tunnel, shown in our cut.

The town and the neighbourhood of Leicester are full of historic associations. Here a British temple stood, and human sacrifices were offered. Here the Romans held an important military position; and the Saxons erected walls of "amazing thickness and strength," "like great rocks," to defend themselves against the incursions of the Danes. Here, in Norman times, was a city, "well frequented and peopled." Hence, in 1485, Richard went to fight the battle of Bosworth Field; and hither his dead body was brought, "trussed behind a pursuivant at arms, like a calf—his head and arms hanging on one side the horse, and his legs on the other, all besprinkled with mire and blood." In the Civil



BRIDGE OVER THE TRENT.

War the town was successfully besieged by the King; and the house where the Parliamentary Committee had sat was, we are told, destroyed, "every soul therein was put to the sword," and the kennels ran down with blood. A few weeks later the battle of Naseby was fought, and the town surrendered to Fairfax.

Leaving Leicester for the south we pass a branch that leads to the line to Swannington, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and to Burton-on-Trent. In the neighbourhood of Market Harborough is Naseby Field, a spot which it has been said "no Englishman can see without emotion"—a spot where, one bright summer morning, circumstances occurred which, for a while, brought the monarchy to the dust, and otherwise more profoundly affected the destiny



of the English nation than any other event, "except the battle of Hastings."

At Rushton, within one hundred yards of the station, is the singular Triangular Lodge, built by Sir Thomas Tresham. It



ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH CASTLE.

was the rendezvous of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot; and "it would certainly be no unfavourable place; for its form and isolation deny ears to its walls. The trinary symbolism which exists in the name and arms of Tresham (three trefoils) is here shown forth in every conceivable architectural form and device."



RUSHTON TRIANGULAR LODGE.

Proceeding southward we soon reach the ancient borough of Worcester, lying in the Severn valley, but well situated nevertheless, inasmuch as it occupies one of the minor hills which diversify



that lovely valley, has an exceptionally interesting history. As might have been guessed from the fertility of the surrounding country, it was, before becoming a Roman station, a British settlement. Before the end of the eleventh century, a castle was built in the vicinity, and was not unfrequently the residence of royalty. The long list of sieges the city has had to endure ended with its investment by Cromwell. The young Charles, after his father's death, had been crowned by the Scots, and falling a victim to the strategic arts of Cromwell, attempted an invasion of England. He was allowed to reach the ever-loyal Worcester, and then Cromwell deemed it time to "put issue to the business." The battle was watched by Charles from the Cathedral tower, where



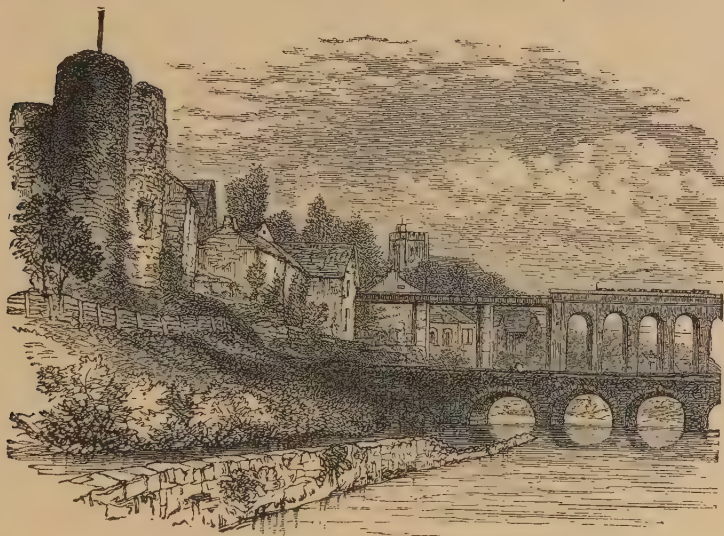
WORCESTER.

he held a council of war, until, finding that the fortune of war was against him, he escaped through the back door of a house to the woods of Boscobel, there to meet with the adventures of which every schoolboy has heard.

A little farther south is Gloucester, whose history is not less eventful than that of Worcester. Passing by British and English times, we find the Conqueror holding his court and indulging in festivities here. Here, too, kings have been crowned, and parliaments held, and hence was issued the order which condemned to death the two nephews of the duke who took his title from the city. The cathedral grew out of a Benedictine monastery, founded at least as far back as the ninth century, in supercession of a nunnery established in 681. The tower, indeed, has scarce a rival, save in the Bell Harry tower of Canterbury, so choice is the tracery of its parapets and pinnacles.

Gloucester, however, is not only a cathedral town, but also a port carrying on a large foreign trade, especially with the Baltic. Up to 1827 it had no other means of access by water than the Severn, which at this point—where, by the way, the famous “bore,” the phenomenal tidal wave, reaches its limit—is narrow.

Brecon, or Brecknock, is situated in a very fine position on the northern side of the Usk river, protected on all sides by lofty hills. It is an important market town, and the place of assize for the county. The castle, which is now in ruins, standing in the grounds of the Castle Hotel on a considerable mound, overlooking the River Honddû, was built in the reign of William Rufus by Bernard Newmarch. Its ivy-mantled walls look very picturesque.



BRECON CASTLE AND VIADUCT.

A short ride through Bedford, where is shown near the church a large old-fashioned house, said to be the Falcon Inn, a favourite resort of Shakespeare, which he has commemorated in verse, and we arrive at Stratford-on-Avon, having had the Avon to our right for some distance. This is a substantial and thriving market town in Warwickshire, near the Gloucestershire border, situated in the lovely valley of the Avon, and resting peacefully in the midst of beautiful rural scenery. For itself it could not fail to be an attractive spot, but that which draws so many tourists to it is the fact that it was Shakespeare's birthplace, and that there are so many memorials of the poet to be seen.

“Here his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,  
Here his last accents faltered on his tongue.”

I found lodgings at the Red Horse Inn, and slept in a great bed of state, with a huge four-post canopy that might have come down from Shakespeare's time. Strolling along the banks of the gentle Avon, I thought: "Here the boy Shakespeare chased the butterfly, and plucked the buttercups, and hunted thrushes' nests, and sported in the crystal stream; and across those meadows the love-sick swain sped to the cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway; beneath those trees they held their tryst, and on their beechen bark he carved her name." I next visited the old Grammar School, of Edward the Sixth's time, where the immortal bard learned the mysteries of that English tongue which he has rendered classic



GLOUCESTER.

forever. I then proceeded to the house in which the future poet first saw the light. It is a quaint two-storied timbered house, which has successively been used as a butcher's shop and as an inn. The front door is cut in two, so that the lower part might be kept closed—to shut out the dogs, I was told. The stone floor has also been badly broken by the chopping on the butcher's blocks. Passing up a winding wooden stair, we enter the room in which the wondrous babe's first cry was heard. Across this rough floor he crawled on his first voyage of discovery, and through this lead lattice he caught his first glimpse of the great world-drama, whose thousand varied scenes he has so marvellously painted for all time.

Here is his desk from the Grammar School, notched all over with his school-boy jack-knife. Here is his signet ring, and the



chair in which he sat. What a potent spell of poetry to bring to this dull Warwickshire town, from all parts of Christendom, ten thousand pilgrims every year, to pay their homage at the shrine of genius! Among the noted names etched on the lattice pane was seen the names of Walter Scott and Washington Irving.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON GROUP.

The parish church is beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon, and would be well worthy of a visit even were there no rich associations clustering around it. It is of cruciform shape, and is surrounded by high towering trees, through which very fine glimpses are obtained of the shapely spire and old weather-beaten stones. The path up the main entrance is overhung by beautiful elms, and is a lovely avenue, cool and pleasant on a hot



summer's day, just such a place as we can imagine the bard would love, and one which was doubtless one of his favourite resorts. Inside we find his tomb, within the communion-table railings, and on the slab above are the well-known lines—

“Good frend, for Iesus sake forbeare,  
To digg the dvst enclosed heare ;  
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,  
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.”

Probably but for these words Shakespeare would have now been lying at Westminster. Close by are the graves of his wife and daughter, and a short distance away are the monument and bust so often reproduced in photographs and engravings.

A mile away is Shottery, where stands the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife ; and four miles away is Charlecote Park, where the deer was killed, and the poet was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy, said to be the original of Justice Shallow.

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#### THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

AMONG the wretched, where poverty's stings—  
Expected with every morn that brings  
Its sun—are felt with a new despair,  
More pangs of hunger, more fervent prayer,  
Sweet-voiced sisters are found to-day  
Dispensing good in their chosen way—  
The King's Daughters.

Where sad ones lie with sunken eyes,  
Fated never on earth to rise ;  
Whose souls are weary and hearts are sore,  
Grieving and wishing their days were o'er,  
With words of hope and solace sweet,  
There the comforting one we meets—  
The King's Daughters.

When time on earth shall have been past  
And Gabriel blows his final blast ;  
Commanding all to leave the sod,  
The lakes, the seas, to meet their God,  
No brighter forms will wing their flight  
Above to glory and heaven's light,  
Than those who, while in the flesh, have done  
Charity's labours from sun to sun—  
The King's Daughters.

## ZACCHEUS.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

"ZACCHEUS, come down!" rang a call by the gateway  
Just outside the fountain-cleansed "City of Palms";  
"Make haste!" said the Christ, and the called one came  
straightway—

Like one at the other gate, him who sought alms.  
The Master could see (and was glad, and no wonder)  
One heart where His Spirit might find a true home;  
He knew how disciples around Him did hinder  
The light-seeking, toil-weary sinners to come.

"He sought to see Jesus." The world called him sordid,  
And never conceived that his spirit might pine,  
'Mid the gold and the gleanings which husbandry hoarded,  
For favour and fellowship with the Divine.  
"He sought to see Jesus": How strangely he found Him!  
How sweetly he proved, He had heart like his own,  
But so tender and kind, all the sad ones around Him,  
Forgot all the sorrow and sin they had known.

"Zaccheus, come down!" What sublime condescension!  
How gentle His calling! His purpose so clear!  
How simply He seeks to secure his attention!  
How easy He makes it for him to come near!  
Afar as the heavens, the Lord seemed above him,  
When lo, He appeals to "come down" to His side,  
How could he forbear in that moment to love Him,  
When love did come in where He came to abide!

"For I must abide at thy house!" (Such petition!)  
Each house is a type of the Holy, above,  
For love is of God, and the home its fruition,  
And Jesus abides at the sources of love;  
But, houseless and homeless, He lived (He the Holy,  
The houseful and homeful One) waiting to come  
To Zaccheus or Mary—to high-born or lowly—  
The perfect completion of heart and of home.

"Salvation is come to this house." Then no wonder  
He scorns the low treasures which pleasures devise;  
One call from the Master had severed asunder  
The earth-bonds and anchored his hope in the skies.  
It was joy to his soul, this delightful salvation!  
Such gladsome and wonderful greeting He gave!  
He was "Abraham's son," and an heir of this nation,  
And Christ was his brother, and mighty to save.



THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ESSEILLON AND THE DENT PARRACHEE.

## OVER THE COTTIAN ALPS—THE MONT CENIS ROUTE.

BY V. BARBIER.

## II.



THE RIVER ARC BELOW FORT  
ESSEILLON.

ST. JEAN DE MAURIENNE is an ancient town, and we have no authentic information regarding its foundation. Lying as it does on the great highway to Italy, St. Jean has frequently suffered severely from the depredations of invading hordes. In 1439 it was subjected to a terrible inundation resulting from the overflow of the Bon Rieux, an impetuous torrent, which

destroyed a great part of the town and brought down such a vast quantity of earth that the soil was raised several feet, so that instead of ascending to the cathedral by a flight of steps, as formerly, it is now necessary to descend into it. The old church contains, says tradition, a finger of St. John the Baptist, and it is from the possession of this ancient relic that the town derives its name.

Among the costumes of St. Jean de Maurienne, the most picturesque and showy is certainly that worn by the women of St. Colomban; it admits of the greatest simplicity as well as of richness and luxury in details. A silver cross with a large heart of the same metal is suspended from the neck by a wide ribbon, the ends of which hang down the back.

An imposing mass of contorted rocks, whose huge pinnacles



afford no foothold for vegetation, now make their appearance to the left of the line. Outliers these of the Grand Perron des



As we speed through the little village of Pontamafrey we notice on our right an enormous rock, which at some remote period must have fallen from the mountain, and which now

serves as the foundation for a little chapel of very picturesque exterior on this extraordinary work of nature.



PONTAMAREY AND THE CHAPEL.

Occupying a charming position among dense foliage, the little town of St. Michel is situated in part on the heights (the old village), in part in the valley along the high-road and the railway,

to which its development is due (the new village). The occupation of the country by the Saracens has left its traces in the



ST. MICHEL.

language and the strange customs of the people. The girls of Valloires intermarry only with the youth of the locality. If they leave their native place to go into service in some large town,



they doff their costume, leaving it in a little neighbouring village, and resume it again religiously on their return.

TOWN OF MODANE AND VILLAGE OF LOUÏRA.



The silvery summit which greets us as we approach Modane is the Dent Parrachée, one of the marvels of Savoy. From its summit the entire chain is on the horizon, from Monte Roso to Monte



Viso. There is not one of the lofty peaks that does not answer to the call, that does not rise in its characteristic shape, in its proud and striking outline. Here, as everywhere, Mont Blanc seems to reign over the entire world, but he does not eclipse the scarcely less important chain of the Grand Paradis.

The traveller who now enters Italy through the Mont Cenis tunnel, comfortably installed in the saloon-carriages of the railway, makes no acquaintance with the beautiful and picturesque road opened under the First Empire, and designed to facilitate communication between France and Italy at a time when the two kingdoms were under the same rule. The diligence road over Mont Cenis was constructed, like that over the Simplon, at the command of Napoleon I. The Hospice, at the summit of the pass, is situated at an altitude of 6,883 feet. The total length of the road, across the mountains from Chambéry to Susa, is ninety-nine English miles. Formerly much frequented, this route is now seldom traversed except by tourists and by Italian labourers on their way to France in search of employment.

In the month of June, 1868, the diligence service was superseded by the railway constructed by the Engineer Fell. This daring little railway is not yet forgotten in Savoy. Thanks to the special mechanism of its engines and rolling-stock, it ascended gradients at 85 in 1,000, described fantastic curves, and skirted precipices at a dizzy height without ever having to record an accident. The train was composed of a locomotive and four long carriages of the American type, running on two narrow-gauge rails, with a raised middle rail which was clasped by two horizontal wheels, with which each of the carriages as well as the engine were provided. The central rail was only laid on slopes and in curves; it rendered the passage of the train extremely safe. At certain points there were tunnels or galleries of galvanized iron to protect the line and passing trains against falling avalanches. The railway was scarcely in use for as much as four years, but during this time many thousands of tourists, sight-seers, and travellers crossed Mont Cenis, attracted by the novel mode of locomotion.

After passing Modane, on the frontier between Savoy and Italy, the road ascends almost imperceptibly through a wild and broken country abounding in torrents and waterfalls, ravines, precipices, and glaciers. On rounding the rock of Esseillon we are struck by the desolation and wildness of the scene. The fort was built in 1818, under the direction of Austro-Sardinian engineers, upon a group of rocks sinking abruptly to the deeply-cut channel of the river, which is seen as a mere thread of water making its

way at the bottom of a deep ravine, spanned by a boldly constructed bridge known as the Pont du Diable. This view is an



CASCADES BELOW FORT  
ESSEILLON.

extremely striking one, and those who made the trip by Fell's railway are not likely to have forgotten the sensation they experienced at this point, where the little railway seemed as if really suspended above the abyss, so close did it run to the verge of the

precipice. Above the redoubt a torrent forms a beautiful waterfall. On the right bank three forts occupy the crest of rocks rising one above the other.

The winding and picturesque road now ascends across rugged heaps of debris, through gorges, and up precipices. After having



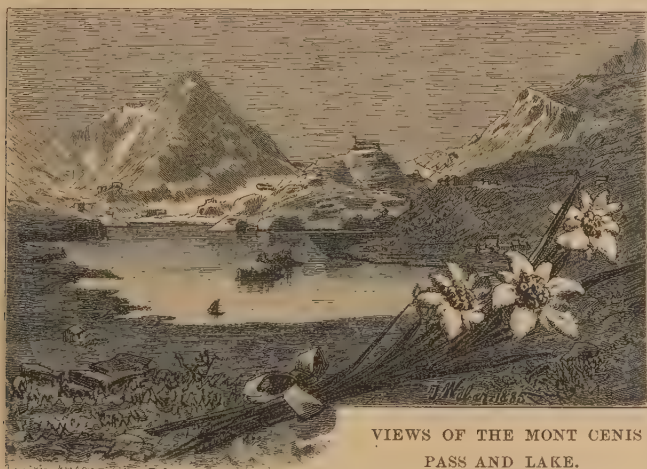
THE GLACIERS OF VANOISE,

scaled all the zigzags of the road we reach the Val d'Ambin, watered by the rivulet of the same name. This grand and sequestered valley, in part cultivated, in part covered with



splendid forests of larch, is pregnant with poetic melancholy. At the summit of the difficult ascent we are rewarded by a beautiful Alpine panorama; the snowy summits of Mont Ambin, and various zones of vegetation decreasing in luxuriance as the altitude increases. Below the line of perpetual snow spread pastures, dotted only with the dwarf variety of rhododendron, known as the alpenrose; then come forests of coniferous trees, and lower down various kinds of cultivated plants, until we reach the narrow zone in which the grape attains maturity.

Before the construction of the fine road over Mont Cenis, under Napoleon I., the travelling carriages were taken in pieces at Lanslebourg by quick and skilful workmen, to be transported in



VIEWS OF THE MONT CENIS  
PASS AND LAKE.

separate pieces, packed on the backs of mules, across Mont Cenis to Novalesa in Piedmont, where other workmen put them together again with equal celerity.

St. Anthony is highly venerated in these mountain districts; numerous chapels are dedicated to him, and he is looked upon as the guardian of the flocks and herds. The ancient custom of blessing all the animals in the parish on the festival of this saint has been retained at Lanslebourg. Each owner of an ass or a mule gives a wax taper to the church, and leads his beast in front of the sacred edifice. After saying mass, the curé gives his benediction to all those who have been present at the ceremony.

At Bonneval cultivation has completely ceased, the forests we have left behind us, and we meet with nothing but a few stunted trees which furnished the inhabitants with a scanty supply of fuel during the winter, which is, of course, extremely severe at



this altitude. As a further protection against cold, the inhabitants make their winter dwelling in the stables. The cattle occupy one side and the people the other side of a large room with plank floor, which serves at the same time as kitchen, bedroom, and working-room. Bread is baked twice a year; it keeps well, but becomes so hard that a hatchet is needed to cut it.

Geologically, the plateau of Mont Cenis is a wild ravine, commanded in the north and east by a ring of lofty peaks of glittering schist. This beautiful plateau, completely covered with magnificent pastures, with its azure lake encircled by strangely-formed rocks of gypsum, is certainly the most pleasing of all the lofty Alpine passes, and the one on which we can stay the longest with the most enjoyment. It is, therefore, not surprising that this place was chosen as the site of the Hospice, which has existed here since the ninth century—established, it is said, by Charlemagne—and which was completely restored and enlarged under the First Empire.

The pass of Mont Cenis was crossed by Pepin the Short, by Charlemagne, and by Charles the Bald, who died, on his return, in the little village of Brios, abandoned by all his court; in more recent times by Francis I., by the armies of Louis XIV., by Napoleon I., and in our days by Napoleon III., on the occasion of the war with Austria.

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### DELAY NOT, LOVE.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

DELAY not, Love, thine office to fulfil;  
 Wait eve's gray bourne, nor morn's renewing glow  
 Till thou thy word bespeak, thy touch bestow  
 On the worn heart that lingers for thee still.  
 Snows melt on graves, where wild remorse wails shrill  
 As bleak March winds; and royal plumes, wave slow,  
 Of purple lilacs, hearsing homes where, lo!  
 Men feed on tears, who did no harsher ill  
 To gentle hearts than that they did restrain  
 Love's tenderness. Oh, ease their hunger now!  
 Lest you should cry, Alas! through all the years;  
 Perchance to-morrow they feel not your tears  
 With quick forgiving: from the turf where rain  
 Of April falleth, while you woeful, bow,  
 They stretch no wild, warm arms, whisper no low,  
 Sweet accents,—Yea, dear one, we know  
 You loved us so,—  
 Soothing from the unseen your fruitless pain.

CHERRYFIELD, Me.

## GEORGE ELIOT.

BY REBECCA HART.

“Do not think that you will ever get harm by striving to enter into the faith of others, and to sympathize in imagination with the guiding principles of their lives; so only can you justly love them, or pity them, or praise.”—RUSKIN.

WHATEVER may be the differences of opinion as to the wholesomeness of George Eliot's writings, the study of her life cannot fail to be interesting to those who like to watch the development of character, or to those for whom literary history has a charm.

Carlyle tells us that Robespierre, the tyrant who sent so many of his countrymen to the guillotine, resigned a judgeship, when a young attorney, because he would not sentence one man to death. History is constantly recording such contrasts between men's early and later opinions; and some such contrast we may find in George Eliot's life. At one time we find her sighing for the holiness of St. Paul, at another breaking the most binding law of morality; at one time wrapped in the devotion of the ascetic, at another “denying the Lord who bought her.”

Indeed, her life forms a good commentary to her own words: “Character is not cut in marble, it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.” But, to continue the figure, are there not often certain weaknesses in the constitution which determine *what* disease outside causes will develop?

The surroundings of Marian Evans' childhood were the busy industry and substantial comforts of farm life. Her father, Robert Evans, possessed the keen, practical mind, the uprightness, and the energy with which his daughter afterwards endowed Adam Bede. He had a growing reputation for those qualities which make a good land agent, and for that business he afterward gave up farming. The mother was an energetic housewife, but delicate from Marian's infancy.

At the age of five the child was sent, with an older sister, to boarding-school, coming home every Friday evening to remain until Monday. School-life, begun thus early, lasted until she was sixteen. She was a clever student, and a great favourite with her teachers. She was her father's idol and pride, while she in turn worshipped her brother, who was a few years older than herself.

Two traits in her character, the ambition to stand well in the

esteem of those she admired, and the power of entering sympathetically into their views, were shown in a curious way at the several schools she attended. At Miss Wallington's school, at Nuneaton, she formed an attachment for the principal governess, a Miss Lewis, and became, like her friend, an ardent Evangelical Churchwoman. Later, when attending school in Coventry, she became enthusiastic in the Baptist tenets, and a leader of prayer-meetings among the girls. She is credited with having a deeply religious nature, but we doubt if her religious experiences were much more than the enthusiasm of sympathy.

During the first year after she left school her mother died, and her sister was married. Owing to these changes she became her father's housekeeper.

The first five years which followed were difficult years for a girl of Marian Evans' nature. A young creature, with a hungry intellect, and a soul alive to all the wonders of the world in which she found herself, and with a great yearning for beauty and the refinements of life, she had no one near her who could sympathize with these longings. Her brother, whom she had loved passionately when they were children, drifted away from her into his own pursuits, and there was never much congeniality between them. Perhaps there is no sadder trial for the young than a total lack of sympathy in those who are nearest to them by natural ties. It is hard to know that what for them is all aglow with divine light is a blank to those around them, as Paul's heavenly vision was to his companions on the road to Damascus. As one grows older one ceases to demand understanding and agreement with one's feelings and beliefs, and learns to accept as very precious even the love which has no power to sound one's being.

But it was not possible at any time for Marian Evans to give strong affection where she could not receive intellectual sympathy and benefit. When at school she formed none of those warm friendships which school-girls make, and which often last through life. Miss Lewis, the one friend she made then, she outgrew and dropped entirely when she formed the Coventry friendships.

But to return to her life at Griff Farm. We, looking back on those years, and seeing how much of needful preparation they held for a brilliant career, may think lightly of the loneliness and heart-hunger of that time. To the poor child, however, living her passionate but repressed life in that remote farm-house, and seeing nothing beyond, they were sad years. Many an imaginative girl, thus isolated, would have spent the time in idle dreaming. But Marian Evans was too ambitious, too eager for knowledge to be so tempted. Besides her duties as housekeeper, which she per-

formed with characteristic thoroughness, but sometimes found "nauseating," she received lessons in German, Italian and music, and did a large amount of reading.

She showed wonderful wisdom in her choice of books. There is no recipe for the making of geniuses, they are independent of all training or of all lack of training. But there are methods by which ordinary people may attain strong and cultured minds, and no course is more effective than the one Marian Evans resolved on: "I simply declare my determination not to feed on the broth of literature when I can get strong soup." In this day, when weak and worthless books are driving the masterpieces of literature out of the market, when for a work to be new is better than that it should bear the stamp of genius, it would be well if young Canadians would make the same resolve.

Marian Evans does not seem to have had the passion for romance which swayed Scott in his boyhood; or the weakness of that omnivorous reader, Macaulay, who, to his latest day, could never resist a book, no matter how trashy it was. She was fond of poetry, but the poetry of nature, and of human nature rather than of sentiment. Wordsworth was a favourite, and remained so to the last. She writes of having loved Young "in the sweet garden-time of youth." She had a fondness for Church history, too, and on her first visit to London, when she was nineteen, her principal purchase was Josephus' "History of the Jews." Unusual tastes for a young girl, but where she had such freedom to choose her own studies, it was this serious bent of her mind which saved it from dissipation.

The tractarian movement, which was engaging the minds of English churchmen of that day, interested her much, but she showed her characteristic indecision: "I think no one feels more difficulty in coming to a decision on controverted matters than myself," she wrote to Miss Lewis about that time.

She was ever moved by the influence nearest to her, whether of persons or books; and, as her reading was largely of a grave tone, her mind was much exercised on religious subjects. She was at one time so given up to ascetic ideas that she looked upon novel reading, or music of any but a devotional kind, as sinful. She gave up all amusements, and ceased to care for her personal appearance. We doubt if she ever went so far as to sleep on the bare floor, as she represents her prototype, Maggie Tulliver, doing, for hers was always an ease-loving nature. Not content with severe practices for herself, she tried to inflict her views on her brother, and strove to induce him to resign many harmless pleasures. We can fancy her—a delicate girl, musing apart in unshared



enthusiasm over each new author who swayed her for the time, very precise in language, and a little pedantic, with some hardly concealed scorn for "those who cared for none of these things."

She found time, with all her domestic cares and her studies, to work among the poor, visiting them, forming clothing clubs, and in other ways looking after their interests. From her contact with the poor at this time, we must have the characters of Silas Marner and Dolly Winthrop, for she was never personally active in charity in after-life. Indeed, many of George Eliot's character studies are the result of her experiences in the apparently barren period of her girlhood. Much of the scenery, too, of her books is faithful description of what was familiar to her childish eyes.

It was well for her future success that she was not born in a more cultured and exclusive circle. With her studious and fastidious tastes, she would never willingly have placed herself in a position to study human nature in all its phases—could never have studied it as one of the people. The higher classes of English society are so hemmed in by the prejudice of caste that it seems a necessity that her poets and novelists, those whose work it is to portray human character and passions, should come, with few exceptions, from the commonalty; that Shakespeare should be an obscure village boy, and Keats a stable-keeper's son, that Dickens should have that sorrowful apprenticeship to the blacking business, and should himself, for a time, be a "child of the Marshalsea." To obtain a knowledge of the course of a stream, the eye may trace it, at one's leisure, from a neighbouring hill, but to know what flowers grow on its sides one's feet must follow all its windings through the moss and bushes of its banks; so with a human life—by observing it from a distance one may gain wise views as to its duties and destiny, but to learn what poisonous flowers of temptation, and what healing herbs of comfort surround its way, one must walk very close beside it.

The first important change in George Eliot's life took place in her twenty-first year, when her father gave up Griff Farm to his son, and took a house at Foleshill, near Coventry. Miss Evans was delighted to change her quiet country home for one nearer the town, as she hoped to find better opportunities for culture, and more congenial friends. All unconsciously she was approaching the crisis of her life.

Her family had formerly had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Bray, of Coventry, and the acquaintance was now renewed. Mr. Bray was a wealthy ribbon manufacturer, and one of those men whom Emerson says, "are nowhere better found than in England; a cultivated person, fitly surrounded by a happy home." At his

charming place, Rosehill, he gathered around him a circle of cultured people, and entertained many distinguished visitors from other countries. Mr. and Mrs. Bray, and later Mrs. Bray's sister, Miss Hennell, became Miss Evans' dearest friends. They were people of "liberal" views; Mr. Bray was the author of several philosophical works, and Mrs. Bray's brother, Mr. Charles Hennell, had published a sceptical work, "An Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity."

The strongest and weakest elements in Miss Evans' character combined to make this companionship peculiarly dangerous. Thrown for the first time into such society, with a keen appreciation of its refinement and culture, with an eager longing for admiration, and the recognition of her own intellectual power, with a nature easily swayed by each new influence, she yielded at once to the brilliant reasoning she heard there; yielded the more readily, that by doing so she might gain a position in the charmed circle which would satisfy her ambition.

If at this time she had gained Christian friends of equal culture she would probably have been saved to the Church. The ease with which she adopted the views of her new friends proved her moral weakness. In spite of the fascination of their society, in spite of her own ambition and intellectual pride, no truly great soul could have turned from the sublime memories and tender associations of the Christian faith, without a deeper struggle. We cannot but conclude, from her course at this time and at a later period of her life, that Marian Evans had no principles strong enough to make any path which looked easy and delightful to her an impossibility. In speaking of her moral weakness, we do not mean the weakness which cannot resist temptation to commit conscious sin, we mean the infirmity of character which makes it difficult to retain old opinions when new ones are presented. The principles of such a character are like plants growing on stony ground, from lack of root they have no vigour to withstand the burning sun of opposition.

In the first fervour of her new profession, Miss Evans refused to attend church. Her father, annoyed at this sudden rebound from the most ardent devotion to downright infidelity, determined to rent his house and live with his son at Griff. His daughter resolved to take lodgings, and support herself by teaching. However, the family breach was soon mended, Miss Evans consented to attend church, her father relented, and she took up the duties of housekeeper again.

The ten years spent at Foleshill were years of great intellectual growth. She gained much from her intercourse with the Brays,

lost her stiffness of speech and manner, and showed a sense of humour which was lacking in her before. At Rosehill she met Emerson and many distinguished literary persons, and she frequently accompanied the Brays on short trips to places of interest. She studied intensely in these years, and translated the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss, and Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico Politicus."

It is hard to understand the settled discontent of this time. We can only explain it by the fact that, being conscious of latent power, she yet, as she stated, suffered from an "absolute despair of ever being able to achieve anything." She felt no impelling force to write. It was with her genius as with those plants which must wait through all the soft fragrance of spring and early summer before they feel the mysterious impulse to bring forth the blossoms, whose perfumed loveliness is the purpose of the plant's existence. And in the long waiting-time she was torn by the conflict of her ambition and her self-distrusting pride—ambition which longed to do something worth living for, pride which forbade the effort lest it should end in failure.

She nursed her father through his last lingering illness with faithful care. Since her childish admiration for her brother had faded she showed stronger affection for her father than for any other member of her own family, and she felt with keenness his sufferings and death. Immediately after his death she accompanied the Brays to the Continent, and remained at Geneva for eight months. In something more than a year after her return from abroad she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. To be thorough in all she undertook was natural, and she brought to this new work her usual pains-taking zeal.

In London she soon formed a circle of cultured friends—Herbert Spencer and Miss Martineau among others; and here she began to write reviews and magazine articles.

She gained much pleasure from Herbert Spencer's friendship. He took her to concerts and the opera, and they "agreed that they were not in love with each other, and that there was no reason why they should not have as much of each other's society as they liked." It was through Mr. Spencer that she became acquainted with George Henry Lewis, for whom she had no liking at first, and whom she pronounced "a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance."

Mr. Lewis, however, soon won her friendship, and afterwards a deeper feeling, and in 1854 she took that step which all the world knows, and most of the world condemns. She assumed the relationship of a wife to him when a living wife made marriage vows impossible. Pity her! It was not easy for her, it would not be

easy for any woman with a sensitive and refined nature, to take such a position, to endure the unenviable publicity, the scorn and censure which was inevitable. She was not then the celebrated author, whose genius would excuse her fault in the eyes of many. A few friends, the list so short that she could "often and easily recall it," stood by her at this time, but the greater part of her acquaintances dropped her entirely.

"In the paper 'Looking Backward,' in 'Theophrastus Such,'" says J. W. Cross, "are bits of true autobiography." In that paper we find these words, which have a pathetic interest when we remember that she never went back to her old home, or mingled with her family after her union with Lewis. Writing of her own early days as the experience of the imaginary clergyman's son, she continues:

"I cherish my childish loves—the memory of that warm little nest where my affections were fledged. Since then I have learned to care for foreign countries, for literature, foreign and ancient, for the life of Continental towns, dozing round old cathedrals, for the life of London, half-sleepless with eager thought and strife, with indigestion or with hunger; and now my consciousness is chiefly of the busy, anxious metropolitan sort. . . . I belong to the 'Nation of London.' Why? There have been many voluntary exiles in the world, and probably in the very first exodus of the patriarchal Aryans . . . some of those who sallied forth went for the sake of a loved companionship, when they would willingly have kept sight of the familiar plains and of the hills to which they had first lifted up their eyes."

This was the secret of her action. Of a clinging nature, and making large demands for sympathy and affection on those she loved, it was only a very close companionship which could satisfy her. For this companionship she was ready to sacrifice much that women hold dearest; but the sacrifice, although a willing one, must have held its portion of sacrificial pain.

That she was indebted to Mr. Lewis for the impetus toward her literary career cannot be denied. He gave her the faith in her powers, and the wise, persistent encouragement which her despondent, sensitive nature needed. We cannot but admire his genuine delight in her growing fame, his unselfish readiness all through their life together to relieve her from business details which would distract her, although in doing so he took the time from "studies which were a seventh heaven to him." Our admiration for this unselfish devotion grows when we contrast it with Carlyle's complacent remark that his wife had ambition for a literary career before her marriage, but renounced it for him—"poor darling," indeed!

But this sympathetic, loving comradeship, precious as it was,



did not justify the course which made it possible. That we find fruit beneficial to our health does not warrant us in robbing our neighbour's orchard. And if it were once allowed that there could be exceptions to the ninth commandment, there might be cases where perjury would be the means of procuring justice, but righteousness in the general administration of the law would be considerably endangered. We all need some power greater than that of fine sentiments to give us strength for renunciation, and if we have not the awe of a divine commandment we need fixed and noble principles, and George Eliot did not acknowledge the divine origin of the moral code, it was simply the outgrowth of civilization and might be further modified as the race advanced in culture. With such views only a strong nature could be restrained by consideration for the many—by the dread of setting an example which it were certainly best not to be widely imitated—from breaking those laws when the result seemed an unmixed personal good; and George Eliot, as we have said before, had not a strong nature. That she was sincere in holding that her action was a virtuous one, and conscientious in teaching moral duties, we may believe, for, as she herself has said, "the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality."

The first eight months after her union with George Henry Lewis were spent in Germany. There she wrote some of her most brilliant essays; but it was not until her return from abroad, when she had written her article on "Cumming," that Mr. Lewis was quite convinced of her genius. She had always had a dream that she might some day write a story, but never went further than to write an introductory chapter. While in Germany she read this chapter to Mr. Lewis. This first gave him the idea that she might write fiction. The impression was strengthened by her growing success in other kinds of writing, until he became very urgent that she should make a trial. The result of her first effort, "Scenes in Clerical Life," is well known.

She was in her thirty-eighth year when she began to write fiction. It seems curious that not only had she herself been so long unconscious of her power, but her Coventry friends who had known her so intimately never dreamed of it. Even when "Adam Bede" was well known, they did not recognize it as her work, and were greatly surprised when she declared herself the author.

Her satisfaction in the knowledge that she had at last found her life-work was mingled with much self-distrusting anxiety. Her ambition was far removed from the petty vanity which is

satisfied with passing popularity. The thoroughness which was an element in all her work showed itself here. To write truthfully, to present human nature amid every variety of surroundings, and under all forms of religious belief, with sympathetic justice, was her large aim. But she was constantly being overtaken by panics of dread that she might not be able to accomplish it. Always amidst the pleasure which the success of a finished work gave her, she was assailed by the fear that she would never write another book as good. Perhaps she was right in declaring that without Mr. Lewis' sympathy she could not have written her books. Her knowledge of his critical ability gave her the confidence in his appreciative judgment which enabled her to overcome her own distrust. Doubtless her feeling of despondency partly arose from excessive egoism; but that sensitiveness which scorns to do work, no matter how remunerative, which has no worth, and which shrinks from any praise which is not merited, must be the highest form of self-love.

In spite of her frequent depression, George Eliot had the joy of the artist in her work, and the years of her mature womanhood were much happier than any earlier period of her life. Admiration for her writings brought friendships, to which her easily moved nature responded. She had none of that gall toward those who differed from her which characterizes so many persons of genius. She was singularly free from jealousy, and ready to speak words of praise for any who had done conscientious work.

Her life was, for the most part, a quiet one, made up of mornings of assiduous work, and evenings spent in reading. This routine was varied by frequent trips to the Continent and to the most beautiful spots in England. She had a large capacity for the enjoyment of all that is best in nature, and music, and art, and wide opportunities for gaining that enjoyment. Her attitude of reverent admiration toward all creeds and systems of philosophy, while she accepted none, was not assumed. It was the natural result of that sympathetic perception of other people's point of view, which in her was more than artistic insight, which amounted to a weakness of character, just as a man who is susceptible to every pretty face is seldom capable of a deep and lasting affection. Her lack of a fixed belief caused her none of those questionings as to the meaning of life which cost Tolstoi such agony. Life to her was replete with meaning. It was full of beauty which caused her joy, full of knowledge she longed to acquire, full of great thoughts she desired to share, full of love which her soul hoarded as a precious treasure; and as she grew older her love of life grew stronger. It was only in looking at the end that her

unbelief caused her pain, for she saw death standing there ready to annihilate all joy, and love, and thought, and she saw nothing beyond. To pass from this bright, intense existence into a region of darkness and forgetfulness was a doom from which she shrank, as the years went on, with an increasing sadness.

This belief in death as the end of all prompted her to seize with undue eagerness every pleasure which the growing years left open to her. It was this eagerness, we think, which led her to take that step which marred the last chapter of her life-story. Eighteen months after the death of George Henry Lewis, and when she was in her sixty-first year, she married a man much younger than herself. When death took from her the man who had been her constant companion for almost twenty-five years, her egoistic sensitiveness still demanded some one near her who would be exclusively devoted to her. She had not the hope of a blessed reunion which would have disciplined her heart-hunger to a patient waiting, nor the faith in an eternal existence which would have made her remnant of life seem of slight importance, except for the good she might do. But even then the world to which she clung so fondly was slipping from her grasp. She died quite suddenly a few months after her marriage.

We cannot turn from the study of George Eliot's history without a regret, which is a lingering pain, for the woman so richly endowed with some of nature's best gifts, who yet so weakly yielded to selfishness and wrong, who left behind her no legacy of noble triumph over temptation to strengthen the struggling humanity she professed to love, and who, at the end of life, had no brighter anticipations than the oblivion of the grave.

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

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“TROUBLED ABOUT MANY THINGS.”

How many times these low feet staggered,  
Only the sealed mouth can tell;  
Try! can you stir the awful rivet?  
Try! can you lift the hasps of steel?

Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often;  
Lift, if you can, the listless hair;  
Handle the adamantine fingers,  
Never a thimble more shall wear.

Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;  
Brave shines the sun through the freckled pane;  
Fearless the cobweb swings from the ceiling—  
Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

## THE EPWORTH LEAGUES.

*A FEW PRESENT-DAY THOUGHTS.*

BY ROBERT W. DILLON, F.R.S.L.

THE most pressing problems of the age are not scientific, but social. Every recurring May-day emphasizes this truth for rulers and ruled alike. These social problems touch not merely the material prosperity, but the spiritual welfare of mankind. Just as beneath every economic injustice there lies in society some moral wrong, so to every social problem there is a spiritual solution; hence it may be said that every social problem is at heart spiritual. The most urgent spiritual problem before the Church to-day is, "How shall we best utilize our young people to advance the welfare of the Church and the glory of God?"

Influence and enthusiasm are two of the world's most superb forces. They are the natural inheritance of youth. The old man is naturally conservative, he has battled hard for the things that are, and he is, therefore, content to rest now. Men say "The New Era" is upon us with its splendid hopes, its glorious possibilities, its brilliant realities. But to fully develop these are required the forces of youth.

At this time the gravest political questions regarding the future of our beloved Dominion are awaiting solution; and it is the custom to look to "the leaders" for guidance. But watch "the leaders," and you will find them engaged in feeling the pulse of the nation, and this is regulated by the blood that flows in the heart of its youth. Patriotism becomes the young as they stand in "the golden gateways of manhood;" the inheritors of all that is noble and good in the past, the doers of all that shall be noble and true in the future, the preservers of that "Freedom that broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent."

Is the Church less alive to the signs of the times than the politician? Youth is Nature's perpetual reserve force, which she marches up to reinforce the baffled and wearied armies of to-day. As they stand before us to-day, rich in strength, in resolve, in ambition, in opportunity, and in time—the most powerful of organic forces for good or evil—to what use shall the Christian Church put them?

Our Methodist Church has in part answered this by founding the Epworth League. This, though still in its infancy, by reason of its adaptability and its many-sidedness, has been quietly using



every faculty of its members and every grace of its youth to develop righteous citizens of earth as well as of heaven. There are many sunny outlooks in these days, outlooks that might well bring a blush to the cheek of the pessimist, and send the warm blood dancing merrily through the heart of despondent and clouded age. Of these, the "League" seems most radiant with promise, most brilliant with hope. Already it has produced as *living* realities those latent possibilities which seemed to many to be the fanciful dreams of over-sanguine Christian enthusiasts. But real Christian enthusiasm has a due sense of the fitness of things, and the marvellous growth of the League is a proof thereof. This is now one of the most powerful of spiritual levers, which under wise and kindly guidance, are lifting mankind heaven-wards to truth and God.

We are accustomed to say that there are now no undiscovered countries, no unknown races of mankind; yet there are curious facts known to Arctic voyagers which strongly suggest the existence of an inhabited land near the North Pole, in a direction north-east from Spitzbergen. The reindeer and birds of Spitzbergen proceed north every year to some distant and unknown breeding ground. When the reindeer return they are often found to be curiously branded and their ears artificially cut. The natural inference is, some human hand has done this, but whose? The years will tell. So in times past, we have been accustomed to say that there were no new posts for youth to occupy, no unknown forces of evil for them to grapple with, that these, if any, would be seized by older hands, and that the youth could wander along the beaten paths and gather up the "fragments that remain"—in itself a noble task—but youth has claims also upon the nobler. One of the strongest features of the League has been the readiness of its members to seize unoccupied and debatable ground for Christ. There is now no service too little or work too hard for which the League cannot find earnest volunteers. With flowers and Bible in the chamber of the sick, with tracts and prayers and "good cheer" among the "deeper depths;" with house-to-house visitation, and kindly words, and faithful invitations, they have gone, these followers of Christ, until at last it has been realized in accomplishment, "that there is a work for *each* to do." Consecration pledge and active Christian work have reacted upon each other to produce a deeper spiritual life, a wider spiritual influence, a truer spiritual knowledge; so that, as an indirect consequence, there is less likelihood of our young people being carried about "with every wind of doctrine;" "for he that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine whether it be from God."

There has been also sympathy and co-operation with other Christian Churches, in unity of spirit and oneness of work. To pastor and people, judging from the reports it has been our privilege to read, this spiritual side of the League has been an inspiration and a help. This field, however, the League is only occupying with other Christian members and bodies who were there earlier, in their collective or individual capacities. But there is a domain that the League is making peculiarly its own—it is that of hospitality towards “the stranger that is within your gates.”

Youth cannot exist without companionship, and as it comes from the sweet country hillside, and the old bush farm, into our great cities, where the smoke of men's passions is forever rising, like a mantle of darkness between them and heaven's light, how it hungers for the *friendly* touch of a human hand, the kindly cheer of a human voice. And if it cannot get these from within the Church, it can get them from without. Christian people undoubtedly, should occasionally open their homes to their clerks and employees, and to any whom they may find living lonely lives in the great cities. No doubt, in reply to a suggestion of this kind there would be the usual outcry as to “introductions,” “references,” “antecedents,” etc. These things do not make the obligation to be hospitable less a Christian duty. There are some Christian households which systematically do this thing, and have thus helped to keep many within the Church, who would otherwise have strayed; but as individuals, there is a large responsibility for the Church to discharge in this direction.

The League is doing nobly in the social field. In many places church parlours are thrown open, and books and music and warm friends are there to greet the stranger and cause him to feel at home. Look-out Committees are appointed, who visit the hotels and the boarding-houses, and the warehouses, and invite the young men and women to the meetings that are held, and then when they come to the meetings warmly welcome them, walk home with them, and take the first opportunity to invite them to some little social gathering. In fact, everything is done to make them feel *at home* in the Church and *at home with its members*. The Christian Church has yet some *practical* lessons to learn from Lodges and Friendly Societies, and the social side of the League is teaching them.

Let it never be forgotten, that if the Church will not minister to the social cravings of youth, which are as much God-given instincts as any other, the music hall, the theatre and the saloon will. Life is not a tiresome street-car journey, the shorter the

better, to be got over without any regard to the convenience and comfort of others.

There are too many scarecrows in the Christian Church. We all hunger and thirst for companionship, and all honour to the League, and to every Christian institution, that in the fear of God attends to this want of human nature. The great Creator has built up His universe on social and interdependent lines; for in all parts of nature there is community of development and fellowship of life. The fulness of one kind of life is timed to the ripeness of another, and there is a co-perfecting in all the kingdoms of life. The richest gifts of God's bounty can only be reached out to and enjoyed by humanity in its widest fellowships. There are some creatures so low down in the scale of life that if you cut them in pieces each part will live, but humanity is an organic whole and the members thereof cannot be separated without loss. On the mere plain of material prosperity the world is bound together by social chains, but on the higher spiritual level it may be bound by these same chains to the throne of God.

The social side of the League is yet in its infancy. What may it not produce, seeing that it must reach its ultimate triumph in fellowship and social unity?

Hitherto the most neglected portion of the League has been its "Courses of Study." The Reading Circles, Chautauquan and other circles already in existence may account in part for this. But even these will not cover the peculiar feature of the Epworth Readings, which is to make Methodist youth familiar with Methodist history. It is a lamentable truth that many of the rising generation of Methodists are poorly acquainted with the rich heritage of biography and history left them by their forefathers. The records of the struggle of the Methodist pioneers in this and other lands read like veritable romances, more interesting than the "Chronicles of the Cid," and their lives are as worthy of study as those written by Plutarch. These will be of incalculable value in preventing Methodism from becoming a fashionable monopoly, and her churches ecclesiastical preserves, and keep her in touch with the masses whence she sprung and to whom she belongs.

The founders of the League have wisely recognized that intellectual truth is as valuable as moral truth; for it is no purpose of religion to arrest man's intellect, or dull his thirst for knowledge. Following in the footsteps of Wesley, who taught the greatness and dignity of intellect, as well as the freedom of right and the slavery of wrong, they have provided courses of reading in various branches of current knowledge.

Why should not each League have a class for Bible study—not an ordinary Bible-class, but a place where the origin and inspiration of the Bible, the history of the various books, the light of science and recent discovery as it bears on Scripture, may be fearlessly and reverently discussed; in short, a place where the Word of God may be analytically discussed? What a wonderful increase of faith there would be as we found that every fresh discovery, every added invention, every revealed truth, added to the force of the “Scriptures of God,” so that we could unhesitatingly exclaim, “We believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.”

In this confessedly scientific age it is not so much the spirit of inquiry that we need dread, as the spirit of *delegated* inquiry. We take the second-hand opinions of any plausible speaker, instead of inquiring into truth ourselves. Let a man reverently search into Biblical matters for himself, and the Spirit of God will guide him into truth. This should be the scope and aim of the suggested class for Bible study. Our girls and boys in our high schools and colleges possess themselves of the treasures of literature, science, philosophy; whether we will or no, they bring these to bear on their religious questions, and it is matter for reproach that we are not always alive to their inevitable mental perplexities. We cannot turn them aside from their quest for truth by harsh unreasoning answers, though we may turn them away from the Church. We cannot, like the Catholic priest, demand implicit obedience and unquestioning faith in any statement because we make it. *Protestantism* is the very essence of a man's right to think for himself in religious matters. Whilst making clear the spirituality of the Bible and showing that it appeals rather to the conscience and the heart than the intellect; we must be prepared to give intelligent reasons for the faith that is in us, and to meet argument with argument. “Truth will survive though the heavens fall.”

Such a class, if it did not make us better theologians, would make us better Christians. On the one hand we should realize that science itself is unreliable in many things, that it always has to be limited by “*as far as we know now*,” that the scientific hypotheses of to-day are the laughing-stock of to-morrow; and on the other, we should know that in spite of all attacks, the Bible still remains “the power of salvation to them that believe;” and the result would be less of dogmatic assertion and more of Christian performance. He that did the will of God “would know of the doctrine whether it was from God;” and this “Bible study” would be one of the most glorious steps towards the



realization of that Christian unity for which every worker hopes, of which all the sages spoke and all the poets dream.

We think we have now said enough about the League to warrant our next statement, which, indeed, is the real object and basis of this paper. To the proper realization of these things there must be sympathy and co-operation between the various Leagues. The next step in advance then, is a "Union of Leagues" followed by a general Convention, and we propose to make a few practical suggestions in this direction.

To be successful this Union must be one of federation and co-operation, not consolidation. By consolidation you would cramp individual influence, restrict individual effort and promote autocratic authority. This union must be perfectly voluntary, there must be no compelling them to come in. Compulsion would mean destruction. There must be no interference with the inner working of any society; the time for harsh, dogmatic assertion on the one side, and grandmotherly legislation on the other, has gone by, and societies as well as individuals must be ruled more by their own ideas of right and wrong, and his God's interpretation of these to them, than by your ideas or mine. The fewer and simpler the laws governing any "union" the better.

This basis being arranged, provision must be made for equal representation for all uniting societies on any Executive Council that may be formed, and also, for a certain number of members elected at large from a joint meeting. Although this may make the Executive Council that may be formed, it need not be unwieldy, and is, in our opinion, essential for success.

The city of Toronto has done a little in this direction. For some two or three years there was a union of all the Methodist Young People's Associations in the West End; each society sending two representatives to the Joint Committee. All that this union aimed at was to promote social intercourse and friendly feeling among the the Methodist young people, and in this it succeeded admirably. Then last year, under its auspices, a convention of all the Methodist Young People's Associations in the city was held. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held for two nights, were well attended and productive of much spiritual good. Many have been the suggestions as to the advisability of holding another convention this year; but those who were consulted deemed it wise to let the Conference League officials take some steps in this direction, or at least wait to see what was their intention.

In this connection be it said that there is a loyal adhesion on the part of young Methodism to the decision of its elders, when once that decision has been reached.

Now we who were connected with the West End Union found it to be helpful to us individually and collectively; we learned to know and like one another, and to each "esteem the other better than himself." Our mental horizon was widened, our ideas enlarged, our faith strengthened, and the general outcome a generous emulation in living the Christ life and performing the Christ-like deeds. Because it was thus on a small scale we hope for nobler results on the larger; and we who derived benefit from the smaller union will be heart and soul in the larger.

Ideas govern the world, and it has been said that the "ideas of this age are marketable." If by that is meant practical, we shall endorse it. Now the very fact that at a representative gathering in the Metropolitan Church, a committee was appointed to draft a scheme for a union of all city associations, is a strong point in the favour of the still wider union we advocate and must lead up to it. Spring-time finds all growing things in eager expectation. Could we then see deep down into Nature's heart, we should find old mother earth throbbing with delight as new life pulsates through her veins. Under the "greening" carpet of the fields the awakened flowers would be impatient to put off their outer garments and display their beauty of form and sweetness of incense. How full of ambition the bursting seed and the tiny ivy. What promises of smiling fields and ripened harvests. How the gray old monarchs of the forest stretch their limbs aloft and abroad for light and shade. So if we could see into the hearts of our young people we should find the possibilities of such a union coursing through their veins, filling them with fresh life and brighter hopes; while the harvest that may be, nay, that shall be, who will describe?

Some may say, this is *but an idea*. Ideas are the mightiest forces of the world, whose power is measured by their truth. Let but an idea, born of truth and bright with purity, enter into men's hearts, and quiet as the sunbeam, but irresistible as gravitation, it will accomplish the desired end. The one Christian idea that has deepened and broadened in its influence through all the Christian centuries, in the strongest thinkers and the purest minds, has been that the ideal Christian spirit, with its moral reality, inflexible truthfulness and spiritual purity should be the one great motive, animating and bringing into its confines all our manhood. But to do this aright, there must be consultation and co-operation with all who thus aim, that by the union of what is good in all our methods, we may produce the ideal life. What better *raison d'être* could there be?

The new Toronto Union, when formed, will hold a Convention. To this should be invited young people from all over the Province, and from such a mass gathering, the wider union, Provincial or Dominion, could be formed. This would ultimately result in the holding of a large convention every year, similar to those of the Christian Endeavour Society. All officers in any such unions should be elective, and by ballot, without nomination. We have no doubt that the official organ, *Onward*, would be thoroughly taken in hand by such a union, and the heart of its kindly editor cheered by increased circulation; indeed, we think with a little effort *Onward* should be the greatest means of communication between the different Leagues—the place where valuable original papers might be contributed and thus preserved. This is a paper in which every young Methodist ought to be interested. While we look upon it as a credit to all concerned at its present price, we would like to see a subscription-list formed, and the price thereby raised, so as to allow the Editor to carry out fully his ideal of what such a paper ought to be.

Magazines and platforms are continually giving us dissertations on the Church of the future. Whatever form this may assume, we are sure that the Christianity of the future must maintain its hold on all high and generous instincts, on all noble thought, and it can only do this by retaining its hold on the youth. We must develop a Christianity which will say nothing against those who attack the wide problems of human ignorance and misery by other means; but one that will try to better their work by showing that in the deep evangelical spirit, there is nothing bigoted, nothing cowardly, nothing mean. Christianity is concerned with the bookshelves of Nature, whereon stand a myriad volumes, bound in cloth, every one of them of thrilling interest, every one of them true. Every man and woman in the great human hive is a living romance; not to be judged by the cover, nor rejected for the coarseness of the language. It is the duty of Christianity to “edit” these. There can be no question that a union of forces in the coming generation can alone successfully accomplish these things.

Perhaps we had better say here that, while it is our individual opinion that each uniting society should pay a small fee to cover working expenses of council, any other money required should be in the shape of voluntary offerings.

In conclusion. That unknown and unconquered world, for which Alexander wept, is close at hand for us—a world of sin, and ignorance, and crime. Let it be ours, as a united League, to go up and possess it, until it blooms like the garden of the Lord.

See yon ray of light, glancing so merrily into that darkened room? Question it concerning its abilities. "Mine," it would say, "are the forces that lift the waters to form the clouds that bring the rains to refresh the earth and ripen the fruit. I shatter the icy chains of winter; I give back to the birds their song, to the waters their sparkle; to the blue sea its laughing gleam. I bring to all the world its resurrection from the silence and gloom of the night."

Here is a tiny flower-seed, it is like a speck of dust in a human hand; but in it there is the pledge of fragrant meadows and waving corn; the promise of dainty blossoms and luxuriant gardens, the harbinger of sweet savour and good cheer in the chamber of the sick—the token of loving recollection in that "God's Acre," where human harvests grow.

This proposed union of Leagues is, if you will, a ray of light, give it freedom to shine, it will clear out the haunts of superstition, it will give life and liberty to thought and intellect, it will produce showers of Christian benevolence in barren homes and desolate hearts, and prove itself to be a true ray of the Sun of Righteousness. It is at present but a flower-seed, let it have room to grow, it will develop the flowers of patience, of humility, of quiet trust that shall perfume with incense sweet the highways of life. Meanwhile let us all pray and believe that "the greater things" may come to pass.

TORONTO, Ont.

NOTE.—In addition to the union of Epworth Leagues, of which Mr. Dillon writes so sympathetically, the editor of this *MAGAZINE* looks for a larger affiliation in this city of all the young people's associations engaged in Christian work. To promote this object a joint meeting of representatives of both the Epworth League and the Society of Christian Endeavour, was held in the month of May, in the library of the Young Men's Christian Association, and arrangements were made for holding a grand joint mass meeting of members of all the societies of Christian Endeavour, Epworth Leagues, and other young people's associations engaged in Christian work in this city, this meeting to be held next September as an emphatic demonstration of the cordial fellowship and good-will, and of the practical federation and alliance in Christian work of all these societies. It is believed that similar joint meetings will be held throughout the Dominion, and that all trace of rivalry between these kindred associations will be swallowed up in devoted enthusiasm to the cause of our common Master and Lord.—ED.

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TRUTH needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd.



## THE CANADIAN INDIAN PROBLEM.

BY THE REV. J. McLEAN, PH.D.

SCATTERED over widely separated areas, as the Canadian Indians are, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from within a few miles of the International Boundary Line to the Arctic Circle, different, indeed, in environment, we must expect various stages of native culture and, consequently, different degrees of self-support. Advancement has depended more upon environment than any course of training or the efficiency of any system.

No secular organization has exerted such an influence or secured so great control over the Indian tribes within its jurisdiction as the Hudson's Bay Company. This great corporation assumed a two-fold attitude toward the red men: that of peaceful traders, and again a position of defence, strengthened by forts, cannons and guns. Withal the authorities in later years assisted teachers and missionaries in their policy of peace. The student of Canadian Indian literature cannot fail to become impressed with the influence of this Company through its semi-peaceful policy; selfish in its interests, seeking not the welfare of the red man, but striving to satisfy its own spirit of aggrandizement. This was strengthened by the wealth of the Company, the large concessions granted by its charter, the aristocracy of the shareholders in the island of Britain, the ignorance of the people of the abundant resources of the vast domain included in the Canadian North-West, and the isolated position of the forts at the scenes of the Company's labours. The Indians became dependent upon the forts for the luxuries and gewgaws necessary to relieve the monotony of camp life. This policy, after the suppression of the rum traffic, so strongly influenced the minds of the natives that it prepared the way for subsequent measures, introduced by the Government when it assumed the control of the North-West Territories. From the days of the One Hundred Associates until the period of the North-West Fur Company, and even subsequently, single individuals and small parties of men established trading-posts, or went from camp to camp selling their wares, and receiving in return furs, and horses in later years. Owing to the fact that there was excessive competition, inducements were made for securing the trade of the Indians—as marrying women belonging to the tribes, and introducing whiskey, which so roused the native appetite that the first traders who entered the camps with whiskey secured all the trade.

These traders became known in the country as whiskey traders, and there were found among them men of ability and education. The love of gain had induced some of them to forsake the haunts of civilization, hoping to find a fortune in the western wilds. Isolated, inured to hardship, driven by undue competition, some of those who were kind, blessed with good principles, and anxious to do what was right, felt that they were compelled to engage in the liquor traffic or leave the country. Some were, however, unprincipled men, who cared nothing for the red men if only they could become wealthy in a few years. At Rice Lake, and other Indian resorts throughout Ontario, there were trading establishments among the Indians in the early years of the present century where liquor was sold, and until the year 1874, there were whiskey trading posts in the North-West.

In the west, the Hudson's Bay Company had posts at Rocky Mountain House, Edmonton, Calgary, and Ghost River, to which the Plain Indians, including the Crees and Blackfeet, resorted for purposes of trade. In the land of the buffalo, now known as Southern Alberta, there were established a large number of small trading posts, all of which were largely supplied with liquor. The largest of these were owned by I. G. Baker & Co., who had a post at Sheep Creek, and another at Fort McLeod, formerly known as the Crossing of the Old Man's River. Besides these, there were Stand Off, Slide Out, Whoop Up, and others located in Southern Alberta. The rule of the whiskey traders was that of military despotism. The Spitzzi Cavalry consisted of men who were traders and traders' employees, who were united and armed with the object of self-defence, protection for their trade, which was to be conducted according to a written constitution, and defence against Indian intrusion and attack. The headquarters of the cavalry was at the Baker Post at Sheep Creek, but the band received its name from High River, called in the Blackfoot tongue Spitzzi. In the old Whoop Up post there still hangs the old bell which called the employees to their meals, and there still lies the old cannon which was used for defence in the days of yore. Debauchery, crime, and all kinds of lawlessness reigned supreme when whiskey flowed freely at a time of trade. A few years longer of this government and not many Indians would have remained to tell the story of the last of the buffalo in the Canadian West.

A change was necessary, and it came at last. A spirit of dissatisfaction sprang up among the missionaries and the few settlers in the country who were desirous of order, and meetings were held to protest against the lawlessness of the South. Petitions were sent from the Saskatchewan valley, the settlers at Palestine, near Portage

la Prairie, and elsewhere, urging upon the Government the establishment of garrisons of mounted soldiers throughout Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The people in Manitoba became very much alarmed through an influx of many refugee Sioux, who were fleeing from the United States; and some depredations having been committed, the Rev. John MacNabb, the Hon. John Norquay, and others pressed upon the home authorities the advisability of sending a force without delay. Chief Factor Christie, Rev. G. McDougall, the Hon. Donald A. Smith, and others verbally and in writing, for years, had stated that life must be protected in the Saskatchewan country, and that so great had become the existing lawlessness that life and property were unsafe. There were some who did not believe that affairs were in such a condition, and the Hon. Joseph Howe was strongly opposed to the establishment of such a force in the country. In his report on the question he said :

"I regret to notice in certain quarters a disposition to encourage the Indian bands to make extravagant demands upon the Government, and to alarm the Dominion with idle rumours that a reckless and extravagant expenditure for the maintenance of garrisons in the North-West may be encouraged. The motives of the parties are sufficiently transparent, but it should be borne in mind that the Indians of the North-West are still subjects of the Queen, and are bound to obey the laws. As their hunting-grounds become depleted, there is a rich soil under their feet. To pauperize them with extravagant bounties, or to enter upon a system of reckless military expenditure, merely to put money into the pockets of traders, who would enrich themselves by the supply of these scattered garrisons, would be not only bad military strategy, but a great error in an economic and moral point of view."

In Manitoba the argument employed for introducing such a force was that the Indians were liable to cause trouble, endangering life and property, but in the North-West the plea was that the Indians and settlers should be protected against the evils arising from the traffic of the whiskey traders. In 1873 an Act was passed prohibiting the importation or manufacture in the North-West of all intoxicating liquors, and enforcing such prohibition by the most stringent provisions; and during the same session, an Act was passed for the organization of a Mounted Police Force for the preservation of law and order in the North-West Territories. It was naturally to be expected that the Indians would look with suspicion upon this body of men, and serious consequences were anticipated by some so soon as they entered the Indian country. Messengers were despatched to prepare the Indians for the advent of the Mounted Police, so that when they came they were received as friends and benefactors by the Indians.

This was the first time in the history of the Dominion that the red men had been placed under military rule, and had been treated by soldiers as wards of the Government. There not being any Indian Department proper in the Western Territories, Indian Boards, consisting of three persons, including the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, had been established at Winnipeg and Victoria, B.C., but these had not given satisfaction. When the Mounted Police came they won the confidence of the tribes, and became the protectors of the red men. We always felt, in the early years, that the police were in the country to protect the Indians more than to defend the settlers against the depredations of the savages. Of course, they were sent to maintain peace, and not to respect any class; but we had always been taught that Britain's flag defended especially the weak and oppressed, and therefore the leaning of the force was toward the red men.

The military administration has not been perfect, nor must we look for perfection in anything human. In the early years the evils were internal, injurious to the young men who felt the burdens of barrack life and the isolation of the prairie. Many of the members of the force became sadly addicted to drink, destroying their influence and manhood, becoming idle, besotted and helpless.

Coming in contact with the Indians offered temptations of a peculiar character to young men, which brought their own penalty in due time. Some of them lived with Indian women while members of the force, instituting a system of immorality whose effects are apparent until the present day. Others, having obtained their discharges, set up as farmers or traders, taking native women as wives, with whom they lived without being married according to the form of law. We must not expect every man to be virtuous in such a large body, nor must we condemn the authorities because of the escapades of a few black sheep among the flock. There are to be found in the force men of courage, sterling principles, unflinching in the face of danger. True men, courteous in manner and generous in their dealings, loyal to their country and faithful to their fellow-men.

The liquor traffic was stamped out completely among the Indians; and after the reign of the whiskey traders was at an end, the traders themselves became law-abiding citizens. So effectively was the sale of liquor suppressed that a strong sentiment was begotten amongst the police and settlers against even giving a bottle of "Pain-Killer," or any kind of stimulant to the Indians. Harsh words were spoken and strong measures urged against any man who transgressed this unwritten law, and few,



indeed, were foolhardy enough to risk the heavy fine imposed by the law of the land, and the censure of public opinion. Some, indeed, broke the law, but were compelled to flee. To smuggle whiskey to sell to the settlers was looked upon as just by the rougher elements of society, but every one condemned, in language which could not be misunderstood, the men who would smuggle liquor to sell or give to the red men.

The introduction of beer permits has wrought mischief among the Indians. It is no uncommon sight to see Indians in the vicinity of towns intoxicated by beer. Within the past two years I have seen Indians, after selling their produce, gather in groups in the bye-lanes and quiet resorts of McLeod with bottles of beer, which were passed around. The same has been done in the vicinity of Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. I have met them on horseback, wild and infuriated, savages maddened through drink, howling like dervishes, veritable Bedouins of the prairie. Never before the introduction of beer have I witnessed such scenes. When an Indian becomes incbrriated he will give all his earthly possessions for a bottle of liquor. It is the curse of the Indian, and the begetter of debauchery and crime. Well might Manistokos, the Blood Indian Chief, say publicly, in the old log Methodist Church at McLeod, at the conclusion of a temperance sermon by the writer:

“In the old buffalo days the Indians were rich in robes and horses, and had plenty to eat. Whiskey made them poor and unhappy, for many were killed. The Mounted Police came, and no longer could we get whiskey. The buffalo went away, and we were very poor; but we are happier in our poverty, because the whiskey is gone, and we look upon the Mounted Police as our friends.”

Law and order were established through the efforts of the police. Whatever unruliness existed was abolished, and a new era of peace was ushered in, beneficial alike to the red and white races. The settlers respected the dignity of the law, as represented by the Canadian red coats, the riders of the plains; and the Indians were taught gradually, but nevertheless surely, that the law was alike applicable to the red man and the white. Difficult, indeed, was it for them at first to learn this, as they could not understand the power of one hundred and ninety men against several thousand Indian warriors. Brute force they could respect, and the man who could ride a horse and shoot a gun better than an Indian warrior was esteemed a man worthy not only of their confidence but also of their reverence. It was commonly reported that, after the detachment reached McLeod, the Indians were invited to the fort and were shown the cannon,

and then they were told to look at a tree over one mile distant; the cannon was fired, and a branch of the tree was shot away. From that moment the Indians became devoted friends of the police.

After the buffalo left the country it would have been impossible for the settlers to have lived in the country, unless there had been an armed force to protect their property. Attempts have been made by Indians to defeat the ends of justice, but they have failed, and, consequently, every victory gained aroused the bitter antagonism of the red men, but ultimately resulted in a higher appreciation of the courage of the police, and the strength of the Government of the white man. When Captain Dickens, a son of the great novelist, was stationed at Blackfoot Crossing with about a dozen men, including Wm. Gladstone, the interpreter, an attempt was made to arrest one of the Indians, but the Blackfeet opposed the police, and with such a small number of men nothing could be done. A message was sent to Major Crozier, at Fort McLeod, ninety miles distant, and with a mere handful of men the Major started, making a forced march. They reached the Blackfoot Agency at night unnoticed by the Blackfeet, erected a stockade, and made a defensive fortress on a limited scale, and at five o'clock next morning, when Crowfoot and some of his young warriors appeared upon the scene, they were astonished, and not only greatly surprised, but the valour and energy of the white soldiers increased the admiration of the red warriors for the police. When Chief Crowfoot asked the Major what he had come to do, the answer was short and decisive, "To take the prisoner or fight." Crowfoot turned away, muttering, "We shall fight." "All right," replied Major Crozier, "get ready," and he retired to prepare his men for any emergency. A low war-whoop from Crowfoot would have brought to his lodge a hundred dusky warriors. Did they come? Nay! In half an hour the prisoner was handed over, and in broad daylight they took him through the Blackfoot camp and onward to McLeod, where he was tried. A signal victory was won on that day over the Blackfeet.

Victories of this kind raised the police in the estimation of the Indians. There was one thing, however, no policeman could do, and that was to capture an Indian after he escaped from any of the police forts. Allow him one hundred yards start on foot, with a fringe of small trees about twenty yards wide running along a river, and fifty mounted men would not be able to catch him. They were similar in trait to some of the natives of India, as slippery as eels and as cunning as foxes.

Our Canadian people have ever favoured a policy of peace.

Far rather would we feed the Indians than fight them. Ours is not a policy of extermination, but rather of justice and continuance. We treat the Chinese more harshly than we do the Indians. We have had one Half-breed war, but we do not wish to have another. Nothing but disaster can come from insurrection. It is cheaper to ration all the Indian tribes than to have another rebellion. The rebellion of 1885 cost the Government \$7,000,000, the lives of some of her noblest citizens, retarded the settlement of the North-West, and unsettled the minds of the Indians. Its suppression, however, taught the red men a lesson, but not as lasting and good as the trip given the Indian chiefs to Ontario, where they beheld tokens of the power, wealth, and glory of the white men. Almost single-handed the police can go upon the reserves of the most savage of our Indian tribes, and take to prison men who have committed crime.

Different, indeed, have been the policies of the Canadian and United States Governments in their treatment of the Indian tribes, from a military point of view. The United States Indians have been watched with suspicion, their footsteps dogged by the military, after they have been inhumanly treated by the settlers and speculators who have coveted their lands and worldly possessions, and upon the smallest pretext an Indian war has been started, and the Indians deprived of their lands after defeat. It is a sad story of the survival of the strongest. The story of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce war is a record of oppression and dire cruelty unworthy of a civilized nation in the nineteenth century. During the early history of Arizona the Indians believed that the soldiers were sent to protect their interests, and to defend them against intrusion and the encroachments of the white adventurers, but they soon learned that the military were the white man's protectors and friends. Whenever any depredations have been committed the white man looks for justice in the courts, and demands the liberty and protection of the American flag; but the Indian does not seek the counsel and upright dealing of the lawyers and judges, the laws of the land treating the red man as an alien, and more as an inferior being to whom human laws cannot be applied, than a ward of civilization. Insults and cruelties have repeatedly been committed against the Indians by American soldiers, without any punishment being meted out to the perpetrators of crimes as savage as ever have been done by the most inhuman warrior of the Indian tribes. Many of the red men have been employed as volunteers in the Union Army, notably the Delawares, and they have remained loyal and become good soldiers. Such a policy, however, has not been the best that

could have been adopted in the interests of the country and the Indians. It is one thing to have Indian police on the reserves, and another to employ them as regular soldiers.

In our Dominion, "that sanctuary of refuge for the Indian as well as for the slave," as Helen Hunt Jackson calls it, the soldiers are trained to treat the Indians as human beings, whom they are bound to respect, and whose rights must never be taken from them. The settlers may covet the beautiful Indian reservations in Quebec, Ontario or the North-West, but they can never obtain them except by purchase, and only at such times as the Indians are willing to sell. Coercion is not allowed with any Indian tribe in the Dominion of Canada. Indians and white men are equally protected by the laws of the land, and the officers of justice are compelled to carry out the spirit of the law. The courts of justice are open to the Indian as well as his white brother, and depredations committed against an Indian will be as severely punished, and for some crimes with greater severity, as injuries inflicted upon white men by Indians. Let an Indian belonging to any Canadian tribe report to the authorities that a white man has stolen his horse, or insulted his person, and right speedily justice will be meted out. Let a member of the Mounted Police force insult an Indian woman or child, and the case be reported to the authorities, and not many hours will pass by before the culprit is arrested, the full import of the law being applied to the criminal.

In the war of 1812, the Canadian aborigines were found fighting side by side with the Canadian and British soldier, but never since the death of the brave Tecumseh and his noble followers have the Indians fought as allies upon Canadian soil. The days have long since passed by, and never again shall we see the red man and white man bearing arms together against a common foe. Indian wars are very expensive matters to deal with; the small episode beginning with the Messiah craze and ending with the tragedy at Pine Ridge Agency, covering a few weeks, cost the United States Government \$2,000,000, beside the lives lost, and the unsettled state of the country.

Would it be advisable to place our Indians under military rule, and remove them from the influence of the Indian Department? Ours is a peace policy, and the farther removed the Indians are from carbine, powder, police force, and village or town, the better will it be for the advancement of the Indian personally, the morality of the Indian camp, and the progress of the native farms. We have never fought the Indians, and we shall not now begin. The last rebellion was not an



Indian war. Never have we had an Indian war; an Indian massacre is unknown in the annals of our history; we are too poor to seek glory by fighting the natives born upon our soil, and we are too proud to defame our national character or stain the escutcheon of our fair Dominion. Let others glory in their Indian wars, far be it from us to gloat over the suppression through bloodshed of men and women who loudly call for the protection of the British flag, and rejoice in saying, in their native tongue, the name of our beloved Queen, "Our Great Mother," and "The Great Woman."

May we not, however, employ the Indians who have been warriors in their savage state as scouts, interpreters, guides, or allies, in small numbers, with the Mounted Police, or our militia? During the late rebellion some of the Stonies and Crees were employed very successfully as scouts. The Blood Indians wished to be allowed to go, as an allied force, with their own officers to fight against the Crees, who had joined the rebels, but very wisely and justly their services were refused. Jerry Potts, a Piegan Indian chief, has been guide and interpreter at Fort McLeod for the past fifteen years, and no truer or more loyal man can be found in the country. Calf Shirt, a Blood Indian chief, and Star Child, a Blood Indian, have acted as scouts and detectives, and they have done well. It is true, they are like white men in one respect, namely, a tendency to go astray occasionally, a trait of human nature which belongs to both races. There are some men to be found upon the reserves who would, with judicious training, become good scouts, being more efficient at this kind of work than white men, as they can find out crimes among the Indians which a policeman could never detect. These men have discovered liquor, and although Indians love it intensely, they have reported the discoveries, and the liquor has been seized. Yet an indiscriminate use of Indian scouts would be injurious. As policemen upon the reserves, honest and faithful men could be chosen who would do excellent service, and these can easily be obtained upon any Indian reserve. The Indians had their own native policemen who brought forward any one guilty of transgressing the native laws; and buck or chief, maiden or mother, were punished according to the degree of the crime committed. The same can be done again under the administration of the white men.

The Indians will always work better under a master than if they were to toil independently. There is no reason why many of them could not be employed, after a short time in training, as cow-boys on the ranches and as herders on small farms. This would agree better with our peace policy than enlisting them as

soldiers, and the steady employment would develop the powers of endurance, the Indian's keenness of discernment upon the prairies and his nomadic habits.

It would be the height of folly to attempt to disarm them. Next to his life the red man loves his gun, and nothing but the arts of peace and the benefits of civilization will ever induce him to lay it down. And should we attempt to disarm them when many of them believe that it is the intention of the white men to exterminate them? and I am sorry to say, that there are white monsters base enough to teach the Indians such a doctrine. Should Canada ever attempt to disarm the Indians of the West, there will be a repetition of the Pine Ridge massacre, when five hundred United States soldiers confronted one hundred and fifty Indians, who, rather than give up their guns, engaged in battle, and ninety-two were killed besides several wounded. Rather disarm them by kindness and humane treatment. Never will they dig up the hatchet and fight against the white man, if promises are kept, and justice is given them. Let the Mounted Police keep the unruly and vicious upon the reserves, but hinder not the peaceful and honest from going to the towns or settlers for purposes of trade. We are all subjects of the same sovereign and we have our rights. Whenever Indians become troublesome by prowling around towns, treat them as we would treat tramps, or other obnoxious persons. Give them the alternative of going home or being imprisoned. The sentiments of our Canadian people are in favour of the continuance of this peace policy. The very thought of an Indian war, or Indian allies, causes a feeling of horror in the Canadian mind. Kindly and sympathetically do they feel for the red men. Indeed, it would be much better for the natives if there was not so much sentimentality displayed about the Indian question, and if we had less heart and more head in the treatment of this problem. Nevertheless, it is our honest boast that wherever the Canadian Indian beholds the Union Jack he recognizes safety. If the national flag is borne by a white man, he welcomes him as a friend; and if it floats in front of fort or shanty, mansion or mission house, he boldly enters, assured that there above any other place in the world he has found a refuge. Let *justice to our Canadian Indians* be our motto, and the Indian question will solve itself.

MOOSE JAW, Assiniboia.

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THE means that heaven yields must be embraced,  
And not neglected.

*King Richard II., iii. 2.*

## THE TOOTH OF TIME.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

As the vital force employs itself in the demolition of the organic structures and the simultaneous repair of all the wastages, so the gigantic energies of geology have busied themselves in one age or place in demolishing the rocky fabrics consolidated with incredible labour in another age or place. The grain of sand upon the rivulet's border may have been incorporated successively into a dozen different formations, each in turn disintegrated to be inwrought in the rocky sheets of the next succeeding age.

Has the reader ever inquired whence came the materials for twenty-five miles of sedimentary strata? It is a question which geology is compelled to answer. The first and lowest great system of strata—the Laurentian—is in Canada thirty or forty thousand feet thick. This system is supposed to embrace nearly the entire globe, passing beneath the Paleozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic strata, and extending, probably with greatly diminished thickness, under the beds of the existing oceans. It must have been accumulated while yet the primeval sea was well-nigh universal. It is perfectly plain, however, that these vast beds of sediment must have had an origin in pre-existing rocks lying within reach of the denuding agencies of the time. How enormous a bulk of solid rocks was ground to powder to furnish material for these Laurentian strata may be imagined when the reader is reminded that the mean elevation of North America is but about twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea; and if the entire continent were ground to powder down to the sea-level and distributed over an area of the ocean's bottom equal only in extent to North America, it would afford a bed of strata not one-twentieth the thickness of the Laurentian system over the same region. Whence, then, the materials for so vast an accumulation of sediments? Where were the lands which must have disappeared during the Laurentian Age? Although we may not be able to indicate their location, the facts suggested serve to remind us of the gigantic scale of operations of the denuding agencies of primeval time.

Every succeeding geological age must also have had its source of supply to the contemporaneous sediments. The ever-growing continents were ever wearing down. As the increasing pressure of the accumulating oceans crowded higher the summits of the continental axes, the ceaseless demands of the insatiate sea for

more sediments wore thinner and thinner their denuded scalps. It is no wonder that included fires burst forth at the summits of the highest mountains. These are the exposed points, where the earth's crust has been reduced to the greatest degree of tenuity, while the ocean's floor is the most solid portion of the globe.

The Appalachians, that once lifted their multiplied folds to the heights of the Andes, have been planed down to the level of third-rate mountains, and the dust and rubbish scraped from their worn heads has been deposited in the troughs between the ridges, or strewn along the coast to form the foundations of the Atlantic States.

I have already alluded to the monuments of destructive action around the shores of the great lakes. Even mimic oceans like these, in the era of their strength, have performed labours which excite our astonishment. And that Titanic power which geology dimly pictures to us as moving in glacier-masses from parallel to parallel, riding over primeval forests, obliterating ancient river-beds, plowing out lake-basins, to the depth of nine hundred feet, and crushing to powder countless cubic miles of obdurate granite and quartz—that power of which we can little more than dream, though the records of its marvellous march are scattered about on every side—a power which may have been summoned into exercise at more than one period in the world's history—that power whose movement was resistless as fate, and destructive as the crash of worlds, can serve at least to impress our minds with the energy of geological agencies, and the resources at Nature's hand for the scooping of lake-basins, or the carving of mountain cliffs.

Even the humble river stream—humble by comparison, but terrific as Niagara in unwasting and untiring power—has accomplished work at which the highest human engineering stands appalled. The Kentucky and the Cumberland, in traversing the States which they drain, have worn their channels to the depth of hundreds of feet below the general level of the country. But these all are pigmy works compared with those of the streams which traverse the "Great American Desert." The region is a vast plateau stretching for hundreds of miles in either direction. The floor of the plateau is a mass of horizontal strata. Far in the hazy horizon may be seen the bold wall, which rises to a more elevated table-land composed of overlying strata. These higher strata were once continuous over the surface of the lower plateau, but have been swept off by denudation. Still farther in the horizon looms up another gigantic terrace, rising to the upper plateau of the desert. The traveller journeying across this ap-



parently monotonous and desert plain finds himself suddenly standing on the brink of a precipice. It is the wall of a deep gorge. Down into this gloomy chasm he endeavours to cast a look. It is like a vertical rent through the strata to the appalling depth of more than a mile. Far down at the bottom winds the sky-lighted stream which has executed this tremendous piece of engineering, quiet now as a lamb, but in spring-time roaring and destructive as a lion. This is the Colorado. Its immediate banks are fringed at intervals by a narrow border of grass, and these meagre grass-plots down in the rocky cleft are the occasional abode of the desert Indian. The great Black Canyon of the Colorado is a gorge with perpendicular walls of rock three hundred miles long, and from three thousand to six thousand feet high! The lateral streams have cut similar gorges, and these almost impassable chasms constitute formidable difficulties in traversing the country. The Colorado has cut through the entire series of formations, and sunken a thousand feet into the solid granite.

What æons have rolled by while this unparalleled river-work has been in progress! And yet this work must have been limited to the later ages, since the gorge cuts through Cretaceous strata. There was a time, during the Cenozoic ages, before yet the ridges of the Rocky Mountains had been elevated to their present altitudes, when this vast desert had just become dry land—upheaved from the bottom of the Cretaceous sea. Now the Colorado began to gather its forces and to irrigate the surface of the new-formed land. Now began the great canyon; but for many ages the surface features of the region were normal; and not improbably it was clothed with a soil, and watered by streams which sustained a luxuriant growth of vegetation. But man was slumbering in the voiceless future, and lazy reptiles held possession of the fair domain.

Who can tell but similar gorges have been cut in the strata of more eastern states. Here was land—permanent land—covered with vegetation, while yet the great desert was but ocean-slime. Here, too, were rivers—rivers like the Ohio and the Mississippi—with their numerous tributaries. What prevented these streams from scoring the strata to the depth of ten thousand feet? We know that during this interval the Niagara cut an ancient gorge. We know that an ancient river-bed stretches from Lake Michigan down through the valley of the Illinois. The subterranean explorations of the well-borer's auger have disclosed multitudes of ancient gorges which are now filled up with drift. If such tremendous gorges were ever cut, they were filed up and obliterated

by the great glacier. And may not this reparation of the surface have been one of the beneficent operations of the glacier? We are told no glacial action is detected west of the Rocky Mountains. Had the great glacier been moved over the deep-cut gorges of the great desert, they must have been filled and blotted out, and the new-formed streams, on the advent of man, would have been just in the act of surveying new channels for themselves. The bare rock would have been clothed with soil, and the "desert" might have been the garden of the continent.

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## UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow,  
Or blow they east, or blow they west?  
What reck I how the tides may flow,  
Since ebb or flood alike is best?  
No summer calm, no winter gale,  
Impedes or drives me from my way;  
I steadfast toward the haven sail  
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,  
When motionless I seemed to lie;  
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,  
And changed my course, I knew not why.  
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,  
Foreboding danger and delay,  
Forgetting I was thus to sail  
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret  
Which through those years of doubt I bore;  
I keep the memory fresh, and yet  
Would hold God's patient mercy more.  
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,  
What ships gone down on summer day;  
While I with furl'd or spreading sail,  
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,  
Since fair or foul alike is best?  
God holds them in His hand, I know,  
And I may leave to Him the rest,  
Assured that neither calm nor gale  
Can bring me danger or delay,  
As still I toward the haven sail  
That lies, I know, not far away.

## UNEXPECTED IMMORTALITIES.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

It is a strange and startling fact that many individuals in the far-off past have, unwittingly, become the objects of universal observation, and unconsciously have won an earthly immortality of which they never even dreamed. That is a marvellous book which makes a man's spiritual attainments and history visible from all after ages, and which so photographs his better life and deeds as to make them a source of inspiration, of comfort, and holy emulation to the last hour of time. And that is a thrilling and awful page which holds up a man's wickedness in the sight of all generations, and which brings down upon that wickedness the imperishable condemnations of myriads of the good and true as they come and go from age to age! Such is the Divine Word, and such is the eternal place it has given in history to the many lives and characters which come within its view.

To have that passing thought, look, word and attitude seized by some invisible power and flung into an everlasting picture or memory which shall be carried around the world and hung up before the intense, broadening gaze of all centuries, and to be again and again reproduced in the mental vision of countless multitudes, is a destiny which may make the stoutest heart tremble; and yet this is the wonderful fate to which all human lives referred to in the Bible-pages has been assigned. It is not too much to assume that few, if any, of all these characters, which have a place on the canvas of inspired story, ever even faintly imagined that their names and deeds, of good or ill, would be preserved in chronicles which should command the unmeasured, unparalelled homage and attention of an ever-widening world, and be published with an impassioned and undying zeal to all the coming millions of the globe!

What a fate to be brought into touch with a book which should grasp the noble word, the helpful deed, and write it down on its deathless page; to seize the moral failure, the lapse of faith, the godless hope, the life impure, and place the man forever "pilloried on infamy's high stage," to meet the scorn and doom of all mankind.

Did Cain, Abraham, Pharaoh, Moses, Joseph's brethren, David, Solomon, Ruth, Herod, Pilate, Priest and Levite, Judas, the little Disciple band, and numbers of the faithful ones in obscure places of old, in their highest moods, dare to think of such an im-

mortality as this Book has given them? Their most brilliant and audacious expectations never, we think, marked out for themselves a destiny of publicity and notoriety like this. The thing forever transcends, even their most splendid or their most dreadful dreams. Many of the heroic and noble ones in those distant years were poor, tired and lonely amid all the barbaric grandeur and tumult of those largely pagan ages, and when compared with the might and magnificence of the reigning emperors and kings whose fame and deeds resounded through the earth, they were, indeed, little and unknown.

When Nero's name was filling the world, who ever spoke of Peter whom he crucified, or of Paul whom he decapitated under the cloudless skies of an Italian June? But the verdict of time is being given, and when all the monumental magnificence of Rome's vast empire, with its arches, temples, palaces, and pillars have been buried in the darkness of a mighty grave, and Nero's fame is only an immortal disgrace, the names of the once obscure and martyred moral noblemen shine out on ever-brightening pages, and command the admiration and esteem of all true-hearted men when two millenniums have rolled away.

It is forever true that

“When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad Earth's aching  
breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to West ;  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong ;  
Whether *conscious* or *unconscious*, yet humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame,  
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.”

Perhaps we congratulate ourselves and are secretly glad that no such record as the Bible comes so near us to-day, to snatch the idle word, the reckless deed, the unworthy attitude and give them immortality throughout the world on its wondrous and persistent page. May be, there comes a sense of relief that our lot comes in an age when the process of making up the documents of the world's great Book was finished some eighteen hundred years before we took our place in the drama of human life, and therefore escaped the current and sweep of its undying chronicles.

We are glad, if our lives have been poor and unsightly,



that there is no hand at work to put it all down in some deathless record, and see that the report shall be circulated and published in nearly all the languages of the world. With some it must be almost a rapture that they have escaped a fate like this, to be pounced upon and then to be gibbeted forever before the gaze of generations we cannot name.

And yet with all this congratulation, is it not true that there is another register just as real and in some respects even more important than this greatest book of time? A register in God's own keeping, nothing lost in all the march of life! A record yet to be read out in "that day for which all other days were made." The destiny will be in harmony with the record. What will the writing be?

BEDEQUE, P.E.I.

### I DARE NOT STAND IDLE.

I DARE not idle stand,  
While upon every hand  
The whitening fields declare the harvest near ;  
A gleaner I would be,  
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,  
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,  
While on the shifting sand  
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet ;  
Beneath some shell's rough side  
The tinted pearl may hide,  
And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,  
While over all the land  
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine ;  
Brighter than brightest gem  
In monarch's diadem  
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,  
But at my Lord's command  
Labour for Him throughout my life's short day ;  
Evening will come at last,  
Day's labour all be passed,  
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

## WOODEN VENICE.

BY E. H. STAFFORD, M.D., C.M.

I SUPPOSE very few people now read Washington Irving's "Astoria," for it is not what can be called a very interesting book. It is not exactly a history nor yet a romance. It is not even an historical romance, but it is very good English taken purely as a given bulk of "literature," and Addison would very probably have written with no more elegance and certainly with no more effect. It is a book of information, however. In 1811, it appears that John Jacob Astor, of New York, having for long looked to the western coast with wistful eyes, and being governed, perhaps, by the sentiment of Bishop Berkeley's poem, beginning, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," organized a company of hardy adventurers for the purpose of trading in furs with the Indians of the Pacific coast. Among this band of path-finders Canadians were conspicuous, and are constantly being mentioned in the pages of Irving's "Astoria."

They chose for their post a spot at the mouth of the Columbia River, upon the southern bank and within the bar. From this spot, which they called Astoria, after their patron, could be seen the white foam of the surf without, and the blue Pacific ocean. The eternal thunder of the breakers could always be heard on the air. So the city was founded while the ground was yet territory disputed by Great Britain. The leader of the Astorians married Chief Concumly's daughter, and the years passed away. War and peace and peace and war, it was all one to the little settlement on the Pacific, for no echo from the east ever reached it. In 1865 it was a thriving little fishing village.

To-day a city of some ten thousand people nestles in the rear of the lighthouse. Salmon canneries are the leading industry. The shores of the noble Columbia River are very rugged, and the present Astoria is situated at the foot of a hill about the size of Mount Royal, Que.; but to make an accurate mental picture of the city, it must be supposed that the water reaches to the very foot of the cliff, and that the city instead of being built upon the lower ground in front, as in the case of Montreal, is built upon the water itself. Thousands of piles are driven down, and streets and houses erected upon them. The houses are, unfortunately, built of wood, which dispels any strained idea of Venice which one may have, and to make things still more un-Venetian, the streets are in great part boarded over. The noise of the rising and falling tides makes a murmuring amid the piles beneath,

but to that one soon becomes accustomed. Churches, shops, public and private buildings are all built upon the water, and everything is about the same as in any other city except the vacant lots, which have a watery, unhealthy appearance, and are the resort of sea-gulls. These lots are practically rectangular lakes, in which rubbish and garbage may be deposited.

On the face of the hill *perches* (known in real estate circles as dry land lots) may be purchased. These perches are more or less accessible from other parts of the world and from the city beneath. By making a wide and laborious detour they may be approached from the cliffs above, and jumped at. From beneath streets arise falteringly, at an angle like that of a Swiss roof. Firemen would do well upon such a promenade. Though some streets run up, as it were, and build regular staircases, others scorn to do so, though, in the majority of the up-hill streets, the sidewalks are made like a treadmill, and it is very like driving a treadmill to walk up them. It is on the same principle as the staircase, only wider, and not nearly so convenient. I have often thought what a conservation of energy it would be if some machine were made on each of these breakneck avenues, whereby one fat man going down could elevate one lean one going up. Such a system would be at once economical and diverting.

The population of Astoria consists chiefly of retired sea captains, but a large number of Chinese and fishermen must not be overlooked. Socially the city is full of a very distressing amount of flashy cheap-John sin. There are a great many men of the stamp that get "broke" at faro. A good deal of crime is committed in the more disreputable parts of the city, where seamen fresh in port are got drunk and let down through a trap-door in the floor into the water beneath. This mode of extermination is called "Shanghai-ing," and it is very difficult to bring the perpetrators to account.

The surroundings of the city are very beautiful. The Columbia River is some fourteen miles wide, and meets the ocean with majestic resignation. The coast ranges of the Rocky Mountains lie all around, but the Cascades, with Mount Hood, lie a hundred miles to the east in plain outline. There is a quiet grandeur in Mount Hood that impresses one at once. Near Astoria is Saddle Mountain, which has very much the shape of a Mexican saddle.

The Astorians were wise when in the year 1811 they chose this place for their lodgment, for the position is good and the environs sublimely beautiful. The ocean ships pass to and fro. The sun shines warm all the year around; and yet there is something hopelessly ridiculous about a wooden Venice.

ASTORIA, 1891.

## HOW JOE MARTIN TOOK UP THE CROSS.

## A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY.

BY A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a dark Monday night in November. The wind whistled drearily through the fir-tops, and the sea, breaking on the beach, had that mournful undertone, which always precedes and presages a storm. But still Joe Martin paced up and down a lonely bit of cart-road, leading from his home to some potato fields at a little distance. He had come here to be alone, for the struggle in his heart was one which could only be fought out in solitude.

There are moments in the lives of most men of strong and earnest nature when all companionship is pain, and such had now come to Joe Martin. He was only a fisherman: a big, burly fellow, rough and outspoken, ready for hard work, and equally ready for fun and frolic when they came in his way. The eldest son of the family, he had been his mother's stay since, five years before, his father, the skipper of the *Rolling Wave*, had been washed off the deck of his schooner, while coming home from Labrador. Dearly did he love his mother; and to her eyes there was only one thing wanting in her boy, and that was the "one thing needful." For Joe was not a Christian.

To-night Mrs. Martin sat at home in her tidy kitchen, wondering at her son's unusual absence, and breathing many a whispered prayer for him as she plied her knitting-needles; and Joe was out in the wild night, fighting the great battle of his life. For weeks he had been conscious of a vague unrest, a longing for something, he knew not what. He had tried to drive this feeling away; he had busied himself with his work, to no purpose; he had gone to greater lengths than ever in mischief and merry-making, but under all there was the unsatisfied feeling and the yearning for something better.

And lately he had found out what it was he wanted. A young man, one of his boyhood's most intimate companions, had recently died. Joe had often visited him through the lingering weeks of his illness, and had marvelled at the peace and joy with which George looked forward to death. One day he had asked him how it was that he was not afraid, but so calm and satisfied about everything. Would he ever forget the answer, given in a tone of unwavering trust and assured triumph?

"Why, Joe, I have Jesus with me all the time, and I can't be afraid when I know I'm goin' to see Him face to face."

Then Joe knew that what he wanted was that same Saviour who was so precious to George.

Two weeks had passed since the knowledge had come to him. His friend had gone to the presence of Him whom, having not seen, he had loved; and his death had served to deepen the im-



pressions made on Joe's mind. He had begun to acknowledge to himself, though he had said no word to any other, that the greatest desire of his heart was to find the Saviour. God's Spirit was working, breaking up the fallow ground, so that it might be ready for the seed of the kingdom. And then the message came. Joe had often boasted "that he was no great hand for listenin' to sermons, an' most times forgot every word the parson said before he got half-ways home." But this night it was different. What had happened to the hymns? They seemed to voice his secret thoughts! How did Mr. Bryant come to tell God all about *him* in the opening prayer? He never remembered feeling like this before. It never struck him that it was the working of the Spirit—till afterwards.

When the minister rose to give out his text, Joe almost held his breath. Would it be a message for him, he wondered, as he looked up the passage; and then he read, following the voice of the preacher, words which were to change his whole life: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

Mr. Bryant proceeded to speak of the happiness, safety, and peace of those who were among the number of Christ's disciples. How poor Joe longed for those blessings to be his! Nor did he stop at longing; but silently there rose from his inmost heart the vow, "By God's help, those blessings shall be mine! I will be a Christian!" As the minister pointed out the conditions of discipleship, Joe began to think it was a harder matter than he had imagined.

"You may go round the cross; you may refuse to carry it, you may be cowardly, disobedient, weak. You may hate your enemies and those who have wronged you; you may prefer your own advantage or pleasure or gain to what you know is right; but if you do so, listen to the words of Christ to you, 'Ye *cannot*, ye *cannot* be My disciples!'" Up to this point Joe had listened; now he heard no more of the minister's words. He gave one look across the church to where sat a young man of about his own age, by name John Vaughan, and then fixed his eyes on the back of the pew before him, and sat, with hands locked together and lips compressed, through the rest of the service. Over and over again the words of the text rang in his ears, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be My disciple;" and other words came after them as an echo, "Love your enemies!" "Forgive them that trespass against you!" But over and over again in answer Joe said within himself, "I want to be Thy disciple, Lord, but I cannot forgive John Vaughan!"

The service was ended at last; and, fearing that he would betray his feelings, Joe left the church at once, and went home, longing for solitude, that he might think it all out. He slept little that night. His thoughts went back to his childhood, where he and John Vaughan had been rivals in their class at school. He remembered quite well the day when he had spelled a word

which John had missed, and so got above him. He saw again the dark frown on John's face, and heard his muttered words, "I'll pay you for getting above me, Joe Martin!" And well had he remembered his boyish threat. Never since had he neglected an opportunity of doing Joe all the injury which lay in his power, and which his mean, petty spite could suggest. As a boy, he had poisoned Joe's favourite dog, had thrown into the sea a new knife which Joe's carefully hoarded pennies had bought, and done well-nigh innumerable tricks of similar character. As a man, he had deliberately stood in Joe's light on every possible occasion. Once when the seals were off the shore in spring, he had stolen several of those killed by Joe; at another time he had so injured his herring-nets as to render them all but useless; and worse than all to the proud spirit of the young man, he had recently set in circulation such reports of Joe's treatment of him, that most looked upon John as the aggrieved instead of the aggressor. Joe had borne it all, not patiently indeed, but because of his mother's entreaties; and now as the thought of all the wounds which his enemy had given him, came over him in the silence of the night, he felt that though he might bear it, he could never, never forgive. And yet, how strong was the longing which had sprung up in his heart for the forgiveness and friendship of the Saviour!

At last, worn out with the mental struggle, he fell asleep; but his rest was broken by strange dreams. One he never forgot. He saw a crowd, a surging, angry crowd, pressing out through the gate of a city; and in the midst was One upon whom all their fury and hate seemed to centre. His face was full of sorrow and of love unspeakable, not a trace of anger or of fear was to be seen; and staggered under the weight of a heavy cross. He looked so weak and worn with suffering, and withal, so gracious and so loving, that Joe, drawn by an irresistible impulse, sprang forward to help Him with his load. But even as he drew near, the wooden cross seemed to change into the hated form and features of John Vaughan; and Joe shrank away, but, turning, caught the sorrowful gaze of the Christ, and heard His voice saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple!" and Joe awoke.

But the morning brought no peace to his heart; and as he went about his work that Monday, it was with the consciousness that the storm within him only waited its time to burst forth again in all its madness; and when night came, Joe sought a solitary spot and began his conflict again. Thus this story found him at its opening. He was alone, and yet not alone. He was dimly conscious of two opposing forces, whether in him or around him he scarcely knew. Now before his eyes there floated the Christ of his dream, with the look of sorrowful love on His pale face; and anon the vision was replaced by the hated features of his enemy. But through it all he heard the words of the text which had so moved him, with an awful emphasis on that one word "*cannot*."

The wind seemed to howl it at him in every gust, the sea seemed to fling it up at him from every wave. But his mother was praying for him at home; Joe knew she was, though he had said nothing to her. After awhile, he got somewhat calmer. There stole into his heart the remembrance of the promise he had made the night before, the secret vow that he would be Christ's disciple. True, he had made the vow without counting the cost; but Joe Martin had always been a man of his word, and he thought himself bound by this promise. A great peace stole in upon his soul. "I've promised to be Thy disciple, Lord," he said, "and that settles it. I must take up the cross Thou givest me to carry. I must forgive John Vaughan!"

But victory was not yet, though the enemy was daunted. Joe said afterwards that every ill turn John had ever played him, "came up to his mind in the twinklin' of an eye;" and for awhile he thought it as impossible as ever to forgive. But he held to his decision. "I *must* do it," he said, "there's no way to help it. I must be Christ's disciple, and I cannot unless I take up my cross and follow Him!"

Then there came thoughts of his own life, how he had sinned against his Heavenly Father, how he had never loved Him, but slighted and rejected all His calls, and taken His blessing as a right. He thought, too, of how all this had been atoned for; of the great love of the Son of God, as shown on Calvary; of the cross borne and the humiliation endured for him, yes, for *him*, Joe Martin. He saw himself in a new light. "Why," he said to himself, "I do believe I'm worse than Jack! I've never loved him, nor tried to do him good, so I couldn't expect he'd have much love for me! But the Lord Jesus has been loving me all these years, an' I've never given Him nothin' for it, but black ingratitude an' downright disobedience. O God, forgive me! for Christ's sake, forgive!" And God heard and answered.

So, at last, as of old in the Judean wilderness, "the devil, having ended all the temptation, departed for a season," and Joe, kneeling out under the starless sky, said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, as Thou hast forgiven me, I forgive John Vaughan!" And "there was joy in the presence of the angels of God!"

It was close on midnight when Joe got up from his knees and went home. He had been heedless of the flight of time, but not so his mother; and when he entered the kitchen, he found her still waiting for him by the embers of the dying fire. She turned as he came in, and was beginning some question as to his prolonged absence on such a wild night, but the look in his face stopped her. Coming forward to where she was sitting, he knelt down by her side, and putting his arms round her neck, said softly, "Mother, God has forgiven me, and I have forgiven Jack Vaughan."

Then there was joy on earth as well as in heaven.

Worn out by the struggle through which he had passed, Joe slept soundly, all unconscious of the storm, which had by this

time increased to indescribable fury. The night was dark with that awful blackness which is unrelieved by moon or star; the wind raged fiercely among the trees, bending their lofty tops, and ever and anon uprooting some of those most exposed to its onset, while the houses in the village rocked to their foundations. The rain fell in almost unbroken sheets; and mingled with the noise of its downpour, and the weird shrieking of the wind, came the deep bass thunder of the big Atlantic "rollers," as they broke at the foot of the cliffs, and flung up the incense of their foam towards heaven. Many an anxious heart and many a wakeful eye were there in Chimney Cove that night, for many had friends who might be on the water, who might be in peril; but among them all no heart was so anxious as that of John Vaughan's mother. Her son had left his home at day-break that Monday morning, to join a schooner lying in a neighbouring harbour, and about to sail for St. John's. Over and over Mrs. Vaughan said to herself, as she tossed restlessly upon her bed, listening to the wild storm-voices without:

"They never sailed in the face o' this storm comin' on," she said, "Skipper Tom King is mighty careful, an' knows the look o' the sky wonderful well!"

But even as she thus strove to comfort herself, the question would come,

"If they *have* sailed, where are they now?"

Again and again she rose, and going to the window, peered out into the night, but no eye could pierce the black pall which hung over the sea.

Slowly the long night wore away, and the late November dawn began to creep up the eastern horizon; but still there was no abatement of the storm, except that the rain fell somewhat less heavily. Mrs. Vaughan, waking from a short and troubled sleep, again sought her window, and looked out over the wild waste of angry waters, black and foam-crested in the distance, but in the Cove a seething mass of white surf, rushing far up the beach. On the northern side of the Cove the shore sloped gently to the sea, but on its southern side high precipitous cliffs rose sheer from the water, and it seemed as if the waves, urged on by the fierce "north-easter," spent the utmost force of their rage in the impotent endeavour to overleap those rocky barriers.

At first it was impossible to distinguish anything distinctly in the dim light, but as the day broadened, the awful grandeur of the scene became apparent to the watching mother. And then the vision that had been before her eyes all night became terrible reality; for she saw, dimly at first, but unmistakably, a schooner, driving at the mercy of wind and wave, straight in toward the rocks. A few minutes more, and she would be upon them; no earthly power could stop her; and then—God help the souls on board!

There was no possibility of distinguishing what vessel it might be which was thus surely hurrying to her doom, but the mother's



heart was wrung with the terrible fear that it might be the one in which was her boy. Hastily wrapping a shawl about her, she roused the still sleeping household, and leaving the house, hurried through the village and across the beach towards the cliffs, her agonized soul meanwhile sending up many a cry to heaven for the safety of her son, and the lives of those on board the doomed vessel.

But others had seen the perilous position of the schooner, and on her way Mrs. Vaughan was joined by many, among whom was Joe Martin. The distance was but a short one, and in a few minutes the entire population of Chimney Cove were gathered on the cliffs. The schooner was now scarcely her own length from the rocks; the men could be seen upon her deck, clinging to any frail support which they found available, to keep themselves from being washed away by the big waves that were surging over her. It was a fearful sight; and the worst part of it, to the watchers on the cliff, seemed their utter inability to help those who were in such dreadful peril. No boat could live in such a sea near those rocks; and even if it could, the tragedy would be all enacted ere one could be launched from the beach.

"There's just one chance for 'em," said Joe Martin to Mr. Bryant, who was standing beside him. "Right under here there's a ledge big enough for four or five to stand on. I reckon she'll strike just by it, an' if they can only jump, we'll perhaps save some of 'em; if not —"

He was stopped by a shriek, a woman's shriek: "It's my boy, my John! Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Joe knew the voice even before he turned to see who was speaking. It was John Vaughan's mother; then John was on board; his mother had recognized him among those figures clinging to the deck. The memories of last night came back; a great love for his enemy surged through his heart. Quick as thought, he sprang to the edge of the cliff, and throwing himself down on the grass, leant half over. The vessel was directly underneath, and he thought he could distinguish John's figure from the others through the clouds of foam which were dashing over her. Raising his powerful voice to its highest pitch, he shouted, "Jump for the ledge!" He was only just in time, for, even as he spoke, a tremendous roller drove the schooner right upon the cliffs. The surf hid her for a moment from view, but the watchers beheld her presently drawn out again with the receding wave, only to be caught and flung in with the next incoming one. Joe Martin, though almost blinded by the spray, still leant over the cliff edge, striving vainly to discover if any human form were on that ledge of rocks below; but so terrific was the onset of the waves just then that it was entirely hidden by the surf.

When for the second time the ill-fated vessel was carried out a few yards from the rocks, no men were visible on her deck. Again and again the sea flung her back to the rocks, and the rocks

gave her back to the sea, like a forsaken toy, despised now that their cruelty had been wrecked upon it. It seemed to all in that crowd, even to John Vaughan's heart-broken mother, that there could be no hope for any soul on board—to all but one. In Joe Martin's heart there was a conviction, born of earnest desire, that John was yet alive, and might yet be saved. In less time than it takes to tell it, he had possessed himself of a coil of rope brought by some of the fishermen, and was fastening the end of it securely round his waist.

"I'm goin' down to that ledge, boys," said he. P'raps there's some one on it that we can't see for the surf. I've a sort of feelin' that Jack Vaughan is down there; anyways, I'm goin' down to see. Pay out the rope gently, lads, and when I jerk hard, stop; an' when I jerks again, haul up!"

Strong, careful hands lowered him gently down the face of the cliff. There had been no time to reason; but all knew the fearful risk he was running, and all wondered at his running such a risk for his bitterest enemy, and that, too, with such slight chance of there being any one alive to save. No one knew of the vision which was before Joe's eyes, no one heard the words so clearly sounding in his ears: the vision of the Christ, fainting beneath the cross, treading His way to Calvary; the words spoken by those divine lips, which had come to him so often during the last few hours, "Whosoever doth not take up his cross and follow Me, cannot be My disciple."

"This is *my* cross," he thought. "Blessed Saviour, if Thou didst go to certain death for me, I can surely *risk* my life to save John." For still the conviction was strong upon him that John was there upon the ledge.

Down, down, down, towards that seething mass of waters; down, with the spray blinding him, and the wind driving him against the solid wall of rock till his body was bruised and bleeding; down, till at length his feet touched the ledge, and he gave the signal to stop.

And now, for the first time, doubts of the success of his undertaking assailed him. The ledge was only a narrow projection, running for a few yards along the face of the cliff. Just above high-water mark in calm weather, the waves were breaking fiercely over it now. Twice Joe lost his foothold as he edged his way along it; and, but for the rope, could never have regained it. He saw that even if John had succeeded in jumping from the wreck, he had probably been washed off by the next wave. One thing was certain, there was no one on the ledge. He had come in vain, but at least he had done what he could. The schooner, now fast going to pieces, was within a few yards of him. He stopped a moment to look at her before giving the signal for ascent. Perhaps Mrs. Vaughan might have been mistaken, and it was not John's vessel after all. He would try to see her name. Just then a huge wave broke over the ledge, and once more swept him off his feet. Another followed, and, as he struggled to regain

his foothold, some dark object washed up against him. Instinctively he grasped it; it was the body of a man, limp and apparently lifeless.

Hastily pulling the rope, Joe clasped the body in his arms, and the ascent was commenced. Up, up, up! very slowly, for the double weight made it no easy task for those above; up, with the surf blinding him and the wind buffeting him; up, with that seemingly dead man clasped tightly in his arms, though it was by a great effort that his fast-failing strength could support the burden; up, till at last the top was reached, and rescuer and rescued were drawn over the cliff edge into safety by eager hands. Throughout the ascent, Joe had not seen the face of the man whom he had saved; but now, as they took his burden from him, and laid him for a moment on the grass, he beheld the well-known features of him from whom he had suffered and for whom he had risked so much. It was John Vaughan himself.

They carried the half-drowned man to the nearest house, and by dint of rubbing and restoratives, slowly brought him back to life and consciousness. And perhaps the happiest moment in all Joe Martin's life was when, a few hours after, he knelt by the bed where lay his former enemy, now broken down and repentant, and heard his whispered words:

"I didn't deserve it from *you*, Joe. I've treated you very bad. Can you, will you, forgive me? And oh, may God forgive me, too!"

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#### FINDING GOD.

BESIDE a mighty city's gate,  
Where passed at morn the proud and great  
To seek a sacred shrine that stood  
Within the precincts of a wood,  
A crippled beggar sat, and loud  
Besought the ever-passing crowd.  
His need was sore, but they denied;  
"We seek to find out God!" they cried,  
As by the altar, on the sod,  
They knelt—"We seek to find out God!"

The day declined. The great and proud,  
Who sought that morn the shrine and bowed  
Their heads as though in reverence there,  
Forgot the shrine, forgot the prayer.  
But, lo! the man whom they denied  
A pittance as they passed in pride,  
Dead by the gateway, knew what they  
So vainly sought, as, day by day,  
They toward the holy altars trod.  
He—he alone—had found out God!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

## ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE story that Reynolds Bartram had "stood up for prayers" went through Bruceton and the surrounding country like wildfire. Scarcely any one believed it, no matter by whom he was told; the informer might be a person of undoubted character, but the information was simply incredible. People would not believe such a thing unless they could see it with their own eyes, and hear it with their own ears. So the special meetings became at once so largely attended that they were held in the body of the church instead of the little basement called "the lecture-room."

The most entirely amazed person in the town was Deacon Quickset. Never before had he been absent, unless sick, from any special effort of his church to persuade sinners to flee from the wrath to come; but when Dr. Guide had announced that he should ask Sam Kimper to assist him in the special meetings the deacon's conscience bade him halt and consider. Dr. Guide was wrong, there could be no doubt of that; would it be right, then, merely for the sake of apparent peace and unity, for him, the deacon, to seem to agree to his pastor's peculiar views? The deacon remained at home.

That Reynolds Bartram had been the firstfruits of the new special effort was a statement which the deacon denied as soon as he heard it. Frequent repetition of the story, however, soon began to impress him with its probability; and, finally, a brother deacon, who had been present, set all doubt at rest by the assertion that Bartram had not only been converted but was assisting at the meetings. When, however, the attending deacon went on to inform his absentee brother that Bartram had attributed his "awakening" and "conversion" to the influence of Sam Kimper, Deacon Quickset lost his temper and exclaimed, "It's all a confounded lie! It's a put-up job!"

"Brother Quickset," exclaimed the astonished associate, with a most reproving look.

"Oh, I don't mean that *you* lie," exclaimed the angry defender of the faith. "If you heard Bartram say it, he *did* say it, of course. But there's somethin' wrong somewhere. The minister's kind o' lost his head over Sam Kimper, just because the wretch isn't back in his old ways again, and he's got a new notion in his head about how the Gospel ought to be preached. New notions have been plenty enough ever since the religion started; there's always some man or men thinkin' out things for themselves, an' forgettin' everythin' else on account of 'em. There was meddlers of that kind way back to the days of the Apostles, an' goodness knows the history of the Church is full of 'em. They've been so



set in their ways that no sort of discipline would cure 'em—they've even had to be hanged or burned to save the faith from bein' knocked to pieces."

"But, Brother Quickset," pleaded the other deacon, "every one knows our pastor isn't that sort of person. He is an intelligent, thoughtful, unexcitable man that——"

"That's just the kind that always makes the worst heretics," roared the deacon. "Wasn't Servetus that kind of person? And didn't Calvin have to burn him at the stake? I tell you, deacon, it takes a good deal of horror out of those times when you have a case of the kind come right before your eyes."

"What! Somebody-being burned!" exclaimed the other deacon, raising his hands in horror.

"No, no!" testily replied the defender of the faith. "Only somebody that ought to be."

"But where does the lying come in that you were talking about?"

"I'll tell you just what I believe," said Deacon Quickset, dropping his voice and drawing close to his associate. "I believe Dr. Guide believes just what he says. Of course nobody's going to doubt that he's sincere, but when it's come to the pinch he's felt a little shaky. What does any other man do when he finds himself shaky about any other important matter of opinion? Why, he consults a lawyer, an' gets himself pulled through."

"But you don't mean to say that you think Dr. Guide would go to a rank young disbeliever in anything—but himself—like Rey Bartram, do you, in a matter of this kind?"

"Why not? Ministers have often got lawyers to help 'em when they've been hauled up on points of orthodoxy. What the lawyer b'lieves or don't b'lieve hasn't got anythin' to do with it; it's his business to b'lieve as his client does, an' make other folks b'lieve so too. Rey Bartram is just the sort of fellow a man would want in such a case. He's got that way of lookin' as if he knew everythin', just like his father had before him, that makes folks give in to him in spite of theirselves. Besides, he'll say or do anythin' to carry his point."

"Isn't that putting it rather strong, Brother Quickset?"

"Of course it ain't. Don't I know, I should like to ask? Don't I always hire him myself?"

"Oh!" That was the only word the other deacon spoke, but his eyes danced, and he twisted his lips into an odd grin.

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed the pillar of orthodoxy. "You needn't take it in that way. Of course, what I ask him to do is only right—if I didn't think so I wouldn't ask him."

"Of course not, brother. But think a moment. Do you really believe that any fee, or any professional pride, would persuade that young man, proud as Lucifer, and just as conceited and headstrong, a young man who always has argued against religion and against every belief you and I hold dear, to rise for prayers in an inquiry meeting, and afterward say it was the Christian

life of Sam Kimper—a man whom a high-born fellow like Bartram must believe is as near the animals as humanity ever is—to say it was the Christian life of Sam Kimper that convinced him of the supernatural origin and saving power of Christianity?”

“I can’t believe he put it in that way; there must be somethin’ else behind it; I’m goin’ to find out for myself, and do it at once, too. This sort of nonsense must be stopped. Why, if men go to takin’ ev’rythin’ Jesus Christ said just as He said it, ev’rythin’ in the world in the way of business is goin’ to be turned upside down.”

Away went Deacon Quickset to Bartram’s office, and was so fortunate as to find the lawyer in. He went right at his subject by saying, “Well, young man, you’ve been in a nice business, haven’t you? Tryin’ to go up to the Throne of Grace right behind a jailbird, while the leaders an’ teachers whom the Lord had selected have been spurned by you for years.”

Reynolds Bartram was too new a convert to have entirely changed his old self and manner, so he flushed angrily and retorted, “One thief is about as good as another, Deacon Quickset.”

Then it was the deacon’s turn to look angry. The two men faced each other for a moment with flashing eyes, lowering brows, and hardset jaws. The deacon was the first to recover himself; he took a chair, and said, “Maybe I haven’t heard the story rightly. What I came around for was to get it from first hands. Would you mind tellin’ me?”

“I suppose you allude to my conversion?”

“Yes,” said the deacon with a look of doubt, “I s’pose that’s what we will have to call it, for want of a better word.”

“It is a very short story,” said Bartram, now entirely calm, as he leaned against his desk and folded his arms. “Like every other man with any brains, I’ve always been interested in religion intellectually, and had to believe that if it was right, as I heard it talked, it had sometimes got away from its Founder in a manner for which there seemed to be no excuse. Everything was being taught by the servants—nothing by the Master. When I wish to know your wishes, deacon, about any matter in which we are mutually interested, I don’t go to your back door and inquire of your servants—I go to you direct. But when people—you among the number—have talked to me about religion, they’ve always talked Peter and Paul and James and John—never Jesus.”

“The Apostle Paul——” began the deacon, but the lawyer snatched the word from his lips, and continued:

“The Apostle Paul was the ablest lawyer who ever talked. I’ve studied him a great deal, in past days, for style.”

“Awful!” groaned the deacon.

“Not in the least,” said the lawyer, with great earnestness. “He was just the man for his place and his time; ’twas his business to explain the new order of things to the hard-hearted Jews, of whom he had been so noble a representative that to convert him it was necessary that he should be knocked senseless, and

remain so for the space of three days—you remember the circumstance? He was just the man, too, to explain the new religion to the heathen and pagans of his day, for those Greeks and Romans were a brainy lot of people. But why should he have been quoted to me, or any other man in this community? We don't have to be convinced that Jesus lived—we believe it already. The belief has been born in us; it has run through our blood for hundreds of years"—here the young man raised his head proudly—"for there were ancestors of mine among the Crusaders. Do you know what I have honestly believed for years about a lot of religious men in this town—you among the number? I've believed that Jesus was so good that you've all been making hypocritical excuses, through your theology, to get away from Him."

"Get away from my Saviour!" gasped the deacon.

"Oh, no; you wanted enough of Him to be saved by; enough to die by; but when it came to living by Him—well, you know perfectly well you don't."

"Awful!" again groaned the deacon.

"When I heard of that wretched convict taking his Saviour as an example of daily life and conduct, it seemed ridiculous. If better men couldn't do it, how could he? I had no doubt that while he was under lock and key, with no temptations about him, and nothing to resist, he had succeeded, but that he could do it in the face of all his old influences I did not for an instant believe. I began to study him as I would any other experiment, and when he did not break down as soon as I had expected, I was mean enough—God forgive me!—to try to shake his faith. The honest truth is, I did not want to be a Christian myself, and had resisted all the arguments I had heard, but I was helpless when dear friends told me nothing was impossible to me which was being accomplished by a common fellow like Sam Kimper."

"Nothin' is impossible to him that believes," said the deacon, finding his tongue for a moment.

"Oh, I believe; there was no trouble about that; 'the devils also believe.' You remember that passage, I suppose? Finally, I began to watch Sam closely, to see if, perhaps, he wasn't as much of a hypocrite on the sly as some other people I know. He can't make much money on the terms he has with Larry, no matter how much work reaches the shop. I passed his shop scores of times early and late, and found him always at work, except once or twice when I've seen him on his knees. I've hung about his wretched home at night to see if he did not sneak out on thieving expeditions; I've asked storekeepers what he bought, and have found that his family lived on the plainest food. That man is a Christian, deacon. When I heard that he was to make an exhortation at the meeting, I went there to listen—only for that purpose. But as he talked I could not help recalling his mean, little, insignificant face as I'd seen it again and again when I was a younger man, dropping into justices' courts for a chance to get

practice at pleading, and he was up for fighting or stealing. It was the same face; nothing can ever make his forehead any higher or broader, or put a chin where nature left one off. But the expression of countenance was so different—so honest, so good, that I got from it my first clear idea of what was possible to the man who took our Saviour for a model of daily life. It took such hold of me that when the pastor asked those who wanted the prayers of God's people to rise I was on my feet in an instant. I couldn't keep my seat."

"Then you do admit that there are some God's people besides Sam Kimper?" sneered the deacon.

"I never doubted it," replied the lawyer.

"Oh, well," said the deacon, "if you'll go on, now you've begun, you'll see you've only made a beginning. By the way, have you got that Bittles mortgage ready yet?"

"No," said the lawyer, "and I won't have it ready, either. To draw a mortgage in that way, so the property will fall into your hands quickly, and Bittles will lose everything, is simple rascality, and I'll have nothing to do with it."

"It's all right if he's willin' to sign it, isn't it?" asked the deacon, with an ugly frown. "His signature is put on by his own free will, ain't it?"

"You know perfectly well, Deacon Quickset," said the lawyer, "that fellows like Bittles will sign anything, without looking at it, if they can get a little money to put into some new notion. A man's home should be the most jealously guarded bit of property in the world; I'm not going to deceive any man into losing it."

"I didn't s'pose," said the deacon, "that gettin' religious would take away your respect for the law, an' make you abuse the law."

"It doesn't; it makes me resolve that the law sha'n't be used for purposes of the devil."

"Do you mean to call me the devil?" screamed the deacon.

"I'm not calling you anything; I'm speaking of the unrighteous act you want done. I won't do it for you, and, further, I'll put Bittles on his guard against any one else who may try it."

"Mr. Bartram," said the deacon, rising, "I guess I'll have to take all my law business to somebody else. Good morning."

"I didn't suppose I should have to suffer for my principles so soon," said the lawyer, as the deacon started, "but when *you* want to be converted come and see me, and you'll learn I bear you no grudge. Indeed, you'll be obliged to come to me, as you'll learn after you think over all your affairs a little while."

The deacon stopped; the two men stood face to face for a moment, and then parted in silence.





## CHAPTER XVII.

When Eleanor Prency heard that her lover had not only been converted, but was taking an active part in the special religious meetings, she found herself in what the old women of the vicinity called "a state of mind." She did not object to young men becoming very good; that is, she did object to any young man of whom she happened to be very proud becoming very bad. But it seemed to her that there was a place where the line should be drawn, and that Reynolds Bartram had overstepped it. That he might some time join the Church was a possibility to which she had previously looked forward with some pleasurable sense of anticipation. She belonged to the Church herself; so did her father and mother; and she had long been of the opinion that a little religion was a very good thing for a young man who was in business and subject to temptation. But as she regarded the events of the few past evenings, as reported by people who had been at the meetings, she became more than ever of the opinion, that a little religion would go a long way. Reynolds Bartram had more than was necessary.

Like a great many other girls who are quite affectionate daughters, she neglected to make a confidante of her mother, and Mrs. Prency was, therefore, very much surprised on entering the room, after a short shopping tour, to discover the two young women in utter silence, Eleanor looking greatly vexed, and the new sewing-woman very much distressed about something. The older lady endeavoured to engage the couple in conversation. After waiting a little while for the situation to make itself manifest, but getting only very short replies, she left the room and made an excuse to call her daughter after her.

"My dear child, what is the matter? Doesn't Jane know how to sew?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, "I s'pose so; but she knows how to talk, too, and she has done it so industriously, and made me feel so uncomfortable, that I have not had any opportunity to examine her sewing."

"My daughter, what can she have said to annoy you so much?"

To add to her annoyances, some of her intimate acquaintances, who knew that if the two young people were not engaged they certainly were very fond of each other, and who regarded the match as a matter of course in the near future, began to twit her on the possibility of her lover becoming a minister, should he go on in his present earnest course of trying to save lost souls. The more they talked about her in her presence as a minister's wife, the less she enjoyed the prospect. Minister's wives in Bruceton were sometimes pretty, but they never dressed very well, and Miss Eleanor was sure, from what she saw of their lives, that they never had any good times.

Fuel was added to the fire of her discontent when her mother announced one morning that Jane Kimper had arrived, and would

assist the couple at their sewing. To Eleanor, Jane represented the Kimper family, the head of which was the cause of Reynolds Bartram's extraordinary course. Eleanor blamed Sam for all the discomfort to which she had been subjected on account of Bartram's religious aspirations, and she was inclined to visit upon the new seamstress the blame for all the annoyances from which she had suffered.

"Oh," exclaimed Eleanor, savagely snatching to pieces a bit of delicate silk she held in her hand, "what every one is talking about. What does any one in this town have to talk about just now, I wonder, except Reynolds Bartram and the Church? Why is it that they all think it necessary to come and talk to me about it? I am sure I am not especially interested in church work, and I don't believe any one who has talked to me about it is. But I hear nothing else from morning till night when any visitor comes in. I was congratulating myself that I had an excuse to-day, so that I need not see any one who might call, but that dreadful girl is worse than all the rest put together. She seems to think that because her folks at home haven't anything else to talk about, and that her father is so delighted at the 'blessed change,' as he expresses it, that has come over Bartram, that I should feel just as happy about it."

"Well, daughter, don't you?"

"No, mother, I don't; I suppose it's perfectly dreadful in me to say so, but I don't feel anything of the kind. It's just horrid, and I wish you and father would take me away for a little while, or else let me go off on a visit. People talk as if Rey belonged entirely to me—as if I had had something to do with it; and you know perfectly well I haven't."

"Well, dear, is that any reason why you should be jealous of poor Sam Kimper?"

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eleanor, her eyes flashing, "he is the worst enemy I ever had. I haven't had so much annoyance and trouble in all my life as have come to me during the past two or three days through that wretched man; I wish him almost any harm. I even wish he had never gone to the penitentiary."

Mrs. Prency burst out laughing. The young woman saw the blunder she had committed, and continued, quickly: "I mean that I wish he had never got out again. The idea of a fellow like that coming back to this town, and talking and working on people's sympathies in such a way as to carry intelligent people right off their feet! Here you and father have been talking about him at the table almost every day for a long time."

"Well, daughter, you seemed interested in everything we said, and thought he might do a great deal of good if he were sincere, and remained true to his professions."

"Great deal of good! Yes, but of course, I supposed he'd do it among his own set of people. I had no idea that he was going to invade the upper classes of society, and make a guy out of the very young man that——"

Then Eleanor burst into tears.

"My dear child," said the mother, "you are making altogether too much of very little. Of course, it is impossible that everybody in the town sha'n't be surprised at the sudden change that has come over Mr. Bartram; but it ought to comfort you to know that all the better people in the town are very glad to learn of it, and that his example is making them very much ashamed of themselves, and that instead of the meetings being conducted almost entirely by him and Sam Kimper, hereafter——"

"Him and Sam Kimper! Mother, the idea of mentioning the two persons in the same day!—in the same breath!—how can you?"

"Well, dear, they will no longer manage the meetings by themselves, but a number of the older citizens, who have generally held aloof from such affairs, have resolved that it is time for them to do something, so Reynolds will very soon be a less prominent figure, and I trust you will hear less about him. But don't—I beg of you—don't visit your displeasure on that poor girl. You can't imagine that she had anything to do with her father's conversion, can you, still less with that of Mr. Bartram? Now do dry your eyes and try to come back to your work and be cheerful. If you can't do more, you at least can be human. Don't disgrace your parentage, my dear; she has not even done that as yet."

Then Mrs. Prency returned to the sewing-room, and chatted a little while with the new seamstress about the work in hand, and Eleanor joined them in a few moments, and the mental condition of the atmosphere became somewhat less cloudy than before, when suddenly a stupid servant, who had only just been engaged and did not entirely know the ways of the house, ushered directly into the sewing-room Mr. Reynolds Bartram. Eleanor sprang to her feet, spreading material, and needles, and spools of silk, and thread, and scissors, and thimbles all over the floor. Jane looked up timidly for an instant, and bent her head lower over her work. But Mrs. Prency received him as if she were the Queen of England sitting upon her throne with her royal robes upon her.

"I merely dropped in to see the judge, Mrs. Prency; I beg pardon for intruding upon the business of the day."

"I didn't suppose he was at home," said the lady. "You have been at the office?"

"Yes, and I was assured he was here; I was anxious to see him at once. I suspect I have a very heavy contract on my hands, Mrs. Prency. What do you suppose I have agreed to do? I have promised, actually promised, to persuade him to come down to the church this evening and take part in the meetings."

Eleanor, who had just reseated herself, flashed an indignant look at him.

"I am sure I wish you well in your effort," said the judge's wife, "and if it is of any comfort to you I promise that I will do all I can to assist you at it."

Then Eleanor's eyes flashed again, as she said, "Mother, the idea of father——"

"Well?"

"The idea of father taking part in such work!"

"Do you know of any one, daughter, whose character more justifies him in doing so? If you do, I shall not hesitate to ask Mr. Bartram to act as substitute until some one else can be found."

Then Eleanor's eyes took a very different expression, and she began to devote herself intensely to her sewing.

"If you are very sure," said Bartram, "that your husband is not at home, I must see him elsewhere, I suppose. Good day. Ah! I beg pardon; I did not notice—I was not aware that it was you, Miss Kimper. I hope if you see your father to-day you will tell him the good work that he began is progressing finely, and that you saw me in search to-day of Judge Prency to help him on with his efforts down at the church."

And then, with another bow, Bartram left the room.

If poor Jane could have been conscious of the look that Eleanor bent upon her at that instant she certainly would have been inclined to leave the room and never enter it again. But she knew nothing of it, and the work went on amid oppressive silence.

Mrs. Prency had occasion to leave the room for an instant soon after, and Jane lifted her head, and said: "Who would have thought, miss, that that young man was going to be so good."

"He always was good," said Eleanor; "that is, until now."

"I'm sorry I mentioned it, ma'am, but I s'pose he won't be as wild as he and some of the young men about this town have been."

"What do you mean by 'wild'? Do you mean to say that he ever was wild in any way?"

"Oh, perhaps not," said the unfortunate sewing-girl, wishing herself anywhere else as she tried to find some method of escaping from her unfortunate remark.

"What do you mean then?—tell me! Can't you speak?"

"Oh, only, you know, ma'am, some of the nicest young men in town came down to the hotel at night to chat, and they'd take a glass of wine once in a while, and smoke, and have a good time, and——"

Eleanor looked at Jane very sharply, but the sewing-girl's face was averted, so that questioning looks could elicit no answers. Eleanor's gaze, however, continued to be fixed. She was obliged to admit to herself, as she had done to her mother several days before, that Jane had a not unsightly face, and quite a fine figure. She had heard that there sometimes were "great larks," as the young men called them, at the village hotel, and she wondered how much the underlings of the establishment could know about them, and what stories they could tell. Jane suddenly became to her far more interesting than she had yet been. She wondered what further questions to ask, and could not think of any. Finally she left the room, sought her mother, and exclaimed: "Mother, I am not going to marry Reynolds Bartram. If hotel servants know all about his goings-on in the evenings, what stories may they not tell if they choose? That sort of people will say anything they think of. I don't suppose they know the difference between the truth and a lie—at least, they never do when we hire them."



## FROM SLAVE TO CONSUL-GENERAL.\*

THE book noted below is the biography of a most remarkable man. Born a slave, kept in servitude till his manhood, with no school education, earning his living by the sweat of his brow and by the sweat of his brain, he became one of the most popular and eloquent of platform orators, a successful editor, a potent factor in the emancipation of his race, United States marshal in the District of Columbia, and United States minister and consul-general to the Republic of Hayti. The excellent portrait accompanying the volume exhibits a strongly-marked intellectual face. His complexion is very dark, but his face lacks the typical Negro cast.

"It has been a source of great annoyance to me," says Mr. Douglass, "that I never had a birthday." He was born in 1817, but no one knows the day and no one knows his father's name. "Such trifles as this," the biographer remarks, "were seldom recorded of slaves." He was early made acquainted with the cruelties of slavery. He saw his aunt receive thirty or forty stripes, each of which drew screams and blood. Others of his kinsfolk were beaten to death. The rations of an able-bodied slave were a quarter-of-a-pound of bacon, a peck of coarse cornmeal and a little salt each week. Young Douglass used to fight with the dogs for the crumbs which fell from the table, and, with a dozen other children, eat out of a trough like pigs. His mother lived at a plantation twelve miles distant, and sometimes walked four-and-twenty miles in a single night to see her child. His last remembrance of her was falling asleep in her arms. Before he awoke she had to go back to her work, and he never saw her again, for he was not allowed to stand beside her dying bed.

"When I was nine years old," he wrote in mature manhood, "I was just as well aware of the unjust, cruel, murderous character of slavery, as I ever became." He became a house-servant at the age of nine, and for the first time heard the Bible read. He was anxious to learn to read for himself, carried a Webster's spelling book in his pocket, and bribed or coaxed, with cents earned by blacking boots, poor white boys to teach him the letters. He used to scrawl letters with chalk on boards, and challenge the white boys to do better, or to show him other letters. He thus learned to read and, in time, to spell his way through the Bible and Methodist hymn-book. His literary aspirations were nipped in the bud as soon as his master heard that he was learning to read, by the total prohibition of that privilege.

As the lad grew up he experienced "conversion" at a Methodist camp-meeting, and helped to teach in a Methodist Sunday-school, but a ruffian mob put an end to that career of usefulness by breaking up the school. He was kept at work from early dawn to almost midnight in the fields, and under a cruel master was brutally beaten almost every day for six months. Douglass says it was then, if at any one time more than another, that he was "made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery. A few months of this discipline tamed me. I was broken in body, soul and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me, and, behold, a man

\* *Frederick Douglass, the Coloured Orator.* By Frederic May Holland. Pp. 423, with portrait. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street, and Methodist Book-Room. Price \$1.50.

transformed into a brute. I had neither sufficient time in which to eat or sleep, except on Sunday. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking, under some large tree. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of my master, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. The overwork and the brutal chastisement, combined with that ever-gnawing and soul-devouring thought, 'I am a slave, a slave for life, a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom,' rendered me a living embodiment of mental and physical wretchedness."

At last the down-trodden victim of oppression revolted and, when next attacked, fought with his master for two hours. But he was too valuable a chattel to be hanged and quartered, as was the penalty for that crime. He opened a Sunday-school, which grew to the number of forty. In his nineteenth year he went to Baltimore to work in a shipyard. Here he was made the butt and sport of the white labourers, but he had learned to defend himself, and was soon left severely alone. The story of his escape is a very romantic one. He borrowed a sailor's suit, forged a pass, and made his way North. He says, "I was like one going to war without weapons—ten chances of defeat to one of victory. However, gloomy as was the prospect, thanks be to the Most High, who is ever the God of the oppressed, at the moment which was to determine my whole earthly career, His grace was sufficient: my mind was made up."

He at length reached New York, and sent for a former fellow-slave to join him and become his wife and helpmeet. Their wedding trip was taken, in part, on the deck of a steamer at night, *en route* to New Bedford, where he went seeking work. He had no money to pay for breakfast, so his baggage was placed in pawn. At last he found work, and was struck with the immense superiority of free to slave labour. His wife went to service and he to sawing wood. He joined the Methodist Church, but found the caste feeling very strong. Being a man of unusual intelligence and ability, he soon became an Abolitionist, the champion of the rights of his people, and editor of the *Liberator*. A reward of \$5,000 was offered by the State of Georgia for his capture, but his zeal glowed all the warmer. "I have need to be on fire," he said, at the remonstrance of a friend, "for I have mountains of ice around me to melt."

New England had little more sympathy with the slave than had Georgia. A Connecticut lady was imprisoned for teaching coloured girls to read. A Philadelphia mob destroyed forty-four houses of coloured people and murdered a black man. In 1836, in New England, a clergyman was sentenced to four months' hard labour for lecturing on anti-slavery, and another was shot in Illinois for a similar offence. But with tongue and pen Douglass championed the rights of his people till, after years of trial and persecution, the civil war swept away the last relic of American slavery.

The narrative is full of dramatic interest. No passage is more so than his interview, when United States marshal, with his old master, who was very ill and nigh unto death:

"Not Marshal, but Frederick to you as formerly," said Douglass. They shook hands, the master burst into tears, and both for awhile were speechless. The son of his old master was among the applicants for service under the ex-slave. He was an agent of the underground railway, and through his help many slaves found their way to Canada. He was in demand at public meetings, in order, as he said, "to give colour to the occasion."

## MISSIONARY FINANCES.

BY BISHOP NEWMAN.

WE need a simple, all-pervading financial system whereby every member will lay aside two cents "upon the first day of the week" for the conversion of the world, and call upon 20,000 holy women to consecrate themselves to the cause of missions, to collect these funds, and remit through the pastor to the treasurer quarterly. On every charge in the Connexion there is some holy woman who would thus gladly join the ranks of the missionaries of the Cross. Let the rich continue to give their thousands; let us have the monthly concert of prayer and the grand missionary Sabbath; but let us see to it that each member of the Church makes annual contribution. I know one presiding elder who is asking from each church member a postage-stamp a week for Christ. Wesley looked after the English penny; we have neglected the dimes that make the dollar. The givers are too few. If a father with ten in his family can give only a dollar, let him have the generous humility to allow each one to give a dime.

We must deluge the Church with missionary intelligence. Let in the light, give the people pictures and figures and facts. There is no reading more thrillingly interesting than intelligence about the customs, habits, and countries where our missionaries are living. Rely upon it, you can stir the great Church of our choice by these missives from afar.

The preacher in charge who gets the most money for all the authorized collections is the best paid man in the Connexion; while he who worries about his salary and fears that he will fall short if he is active for missions, does fall short, and he should. Look at the facts. Study the statistics. He who looks after God's cause God looks after him. Oh, for faith, for trust, for courage! "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I sympathize with a preacher who has a family to provide for and educate in his solicitude for his salary; but his solicitude may be his poverty, while interest, burning, shining interest, for the universal cause of God will be riches to him. Our weakness is, we have no financial system. As a Church, we are thrifty. Many of our people are rich. We have the means to take the world for Christ. Were each pastor, at the beginning of each Conference year, to estimate how much is needed for all objects, and apportion the sum, according to ability, among all the members of the church and congregation, and then assign to each official member persons from whom the apportionment is to be collected, two results would follow: the official members would have a chance to do something officially for the Church, and there would be no lack for any lawful object. Activity in our official boards would be an increase in the revenues of the Church. Our people are willing to give, and will give largely, when invited in the name of Christ. Oh, for a divine baptism of sympathy with Jesus for the conquest of this world in His glorious name!

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A FRIEND should bear his friend's infirmities.

—*Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3.

## Current Topics and Events.

### LOCAL PREACHERS.

We fear that there is not as much use made of lay preaching in this country as there used to be, and as there ought to be. It was for many a year the right arm of the Church's strength, and where energetically employed, it is accompanied with incalculable advantages. There is in it something so unprofessional, so purely benevolent as to disarm criticism and prepare the way for the entrance of the truth. Even the most bigoted cannot say of the lay preacher, as they sometimes say of the ordained minister, "Oh, that's his trade; he preaches because he is paid for it."

It strikes us that our friends in Great Britain make far more wise use of this mighty agency for good than is done anywhere else in the world. We were very much impressed with this fact in reading the report of the part taken by the Local Preachers' Association in the recent Wesley Centennial in Great Britain. At this meeting Mr. H. O. Clough, F.R.G.S., President of the Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association, began a vigorous address with the expressed intention of building up certain facts, with a view of demonstrating that local preachers are, and will continue to be, an absolute necessity in the Methodist Church. He traced the origin of lay preachers in England, and declared that Methodism was impossible without lay helpers. In this connection he made the following striking statement: "The proportion of services taken by local preachers and ministers is as six to one. If we take our own Church, the 'old body,' our local preachers are eight times as numerous as travelling preachers; and out of every seven services taken on Sundays five are taken by local preachers. We have 5,500 pulpits dependent upon lay help, and if we estimate these men's services as

worth five shillings a sermon—and if they are not worth five shillings they are not worth anything—they would cost Methodism £2,750 every Sunday, or £133,000 per annum. That is what it would cost if the local preachers went on strike. Now if we take the various branches of Methodism in Great Britain we have these totals—18,379 preaching places, 3,920 itinerant preachers, 39,972 lay preachers, or in the proportion of ten to one."

In England much is done for the better fitting of the lay preacher for his important work. A well directed course of reading and study has been provided, and an admirable Local Preachers' Aid Association has been in existence for over thirty years. The report in the *Methodist Times*, of the above-mentioned, proceeds as follows: "Mr. Clough urged the formation of centres in every circuit, where the local preacher may submit himself to wisely-directed study, adapted to his every-day life and duties. These men had under God and the guidance of ministers aided largely in the building up of the Methodist Church; their services were gratuitous; they had much to do, and, as a rule, received little thanks for what they did. Still, they were glad to do it, and he could not help feeling that their services would be better appreciated if they cost Methodism something. Mr. Clough traced the history of the Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association from its foundation in 1849, and showed that since then it had paid £166,175 to necessitous local preachers; that they now had on the funds 377 aged members, and 97 widows; and that at the present time the annual payments to these necessitous ones amounted to £4,712 10s."

It strikes us that something more might be done for the still more effective demonstration of a system



which has accomplished such great good in the past, and whose day of usefulness is by no means over. District or city local preachers' associations might be organized where these brethren might meet from time to time, say once a quarter, for the discussion of themes pertaining to their office, for the exchange of views and for the general promoting of the spiritual interest of Methodism. While other Churches are more largely than ever employing lay preachers, elders and deacons, it is surely wise for Methodism to make the best possible use of this agency, to which she is so greatly indebted for her success in the past.

#### HOW TO SUPPORT THE CHURCH.

Berkeley Street Methodist Church, Toronto, issues a card like the following, whose suggestions might be adopted with advantage in many other places :

It has been ascertained that there are many people in our congregation who give but little for church and religious objects; but who, if the church will provide convenient methods, and they be induced to contribute only ten cents a week regularly, would give an amount aggregating to hundreds of dollars annually. Thus three persons giving \$1 each, amounts to \$3 per week, or \$156 per year; fifty persons giving fifty cents each, amounts to \$25 per week, or \$1,300 per year; one hundred persons giving twenty-five cents each, amounts to \$25 per week, or \$1,300 per year: one hundred and fifty persons giving twenty cents each, amounts to \$30 per week, or \$1,560 per year; two hundred persons giving ten cents each, amounts to \$20 per week, or \$1,040 per year; fifty persons giving five cents each, amounts to \$2.50 per week, or \$150 per year; total \$5,486. Each person receiving this card will do well to study the Scriptural injunctions on the margins, consider their obligations to God—to the church they attend—and enter in the spaces pro-

vided, their free-will offering, name, date, etc., and return the same at once, on the collection plate, or to the recording steward, receiving therefor a package of numbered envelopes, which are to be used every Sunday to convey their offerings to the treasury of the church.

On the other side is the following: I will devote to the Lord for the use of \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_ cents — weekly, and present the same on the first day of each week, at that place of worship, as my offering to Him.

Also the following verses in the margin :

“Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

“Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.”

“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it.”

“Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.”

“The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.”

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”

“And none shall appear before Me empty, saith the Lord.”

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#### CORRECTION.

We are sorry that the revised proof with corrections of one of Miss Amy Parkinson's touching poems, “The Pure in Heart Shall See God,” miscarried. On page 33 of our last number, second verse, third line, unadorned—read *undimmed*; also, third verse, fourth line—await, read *awaits*.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### THE METHODIST CHURCH—ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

June is the Conference month in Canada. Most of the annual Conferences then meet and review the labours of the past year. At the time these notes are being prepared, we have not heard any intelligence from the Maritime Conferences or Newfoundland, but between Montreal in the east and British Columbia in the west, there are eight Conferences, and the net increase of the membership amounts to nearly 4,000, so that, like Paul, the brethren may "thank God and take courage."

*Toronto Conference.*—The Queen City of the West is always the place of meeting for this Conference. Toronto appears to be a place of universal attraction. It would be a matter of great difficulty to secure such an attendance at any place outside of the city. The number of Conferences held here since 1831—the date of the meeting of the first Conference—is very great. Of those whose names are found in the Minutes of Conference that year only the following survive, viz., Rev. E. Evans, D.D., H. Shaler and James Brock.

The *personnel* of the Conference is greatly changed. Since 1890, Revs. S. Rose, D.D., R. Clarke, T. W. Jeffery, M. B. Conron, H. M. McMillan and R. Pinch have joined the great majority, and since the Conference adjourned, the Rev. J. W. McCallum has also followed the departed.

The ministerial session was a new departure, but seemed to work well. One brother, who had become somewhat heterodox on the question of future punishment, was under arrest, but was given another year to calmly consider his position. There is good reason to hope that his views will then be in harmony with those of his brethren. Rev. LeRoy Hooker

retires from the active work for one year, and the Rev. W. A. V. Pattysen tendered his resignation as a member of Conference, and purposes to connect himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. All were sorry to part with a brother so beloved, and prayers were offered for his future prosperity. He is the son and a grandson of Methodist ministers. Four brethren, Revs. E. B. Harper, D.D., E. Barrass, D.D., C. Taylor and S. Down were added to the list of superannuates. The two first-named have been fifty years in the itinerancy, and delivered suitable jubilee addresses.

There were six young men received and ordained for the Christian ministry. Notwithstanding the large number of candidates received, there was no overplus of ministers, though happily permission was granted to a goodly number to attend college.

For the first time in the history of Methodism in Canada, a layman was appointed Secretary of Conference, and from the manner in which Mr. Warring Kennedy discharged his onerous duties, the Conference had no cause to be sorry for adopting the new departure.

Great interest is always felt in the election of President. This year the Rev. H. S. Matthews was the almost unanimous choice of the brethren. He was master of the situation, and performed his duties very satisfactorily.

The anniversary meetings were full of interest, but the meeting for the reception of young men who had completed their probation was probably the most enthusiastic. The addresses of Revs. M. L. Pearson and W. J. Maxwell were very powerful.

The young people of the Epworth Leagues in the city gave a welcome to

the Conference. More than 1,000 people took tea, after which a public meeting was held. The singing consisted solely of Methodist hymns. A great impetus was thus given to the Epworth Leagues, which have become very popular.

Several members of other Conferences visited the Conference, all of whom were welcome, but, none more so than the Rev. Dr. Douglas, whose eloquent words on the state of the country and gambling in high places produced great emotion.

The lecture before the Theological Union was delivered with great ability by the Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., who chose for his theme, "The Solidarity of Methodism."

*Montreal Conference.*—The ancient town of Brockville was the seat of this Conference. Rev. J. C. Antliff, D.D., was the choice of the brethren for the highest office at their disposal. His election was peculiarly gratifying to the present writer, who knew him when he was a boy in his father's house.

Rev. W. G. Henderson was elected the successor of the Rev. D. Cook Sanderson in the Secretariat. An apology is due Mr. Sanderson, inasmuch as another brother was reported as Secretary last year. \*We are sorry for this mistake. The business was conducted with great despatch. Great sympathy was felt for the aged brethren who could not be present.

The members of this Conference are very heroic. Some of them labour in hard fields. The noble manner in which they have denied themselves to sustain Stanstead College is greatly to their credit. It was resolved to reopen Valleyfield; and one brother who has been in the ministry more than forty years volunteered to go to the place, though there is neither church nor parsonage, nor a member of society. The brethren, lay and clerical, subscribed several hundred dollars, and pledged themselves to render pecuniary aid to Brother Armstrong so long as he held the fort.

Some of the anniversaries which we attended were seasons of great

power, especially the Missionary and Educational. The church was crowded on both occasions. The addresses of Revs. Dr. Potts and W. Hall, at the Educational, and the missionaries-elect to China, and "Bishop" Huntingdon at the other, were all of a superior kind.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness were held every morning at eight o'clock, and were numerous attended. They were seasons of great spiritual power. Many of the ministers in this Conference give great prominence to holiness. We were gratified to hear the testimonies of several of the younger men on this theme.

Rev. Dr. Ryckman delivered the annual Theological Lecture before the Conference, which was commended as a clear exposition of justification by faith. Eight young men were received on probation, one of whom, Rev. G. E. Hartwell, will soon start for China. A large number were permitted to be employed under chairmen. In addition to six ordained at the Conference, six others were allowed to be ordained for special purposes. The harvest is great.

*Niagara Conference.*—Brantford was the place selected for this Conference to meet. The Stationing Committee did not last much more than one day. One probationer was dropped in silence, as he had left his work irregularly, another resigned in consequence of ill-health.

Drs. Withrow and Briggs were present. The former was full of enthusiasm respecting the Epworth League business and Sunday-school literature. The Conference was glad to learn that three hundred Leagues had been formed in eighteen months, and that the increase of Sunday-schools during the past quadrennium was 498 with 34,000 scholars. In eight years the Sabbath-school papers had increased in circulation from 130,000 to 252,000; 10,000 volumes were given to poor schools during the last quadrennium. The METHODIST MAGAZINE, too, was steadily increasing in circulation, and strongly recommended for Sunday-schools and the laity.

Dr. Briggs, in his usual pleasant manner, delighted the Conference with the state of the Book Room affairs. He pleased the brethren most by the announcement that \$6,500 had been donated from the profits to the Superannuation Fund.

Dr. Dewart, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, pleaded in his usual earnest manner for increasing support, as he reminded the Conference that the *Guardian* was their paper, and that its circulation largely depended upon their efforts.

Rev. James Gray, the faithful custodian of the Superannuation Fund, gave some thrilling facts which should prompt both ministers and laymen to sustain the fund upon which both aged ministers and widows are largely depending.

Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., pleaded on behalf of the *Quarterly Review*.

Rev. John Wakefield was elected for the second time to the office of President. He has travelled nearly forty years. Rev. J. VanWyck was elected Secretary. At this and all the other Conferences great sympathy was felt for Lady Macdonald, and while the Premier lived earnest prayers were offered on his behalf.

The mortality in some of the Conferences has been unusually great. Not less than twenty ministers have died. God buries His workmen but carries on His work. Three probationers were ordained and fifteen candidates were received on trial.

*London Conference.*—Windsor, opposite Detroit, was the place of meeting. This afforded a fine opportunity for brethren to visit the city. Some of them occupied pulpits there on the Conference Sabbath. A few of the Detroit ministers visited the Conference, among others the Rev. W. W. Carson.

In the ministerial Conference, a probationer was discontinued. Four probationers were received into full connexion with the Conference and ordained. Six candidates were received.

Chancellor Burwash addressed the Conference on behalf of the Educational Fund and the claims of Uni-

versity Education. He said the past year had been the most successful in the annals of Victoria University. There were 201 students in arts, 101 in theology, and 432 in all faculties; \$474,790 had been subscribed for the Federation Fund, and \$110,710 paid.

Rev. B. Clement was elected President, and the Rev. W. W. Edwards, Secretary.

Only one minister had died, of whom honourable mention was made—Rev. W. H. Fife, who had travelled twenty-two years.

The missionary meeting was one of thrilling interest, and was addressed by Rev. C. T. Cocking from Japan, Dr. Hart, the Superintendent of China mission, and G. Boyd from Newfoundland. Mr. Kobayashi, a native of Japan, who is attending Victoria University, addressed this and other Conferences on behalf of a scheme for the speedy evangelization of his native land. He is an earnest Christian, and gives promise of great usefulness.

All the Conferences spoke strongly on behalf of Temperance, and forwarded petitions to Ottawa respecting prohibition, and also appointed delegations to the World's Temperance Convention, to be held in Chicago in 1892.

*Guelph Conference.*—The Conference met at Berlin. Rev. A. E. Thornley and J. T. Legear received letters of standing, and withdrew from the Conference.

A minister from England applied for admission, but as there is no special opening, his case was not entertained. Rev. James Caswell, who has travelled forty-seven years, was superannuated. Three probationers were received into full connexion and ordained; eight candidates were received.

Rev. J. W. Holmes was elected President, and Rev. Wesley Casson, Secretary. Brother Casson is the son of a deceased revivalist, and one of Brother Casson's sons is also a probationer in Guelph Conference.

The town council of Berlin was



introduced, and welcomed the Conference to their town.

Death had also visited this Conference, and smitten down the Rev. James Broley. He was highly esteemed, and was a minister of more than ordinary ability.

*Bay of Quinte Conference.*—This Conference assembled at Napanee. Rev. Osborn Lambly, M.A., was elected President. There was a numerous attendance both of ministers and laymen.

Only two probationers had completed their course and were ordained. The addresses of Professor Wallace and Rev. C. Parker were among the best we ever heard. Two districts were transferred to this Conference from Toronto Conference at the last General Conference, which caused some anxiety at the time; but, we were glad to see that the brethren particularly concerned were very cordially received, and were awarded a fair share of the honours of Conference.

*British Columbia Conference.*—This Conference and that of Manitoba were the only Conferences that the General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, and the Missionary Secretary, Dr. A. Sutherland, were able to attend. Their presence greatly pleased the brethren.

The city of Victoria was the place of meeting; twenty-five ministers answered to their names at the first

roll-call. One minister resigned; thirteen young men had agreed to go to British Columbia, and should they all be transferred they will be a great accession to the ministerial ranks. A Chinese brother, Chan Sing Kai, was received on trial for the ministry.

Rev. C. Watson was elected President, but as he declined the honour, the Rev. J. F. Betts was chosen to occupy the position, and the Rev. J. H. White was elected Secretary.

The Boys' Home at Port Simpson is doing much good; seven boys are now being cared for, though there is accommodation for twenty. A delegation from the Woman's Missionary Society addressed the Conference.

Bishop Cridge, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, visited the Conference, and delivered a very kind, fraternal address.

Rev. Dr. Driver, from Oregon, also visited the Conference, and preached on the Sabbath. His address to the Conference was full of pleasantries.

Six new missions were recommended to be formed, and suitable supplies were strongly urged to be sent immediately to Port Simpson, Naas and Kit-a-maat.

A lecture was delivered by the Rev. Jos. Hall, on "Points of Comparison in Methodist Theology with that of other Churches."

The Conference adopted a very hearty resolution, asking Rev. Dr. Douglas to visit them next year.

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## Book Notices.

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*Civilization, an Historical Review of its Elements.* By CHARLES MORRIS. Author of "The Aryan Race," "A Manual of Classical Literature," etc. Two volumes, 12mo, over 1000 pages. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

History nowadays has come to be studied, not so much as a record of facts, but as the philosophy of experience, and elucidation of great principles, trends and tendencies.

Professor Morris takes a broad view of the sweep and development of civilization in the past, and anticipates therefrom its progress in the future. He treats almost every aspect of the progress of the race, from its primitive condition to its highest civilization. He shows the influence of environment, the effect of political isolation in China, Egypt and India; progress promoted by commerce, and in less degree by war. He traces the principles of political progress

from the Aryan village community, through the Imperial systems of the Orient and the Occident, the rise of the Feudal System, Commercial Supremacy, and the Municipal Organization of the free cities of Europe.

War, though in a moral aspect barbarizing and decivilizing, yet stimulating the intellect, as in the great movement of the Crusades, brought back from the older civilization of the East much science and learning, art and literature for the culture of the Northern tribes. Among the more striking agents of civilization have been those of religion and law, leading to the development of morality and organization of society. In recent times, the industrial conditions of society have greatly promoted civilization, especially the introduction of labour-saving machinery and the discoveries of inductive science. Labour has been ennobled at the expense of the fighting and do-nothing classes.

Several important chapters are devoted to "The Intellect and Its Instruments," "The Evolution of Ancient Literature," "The Development of Fine Arts," "The Expansion of Science," and "The Progress of Education." These are all treated with philosophical insight and discrimination. We strongly dissent from some of the author's views as to the primitive condition of mankind, but, with this abatement, there is much that is just and true.

The influence of Christianity on the development of morality and progress of civilization is duly recognized. Above the ancient religions of Confucius, Brahma and Buddha, rise the sublime morality and altruism of Christianity. "In the whole history of the modern world, from the time of Christ to the present, we perceive the working of a new thought, the all-sufficient principle, which has lifted men of all levels." The amelioration of mankind, the abolition of slavery, the elevation of woman, the modification of the penal code, the passionate charity which remembers the forgotten, which visits the forsaken, is recognized as the direct outcome of the religion of Jesus.

The author's outlook on the future is grandly optimistic. The pursuit of knowledge and truth is more and more dominating the world. "To the degree that the love of knowledge grows," says our author, "that of money must decrease. But there rises another element into civilization, into human force. The warm government of human feelings, the grandest of all forces—that of kindness and brotherly sympathy is already making itself felt. This first became a power with the mission of Christ and the establishment of the religious system which bears His name, giving rise to the unity and fraternity of the whole human race. . . . The whole range of selfishness is rapidly approaching its end. . . . On either side we see abundant evidences that the reign of sympathy is verily inaugurated upon the earth. In the golden age of the future, poverty must be succeeded by comfort, suffering from disease be reduced by medical and hygienic knowledge, injury by accident be diminished by greater care and skill." The final condition of moral development will be one of general sympathy rather than one of general charity. The reign of intellect will be supplanted by the fervour of sympathy, and selfishness will cease to be the moving power in the heart of man. "Such may be 'the second coming of Christ upon the earth.' At what remote period in the future it will be reached is beyond the powers of human prophecy to predict, but towards its coming all the lessons of human history point, and all the paths of thought and action tend." Such is a brief outline of the scope and purpose of this remarkable book.

*The New Empire: Reflections upon Its Origin and Constitution, and Its Relation to the Great Republic.* By O. A. HOWLAND, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-law. Toronto: Hart & Co. Pp. 630. Gilt top. Price \$2.00.

The first impression of this volume is that it is an *édition de luxe*. Its beautiful Old English type, its clear page, wide margin, uncut edges, and

superior mechanical execution, are a high tribute to Canadian printing and publishing. The examination of the text confirms the judgment that this is a work of superior literary merit and of pre-eminent historical value. The author is master of a picturesque and graceful English style. He has broadly and profoundly studied his subject, and has clearly and cogently, in argument and illustration, set forth his thesis. He claims that he is not an "Imperial Federationist," but he is a believer in a united empire. The aim of the work, he states, is to show that the empire actually possesses a federal constitution, requiring rather to be declared than created, and easily susceptible of such amendments as seem to be required. The author suggests that these amendments should be made. He also traces the growth of the spirit, upon which the modern constitution rests, to its beginnings in the struggle with the old colonies, and shows how the modern empire realizes the dreams, not only of the U. E. Loyalists, but of the best of the American Revolutionists.

The chapter on the Treaty of Partition deals with the influence the treaty of 1783 had upon both countries, freeing them for progress and development, and, indirectly, helping forward the creation of the new constitutional empire. It also brings forward an argument, from the history of the treaty, to show that a reciprocity treaty is required to fulfil its spirit and the representations upon which the favourable terms of the treaty of 1783 were obtained by the United States. It also suggests a method for the prevention of the international disputes between the two countries as a further fulfilment of the intentions of the negotiators of the original treaty. The work is intended to draw attention to some great questions before the Canadian people, which are appropriate to be considered in this the centenary year of the new empire. The table of contents is as follows: The Fall of the Old Empire; The Treaty of Par-

tition and Its Fulfilment; The Constitution of the New Empire; Our Centenary Year; The Crisis of the Empire.

The book appears at a singularly appropriate time when the death of the great Premier strikingly marks an era in Canadian history. Such writers as Professor Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Howland render good service to Canada in the broad arena of letters.

*The Church: The Household of Faith.*

By the Rev. PRINCIPAL SHERATON, D.D.

Dr. Sheraton, the accomplished principal of Wycliffe College, is one of the most thoughtful and judicious writers of his Church in Canada. Of this the Convocation Lecture on "The Church: The Household of Faith" is evidence. It is a satisfactory setting forth from a Scriptural ground of the Church as a Christian fellowship. It shows how sacerdotalism subverts the Gospel, and how the evangelical doctrine conserves the true unity of the Church.

*Crime and Responsibility.* By DR. DANIEL CLARK, Toronto.

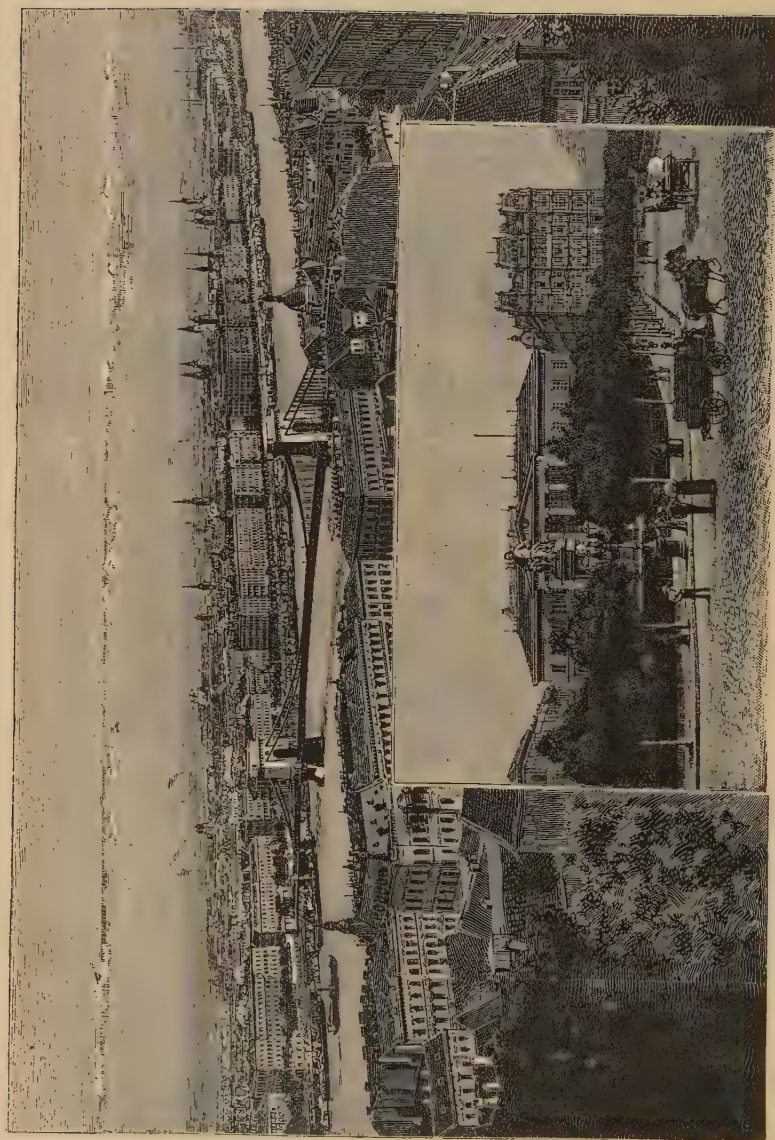
Dr. Clark is one of the highest authorities on this continent on physical and mental alienation, and in this pamphlet he strongly expresses his convictions on this important question of jurisprudence. Like everything that Dr. Clark writes, this pamphlet is clear, strong, cogent, and of much scientific interest.

*Sermons and Addresses.* Queens' University, Kingston, Ontario.

This pamphlet consists of three discourses by Principal Grant on "How to Read the Bible," full of wise counsel. Other papers treat on "The Ideal Life," also "Christianity and Modern Life," by Prof. John Watson; "Too Late," by Prof. T. McNaughton; "The Evangelization of the Earth," by Rev. James Ross.







PANORAMA OF BUDA-PEST.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

September, 1891.

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THROUGH THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN.

BY JOHN SZIKLAY.

IV.



SHEPHERD ON THE BANKS OF THE THEISS.

THE spacious plain which occupies at least a third part of the total area of Hungary, begins in the immediate neighbourhood of the beautiful metropolis of the kingdom, Buda-pest, and extends eastward and southward.

In more than one respect this Plain presents peculiar attractions to the traveller. In spite of the seeming monotony of this apparently endless plain, it is by no means devoid of picturesqueness and variety. In the first place the great plain of Hungary is not an absolutely flat surface, as is frequently supposed. Geological investigations have furnished proof that the Hungarian Plain is an ancient sea-bottom, and in many places its surface is undulating. Mountains, indeed, must not be looked for here, but in many parts of the plain there are long chains of very small hills or hillocks, as though the ocean billows sweeping onwards

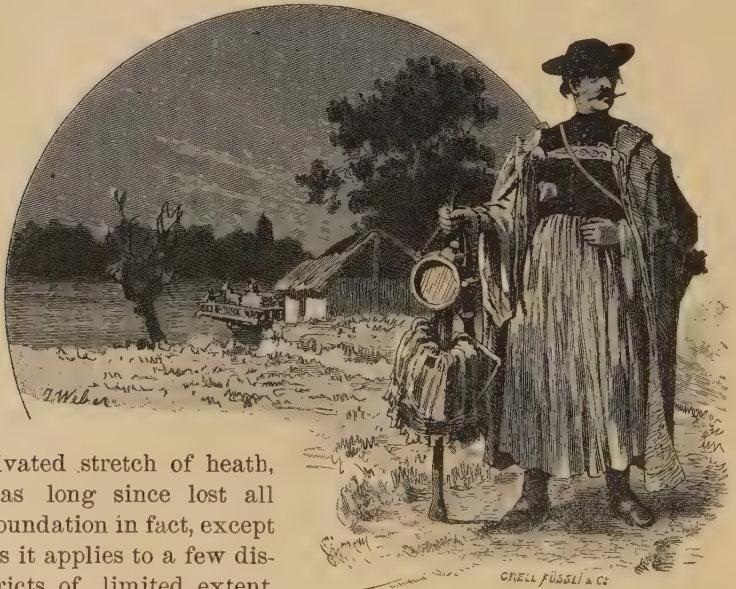
in rapid, endless succession, had suddenly been converted into solid land. Then, too, there are the curiously-shaped conical mounds, known to the peasantry as Turks' or Tartars' graves, though in point of fact they owe their origin, not to human hands but to geological processes. In some districts, it is true, the surface is as flat as a table, so that as far as the eye can reach it is unimpeded by any hill or so much as a slight elevation.

The notion, still to a great extent prevalent in the adjacent countries, that this Plain is an immense treeless, shadeless, uncultivated stretch of heath,

has long since lost all foundation in fact, except as it applies to a few districts of limited extent. True, the Hungarian Plain proper can boast of no ancient forests cover-

ing square miles of territory, but it has some fairly extensive modern plantations. Farm-houses which were formerly uninterruptedly exposed to the burning glare of the sun, and from which not a tree could be seen for miles around, are now frequently surrounded by cool and shady groves, and while in former times the shepherd or the reaper could find no shelter from the noonday sun, except the scanty shade afforded by a tent of wheat-sheaves or a hay-rick, they are now frequently able to take their midday rest under the verdant foliage of some stately tree.

Although the charming variety and wealth of outline of mountain scenery is denied to the Plain, the endless waving cornfields,



HERDSMAN OF THE HUNGARIAN
PLAIN.

the tall maize plants, bending and fluttering so gracefully in the wind, and the interminable tracts of lush green meadow-land, form a fascinating and very animated landscape. Then there is that wonderful phenomenon—unknown among the mountains—which fills the heart with such a strange feeling of awe and deceives the eye in so agreeable a manner—the *fata morgana*, that remarkable aerial phenomenon which suddenly conjures up before the astonished eye, that a moment before saw nothing but the illimitable heath, vast lakes, or cities with their lofty spires and towers.

Numerous streams, some of them of considerable breadth, traverse this region; but the little springs, brooks and lakes which lend animation to mountain landscapes and clothe their own banks with perpetual verdure, are sought in vain here.



MAGYAR PEASANTS.

The population of the Hungarian Plain is about 5,000,000. By far the greater number of the inhabitants are of Magyar race, but in the south there are large numbers of Germans and Roumanians. These non-Magyar inhabitants have for the most part immigrated since the expulsion of the Turks, having been introduced by the Imperial Government to colonize desolate and deserted districts.

The Magyars of the Plain are, as a rule, tall, shapely, brown-haired, powerful, active, courageous, and of a certain dignity of mien. As a rule the men are much superior to the women in comeliness. The principal trait of character of these genuine representatives of the Magyar race is a great capacity for enthusiasm, they enter upon new undertakings with a fiery zeal which quickly dissipates itself and often gives place to complete



TRAVELLING IN THE ALFÖLD BEFORE THE ERA OF RAILWAYS.

apathy. In the hottest period of the year, during the harvest, the Magyar peasantry display a wonderful capacity for work and uncommon industry; but no sooner have they received their wages than they give themselves up to absolute indolence or to dissipation. In social intercourse they display many amiable and estimable qualities, the most remarkable of which is their boundless hospitality. Both in the seats of the

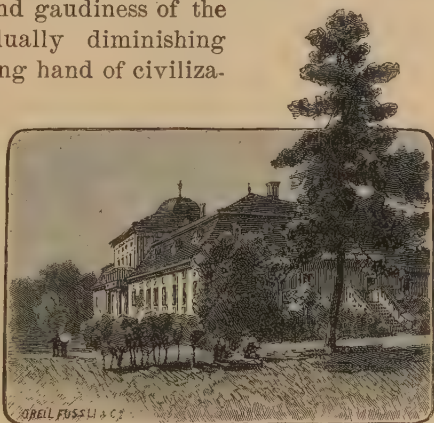


HUNGARIAN FARM.

nobles and in the cottages of the peasantry the traveller is generally received with the most winning cordiality, the effect of which is not impaired by a certain openness and bluntness of manner. Another very peculiar characteristic trait of the genuine Magyar is the simple and childlike ingenuousness dis-

played even by the oldest and most experienced. But at the same time the peasant of the Hungarian Plain possesses considerable native intelligence, and frequently gives striking proofs of his mother-wit. The Plain, too, is the birthplace of most of those popular Magyar songs, which, sung for the first time by some youth at a village festival, are caught up and spread from place to place till the whole land resounds with them. In form and matter these native ballads have little to recommend them; for a foreigner, to whom their often untranslatable words remain unintelligible, they derive their charm from the airs, now melancholy, now wild and spirited, to which they are played with such entrancing skill by the Gypsy musicians of the Puszta.

In the Plain the peasantry still retain to a great extent the free and unrestrained manners of their ancestors, and here, too, the picturesque Magyar costume has held its ground the longest. It is true that the gaiety and gaudiness of the popular costume are gradually diminishing even here before the levelling hand of civilization; the brightly-coloured flowing garments and the showy ornaments formerly in general vogue are yielding more and more to sober-coloured urban costumes and dark, unobtrusive colours. However, we still frequently meet with men clad in short, coarse linen shirts with wide sleeves, wide, petticoat-like trousers, jack-boots, and round, broad-brimmed felt hats. Then comes the heavy sheepskin, and the embroidered mantle of a heavy, white, felt-like material, with a large brass clasp. The women wear close-fitting coloured bodices, white undergarments with puff sleeves, short smooth skirts—an incredible number one above the other, a rich display of ribbons in their hair, and high boots, like those worn by men; these boots, however, are gradually being exchanged for the more convenient shoes.

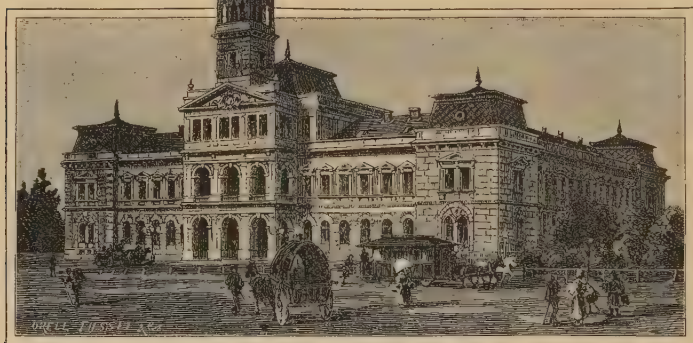


CHATEAU OF GESZT.

By far the greater number of the inhabitants of the Plain are employed in agriculture and cattle-breeding; trade and manufactures are much neglected, and the former is everywhere in the hands of the Jews. The wonderfully fertile soil well repays the labour bestowed upon it, and the luxuriant grass-lands afford

abundant pasturage. The traveller sees vast herds of high-legged, long-horned, white cattle, large flocks of sheep, and herds of swine, feeding by the side of the railway. The horse-herds are still the most daring of riders, the most ardent of lovers, and the most light-hearted of men.

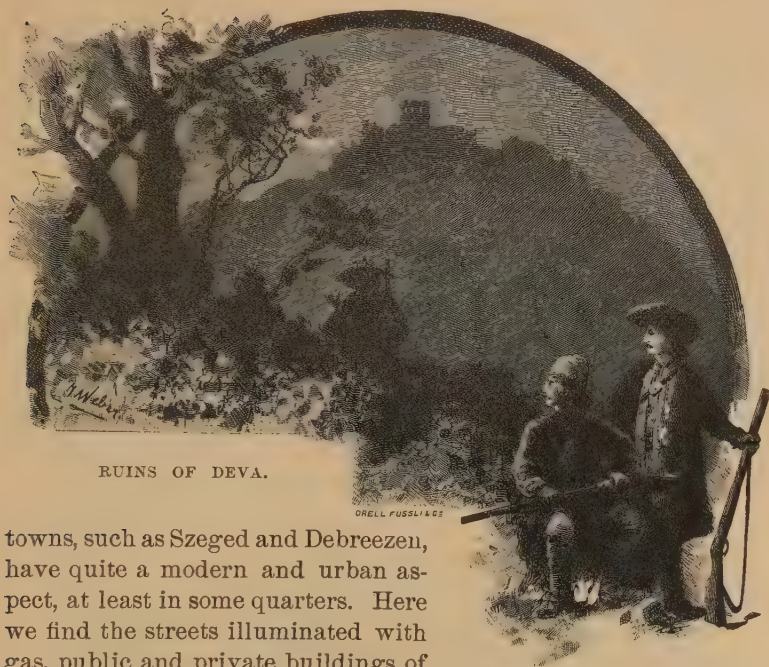
Comparing the Plain as we see it to-day with that sung by Petöfi, Lenau, Beck, and so many other Hungarian bards, we cannot help recognizing the fact that here as elsewhere the progress of culture and civilization has taken place at the expense of the romance and poetry that lent such a charm to the untrammelled life of former times. Where now are the post-chaises, which, drawn by three fleet horses, flew over the steppes, surrounded by a guard of pandours to protect the traveller men of the puszta, the Betyárs and the "poor fellows?" The locomotive has usurped not only their place but also that of the covered cart, drawn by



TOWN-HALL, ARAD.

a mixed team of horses and oxen, which was substituted for them in places where the road was too bad to be passable in any other way.

While formerly entire districts might be found in which not a soul understood the noble arts of reading and writing, numerous schools are now engaged in spreading knowledge and enlightenment among the people, though much still remains to be done in this respect. The towns, which were formerly little else than large villages, are becoming more and more the seats of intelligence and centres of an increasing traffic, and their outward appearance is also undergoing a gradual transformation. The houses are for the most part of one story, often thatched with straw, and the streets broad and sandy. Several of the larger



RUINS OF DEVA.

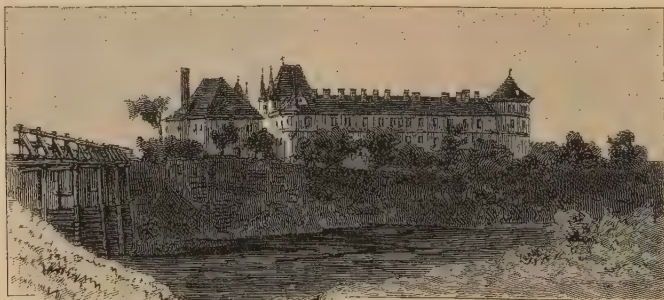
towns, such as Szeged and Debreezen, have quite a modern and urban aspect, at least in some quarters. Here we find the streets illuminated with gas, public and private buildings of several stories. In the larger towns the tall chimney-shafts of the steam flour mills and other industrial establishments are conspicuous from afar, betokening the growth of manufactures and commerce. The tramways, with cars drawn by horses or impelled by steam, in many of the towns, indicate the increase of traffic. The taste for literature and art is constantly spreading; the numerous newspapers published in the country towns transmit the thoughts of the more intellectual to the great masses of the people.

The royal free city of Arad contains 36,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the county of the same name, the seat of a royal court of justice and of a Greek Oriental bishop. Arad possesses important trade and manufactures, no less than twenty-three factories and eight banks being established here; the annual volume of trade is over 60,000,000 florins.

The village of Paulis marks the end of the plain; here the railway enters the valley which the Maros has cut in its course from Transylvania. The double village of old and New Paulis derives its name from a Pauline convent which once existed in the neighbourhood, at the mouth of the defile of Kladova. Beyond Paulis station there is scarcely room between the steep cliffs and the river for the railway and the road running parallel with it.

At a point where the valley contracts till it is completely shut in by the rocks rising on either side of the river lie the sister towns of Radna and Lippa. The former is situated on the right bank of the Maros, in the county of Arad. Its 2,100 inhabitants are Roumanians, and its only remarkable feature is its pilgrimage chapel with a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, which attracts between fifty and sixty thousand pilgrims year by year. Lippa is situated in the county of Temes, and has 7,000 inhabitants—Germans, Magyars, and Roumanians. The Roman and Greek Catholic churches are worth viewing.

Deva is a town of 7,000 Magyar and Roumanian inhabitants. At the western end of the town, on the summit of a wooded cone of trachyte, the ruins of the old castle of Deva are visible. In Roman times a Dacian town of some importance—Decidava—is said to have stood here.



RAKÓCZY'S CASTLE,
BOROSJENŐ.

IN HEAVEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

OH, the feet that faltered and failed on earth
Shall walk the golden street,
And the voice which trembled and ceased below
Shall sing heaven's music sweet.

The hands that grew weary and laid aside
Earth's lightest works of love,
Shall be busy and strong to do His will,
In the Father's house above.

The eyes that so often are clouded now
The King's dear face shall see ;
And the heart which longs to be more His own
Shall love Him perfectly.

TORONTO.

LOCARNO AND ITS VALLEYS.

BY J. HARDMEYER.



MARKET-PLACE, LOCARNO.

LAKE MAGGIORE! Whose heart does not quicken at a name suggesting so much that is beautiful? Lofty mountains rising from the very brink of the waters, a cloudless sky of deepest azure, gardens adorned with noble shrubs and starred with myriads of blossoms, quiet villages breaking the monotony of the shores and mountain-slopes, picturesque churches and chapels, and verdant islands floating on the bosom of its pellucid waters! Thou glorious lake, not without cause is the world full of thy renown, for even as we choose the fairest flowers of the garden and bind them together in one posy the better to admire their beauty, so Nature seems to have taken from a boundless store the choicest of her manifold treasures and to have showered them for our delight and gratification over these southern slopes of the ever sublime and glorious Alps.

The district I am about to describe lies to the north of Lake Maggiore. Its valleys extend almost up to the St. Gothard. The traveller approaching Locarno from the north experiences a singular surprise on his entry into "the Nice of Switzerland," which he has heard described as adorned with all the charms of a southern vegetation. The cliffs rising so abruptly from the lake are dotted with pretty villas, surrounded by gardens which at almost every season of the year are resplendent with the glossy



SAN VITTORE, MURALTO. MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.

foliage and rich-hued blossoms of the South, while pretty villages salute us from various points of vantage on the neighbouring heights, and a merry peal of bells from more than one church-tower sounds like a pean of rejoicing over such a marvellously beautiful situation and prospect.

The situation of Locarno is exceedingly picturesque and the climate mild. As though seeking shelter from the north wind, it nestles close to the mountain which rises precipitously above it, and basks in the sunshine of a south-easterly aspect. This portion of the shore, indeed, may be compared to a fruit-tree planted



CAFÉ, LOCARNO.

against the sunny side of a house, where its produce will reach perfection; for though cold winds whistle over the roof, and frosts nip the plants growing behind the house, in front the sun shines, and his light and warmth make all things flourish.

The brief winter—almost free from snow—during which Locarno and its environs form a green oasis in the snowy landscape of the mountains, is followed by an early spring. In March the apricot, peach and almond-trees blossom, and a few weeks later, in April, the camellias adorning every garden unfold their magnificent wax-like red and white flowers. The orange and lemon trees, which are protected during the winter by only a light roof, are uncovered, the oleanders and pomegranates expand

their buds, and the large white blossoms of the magnolia burst from amidst their evergreen foliage, diffusing their fragrance not from stunted bushes, but from noble trees of thirty feet or more in height. Throughout the summer every garden is a mass of sweet-scented blossom, and on the steep slopes, in the shady gorges, on the isolated rocks which rise here and there from among the foliage—even in the crevices of the walls—everywhere we find shrubs and flowers growing wild, which to the north of the Alps are carefully tended as ornaments of the garden.

To-day is market day, and from the mountains and from around



CAMPO-VALLEMAGGIA, LOCARNO.

the borders of the lake the peasants are flocking hither with their wares. A scene like this, shown in our initial cut, in which the dealings, manners and costumes of so many valleys are displayed in such an original manner, and where so much that is primitive and untouched by the hand of modern progress meets our eyes, might be sought for in vain elsewhere in Switzerland.

The costumes of all the valleys near Locarno are here seen mingled in a gay and many-coloured throng, and among them wander in their black soutanes and birettas the clergy. In the villages, which cling like eagles' eyries to steep rocks high up the mountain-side, the women are recognizable by the circum-

stance that whether walking, standing or sitting—even here in the midst of the market—their industrious fingers are continually busy with the straw-plait which they carry about with them.

Contra is situated above the northernmost corner of the lake, where the road crosses a frightful abyss into the Valle Verzasca. High above the torrent, pursuing its turbulent course in the gloomy depths of a chasm, the road, which follows the windings of the mountain-side, and is here



PONTE OSCURO, ONSERNONE.

and there protected by timber roofing against falling stones, leads along the face of perpendicular rocks and across boldly planned bridges, until, dwindling to a mere mountain-path, it reaches the

village of Mergoscia. Ticino is not deficient in wild rocky scenes, but the gorge between Contra and Mergoscia exceeds in grandeur all the rest, and claims notice as a specimen of the most romantic scenery to be found among the Alps, the view presented is perfectly overwhelming in its sublime grandeur.

The village of Mergoscia extends in scattered groups over the steep mountain-side, which is covered with a dense growth of chestnut-trees. The village church stands like a watch-tower at a dizzy height, and its slender spire commands the whole of the steep declivity, which in some places sinks to the depths in a sheer precipice. During the day numerous columns of smoke are seen constantly ascending in the surrounding district, and at night the traveller journeying southwards espies from the shore of the lake, near Magadino, countless fires glowing on the slopes of Mergoscia. They are the kilns of the charcoal-burners, who form the bulk of the inhabitants of the mountain village.

In spite of the magnificent climate, the soil of the valleys in the interior of Ticino was always sterile, and in course of time the gradual destruction of the forests and the resulting deficiency of water have rendered it even poorer than formerly. The stubborn soil has produced a race of people who, though penurious, are hard-working and inured to toil, and admirably fitted to make their way in the workaday world. When first these mountaineers ventured from their homes they sought employment in the neighbouring towns as tinkers, chimney-sweeps, masons, and porters, and returned home at intervals of six months, or perhaps only after long years.

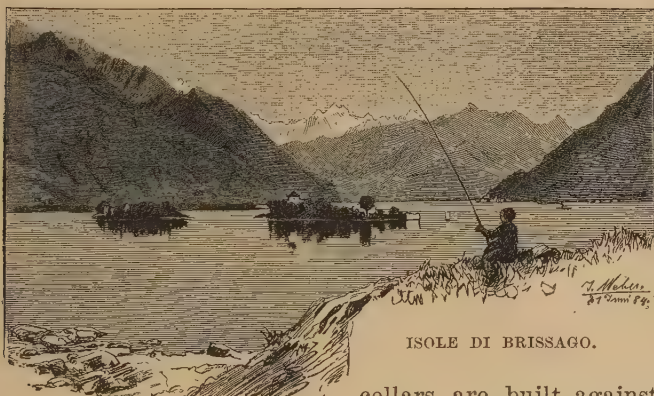
As we ascend the mountain-slopes at last the valley of Fusio opens. Midway up a steep slope nestles the village, its closely-packed houses gathered around the little church. All the



BRIDGE OVER THE
VERZASCA,
NEAR TENERO.

diversities of scenery that have met our view in the course of our long drive through the valley are here exhibited to us once more, compressed as in a comprehensive panorama; lofty mountains, cottages scattered among the rocks, a dark rocky ravine, a thundering waterfall of never-diminishing volume, a bridge boldly spanning the chasm, and a picturesque little church near by; and instead of the oppressive vapours of the lower valley, we here feel the refreshing breeze descending from the ice-capped peaks in the background, the delicious, bracing air of the Alps.

The Valle di Campo opens above the wonderful rocky gorge from which the foaming Rovana bursts tumultuously. Picturesquely grouped on the right side of the valley, which is reached by means of a fine bridge, are the wine cellars or *crotti* of Cevio; here, as elsewhere on the rugged mountain-slopes of Ticino, the



IOLE DI BRISSAGO.

cellars are built against air-fissures, from which an icy current issues. Pleasant it is to sit here on a hot summer day under the trees in the shadow of the lofty rock, and to refresh ourselves with deliciously cool wine, handed to us in earthenware cups by the hospitable owner of one of the cellars. Beyond the brook the road to Campo winds laboriously up the slope, past terraced gardens, vineyards, and picturesquely-placed houses. The little hamlet in our cut seems almost overwhelmed by the presence of the mighty mountains behind it. On one side inaccessible precipices rise to such a dizzy height that in winter no ray of sunshine reaches the valley for three long months.

Straw plaiting is the chief occupation of the inhabitants of this extraordinary valley. Here every one plaits straw; everywhere and at all times—old and young, men and women, at home and abroad, at the market and in the meadow, from early morn

till late at night. In winter the villagers assemble for night work in large rooms, each person contributing something towards the cost of fire and lighting.



The bridges spanning the numerous ravines are masterpieces of technical skill. The art of bridge-making as practised in Ticino culminates in the magnificent structure known as the

Ponte Oscuro near Russo, where the road branches off to Vergetto. This is, properly speaking, a combination of two bridges meeting at an obtuse angle. Although, perhaps, the little bridge low down in the dark ravine deserved to be called *oscuro*—for down yonder it is dark enough—the present structure might, on the contrary, with better reason claim the designation of *il ponte sereno*, so nobly, so securely does it stand, so much does it animate and enliven the whole of the dreary ravine.

Near Tenero, the village at the head of the lake, a magnificent prospect is presented by the ravine of the Verzasca, at the mouth of which a boldly-constructed bridge crosses the emerald-green river, which lashes itself into snow-white foam against each obstacle that impedes its course.

THE SAFE RETREAT.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.”—PSA. lvi. 3.

I LOOK upon life's troubled sea
And hear its maddened billows roar;
But creep into thy sheltering arms,
And chilling fear and doubt are o'er.

Moored by the islands of Thy love,
My trembling bark may safely lie,
Though dark the cloud-racks drift above,
And wild the tempest passing by.

The clasp I feel is sure and strong,
The voice is low, and sweet, and still,
That holds amid the strife and wrong,
And comforts in the direst ill.

“What time I am afraid,” O Lord,
I come with trembling haste to Thee,
And the sweet echoes of Thy word
Bid all the dreadful shadows flee.

Sweet ring the bells of joy and peace
From towers beyond the troubled sea,
Where sounds of war and tumult cease
In God's own calm eternity.

Oh, harbour safe, oh, blessed retreat,
Oh, love that spreads its sheltering wing
Above the frightened, trembling soul,
When loud the notes of danger ring.



SUSA. MONT. GENIS.

OVER THE COTTIAN ALPS—THE MOUNT CENIS ROUTE.

BY V. BARBIER.

III.



COSTUME OF NOVALESA.

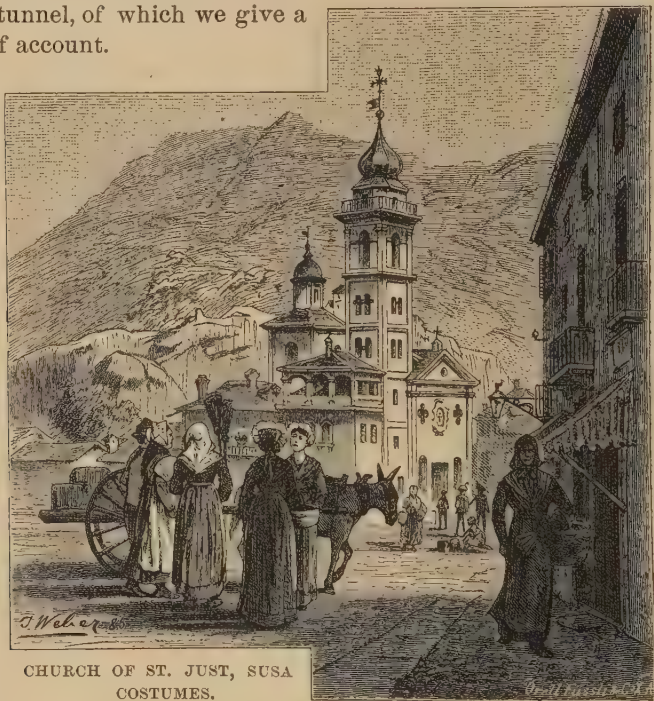
THE Abbey of Novalesa is certainly one of the most ancient establishments of the kind. According to Rochoaix, it dates from the year 67 of our era, having been founded by SS. Elie, and Millet, noble Romans who accompanied Priscilla, a Roman lady of rank who had fled, together with a great number of fellow Christians, from the persecutions of Nero. The library of the Abbey was of great value, both on account of the beauty and importance of the works and of their number, amounting to 7,700. Afterwards converted into an hospital, it is now let out in private apartments to visitors who come to admire the scenery of the valley and to recruit their health in the

pure mountain air. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Susa is built in great part on the right bank of the Dora Riparia, and is shut in on all sides, except on the east, by outlying members of the majestic Alpine chain. Owing to its position, this town, formed during the first ten centuries of the Christian era, a centre of strife for the armed nations who were in perpetual contention at the foot of the Alps, of which it was to some extent one of the keys. Romans, Goths, Greeks, and Lombards fought for it and ravaged it by turns, up to the time when Charlemagne included it in the province of Turin. Among the most interesting features of Susa is the triumphal arch of green marble erected by Cottius, in honour of Octavius Augustus, in the year 7 B.C. It is forty-four feet in height, thirty-nine feet in breadth, and twenty-four feet in depth.

The costumes of the people are very picturesque. From time to time there passes us a skirt of scarlet cloth with bodice and sleeves adorned with green facings, coloured silk neckerchief, flowered chintz apron, and lace head-dress. This attractive costume is that of the women of Meana. The men still sometimes wear a blue coat with gilt buttons, red waistcoat, knee breeches and cocked hat. Scarcely half a century ago no respectable man would be married in any other costume.

We have been describing the old diligence route over the summit of the pass. Most travellers, however, now adopt the much less interesting route through the tunnel, of which we give a brief account.



CHURCH OF ST. JUST, SUSA
COSTUMES.

On October 25th, 1870, a notable event took place, which, however, passed unnoticed by the greater part of France, owing to the recent military reverses, and to the fact that the invading armies were laying siege to the metropolis itself. The event in question was the piercing of Mont Fréjus. At twenty minutes past four in the afternoon, the marvellous machines which had been at work uninterruptedly for more than twelve years in the bowels of the earth, nearly 5,000 feet beneath the most elevated point, penetrated through the interposing wall of rock, and the

following day the last barrier separating the two sections of the tunnel was removed by blasting.

MONT GENIS LAKE, WITH MONT ARABEN SEEN FROM THE COMBA.



The Alps had always been a serious obstacle to the commercial relations between France and Italy, even when they no longer formed an impassable barrier. Up to the commencement of this

century there was no carriage road over the mountains, and all merchandise had to be transported by means of mules.

The length of the Mont Cenis tunnel in a straight line is a little over eight miles. Its altitude, at the highest point, is 4,245 feet. The total length of the St. Gothard tunnel is a little over nine miles and a quarter, its highest point 3,789 feet. The summit of



ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL ON THE BARDONECCHIA SIDE.

the mountain is about 5,900 above the Mont Cenis tunnel. There is a double line of rails through the tunnel, with a footpath on either side. The height of the tunnel interiorly is 19.6 feet, its breadth 26.2 feet at the spring of the arch. The stone lining of the tunnel has a thickness of from 1.7 to 3.2 feet, according to the pressure of the earth.

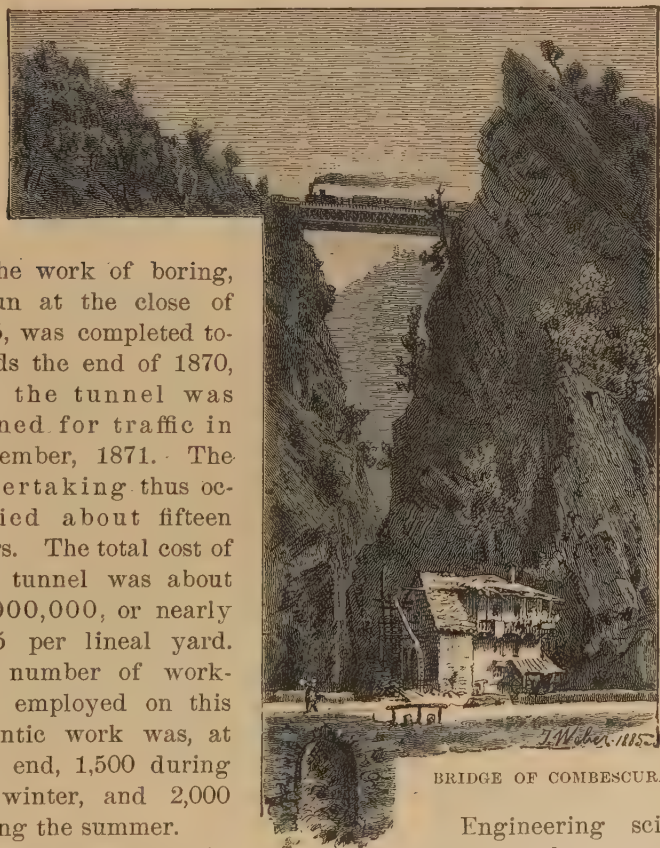
The rock was removed by blasting with gunpowder, but the augers which pierced the holes to receive the charges were put

in motion by perforators, which were themselves worked by compressed air furnished by compressors, set up at each end of the tunnel and receiving their motive power from a watercourse. The compressed air in the reservoirs was conducted as required to the spot where work was going on by a cast-iron pipe seven inches in diameter. It was then distributed by means of india-rubber pipes to the perforators and to the water-cylinders, serving to inject water into the holes for the charges.

The work of boring, begun at the close of 1855, was completed towards the end of 1870, and the tunnel was opened for traffic in September, 1871. The undertaking thus occupied about fifteen years. The total cost of this tunnel was about £3,000,000, or nearly £225 per lineal yard. The number of workmen employed on this gigantic work was, at each end, 1,500 during the winter, and 2,000 during the summer.

is making such rapid progress that mountain railways have become quite familiar to us, and they have even been constructed in corkscrew shape, as at the St. Gothard. But in 1871 the traveller was little accustomed to being whirled around in this fashion.

At the entrance of the tunnel the architect endeavoured to produce a certain cyclopean effect by leaving large rough projections on the stones of the arch and the piers. The cornice is



BRIDGE OF COMBESCURA.

Engineering science

supported by huge brackets, between which are the armorial bearings, in cast iron, of various cities and states: Rome, Paris, Savoy, Berne, Uri, etc.

Thirty minutes passed within the bowels of the earth may sometimes appear a very long time to persons of nervous temperament, but there is no cause for apprehension, and the train soon emerges into daylight. We are on Italian territory, and the sonorous cry of Bardonecchia! resounds in our ears.



FORT EXILLES.

Passing from midnight darkness to the glare of snow-clad mountains, the train glides rapidly down the wild valley of the Dora, giving views of a dizzy gorge up which winds, in many folds, like a huge serpent, the old post road over the mountain pass. The surroundings on the Italian side are wilder and more fantastic, and the scenery, which changes with every revolution of the wheels, has a weird and almost unearthly air. The artificial structures, bridges, and viaducts, are also more numerous here than on the French side. At certain points there is barely room for the river and the road to run side by side, overlooked

by the railway, while in other places the valley expands to a width of not less than 450 yards. In the higher parts of the valley the only crops are rye, barley, oats, and a little wheat. In the lower districts, where the climate is less rigorous, hay, potatoes, maize, chestnuts, grapes, apples, etc., are produced. The abundance and the good quality of the pasturage render it possible to keep large numbers of cattle, chiefly oxen and sheep.



COSTUME OF SANT'AMBROGIO.

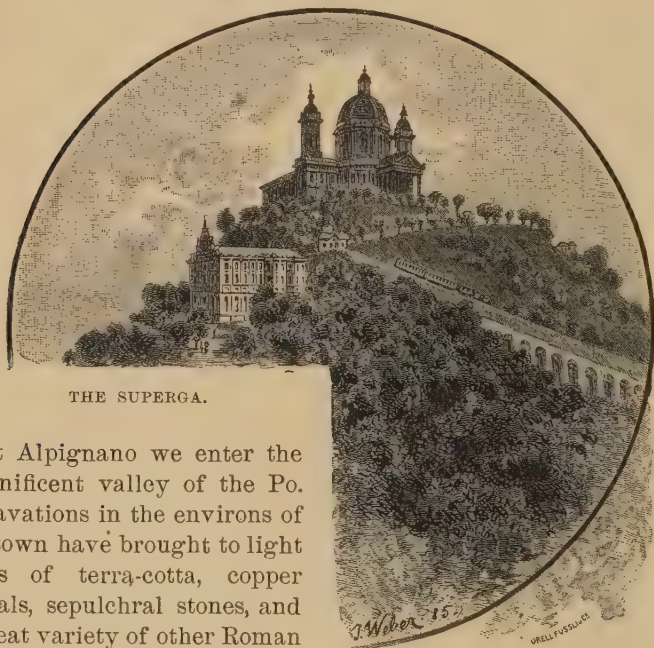
After having threaded the tunnels of Gran-Comba and Combetta, we reach the bridge of Combescura, a superb iron structure of 183 feet span, at a height of 147 feet above the ravine. The traveller sees beneath his feet an immense chasm; in the depths of which abyss flows the boisterous torrent, its bed strewn with vast boulders that have fallen from the mountain-side. The train moves quickly, but we are able nevertheless to distinguish on the side of the mountain which faces the gorge a white line resembling a thread of silver—the waters of the Clarea, a torrent which falls from a height of 6,500 feet down the

steep side of Mont Ambin; it issues from the Trou de la Thouille, an admirable work executed by one man, Colombar Roméan, at the beginning of the sixteenth century.*

* The Trou de la Thouille is “a tunnel 500 yards in length, cut in the rock which traverses a spur of the Quatre Dents, and conducting the water of the Clarea, a torrent fed by the glaciers of Ambin, to Exilles, the fields around which it irrigates. This long conduit, which is about three feet in breadth by five and a half feet in height, is the work of one man, Colombar Roméan, a native of St. Gilles, in the diocese of Nîmes, France, who lived in the sixteenth century. After working at it with his chisel for seven years in succession he abandoned the undertaking, in consequence of coming upon a vein of crystal which he despaired of being able to pierce. But two years later he resumed the task, and finished it the same year.”

The little town of Exilles, at an altitude of 2,870 feet, has a population of 2,170. It is strongly fortified, and in the wars waged against France by the house of Savoy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it played an important part. Of interest to visitors are the fortifications, perched on a lofty rock, as shown in our cut.

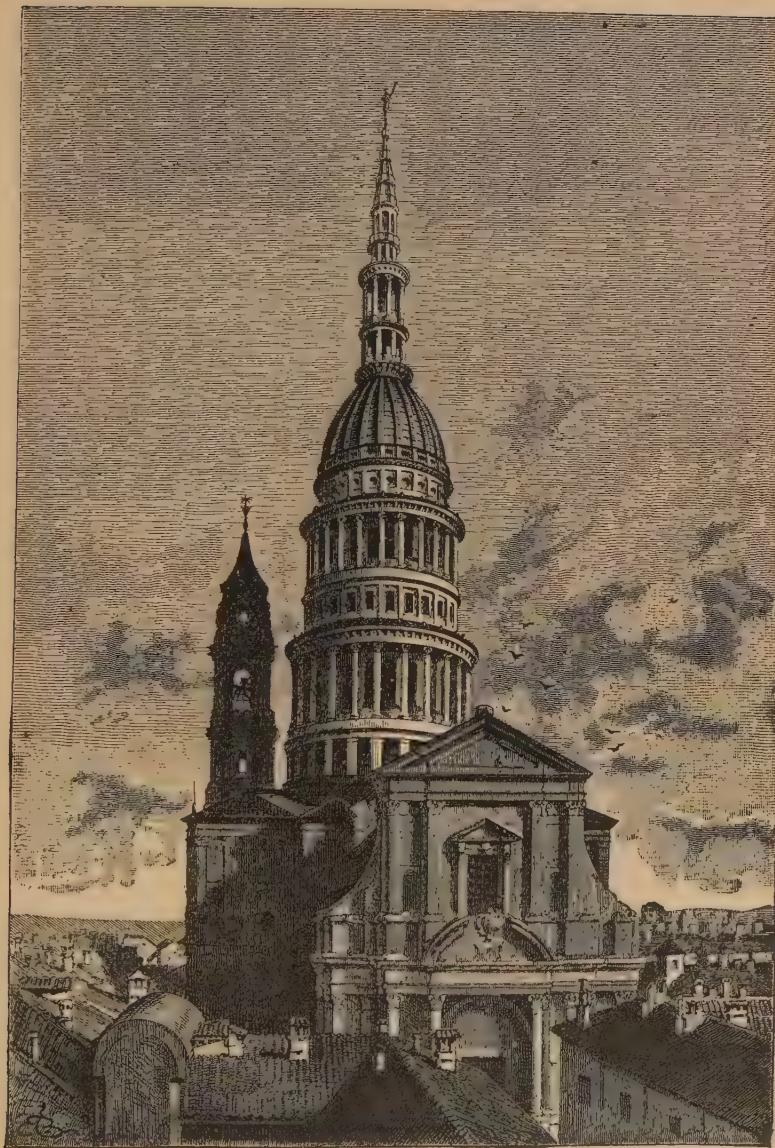
The extraordinary head-gear of the women of the mountain villages is shown in the engraving on page 235.



THE SUPERGA.

At Alpignano we enter the magnificent valley of the Po. Excavations in the environs of the town have brought to light vases of terra-cotta, copper medals, sepulchral stones, and a great variety of other Roman antiquities.

Continuing to descend the beautiful chestnut-covered slopes, and traversing a broad and fertile plain, we reach at length the ancient capital of Piedmont, the fair city of Turin, formerly the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. Turin was for a short period the metropolis of united Italy, but ceded its priority in favour, first of Florence, and afterwards of Rome. The elegant edifice which is so conspicuous at Turin, and which bears the name of Superga, owes its origin to a vow made by Victor Amadeus II., that if the fortune of war should be favourable to him, he would build a splendid temple to the Virgin on that site. The exterior is extremely imposing. The building is circular in shape, and is surmounted by a lofty, but at the same time, graceful cupola, flanked by two elegant towers. The lantern at the summit of



SAN GAUDENZIO NOVARA.

the dome commands an incomparable panorama, the prospect extending on all sides, and embracing, not only the plain of Piedmont, but commanding a superb panorama of snowy Alps, dazzling in their brightness, with Mont Viso rising like a giant in the midst of a ring of lesser peaks.

On leaving Turin we bid adieu to the picturesque districts already traversed, and enter the beautiful and fertile, but very different looking plains of Piedmont, which precede the still more monotonous ones of Lombardy. Large and well built homesteads, cultivated fields, and meadows extending far and near have taken the place of the mountains and valleys, the forests and torrents, we were admiring only a few moments ago, and which have now fled to the horizon. Here and there a village or a town of more or less importance breaks the uniformity of the landscape. Conspicuous among these is the ancient town of Navarro, with its church of San Gaudenzio, crowned with a most extraordinary structure with row above row of columns terminating in a lofty dome and still more columns at the top, a strange mixture of Gothic motive and renaissance execution.

Farther to Magenta, the scene of a sanguinary battle, on the right we see a monument in the form of a pyramid, erected by grateful Italy to the French soldiers who fell at Magenta. After traversing a spacious plain covered with rice fields, we soon enter the large and noble railway station of Milan, the termination of our journey.

SILENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Psalm xxxvii. 7, margin.

Be silent to the Lord—this thou canst do
 Though working days be past, and though at times
 The power for speech itself may be withdrawn.
 Be silent, not with lips alone, but in
 Thy heart keep silence; let no thought arise
 Of murmuring within it, nor one wish
 For hopes laid down. Enough for thee to know
 'Tis of His will that thou hast put aside
 The thought of earthly joys and usefulness
 To wait for those beyond. Thou art His child,
 And He thy loving Father, who will choose
 The best for all His children. Keep thyself
 In restful quiet, listening for His voice,
 And through the silence He will speak to thee
 Words of direction and of cheer, until,
 In His good time, He grant thee glad release
 From silent waiting. Then, to ready tongue,
 From happy heart such songs of joy shall rise—
 Taught by Himself—that God will bend His ear
 And listen to them.

TORONTO.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.*



"A LION? NO; . . . ONLY A HIPPOPOTAMUS."

(From a sketch by Bishop Hannington.)†

It is not always, perhaps it is not often, that the foremost places either in the Church or in the world are taken by those whose early life was of the greatest promise. Some eccentricity of thought or peculiarity of habit often prevents a man from at once taking his right place in the estimation of his fellows. More frequently his own want of judgment or slowness to recognize the importance of life delays his opportunities of service and influence. Such at least was the case with the man whose heroic labours and tragic death have recently touched all hearts with sympathy and admiration—James Hannington, first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

* "James Hannington, First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa." A History of His Life and Work. By E. C. DAWSON, M.A. Seeley & Co. This review is reprinted from *The Christian Miscellany*, Wesleyan Conference Office, London, England.

† "I had my wet bed and blankets carried up a little way from the swamp-belt of the lake. The boys and men were afraid to remain with me so far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining; and, unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I commended myself to the care of the Almighty, and fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to my head caused me to start wide awake. What could it be—a lion? No, lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object, a sleeping white man with an umbrella over his head; so, bellowing out his surprise, he made off for the lake."

He was born on the 3rd of September, 1847, at Hurstpierpoint, where his father, who was in business in the neighbouring town of Brighton, had recently purchased an estate. The family were Independents, and it was not till James was twenty that his father and family forsook Nonconformity and joined the Established Church—transferring at the same time the private chapel of St. George's, which Mr. Hannington, senior, had built in his own grounds, to the Episcopalians. The possession of this newly—"consecrated" building seems to have suggested to the family that James should enter the Church. His dislike to a business life was intense, and he rejoiced at this prospect of escape. Yet he was too honest a man to accept the idea of entering the sacred profession of a minister of the Gospel without much heart-searching, and many doubts both as to his fitness for it and his motives in entering it.

His career at Oxford was distinguished rather by the vigour with which he threw himself into the amusements than into the studies of the place. He was more at home on the river, and even amidst the reckless excitement of a "town-and-gown row," than in the lecture-room. His first attempt to pass his "smalls" was a failure, but at length he succeeded in taking his B.A. degree.

The Bishop of Exeter, who does not seem to have formed a favourable impression of the young candidate, had declined to ordain him before he had taken his degree, and at his first examination for deacon's orders afterwards had considered the meagreness of one of his papers a sufficient ground for "plucking" him. Hannington was overwhelmed with shame and anger, especially as the Bishop's manner had seemed to him unkind. However, he tried again a few months later, and was accepted under certain conditions. The interview with his episcopal examiner concluded by the Bishop's observing: "You've got fine legs, I see; mind that you run about your parish."

As he left the cathedral after ordination, he said to himself: "So I am ordained, and the world has to be crucified in me. Oh, for God's Holy Spirit!"

The next day he met the Principal in the Quadrangle of St. Mary's Hall. "He, having known me in my wildest and noisiest times, said, in his dry way: 'I am not certain whether you are to be congratulated or not.'"

Such was the unpromising reception into the ministry of the Church of England of the man who in so short a time was to be called to one of its highest offices, and to win a place in "the noble army of martyrs."

But the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls had the young

deacon in His own gracious keeping, and was fitting him for the work upon which he had with scant spiritual preparation entered.

Very interesting and instructive is the story of his conversion. One of his Oxford friends who had known and loved "Jim" Hannington in his wildest days, had recently entered the Church and had been led into the light of God's countenance. His thoughts turned to his old college chum, and, taking advantage of a trivial circumstance, he reopened communication with him. The second letter from this friend—we presume the author of the memoir—went straight to the point. The letter was preceded and followed by much earnest prayer, but for thirteen months not a word of reply was received.

In the meantime Hannington had been ordained, and was acting as curate in the parishes of Martinhoe and Trentishoe, Devon. The attempt to minister the Word of Life without having himself received it soon proved a failure; and weary and disappointed he turned for counsel to the friend whose letter had been so long neglected. Who does not understand the joy of that friend when his long-unanswered prayers bore their precious fruit? Being unable to visit him, he opened an earnest religious correspondence with the seeker after God, and sent him a copy of Dr. W. P. Mackay's "Grace and Truth." That little volume, despised at first, was blessed to his conversion. He says: "At Pethêrwyn I took the book out and read the first chapter. I disliked it so much that I determined never to touch it again. I don't know that I didn't fling it across the room. I rather think I did. So back into my portmanteau it went, and remained until my visit to Hurst, when I again saw it, and thought I might as well read it, so as to be able to tell my friend about it. So once more I took the 'old thing,' and read straight on for three chapters or so, until at last I came to that called: 'Do you feel your sins forgiven?' By means of this my eyes were opened. . . . I was in bed at the time, reading; I sprang out of bed, and leaped about the room rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His, and He is mine."

The next six years were spent in earnest work in various spheres, but of this the brief limits of our space make it impossible to speak in detail. He gave himself to preaching the Gospel in the simplest style, to plodding work in the class-room, cottage or mission-room, and his labours were abundantly blessed. In February, 1877, he married, and in May, 1882, in answer to what he felt to be an irresistible call, went forth as the leader of

a band of missionaries to Central Africa—leaving wife and children, house and lands, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. On the outward voyage Mr. Hannington had as travelling-companions, not only the members of his own party, but several agents of the London Missionary Society and Major Smith, of our own Mission House.

From the story of his first African journey we can only make a few extracts: "After dinner, just as we had opened the books for prayers, in came the chief, and asked what we were about. When we told him we were going to pray to God, he replied: 'Go on; let me hear you.' Then, when we had finished: 'You must teach me.'" This seemed to come to us as an immense comfort when we were all depressed; for although we were generally asked to remain permanently and form a station, yet nobody had yet directly requested us to teach him to pray."

Elsewhere he writes: "I do not place too much stress on this, and yet it seemed an earnest from heaven; and it set my heart praising, and filled me with assurance that our most loving Father has not forgotten us."

"Gordon and I were quite alone last night in the heart of the forest. Three or four tarantulas were dashing wildly about the tent. Mosquitoes swarmed, lions roared close to us during the greater part of the night, four different kinds of ants made themselves at home with us, and in the morning a whole stream of Chunqu (bitter) ants, the largest and fiercest ants there are, advanced as an army into our tent. There was nothing to be done but light a fire and regularly fight them; and even then we had great difficulty in getting rid of the enemy. In spite of these trifling drawbacks, we congratulated ourselves upon having pitched upon an exceedingly pleasant spot, and determined, as soon as possible, to hedge ourselves in with a fence of thorns, to prevent a buffalo or stray rhinoceros from charging the tent, or a lion from slipping his paw under the curtain and clawing one of us out of bed.

"At about a mile from camp he saw some animal moving through the dense mimosa scrub, and firing, killed it. His prey proved to be a large lion's cub. The gun-bearer, seeing this, fled with every sign of terror, and shouted to him to do the same. It was time, indeed, to do so. The cries of 'Run, bwana, run!' were accentuated by a double roar; and looking round, Hannington saw the bereaved parents, a fine lion and lioness, coming towards him with long, bounding leaps over the scrub. An ordinary man encountering lions face to face in the open, for almost the first time, would probably have lost all presence of mind, and turning

to run, have been inevitably destroyed. He deliberately faced round upon his enemy. The enraged lions were distant but a few paces, but they suddenly checked, and both stood, as though transfixed, glaring upon him. So they remained for some time, till Hannington, placing one foot behind the other, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon the yellow orbs before him, gradually increased his distance, and having placed about a hundred yards between himself and the monsters, quietly walked away.

"But the indomitable nature of the man comes out more strongly in what followed. Most men would have concluded that they had had enough of such an adventure, and have accepted their escape from the jaws of death, or at least would not have renewed the contest without assistance. Hannington was formed of quite another metal. Though the light was waning, he determined that he would return and secure the skin of the cub he had killed, so he retraced his steps. When near enough to observe their motions, he could see that the lion and lioness were walking round about their cub, licking its body and filling the air with low growlings. At this moment an unknown flower caught his eye. He plucked it, took out his note-book, pressed it between the leaves, and classified it as far as he was able; then, with coolness perfectly restored, he ran forward a few paces, threw up his arms and shouted! Was it that the lions had never encountered so strange an antagonist before? At all events, they looked up, then turned tail and bounded away. He dragged the cub for some distance, till, having left the dangerous vicinity, shouldered it and brought it into camp.

"*Christmas Day, 1882.*—Gordon very ill in bed. Ashe and Wise tottering out of fever beds; I myself just about to totter in again. In spite of our poor condition, we determined to have our Christmas cheer. We had a happy celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and thought much of the dear ones at home praying for us and wishing us true Christmas joy. . . .

"In spite of our poor plight, we determined to celebrate the day; so I killed a kid, and Ashe undertook the pudding. I am sure that many a cottager had a better one, but I doubt if any enjoyed theirs much more than we did ours. Its drawbacks were certainly not few. The flour was both musty and full of beetles and their larvæ; the raisins had fermented; the pudding was underboiled, and yet boiled enough to have stuck to the bottom of the saucepan, whereby its lower vitals had suffered considerably; and yet a musty, fermented, underdone and burnt mass of dough was such a real treat that day, that I cannot remember ever to have enjoyed a Christmas pudding half so much. We

felt quite cruel in denying a slice to Gordon, who was not in a fit condition for such delicacies."

Thus cheerfully the discomforts and the perils of the long journey were borne, but the party were insufficiently provided, having been unwisely anxious to limit their baggage to the smallest amount possible, and at length even Hannington's iron will and strong constitution gave way, and he was reluctantly compelled to return to the coast, leaving his companions to journey on without him.

"Racked with fever, torn by dysentery, scarcely able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony; with his arms lashed to his neck lest their least movement should cause intolerable anguish to his diseased and swollen liver—the bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the caravan with that swinging stride of his or who had forgotten fatigue at the close of a long march, and dashed off in pursuit of some rare insect,

“ ‘His beard a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind,’

was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man.”

It was a terrible blow to him. “So,” he writes, “with a heart bowed with disappointment, I consented to leave those brave men to bear the burden and heat of the day by themselves. Yet, though deeply thankful for a spared life, I have never ceased to regret that in a weak moment I looked back.”

In truth, however, he only returned just in time, and the homeward journey was accomplished in great suffering and weakness. Indeed, he was more than once left for dead by his bearers.

He reached England in June, 1883.

On June 24th, 1884, Mr. Hannington was consecrated first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, and in the following January arrived at Free Town, the cathedral city of his diocese. He thus describes his reception; “A thousand people came to the shore; guns fired, horns blew, women shrieked, I laughed and cried. Altogether, there was a grand welcome, and the moment we could get a little quiet we knelt down and thanked God.”

The next six months were filled with hard work—organizing and reorganizing the new diocese. In July he set out on his last journey, with the hope that he would find a new road to Uganda more healthful and shorter than that in which he had suffered so much and escaped so narrowly. It does not seem that any blame can be attached to him for this effort, which had so tragical an ending. His only fault was ignorance of what he was not in a position to know. The country towards which he was journeying was already hallowed ground. Mr. Mackay, the missionary

for whose preservation so many prayers have been lately offered, and whose fate is still unknown as we write, gives the following pathetic account of the boy-martyrs of Uganda :

"They were taken, with Kakumba and Mr. Ashe's boy, and also Serwanga, a tall, fine fellow who had been baptized. These three were then tortured, their arms were cut off, and they were bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was made, and so they were slowly burned to death. As they hung in their protracted agony over the flames, Mujasi and his men stood around jeering, and told them to pray *now* to Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ) if they thought that He could do anything to help them. The spirit of the martyrs at once entered into these lads, and together they raised their voices and praised Jesus in the fire, singing till their shrivelled tongues refused to form the sound, *Killa siku tunsifu* :

" 'Daily, daily, sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due ;
All He does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion too :
For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below ;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe.'

"Little wonder that Mr. Mackay should write: '*Our hearts are breaking.*' Yet what a triumph ! ' One of the executioners, struck by the extraordinary fortitude of the lads, and their evident faith in another life, came and asked that he also might be taught to pray. This martyrdom did not daunt the other Christians. Though Mwanga threatened to burn alive any who frequented the mission premises or adopted the Christian faith, they continued to come, and the lads at the Court kept their teachers constantly informed of everything that was going on. Indeed, when the Katikiro began to make investigation, he found the place so honey-combed by Christianity that he had to cease his inquisition for fear of implicating chiefs and upsetting society generally."

Of the long, sad journey and its tragic ending we have many touching details from the Bishop's own diary, and the testimony of natives who witnessed his martyrdom. Here is a brief extract which shows how fully the heroic Bishop had learnt to be joyful in tribulation :

" 'We are a little poor,' as Jones says. 'My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp oil were forgotten and left behind, so that the camp fire has to serve instead. My donkey has died,

so that I must walk every step of the way. Well, having no watch, I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do; for many marches depend upon my saying: 'We will stop here and rest, or sleep.'"

As he neared the capital of King Mwanga perils increased, and at length the Bishop was taken prisoner.

"I asked my head man, Brahim, to come with me to the point close at hand whence I had seen the Nile, as our men had begun to doubt its existence; several followed up, and one, pretending to show me another view, led me farther away, when suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said: 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other; and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed, wet through with being dragged along the ground, strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. Now, I thought, I am to be murdered. As they released one hand, I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly, No. We then made out that I had been seized by order of the Sultan. Then arose a new agony. Were all my men murdered? Another two or three hours' awful suspense, during which time I was kept bound, and shivering with cold, when to my joy, Pinto (the Portuguese cook) and a boy were brought with my bed and bedding, and I learnt that the Sultan meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga, which means, I fear, a week or more's delay. Nor can I tell whether they are speaking the truth. I am in God's hands.

“Oct. 22nd, Thursday.—Towards evening I was allowed to sit outside for a little time, and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again; and as I fell exhausted on my bed, I burst into tears—health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I fear I am in a very caged-lion frame of mind, and yet so strained and shattered that it is with the utmost difficulty I can stand; yet I ought to be praising His Holy Name, and I do.

Oct. 28th, Wednesday.—(Seventh day's prison). A terrible night, first with noisy, drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me! I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

“Oct. 29th, Thursday.—(Eighth day's prison). I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet.”

This is the last entry in the little pocket diary.

To the last Bishop Hannington had not expected that Mwanga would really order his execution at the hands of the minor chief, Lubwa, whose captive he was. It was, probably, on Thursday, October 29th, that his death occurred. Mr. Dawson says: “When he was conducted to an open space without the village, and found himself surrounded once more by his own men, we can well imagine that he concluded that the worst was now over, and even began to turn his thoughts towards the recovery of the valuable goods which he had brought so far for the use of the brethren in Uganda.

“He was not, however, long left in doubt as to the fate which was in store for him. With a wild shout, the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan-men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers, told off to murder him, had closed round, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up he looked around, and as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons, he spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard.

“He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the Baganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun,

which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leapt forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

We close these short glimpses of this most inspiring biography of one of God's saints and heroes, with the touching story related by his biographer of a visit paid by him to the Bishop's orphan children:

"When I visited Hurst last spring, and he heard that I was an old friend of his father's he waited till we chanced to be alone, then crept up and laid his elbows upon my knee. 'Tell me something about father,' said he. 'Your father,' I said, 'was a very brave man, and a good man. Will you, too, try to be both brave and good?' So he listened, with large eyes wide-opened and awe-struck, as to the tale of some martyr-hero of the holy past. When I had finished, still with his elbows on my knee, and his upturned face resting upon his hands, he said, with a plaintive quiver in his baby voice: 'Tell me *more* about father.' The memory of that father, and the record of the splendid self-sacrifice of his devoted life, will be to his children a priceless legacy, in the possession of which they, though orphaned, are most richly dowered."

FAITH.

Down all the mystic valley of my life
I hear the chimes that echo of God's love;
'Mid all the toil and turmoil of earth's strife,
My heart is fixed above.

My heart is hid with God. Oh, wondrous thought!
I am an heir of glory and of grace;
My very sorrows are with blessings fraught;
My Lord in all I trace.

Then what have I to fear from woes or pains,
Sickness or sorrow, or the world's alarms?
My soul, redeemed from sin-polluting stains,
Views Heaven and its charms.

Her walls and palaces by faith I see,
I walk with seraphs through her golden streets;
Then what are earth or earthly things to me,
Its triumphs or defeats?

Content, while thus a stranger here below,
Bloom flowers or thorns upon my earthly road,
In my appointed course I'll gladly go,
Strong in the strength of God.

METHODIST DEACONESSSES AT WORK.

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

“Tell us a little of what they are doing and how they do it.”

It was late one afternoon a few weeks ago, when two ladies entered a street-car running north from King Street to one of the residential portions of Toronto. The car was already filled, and it so chanced that all its occupants were women. A bright-eyed school-girl at the end of the car promptly and gracefully gave her seat to the elder of the new-comers; the other, after a glance along the closely packed rows, quietly adjusted herself to the discomfort of standing; and as the car moved on they resumed the thread of a conversation which, apparently, had been interrupted by the episode of getting on the car, and in which both appeared to be deeply interested.

Who does not know how difficult it is, even if it be possible, to avoid overhearing fragments of talk in a crowded street-car? Probably no one in this car cared to listen to words not addressed to her, and these ladies were speaking in the low, modulated tones characteristic of gentlewomen, yet the most of what they said was distinctly audible to the persons nearest them. One, the elder, was giving an account of some work being done among the poor and degraded population of the East End by a person whom she sometimes mentioned by name, sometimes called simply “our Bible-woman.” The bearing of the speaker was distinguished, dignified, almost proud, yet in her clear eyes there was a world of gentleness and sympathy as she told of the labours of one well-known and deeply loved in our city for her unselfish ministrations to the needy.

The younger of the two listened with evident interest, though she said little. Presently she remarked:

“I think the work of your Bible-woman must be very like that which the Deaconesses do in our cities.” There was something in that “our cities” which, faint and indefinable as it was, indicated that this lady was an American.

“Ah! yes,” said the other; “I have heard of Deaconesses. Tell me something of them.”

At these words a light of sympathetic interest shone in the eyes of a thoughtful-looking woman near. It looked as if she, at least, were about to deliberately listen to this conversation in which she was not a participant. But it was not much that she was destined to hear.

"Unfortunately, I know very little to tell you," came the reply. "They are a Methodist sisterhood, I think, and, as we are Episcopalians, we do not come into actual contact with them. But we see them here and there, and occasionally hear touching stories of their heroism and self-sacrifice."

"I wish I could learn more of them and their methods," said the elder lady. "It is a wonderful work—this of Christian women among the city poor."

The thoughtful-faced woman, who had so nearly been guilty of listening, turned to an acquaintance, and expressing the thought uppermost in her mind, asked:

"Why do we not hear more about Deaconesses? Did not our Church at the last General Conference provide for the organization of the office or order?" This lady was plainly a Methodist. "I was exceedingly interested in the subject some time ago."

And the acquaintance replied:

"It is time something was being done if it is to be undertaken at all. I wish some one would tell us a little about the Methodist Deaconesses in the States—what they do and how they do it."

This, too, was overheard. It caught ear of one just leaving the car, one who had been asked by the editor of a magazine for "something more about deaconesses," and who had that very day been anxiously pondering what she could best say on the subject. Here was her answer. As she stepped to the door of the car she heard the school-girl, who had given her seat to the elderly lady, whisper to a friend,

"What is a Deaconess? Is it a Sister of Charity?"

The Methodist Deaconesses are at work to-day in nearly all the large cities of the United States. The action of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when in 1888 it constituted the order of Deaconesses as a part of its ecclesiastical organization, was quickly fruitful in results. One Deaconess Home had already been in existence a year as an independent establishment. It at once placed itself under the care and authority of the Church. Many others have since sprung up in different parts of the country, and their number and efficiency are being rapidly increased.

In many particulars the work of a Deaconess bears a resemblance to that of a city missionary, differing from it chiefly in the fact that the Deaconess has the advantage of special training for her duties, and that her qualifications have been tested before work is assigned to her. In addition to this, she is acting under the authority and protection of the Church, to which she is responsible as long as she continues to hold her office.

The Deaconess work in America is, as yet, far less elaborate

and complex than in the older institutions in Germany and England. There are, thus far, two classes of workers, visiting Deaconesses and nurse Deaconesses, the names indicating the special forms of service to which they are set apart. The devotion of both is in the very spirit of the Master whom they serve.

The most of the Deaconesses on this continent, as well as in Europe, are connected with the Homes in the various cities, and are working under their superintendence. Yet there are in many places Deaconesses working singly, or possibly by twos or threes, under the direction of pastors of churches. When thus employed their duties are very similar to those of the sisters in the Home.

The aid of these Christian women in carrying on the work of large parishes is proving invaluable to many hard-working pastors. It is not that they do the work which the pastor should do. Rather they supplement his efforts, and often accomplish results which one man, in the pressure of cares and duties incident to a city pastorate, could not, in the nature of things, compass. Having relinquished all other pursuits, the Deaconesses are able to seek out non-church-going people, go from house to house among the poor, make known to the proper persons cases of sickness, misfortune and special need, offer sympathy, advice and suggestion where these are needed; carry the messages of Christ's Gospel to those who will receive them; hold cottage prayer-meetings, mothers' meetings, and girls' classes—in short, give themselves up wholly to Christian labour in entering into and elevating, so far as they can, the lives of those to whom they are sent.

In the Homes also this house-to-house visitation has always been a distinctive feature of Deaconess work. The sisters commonly go in pairs, and hold themselves ready to do with their might whatsoever their hands find to do. A few extracts from the records of the Chicago Home will show something of the nature of this department of the work. One writes:

"We visited twenty-one families to-day, and met with German, Bohemians, Jews and Canadians, many of them backslidden Christians. One woman was a fortune-teller. She talked incessantly for fifteen minutes. We watched our chance, said what we could, and left her in God's hands. We gained admission into three houses by asking to look at the pretty babies. We met one woman who had been sick for weeks. We prayed with her, she thanked us, and we left her sobbing."

Another writes:

"In one instance the woman came to the door of the inner hall and

stood and talked with us, though she would not let us in. We asked her if we might come in and pray. After much hesitation, she allowed us to do so. Before we left she seemed under deep conviction, and promised she would read a certain chapter of the Bible for herself, and let us know if ever she needed help in religious things."

In these visits the Deaconesses find opportunities to give much more than spiritual counsel and help. Sometimes their work is to offer bread to the hungry, and sometimes to suggest means of bettering the squalid condition of wretched tenements, not seldom to speak a few words of good cheer and encouragement to some who are baffled and bewildered in the struggle for existence. Often they are called to give comfort in sorrow and bereavement, and occasionally even to care for the dead as well as the living. Many and truly touching are the stories of their devoted ministrations to the suffering.

Frequently in the pursuit of their vocation the Deaconesses are brought into contact with Roman Catholics, but even here, where it is most natural to expect hostility and opposition, they have found much to gladden their hearts. For the Methodist Deaconess is free from bigotry and intolerance, and can esteem what is good wherever she may find it. Miss Thoburn, one whose whole heart is in intense sympathy with this phase of charitable work, writes:

"It was a comfort to find in another dying Roman Catholic a trusting Christian. 'Are you a sister?' she asked of the Deaconess who went to spend the night with her. 'Yes, a Protestant sister,' was the reply. 'It is all the same in Christ,' said the dying woman, and through a night of pain she was comforted by the words of promise that are the joy of all the saints in the dark valley."

A Deaconess tells the following story of a worthy poor family, who at one time received help and encouragement from the Home:

"A few years ago they were on a farm in Dakota. A prairie fire swept away everything, and they barely escaped with their lives. They drifted with the tide to Chicago. The father secured work, but was soon disabled by iron filings thrown by accident into his eyes, and had been sick all summer. Then came the serious illness of the mother, and here we found them.

"When the door was opened, I saw first three little barefooted boys, ranging in age from three to eight years. One of these went to school, another could not go for lack of clothes, the other was too young. On a bed in one corner of the small room lay the sick mother. In her arms was a child two weeks old. Not three feet away was the stove. The bedding was far from white, and everything had a dingy look. What else could one expect?

"Some ladies from our own Training School had called and left a clean comforter and packages of rolled oats, rice and sugar. I stayed five days,

cared for the mother, cleaned and cooked. The father during the time succeeded in getting a job. The father attended a meeting at the chapel during the week, and seemed much affected at what he heard. The sweet songs, fervent prayers, good news of heavenly love and mercy, and kindly advice, touched his better nature and roused new hopes and courage. They could find no words to express their gratitude to the Deaconesses."

"Cared for the mother, cleaned and cooked." These are some of the things which the willing hands of Deaconesses find to do. Commonplace? Not if done "heartily as unto the Lord."

The opportunities of a Christian nurse are so great and so obvious, that there is no need to recount them. For nurse Deaconesses there is a large field of usefulness, both in public institutions and in private families. Their strong, calm faces and the gentle, womanly touch of their skilful hands, are welcomed in asylums, in homes for little children and for the aged poor, and in hospitals. But it is among the sick poor in their homes that their ministrations are especially grateful. For there are many sufferers, both among the abject poor and the so-called respectable, to whom removal to a hospital and a hired nurse are equally inaccessible, and it is to these that the nurse Deaconesses are in the highest degree a blessing. Through their devotion mothers have been spared to little children, and children have been brought safely through the cruellest and most malignant diseases, while more than one soul has passed into the darkness of the shadow of death cheered by their presence. Their skill and reliability are day by day becoming more recognized and more in demand. Physicians in their work among the sick poor are coming more and more to depend upon the assistance of the trained nurse Deaconesses, who know what to do in a sick-room, are collected in emergencies, can intelligently comprehend and obey orders, and are ready to go wherever they are needed at once and without charge.

In order to an understanding of the process of organization and modes of operation in the Deaconess Homes in the United States, so far as these can be said to be developed, there is, perhaps, nothing so practical as the story of the inception and progress of the Chicago Home, the oldest in the country, and that with which the name of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer is so brightly associated.

Its beginning was in the Training School for City, Home, and Foreign Missions, opened in the autumn of 1885, under the management of Mr. J. S. Meyer and his wife. The history of this school is full of interest.

"At the close of its second year, June, 1887," writes Mrs. Meyer, "we found eight or ten among our students who were willing to remain in the

city during the summer and continue the practical missionary work which had formed a part of their training in the school, provided only they could be supplied with a home and board—a basis of work. The matter was brought before the Executive Committee of the Training School, and they voted to allow us the use of the large school-building during the summer, for these women."

The same month, in *The Message*, the little paper published in the interest of the Training School, appeared an article, claimed to be the first printed matter in America relative to the establishment of Deaconess work in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In it occurs the following paragraph:

"The opportunities for work in a large city are often better in summer than in winter. This fact, together with the desire we have that our building, which would otherwise be nearly vacant for months, may be used for the advance of the kingdom, has determined us upon opening a Deaconess Home during the summer months. Into this Home we purpose to receive such ladies as shall be approved, and for whom we can find suitable openings, who wish to devote their time to city missionary work. They will receive no salary, but we promise them a home, such board as the Lord may provide, and the payment of necessary car-fare. Workers in the Home are at entire liberty to leave at any time, without warning, but while with us must obey the rules of the Home, and submit to the decisions of those in authority."

At the end of that summer, during which there was an average of eight persons in the Home engaged in city missionary work, two of the number, in a rented flat not far from the Training School, opened the independent Deaconess Home.

During the three years of the history of the Chicago Home it has greatly enlarged and its efficiency has been increased by the addition of nurse Deaconesses, but there has been little change in other respects. It no longer occupies three or four rooms in a hired flat, but is established in a comfortable and commodious building adjacent to the Missionary Training School. At first the members of the Home did all the work of the house, but as the outside demands upon their time and strength multiplied, it was found that this became a diversion of their energies from their special work, and, at slight expense, it was put into other hands.

The Deaconesses work entirely without salary and accept no remuneration for their services. The gifts sometimes bestowed in grateful recognition of their ministrations are passed at once into the general treasury, and employed in meeting the expenses of the Home. The Home is supported by voluntary subscription—a method which appears very precarious, but which, nevertheless, has met with a success truly remarkable. The most careful economy is, of course, practised in all the details of the life of its inmates.

The sum of two hundred dollars provides for the support of a Deaconess in the Home for one year. Some are able themselves to pay this amount, and it is desired that as many as can shall do so. Several Deaconesses have been maintained in the Home by individuals who are impressed with the importance of this phase of Christian work, or who wish thus to show their grateful appreciation of services rendered by the Deaconesses. One church in Chicago pays annually several hundred dollars to the Home. Three Presbyterian ladies are supporting a Deaconess each, two of them choosing this manner of preserving a memorial of their mother. Oftentimes aid is given by persons who hold themselves aloof from all strictly religious enterprises, but whose sympathies are enlisted for this because of its practical philanthropy.

The regulations of the Home are simple, yet sufficiently comprehensive. There is absolutely nothing conventual in its associations. The members take no vows, and the spirit of cheerful home-life always pervades the atmosphere. Around the tea-table, at the close of each day's work, the Deaconesses talk over the events of the day with its amusing, its encouraging, or its painful experiences, thus gaining new strength and cheer from the sense of fellowship common to them all.

For protection, economy, and the fostering of a spirit of "sisterly equality," it was early decided that a distinctive dress should be worn by the Deaconesses. After much discussion and some experiment, the uniform agreed upon was a plain gown of dark gray, with black for out-door garments. No jewellery, except a collar-pin, is worn. The hair is not covered with veils or bands, but is worn "plain," that term meaning, as Mrs. Meyer has explained, "dressed with no artificial means." The sentiment which the Deaconesses themselves entertain towards their uniform is expressed in the language of one of them in one of a series of charming papers recently published in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*:

"We could not live on \$200 a year and dress as you do. We could not get at our poor sisters dressed as you are. The rustle of a silk dress is worse than the rattle of musketry to close the heart of the poor woman who wipes the soap-suds from her hands on her apron and sinks into a chair to nurse her baby and rest a moment while you talk to her about Jesus Christ. But our plain serge dresses win their way to her heart. Then our costumes mark us as religious workers. We are called 'sisters' constantly, and never deny the title, only adding 'Protestant sisters,' that we may not be misunderstood. And, thanks to the Romish Church, such a sentiment has grown up around the costume, that our workers find it a great protection. It is like a coat of mail to us. Clad in it we penetrate where few men and no woman would care to go after dark, and we are never molested. But I

must tell you, and am happy to say it, that our women really like to wear the costume now ; aside from these weightier reasons, you see it lifts from their minds once and forever all the care and thought of dress."

What has been said of the Chicago Deaconess Home is in all essential particulars true of the various other Homes throughout the United States. It was felt at the time when the work was inaugurated that a general uniformity was desirable, and a convention of representatives of all the Homes was held, with a view to securing this end. In costume, in organization, and in modes of operation, Methodist Deaconesses, wherever found, are under practically the same conditions.

The work of these Methodist Deaconesses being, as we have seen, of so great importance, there is the more urgent need of careful and thorough training in preparation for it. This probationary training in all the Homes covers a period of two years. It includes a course of suitable reading and study, attendance upon lectures, and much practical work under proper direction. In affiliation with the Chicago Home is a hospital, in which the nurse Deaconesses receive a special and most needful training. At the end of two years, probationers are admitted to the office of Deaconess, and authorized to perform the duties of the order in connection with the Church.

We have thus far spoken of Methodist Deaconesses in the United States, but the Methodist Episcopal Deaconess movement has penetrated, with all its essential and distinctive features, into very distant lands. Deaconess missionaries have been wonderfully successful abroad as well as at home. There are already in India six Methodist Deaconess Homes, and very recently two Deaconesses from Chicago have gone to China to establish a Home in Nankin. Another is just being inaugurated in Japan. The life of these missionary Deaconesses is as nearly as possible like that of those at home. They wear the same dress, are appointed to similar duties, and are under like conditions as to support and responsibility. Through this agency will be met in far larger measure than heretofore the ever-increasing demand for cultured and trained missionary workers, women who have received systematic instruction in the Bible, in church history and doctrine, in the history of all great philanthropic movements, and, what is equal in importance to any of these, practical hygiene and nursing.

Several months have passed since the question, "Shall Canadian Methodism institute an order of Deaconesses?" was answered in the affirmative by the representative body of the Church. With this decision of the General Conference the first step was taken in a movement which is more and more commending itself to

Christians all over the world. But all-important as the first step is, if a second step be not taken there can be no advance. Some, perhaps, who at one time felt a certain interest in the subject, have been conscious of a gradual wane in that interest, as days passed by and there was nothing tangible for it to centre upon, until it has been well-nigh forgotten. Others are asking, "When may we look for a practical outcome of the Church's decision? Is anything being *done* in this direction?" But it may be that here and there among the churches, are those whose hearts are warm to the work, who would gladly and earnestly enter into it, did they but know what to do, and who are eagerly asking how to begin to carry out an idea which seems to them so full of promise.

Perhaps the only answer to the inquiry of such is the old one, familiar to triteness, "The way to begin is to begin."

The Deaconess work, wherever it has been planted, has been eminently practical. In most cases, also, it has been spontaneous and experimental. A few persons, usually not more than two in any single locality, who have recognized the great need of such work as Deaconesses do, and whose hearts have been filled with the burning desire to do their part toward meeting that need, have solved the problem of how to organize a Deaconess Home by organizing one, relying upon the knowledge that always comes with experience, and trusting to a higher Wisdom to supplement their own as demands should arise. Oftenest, too, they have had little or nothing in the way of precedent or example to guide them, except in very recent times and in the most general way, as they could learn from the great Deaconess establishments of the Old World. Thus while certain broad principles have been outlined for them, countless details have been left to be worked out by actual experiment, and those who have been leaders in Deaconess work have in very truth learned how to do by doing.

Probably no one, least of all those who know it best, would claim that the system as it exists on our own continent is yet complete. Much remains to be thought out, much to be done,^f and there is a call for the Methodists of Canada to contribute the fruit of their judgment and experience in perfecting a work still young and in the experimental stage.

THE crisis is upon us ! face to face with us it stands ;
 With solemn lips of questioning, like the Sphinx in Egypt sands.
 This day we fashion destiny, the web of life we spin,
 This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin.
 Even now from misty Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
 Call we the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down."

A NOVA SCOTIA MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY MISS MAY TWEEDIE.

THE subject of missions is one so prominently before the public at present, that to utilize space in the prefatory statements it naturally suggests—thus rendering less detailed the noble career of an honoured pioneer, Rev. John Geddie—would be a loss to readers eager to acquire a knowledge of the labours of this consecrated Nova Scotia missionary.

The biographies of distinguished men usually include all available ancestral history. We introduce none more remote than that of the pious parents, whose influence and training largely developed the sterling Christian character which formed the basis of Mr. Geddie's successful career. John Geddie, sen., for some time did a prosperous business in Banff as watch and clock-maker, but owing to the commercial disaster occasioned by the changes which followed the peace of 1815, he was led to emigrate, and accordingly reached Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1816, accompanied by his wife and family of four children. Here he resumed his original trade. But no vicissitudes of business ever resulted in any neglect of religious duty. The struggling Presbyterian Church, with which he became identified on his arrival in Pictou, was ever the object of his solicitude, and owed not a little of her prosperity to his shining Christian example and to his faithful fulfilment of the functions of his office as elder.

Our first glimpse of the embryo missionary is as a shrinking, timid, little school-boy under the tuition of a worthy pedagogue, particularly proficient in the energetic use of the ferule. But he soon revealed the determination and activity which shone with brilliance in later years. On the completion of his Academic course at Pictou Academy, Mr. Geddie entered on the study of theology under Dr. Thomas McCullough, then the only professor of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

His student life presents nothing remarkable. In class-work he gave no indication of superior power, but was noted for diligence and attention to his studies. The boisterous athletics of school and college had little attraction for him. He preferred to seek recreation in retirement, the society of a kindred soul or some mechanical employment. None anticipated that he would ever throw himself alone and unarmed among savages.

On the completion of his theological course, at the age of twenty-two, he was licensed to preach. From his earliest youth he had

been the subject of serious conviction, resulting in a public profession of religion at the age of nineteen. Years previous to this important event, vague desires to engage in foreign mission work had filled his mind. The first impetus in this direction was doubtless derived from missionary literature sent to the family by an aunt in London, and eagerly perused by all, particularly John. Aspirations which the thrilling romances of Scott, the fascinating poetry of Byron, or the sensational literature of the time were powerless to impart, were borne from the enchanting islands of Polynesia to mould the plastic imagination of a future missionary.

During an illness at college all the vague desires of former years crystallized into an earnest, immutable resolve to carry the message of salvation to heathen lands, if God should restore him to health. He was now ready, but the Church was not. At the time of his licensure foreign mission work was wholly impracticable. The interest of the Church in this now cherished scheme was then confined chiefly to prayers, good wishes, and comparatively insignificant contributions. The hasty development of measures likely to result in the establishment of a foreign mission being utterly impossible, Mr. Geddie entered with great assiduity on his pastoral duties in New London, Prince Edward Island, where he had received a call.

A pleasing event of the early years of his pastorate was his marriage to Miss Charlotte McDonald, a daughter of Dr. McDonald, of Antigonish. But the claims of foreign missions were not forgotten in the absorbing interest of pastoral duties. With rare tact he introduced innovations almost startling to the spirit of the time. He preached annual sermons breathing a large sympathy with the benighted of other lands. He urged the formation of missionary societies in all the congregations of the presbytery, and distributed much literature calculated to stimulate the interest of the Church.

With these commonplace measures culminated the missionary enthusiasm of all save Mr. Geddie. He had yet to advance the novel idea that the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, poor and small as she was, might and ought to engage in a foreign mission of her own. To his most intimate friends he expressed his convictions. His extravagant views elicited many a smile of amusement, while his calm, persistent earnestness and impressive arguments made an occasional convert. The Rev. Dr. Kerr, an aged and experienced divine, was his first genuine friend and ally. He supported Mr. Geddie's project by the introduction of an overture to the Synod of 1843. It was very hurriedly disposed

of, the majority of that august body regarding it as a harmless hobby of "poor little Geddie."

. As it was impossible to utterly ignore a measure sanctioned by Dr. Kerr, the Synod condescendingly referred it to the several presbyteries for consideration, with instructions to report thereon at its next meeting. Thus the Convocation of 1844 had for their consideration the most important matter ever before a colonial Synod.

A long, serious discussion resulted in the adoption of a resolution that a board of foreign missions be appointed for Nova Scotia. Among the prominent names enrolled thereon was that of Mr. J. W. Dawson, the present Sir William, whose scientific research has so eminently contributed to the support of the Christian religion so early espoused.

One year subsequent to their appointment they advertised for candidates to enter on foreign work. Two important questions awaited decision, the selection of a field and the choice of an agent. Many promising spheres of labour were inaccessible, owing to the limited means of the Church. Much prayerful deliberation and discussion of the various fields available led to the selection of New Caledonia, a section of Eastern Polynesia, as a suitable field for the Nova Scotia missionary. In response to the question, "Who shall go for us," Mr. Geddie modestly tendered his services. He was cordially and unanimously accepted. But one shadow dimmed the joy of that memorable hour, the thought of parting with an aged and widowed mother. Then for the first time Mr. Geddie was informed that this praying parent, with his now sainted father, had placed him in God's hands to fashion him for this special work.

A surprising degree of interest was awakened in the projected mission, and such was the liberality displayed that an active layman who might go out as a catechist or mechanic was sought for. A tender of service was accordingly accepted from Mr. Archibald, a young Nova Scotian of promise. The time had now come when Mr. Geddie must sever the endearing ties of home, resign the blessings of civilization, the refinements of social life, and after eighteen thousand miles of dreary voyaging, expose himself and family to the prejudice and superstition of barbarous men, acquire their language, court their society, and in some measure become familiar with their disgusting habits of life, in order to gain their ear and win their hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. Geddie then proceeded to Halifax, receiving *en route* farewells from several congregations. One bright December day in the year 1846, the missionaries were hurriedly

summoned on board the brig *Acadian*, in which they were to sail for Boston. Eight days of stormy voyaging brought them to their destination only to find that a delay of some weeks was necessary before embarking for the distant islands of the Pacific. Communication with foreign parts was at that time so irregular and inconvenient that the earliest and only available medium of transit was a small brig to sail for the Sandwich Islands in January.

The trying experiences of six months' confinement in a small brig are not easily depicted, but they must have been such as missionaries are not now called to endure. Three dreary, perilous weeks were spent in rounding Cape Horn, then with milder winds they were quickly wafted toward the Sandwich Islands. The picturesque hills of Honolulu gradually loomed into view, and ere long the ship cast anchor in its coral-reefed harbour. The missionaries of the American Board, to whom Mr. Geddie had letters of introduction, relieved his feelings of loneliness by a cordial welcome. After a few weeks' delay, the party embarked for the Samoan Islands. Five tedious weeks elapsed before these hill-girt islands were reached, early in 1848. Tutuila, with its quaint huts peeping through a dense foliage of bread-fruit and cocoanut trees, was selected as the place of landing. Rev. Messrs. Murray and Bullen, incumbents of that mission, joyfully welcomed their unexpected brethren. There they remained several weeks, to await the advice of the meeting of missionaries, appointed for an early date, as to a permanent station. The New Hebrides Islands were selected as a suitable field for the commencement of a mission. Messrs. Geddie and Powell, of Samoa, were appointed to this field.

The picturesque New Hebrides group had already been the scene of missionary operations. On the Island of Erromanga, the Rev. John Williams had obtained the martyr's crown, and others had seen trying service in these regions of heathen darkness.

The missionaries were coldly received by the natives of Aniteum. The atrocities perpetrated by the white men who came thither had so aroused their prejudice, that the Chief Nohoat, afterward an ardent supporter of Christianity, issued orders to annoy but not to kill the missionaries, at least for a time. Some days later, when impelled by curiosity, the natives visited Mr. Geddie's humble abode, and found it destitute of muskets, cannons and other implements of destruction conspicuous on the walls of the Sandal-wood establishment and Roman Catholic missionary building, which reared its iron walls in their midst, they were favourably impressed. Mr. Geddie, with remarkable tact gained the permanent good-will of his dusky visitors, and Mrs. Geddie won

their confidence by graciously permitting them to use the soot from her pots in besmearing their faces.

Six Sundays after their arrival, owing to energetic linguistic study at Samoa, the missionaries were able to address the natives in their own tongue, in a neat building fashioned by their energetic hands to answer the double purpose of school-house and chapel. As early as possible they navigated the five divisions of the island, and arranged for their occupancy.

Mr. Geddie's first years of labour were arduous and disheartening. He found the natives capable of a high degree of intellectual and moral improvement; but their awful degradation and superstition could only be overcome by patient, diligent labour. Just here we are met by the temptation to linger among the wealth of incident which lend vivacity to the pages of Rev. Dr. Patterson's valuable biography, which we are fortunate in having at hand.

The journal of Mr. Geddie's early labours is so replete with graphic sketches of native life and character, so gracefully interwoven with pen-pictures of perilous voyaging among islands of marvellous beauty marred only by human violence, so touchingly brightened by occasional glimpses of domestic life—perhaps the departure of the children to seek an education in a distant land, a visit from the genial Episcopal Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, Mr. Geddie's firm friend, or a despondent hour brightened by the arrival of the good *John Williams* with letters from home, or boxes of clothing prepared by devoted Nova Scotia women; so pathetic with pitiable details of heathen violence, followed by a brighter vista; perhaps a glance at Mrs. Geddie's feminine "diamonds in the rough" being polished by this skilful lapidary to shine in celestial mansions, that we regret to confine ourselves to less interesting but more essential matter.

Mr. Powell soon returned to Samoa, and Mr. Geddie was left in a situation unparalleled in the history of modern missions. He was left in a benighted island, fifteen hundred miles distant from the nearest missionary brother; he had none from whom to derive sympathy or counsel, none to share his increasingly arduous labours. The spread of the Gospel led to great antagonism between the heathen natives and those recently Christianized. Mr. Geddie's life was endangered and his converts persecuted. But a brighter day dawned.

The real success of the mission dates from this period, though Mr. Geddie's first four years of labour, during three of which he was without the aid of a missionary brother, show splendid achievements. A language acquired and reduced to writing, works

prepared in it and thousands of copies printed, some hundreds taught to read, hundreds more in school, nearly half of a population numbering four thousand brought to embrace Christianity, and in addition to all this the multiplied mechanical labours of printing, and opposition such as few men have had to encounter. It has been well said that the history of modern missions does not afford an instance of "such extensive work by so feeble an agency, and in such a brief period of time."

The mission might now be said to be entering on its second stage—pronounced by Bishop Patterson to be the most difficult of the two—the building up in knowledge and virtue of a people till lately sunk in the lowest degradation of heathenism. The success of the agencies employed to hasten this result was pleasingly apparent some years later, when the whole population were outwardly transformed, the Sabbath observed as well as in Scotland, family worship established, two church buildings erected, in which one thousand persons assembled every Sabbath, and over three hundred church members. Neat houses supplanted the hovels in which as heathens the natives had lived. Industry and thrift became everywhere apparent. Nor was this all. Twenty teachers had gone forth from this island, till lately in the darkest heathenism, as pioneers of Christianity on surrounding islands, now clamorous for the Gospel.

While the Church at home was rejoicing in its prosperity, the tide had turned in the far distant islands of the Pacific. Aniteum, so bright with promise, was swept by a distressing epidemic. The measles were brought thither by a sandal-wood vessel. No care was taken to prevent contagion, and the disease quickly spread over the whole island, proving terribly fatal.

The burning of a commodious stone church, but recently erected by the energetic hands of Mr. Geddie and his congregation, was a severe blow to the mission. But the cup was not yet full. Reports, which proved only too true, of the murder of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon on Erromanga, were wildly circulated.

Lack of space prevents a detailed reference to the fate of this well-known Nova Scotian, who had been the first to respond to Mr. Geddie's appeal for help and who so nobly struggled to qualify himself for the work which cost him his life. His place was supplied by a brave brother, Rev. J. D. Gordon, who on the same island became also the victim of the fury of the natives.

The proceedings on other islands, though less violent, struck terror to the hearts of the missionaries. Thousands on many islands were being swept into the grave and superstition was everywhere rampant. Then followed a violent hurricane, fear-

fully destructive of life and property. These calamities fell with almost crushing weight on Mr. Geddie's spirit. The confused state of the work, encompassed as it now was with almost greater difficulties than marked its inception, was a severe trial to his faith. But the same directing Spirit which had led him to this rugged path of service sustained him as he sorrowed amid the ruins of shattered hopes. The effect of a long and laborious residence in an insalubrious climate had so impaired his health, and also that of Mrs. Geddie, that he yielded to the solicitations of his brethren to spend a year in Nova Scotia. They accordingly set out in January, 1864, just a few weeks subsequent to the arrival of the *Dayspring* from Nova Scotia with three missionaries on board. This commodious mission ship, constructed in New Glasgow, will be remembered as the one built by contributions of the Nova Scotia Sunday-school children, augmented by funds from New Zealand. Mr. Geddie accomplished much for the missionary cause during his visit. On the eve of his departure from Nova Scotia, the University of Kingston conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, of which his first intimation was a letter addressed, Dr. Geddie, that reached him in Australia. He resumed work on his beloved Aniteum, with something of his former energy, but his constitution had lost its elasticity and the decay of his nervous energy was followed by mental depression, sometimes to a morbid degree. Being unable for the laborious work of a station, he was appointed sailing missionary. After one year of service in this capacity, he was compelled to retire to Australia for his health. After some months, he returned to the island with his daughter, the beloved wife of a missionary, the Rev. Mr. McDonald. But the stroke of paralysis, which his friends had feared, soon laid him aside. It was then arranged that he should be taken to Geelong in charge of his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Neilson, of Tana.

But it soon became apparent that his work was done. The Rev. A. J. Campbell, of Geelong, thus describes the closing scene:

"Dr. Geddie gradually sank into a state of unconsciousness, with some signs of occasional intelligence, especially when a friendly voice offered prayer at his bedside. And so he lay like a weary pilgrim at the gate of heaven enjoying the peace of God's beloved, answering the question of his trust in God by a smile calm and beautiful. Life ebbed away in perfect peacefulness, and in the early hour of a bright summer morning in December he fell asleep."

The people of the Presbyterian Church, of Victoria, to whom God had committed his mortal remains, erected a handsome monument to the memory of this unassuming, self-denying

founder of the New Hebrides mission. His warm-hearted children on Aniteum wept bitter tears when they heard that their good father was dead.

A wooden tablet bearing the following inscription was placed in the church at Aniteum :

“In memory of John Geddie, D.D., born in Scotland, 1815, minister in Prince Edward Island seven years ; missionary, sent from Nova Scotia, at Aniteum twenty-four years. He laboured amidst many trials for the good of the people, taught many to read, many to work, and some to be teachers. He was esteemed by the natives, beloved by his fellow-labourer, Rev. John Inglis, and honoured by the missionaries in the New Hebrides and the Churches. When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen. He died in the Lord, in Australia, on December 14, 1872. 1 Thess. i. 5.”

We cannot better conclude this imperfect sketch than by reproducing a selection from the eloquent tribute of Mr. Geddie's devoted co-labourer, Rev. J. Inglis :

“He was admirably qualified to commence such a mission as this. With singular facility he could turn his hand to anything, whether it was to build a mission-house, school-house or church ; to translate a gospel, prepare a catechism, or print a primer ; to administer medicine, teach a class or preach a sermon, to traverse the island on foot, sail round it in a boat, or take a voyage in the *John Knox* to the adjoining islands. He was ready for all manner of work and every occurring emergency. He was raised up by God and qualified to do a great work. That work he did, and did it well. His faults, his failings, his infirmities, will soon all be forgotten ; but he will continue to be remembered as the father and founder of the Presbyterian mission on this group, as one who has left his mark broad and deep in the New Hebrides, but especially on the island of Aniteum, and whose memory will be long and gratefully cherished by the natives ; as one, also, who has increased the usefulness, extended the boundaries, elevated the character and heightened the reputation of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia ; and as one whose example will fan the flame of missionary zeal in that and other Churches for many years to come.”

ACADIA MINES, N.S.

FAME.

WRITE thou thy name in stone or hardened brass,
As years roll on, in time will come to pass
A day when one thy monument will see,
And ask what none can answer, “Who was he?”

And yet, perchance, in him who asks unknown
May bloom a precious seed which thou hadst sown,
That gives him strength to bear his daily part,
And think you which is best ? Ask thou thy heart.

COTTONOPOLIS.

BY REV. JAMES LUMSDEN.

THOUGH historic records of Manchester date as far back as A.D. 70, and though she still retains interesting monumental remains of the past, the Manchester of to-day is, in her general aspects, one of the most modern of modern cities. Both the town and environs exhibit strikingly the wonderful triumphs of the practical genius and industry that have specially marked our times. Said Disraeli, in "Coningsby": "The age of ruins is past: have you been to Manchester?" Certainly we may read here fuller meaning into Milton's suggestive lines:

"Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war."

The population of the city is about half a million; while that of Greater Manchester, or the district of which Manchester is the centre, and which contains a number of important towns, is simply enormous. Were it not authoritatively stated, we should pronounce it incredible that within six miles of the Manchester Exchange there are one million of people; within twelve miles, two million; and within twenty-five miles, the largest population of the world, not excepting Peking or London.

The name Cottonopolis (familiar sobriquet for Manchester) plainly indicates the staple article of manufacture and trade. The present perfection of the machinery used in cotton-spinning has not been attained by any one man, nor achieved in a day; far from it—the history of the marvellously ingenious appliances now familiar to us is a long one, dating as far back as 1733, when John Wyatt and Lewis Paul discovered the mode of elongating and spinning by rollers, and embraces invention after invention, and improvement after improvement by a number of heroic investigators—many of them poor and self-taught men—including the well-known names of Kay, Leigh, Hargreaves, Blackburn, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, and Roberts. To such indomitable spirits, under a kindly Providence, Manchester owes her present proud position as the manufacturing metropolis of the world.

The architectural adornment of the city has of late years been conspicuously advanced. Among recent erections stands first the Town Hall, a truly magnificent structure. Here, besides splendid offices for the transaction of municipal business, are palatial

apartments reserved for special use, where many distinguished persons, including royalty, have received civic honours and hospitalities. The building, which is in stone and in the Gothic style, contains 314 rooms, and covers 8,648 square yards. A massive and richly ornamented tower rises in the centre of the front to the height of 288 feet, from which at intervals chimes forth a fine peal of bells, heard distinctly for miles around. The cost of the building, including furniture and land, was over £1,000,000 sterling.

Another scarcely less remarkable pile is the Royal Exchange. The style of this imposing edifice is Italian. Corinthian columns and elaborately wrought entablature form a commanding and elegant frontage. The exchange room, 207 feet long, 193 feet wide, eighty feet high, and with an area of 5,170 square yards, is said to be the largest in the world. The centre of the ceiling is adorned with a great glass dome, superb in its richly blended colours, appealing not only to the eye of all beholders by its chaste and quiet beauty, but also to the heart and conscience of the busy traffickers by its encircling inscription, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." To a pedestrian the most striking feature will be the almost innumerable lines of handsome warehouses; they are as characteristic of this city as the docks are of Liverpool. In the sense that St. Paul's stands a monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, the buildings of this great city stand a monument to the "grit and gumption" and the bone and sinew of Manchesterians.

We have touched upon the Royal Exchange as a building; let us take a glance at the impressive scene it ordinarily presents when thousands of merchants are met within its precincts intent on business. On Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of twelve and two—"high change"—we imagine ourselves occupying one of the balconies. Before us is a spectacle the like of which few cities can equal. The floor of the great room is crowded with men of business representing the intelligence, enterprise and wealth of Lancashire, among whom may be distinguished by costume, if not by physiognomy, many a trader from afar. Disorder and confusion would seem to be the first law of the Royal Exchange. What order could we expect where so large a concourse is separated into small groups, each transacting business independently of the rest? Very varied is the scene; the eye is arrested by the gesticulations of the eager salesman, or anon, by the concentrated brow of the ready writer in the act of booking valuable orders, or follows the windings of the clerks and messengers in search of heads of firms, etc. The continuous roar of

voices and the general hubbub is, perhaps, somewhat confusing and by-and-by we are glad to leave, feeling, however, that we have witnessed a spectacle not soon to be forgotten.

Cotton mills are being built chiefly in the neighbouring towns rather than in Manchester. Oldham alone, for instance, has two hundred. The general features of any great manufacturing district are much the same—street after street of small brick houses, the homes of the operatives, and here and there the huge, unsightly mill with its high chimney which, though valuable on utilitarian grounds, is intolerable on æsthetic principles. Were we sojourning in one of these neighbourhoods we should doubtless find our peaceful dreams disturbed by the clamorous sound of many bells comingled with the deep intonations of the horn known as the “American devil.” It is about 5.30 a.m., and this is the call to labour. But hark! more perplexing sounds—what are they? When curiosity is strong enough to overcome our drowsiness, and we seek the street, the explanation is readily found. The sounds that puzzled us proceed from the patter of a thousand feet on the stone pavement—each foot being snugly encased in the dainty Lancashire clog, or wooden-soled and steel-rimmed shoe. The clog has a history. It was the product of the cotton famine, and intended only as a temporary expedient in that time of bitter distress, when mills were closed and cupboards empty.* The continued popularity of the clog proves that it has merits of its own, independent of the adventitious circumstances of its origin. It has the reputation of being comfortable, and when nicely kept, with its pointed and upturned toe, embellishments of buckle and fancy toe-cap, it must certainly be conceded to be the pink of neatness.

But to proceed—we suppose it is a dark December morning. The mills are aglow with light, and the streets alive with a merry hum of voices. Women, we see, form a large proportion of the crowd. The factory girl with her brightly polished clogs, long white cotton gown or over-all, black leather belt with shining metal clasp, and shawl-covered head, has a distinct and recognized personality in these parts. Judging by the lively gossip and merry songs we hear on all sides, Lancashire’s sons and daughters have neither grown spiritless from toil, nor dull from the effects of smoke and grime. Of course, the Lancashire dialect is spoken, and the stranger who wishes to understand all he hears had better secure the services of an interpreter.

The citizens of Manchester are at present engaged in two gigantic enterprises—the Thirlmere water scheme and the Ship Canal.

Our Compositor says the clogs were in use long before the cotton famine.—Ed.

The first is designed to supply the city with water from Lake Thirlmere, in Westmoreland, now the property of the Manchester Corporation, a distance of over eighty miles. The work is being pushed on to completion, and will cost the city £2,500,000. The Ship Canal has attracted universal attention. The rivers Mersey and Irwell are being canalized in such a way as to make Manchester practically a sea-port. When completed—within two years, as it is expected—the canal will be thirty-five miles long, and will really be a system of dock-works covering the whole distance. It is estimated that the cost will be £8,000,000. Liverpool, apprehending exhausting competition, bitterly opposed her neighbouring rival when the project was brought before the Houses of Parliament for sanction, and it is said she spent not less than £60,000 in obstructive tactics. On the other hand, the advocates of the scheme have never ceased to declare that “when the sun of commercial prosperity shines it cannot light up Manchester without warming Liverpool.” And there is no room for doubt that the people of Manchester, high and low, share alike the most sanguine and confident expectations of vastly increased commercial prosperity when once the city possesses a water-way to the ocean. From an economical standpoint alone it would appear that the belief is well founded. “It has always been known, especially since the steamboat was invented, that goods could be carried for three thousand miles on water at a cost equal to thirty miles on rail.”

There is sound reasoning in the words of a Manchester merchant on this point. “Every step made by us to cheapen our powers of distribution, every obstacle removed between us and the plantations, gardens, cities and peoples of the earth give permanence and solidity to our commercial position.” The final outcome of the enterprise will doubtless be greater than we can imagine, and the project may fairly be claimed to be of national rather than local importance.

This hasty sketch would be incomplete if it left the impression that the people of Cottonopolis cared only or chiefly for money-making. The city and district have been the home of patriots of the calibre of Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden and John Bright. The political influence of the county is attested by the acceptance and currency of the dictum, “What Lancashire says to-day England says to-morrow.” The platform of the Free Trade Hall bespeaks the taste of Manchesterians for music and oratory of a high order. Here for years Sir Charles Halle has given his brilliant concerts. Numerous and widely differing are the gifted men who have discoursed to rapt thousands within these walls. The following names spring spontaneously to the writer's mind,

most of whom he had the pleasure of hearing—Disraeli, Robert Moffatt, John Bright, Dr. Punshon, Gladstone, Moody, Bret Harte, Charles Garrett, J. B. Gough, Stanley, Joseph Arch, Cardinal Manning and Henry Ward Beecher.

Manchester now boasts a University—Victoria, formerly Owen's College—which thus early gives promise of a career of commanding usefulness. Turning to the pulpit, the name of Dr. McLaren needs no more than to be mentioned. The fine church in which he ministers is always numerously attended, but the famous preacher speaks to a congregation larger than could be gathered within the compass even of an edifice as large as his—a congregation reaching beyond seas and dispersed over continents. Unquestionably the Manchester ministry is able and indefatigable. The late Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, and the Rev. Charles Garrett (Wesleyan minister then stationed in Manchester) may be instanced as the type of men popular in democratic and practical Lancashire. Large-hearted, far-seeing, fearless and earnest—such were the men named, and both enjoyed much success, reaching classes usually holding aloof from "the parson." No ecclesiastical boundaries could keep asunder men of their lofty character and Christ-like spirit, and they were often associated in the work which their common Lord committed to His servants.

The Ragged-school movement and the city mission have accomplished much good in the slums which, perhaps, are neither better nor worse than the purlieus of other great cities. In Sunday-school and Temperance work Manchester holds an honourable—yea, more, foremost—position. Several theological schools are located in the neighbourhood. The Primitive Methodists possess one, and there is the Wesleyan College at Didsbury, and the Independent College at Old Trafford. The Forward Movement in the Methodist Church finds its best provincial exemplification in Manchester. The antique chapel in Oldham Street has given place to a magnificent Central Hall, which from its opening day has been variously and conspicuously useful.

In such a city as Manchester the past and present are strangely intermingled. Amid the life and roar of a great modern city, here and there may be met curious relics of other days. Take two instances. Within a stone's throw of one of the largest railway stations, with its outflowing stream of vehicles and pedestrians, stands grim old Chetham College, a fine specimen of mediæval architecture, where in feudal times the barons ruled with power of life and death, and in the yard of which Roman soldiers had their summer camp. In another busy thoroughfare

we suddenly light upon the inn of "Ye Old Seven Starres," a public-house in a good state of preservation, whose license dates as far back as A.D. 1350. In these days of temperance reform, we may well question if any public-house will have a chance of life at all five hundred and forty years hence, not to speak of the repetition of such a case as "Ye Old Seven Starres."

Although Manchester already ranks with the great cities of the day, it would appear that her people are just now laying for her the foundation of a greater future. Who can say what that future may be? Old, yet young; though hoary with years, pulsating still with the spirit of enterprise; scene of many triumphs in freedom's oft-repeated battle, and in the rough, jagged pathway of mechanical invention and contrivance, yet to-day eager to press on from achievement to achievement; stern nursery-ground of many a grand life, yet never more than now the patron of aspiring youth—behold, strong city of the north, thy prospects gilded with the bow of radiant hope!

TO MY SHADOW.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

A MUTE companion at my side
Paces and plods the whole day long,
Accepts the measure of my stride,
Yet gives no cheer by word or song.

More close than any doggish friend,
Not ranging far and wide, like him,
He goes where'er my footsteps tend,
Nor shrinks for fear of life or limb.

I do not know when first we met,
But till each day's bright hours are done
This grave and speechless silhouette
Keeps me betwixt him and the sun.

They say he knew me when a child ;
Born with my birth, he dies with me,
Not once from his long task beguiled
Though sin or shame bid others flee.

What if, when all this world of men
Shall melt and fade and pass away,
This deathless sprite should rise again
And be himself my Judgment Day !

THE CLASS MEETING: ITS PLACE AND POWER IN METHODISM.

BY TERRA NOVA.

CHRISTIAN fellowship will always be a subject of intense interest to the Church of God. "I believe in the communion of saints," is not the least important article of our creed. And "to them that have obtained like precious faith," it should ever be both a duty and a privilege to maintain a holy fellowship.

The New Testament is reticent as to the details of Church organization, but there is sufficient said to show that the highest place was given to homely and experimental Christian fellowship. The Church, with its opportunities for fellowship, was the only place where such kindred spirits could commingle, and find the congenial surroundings necessary for fostering the new spiritual life which they possessed. We may well say with Dr. Rigg in this connection :

" Unless the Christian Church in some effective manner makes provision for real individual fellowship, fellowship which joins into one living brotherhood the general society of believers, so that each believer may have actual spiritual comradeship with some company of others, and be linked to the whole body in vital and organic connection, and so that all may have an opportunity of using their spiritual faculties and gifts, that Church is essentially defective."

It is worthy of notice that in every period of revival the privileges and necessity of Christian fellowship have been accentuated, or, in other words, in the matter of "fellowship," as well as in "the apostles' doctrine," and "in breaking of bread, and in prayers," the day of Pentecost has been repeated during each and every succeeding or minor pentecostal season. This feature characterized the revival of the eighteenth century. That remarkable movement is famous for having brought into prominence both lay agency and Christian fellowship. The class-meeting included the two; for the leader is a sub-pastor and the "class" is for mutual intercourse in divine things.

Like many other elements in Methodist economy, the class-meeting arose unexpectedly and grew spontaneously from an exigency. It was intended at first that the leaders should merely visit the members at their homes, to solicit their contributions and inquire into their spiritual state. That was found to be both inexpedient and inconvenient. The weekly meeting was then organized, and the class-meeting became a power for good.

“It can scarce be conceived,” remarks Mr. Wesley, “what advantages have been reaped from this little prudential regulation. Many now happily experience that Christian fellowship of which they had not so much as an idea before. They began to bear one another’s burdens, and naturally to care for each other. As they had daily made a more intimate acquaintance with, so they had a more endeared affection for each other. This was the origin of our classes, for which I can never sufficiently praise God.”

Thus the class-meeting became a means of grace, the weekly gathering being sanctified by religious experience, exhortation and prayer. Its unspeakable usefulness being vouched for by the history of Methodism and the holy lives of thousands of godly souls; while the entire movement serves to show how the hand of God was by these means leading back His Church to primitive Christianity.

It will be easily perceived how necessary it was in the days of early Methodism that all who claimed membership in the societies should be placed under direct pastoral control. What religious community could long maintain its life and purity without some such expedient? And what really serious and godly individual would refuse to comply with a requirement that insists upon attendance at such a means of grace as the class-meeting? A means of grace so highly calculated to promote the social edification and bring out the holiest aspirations of the devout and sincere believer. And though the times have changed and the face of society is somewhat altered, yet the circumstances that existed in Mr. Wesley’s day, making class-meeting a necessity, are still prevalent, and need to be dealt with as efficaciously and on the same “old lines” as ever.

Those who claim a place in the membership of the Church will always need a fellowship that will bring out the best ideas of the thoughtful, the holiest feeling of the devout and the practical experience of all. There are some who tell us that they have no need of such means of grace, but we are forced to the conclusion that it is their presumption rather than their piety that leads them to say so. Common-sense, not to say Scripture, will show that communion with others is necessary to clear and broaden our ideas concerning our own individual life. A more exalted spiritual life will show itself in an increased desire for Christian intercourse.

The Church has a responsibility to fulfil with regard to its members. Each one should be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It has a right to insist on the privilege and duty of moulding the religious character of all who claim its protection, ask for its succour, seek its sympathy, share in its

worship and participate in its sacraments. The Church exists for the grand purpose of fostering and propagating in this world an intense love for God and our fellow-man. That object, hitherto, has been best attained by individual contact and communion among its members, and the adaptation of means, so that the most feeble and timid may receive such attention and instruction as will develop all or any latent talents and gifts that would otherwise lie dormant. Methodist history and biography are rich in instances showing that for these purposes the class-meeting has proved beyond a doubt its utility and power. Methodism has always had an advantage over other Churches in the minute knowledge of what every member is able to do for Christ, and the readiness with which it can lay its hand upon every kind of ability and influence, this superiority is owing to the weekly assembling of the members in "class." From these weekly gatherings men and women have gone forth as live coals from the altar—souls intent on kindling a fire in other hearts, that they also might enjoy the same love, joy and peace through believing on Jesus.

There is also greater reason than ever to emphasize the paramount importance of proper discipline in the Church. We know full well of the proneness there is to laxity in religious life and right living. The class-meeting has proved its efficiency in dealing with this difficult matter, because through its agency each individual member of the Church is brought under the direct supervision of a recognized leader. The suitability of the class-meeting for the circuit work of Methodism and its itinerant system is also beyond dispute; because the peculiar features of Methodism as a system have grown out of the class-meeting, and Methodists will do well to re-assert, at the present time, the cardinal position of the "class" in the economy of our Church. To surrender the class-meeting is to take the heart out of Methodism; to esteem it lightly is to enfeeble the pulsations of that heart.

Again and again do we hear of circuits where the class-meeting is practically extinct. We are constantly told that "there are hundreds if not thousands" who have their names on class-books but never attend. Also it is stated, and on good authority we presume, that there are many godly Methodists who from various reasons do not meet in the weekly class-meeting. Because of these things, it is said, some other *test* of membership should be introduced into the Connexion. One way of getting over this difficulty, as has been suggested by some, is to keep a record of the names of all such as are communicants. No one who has the cause of God and the welfare of Methodism at heart would object

to communicants being placed under proper pastoral oversight. In fact, it is of paramount importance that more should be done to guard the Lord's Supper from the intrusion of unworthy persons; and also that those who sincerely wish to participate in it should be instructed and encouraged. This is a state of things that did not exist in Mr. Wesley's days. But whatever changes are made, in no case can we afford to bring down the class-meeting, from the high unique position it has held in our beloved Methodism. It is well to bear in mind that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper does not make so much as that it manifests the members of a Church, nor can it be a substitute for the class-meeting in the Methodist Church, no more than the preaching-service or the prayer-meeting can be a substitute for either the Lord's Supper or the class-meeting; each has its own place and utility in the Church. The class-meeting *leads* to the Lord's table and "fences" it in in a most admirable manner, so that the "Communion of the body and blood of Christ" is, to say the least, the attestation of a fellowship already established.

The chief characteristic of the class-meeting is its *devotional* aspect. All Christian fellowship must ever keep that in prominence. The united worship of God by those whose hearts the Lord has touched must always be a most invigorating exercise to such as love the Lord in sincerity and in truth. It is a sorry state for a class-meeting to reach when the fire of holy devotion is not burning briskly on its altar of service. It is not at the door of such a class that the anxious inquirer will knock for admission; an aching heart longs for better company and will seek the healing balm elsewhere. The poor in spirit will not seek spiritual comfort from such as are lamenting their leanness. But let the meeting be bright and lively, let the members be really in earnest and interested in "our class;" not neglecting to think, work and pray for its prosperity, a marked change would be soon felt and a tide of real success would flood in. It should ever be borne in mind that the class-meeting is a *social* means of grace. With our forefathers the class was a centre of brotherliness; the most fraternal relations existed between them, they loved each other, knew how to shake hands, too. The heartiness of their singing and fervency of their prayers might shock some fastidious ones nowadays; but what of that if it helped some heavy heart over some hard places on life's rough ways. The brotherly talk, the kindly words and smiles, the social intercourse and fraternal greetings made such impressions that it took far more than a week's temptations and trials to cut off the good effects, and ere that was done the next weekly meeting was on hand, and so were the

members. It is now too often the case that the members have got on some stilts of respectability and formality; and there is sadly lacking that freeness and heartiness that is so conducive to the success of social and devotional meetings.

There is great need of a revival of "old-fashioned" Methodism, the best "forward movement" is really a backward one as far as the matter of Christian fellowship is concerned in our Church. Most revivals fail in their after-results, because new members are thrust into cold, formal, cheerless classes which have an icy feeling in their atmosphere and a chilling effect upon a newly converted soul. Hence it is that a large number of evangelists recommend that new converts should be arranged in new classes; and experience has proved the wisdom of such a course of action.

Much might be said about the manner in which a class should be conducted, the need of good leaders; the necessity of lively singing; the power of a prayerful, energetic, and consistent membership. But we would recommend most cordially the reading of a little book on the "Class-meeting"* which contains some prize essays, the reader will learn much from its pages. It is published at a very low cost, and can be got through our Book Rooms.

The future of Methodism depends very much on our attention to this matter of Christian fellowship. Our educational policy may be perfect, our missionary income and work may go ahead, our Sabbath-schools may prosper even, but alas, alas for us if we let our class-meetings diminish. We need more and more to see that this sheet anchor of our Church is doing its work well, or we shall drift from our moorings and lose that spiritual life and fervour which has always been the strength and hope of Methodism in all lands.

BRIGGS, Nfld.

ONLY a word may leave a sting
To wound some kind and loving heart,
It may be but a trifling thing,
That cuts as deeply as a dart.

Only a word may be a blow
Of torture keen as any pain,
And cloud a bright young life in woe,
From which it ne'er can rise again.

* "*Prize Essay on the Class-Meeting.*" Published by Rev. C. H. Kelly, Wesleyan Book Room, London, England.

UNDAUNTED DICK.

COLLIER, PRIZE FIGHTER AND EVANGELIST.

RICHARD WEAVER, the well-known evangelist, was born in the little mining village of Asterley, Shropshire, June 25th, 1827. He was the youngest of four sons, who had the inestimable blessing of a praying mother. One of his earliest recollections is of that mother, with her arms around him and another brother, pleading in prayer; and how the father stood over her with an axe, swearing he would cleave her in two if she did not stop; and how she looked up, tears rolling down her cheeks, saying, "Ah, George, you cannot let it drop unless God permits."

When Richard was only seven years old he began to go to the coal-pit, working from five in the morning sometimes till ten at night, in a narrow seam, crawling on hands and knees, dragging a sleigh of coal, the roof being so low that it was impossible to prevent hitting the back against it.

The evil associations of the pit soon led the boy into bad ways, and he went fast on the downward road, while the mother pleaded still with her God. When only thirteen he got drunk at his eldest brother's wedding, and from that time drinking and fighting were his delight. Whilst still a lad his boldness and love of fighting gained him the name of "Undaunted Dick." Many a time during this career of sin the Spirit of God strove with him, and he would cry for mercy, but the feeling soon passed away; he did not yet see himself, or realize his lost condition. He grew weary of home and the restraint of his mother's prayers, and one night struck her to the ground. Then he left home for a colliery in Staffordshire, where his brothers worked.

Now, being free from all restraint, he gave himself up to every kind of evil, and became a terror to the very men amongst whom he lived. He left that colliery and went to another town in Staffordshire, while the praying mother kept pleading for the prodigal, and wrote letters to show him that he was remembered still.

He says: "Once I received a letter from my mother, which I asked a companion of mine to read for me—(I was not able to read then). My mother generally closed her letters with the words, 'I will never give thee up.' So when he had read the letter, he asked me, 'What does she mean by that?' 'Why, that she will never give up praying for me,' I replied; 'burn it, Tom.' 'Nay,' he said, 'it will never do to burn thy praying mother's

letter ;' and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he added, 'I wish I had a praying mother; I wish my mother was alive, Dick. Her last words to me when she was dying were, "My son, will you meet me in heaven?" And by God's help I will meet her in heaven; give me thy mother's letter.' And he there and then bade me good-night, and left me. I never saw him again; but, after I was brought to Christ, I received a letter from his brother-in-law, enclosing my mother's letter, stating that it was the turning-point in his life, and that he had died in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, triumphant through the blood. Thus God honoured the tried and faithful mother."

In the year 1852 Richard went to live with his brother George, the underground manager of a colliery, who had been brought to the Lord, and was a preacher among the Primitive Methodists. Here his mother's prayers were answered. He says:—

"I was engaged to fight a man on Saturday, May 21st. On the Wednesday night before the battle I lay in bed planning and scheming how I could beat my opponent. My brother had been to a cottage-meeting that night, and, as I lay there thinking, he came home, and went into the kitchen. His wife asked, 'What was the text, George?' He made answer, 'What then shall I do?'

"Now, as I lay listening to their talk I thought to myself, 'What a funny text! there must be something more than that.' Then I thought, 'Yes, what then shall I do when God rises up in judgment against me?' I turned over in bed, and heaved a deep sigh. 'Ah,' I thought, 'I shall be damned.' The Spirit of God carried that text into my heart, and nailed it in a sure place. I could neither sleep nor pray. A conflict was raging between the powers of Satan and the power of God, and my soul was the battle-ground. The devil held up to view the coming fight, and said, 'If you get converted now they will think you are afraid of fighting.' There he had me.

"That night passed away, and morning came. When it was time to get up and go to work my brother called me, but I said I was not well, and was not going. I was afraid to go to the pit lest I should be killed and go right to hell. All that day I could do nothing, and again on the Thursday night lay groaning and tossing. On Friday morning I went out, spent seven shillings in drink, and had a sparring 'do' with a well-known pugilist. I had a four-mile walk home, and every step I took the earth seemed opening to swallow me up. I fell on my knees, and asked God to spare me till morning, promising then to go and pray in the field I was to fight in. Next morning early I went to the field, and there, in a sand-hole, fell on my knees. I did

not know what to say: there I knelt, trembling. At last I said, 'Now, Lord Jesus, I am on my knees, and I will shut my eyes, and will not open them again till Thou hast pardoned my sins.' The devil whispered, 'You don't know whether you are elected or not,' but I still knelt on with shut eyes, and I thought I heard my mother's voice saying, 'My dear boy, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."' I had heard that believing was taking God at his word, and I reasoned that if God loved the world, He loved me; that was the first step. And if I accepted His gift to me, then 'Whosoever' spelled 'Richard Weaver.' There and then joy and peace came."

He immediately began to tell others what the Lord had done for his soul. When he went to the colliery on the following Monday he found that the news had spread far and wide that "Undaunted Dick had got saved." Few believed it, many mocked, but the Lord gave him grace, and in after years many of these old companions were brought to Christ through his preaching. At the time of his conversion he owed pounds for drink, but now never rested till all his debts were paid, taking the opportunity of telling the publicans the change that had been wrought in him.

For more than six months he walked in the light of the Lord; then, under great provocation, he was led into fighting. Like a madman he rushed into a public house, calling for ale, which the landlady refused to give him, seeing that something was wrong. Then he was overcome by a sense of transgression; the fact of having gone into a public-house weighed on his mind; he lost peace and confidence, and became a backslider. What misery might have been saved if he had acted, then and there, on the assurance, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." He thus describes his next action:

"Now that I had fallen I was determined to settle accounts with the man I was to have fought with on the day of my conversion. I went to him, and said, 'Now I have backslidden, and you know how you have taunted and insulted me; now we will settle that fight once for all.' We met about a week after, and in the first round I broke his jaw with a blow of my fist, and was hailed the victor. Some years afterwards, when preaching in a Primitive Methodist chapel, the power of God filled the place, and I invited any one who desired to turn to the Lord to go into the vestry. A man and woman jumped up, and led the way, and forty or fifty others followed. In the after-meeting I was standing on a form, when the man who had gone in first came out of

the vestry rejoicing. He asked permission to speak, and, turning to the people, said, 'The last time I saw Richard he broke my jaw, but to-night God, by his preaching, has broken my heart. I came in here to-night, unsaved, but I go home washed in the blood of the Lamb.'

Richard could not bear to remain on the scene of his fall, so went to work at Clayton Collieries, near Manchester. Here he sank deeper and became the associate of some of the worst characters in the town. But the Lord was watching over His erring child.

"One night I was sparring with a black man, and as we stood up face to face, God's Spirit brought these words into my mind: 'The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.' 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Here,' I said, 'pull off these boxing gloves; never shall another pair be put on my hands.' I went home to my lodgings, and there poured out my soul to the Lord, praying Him to heal my backsliding, and to deliver me from the corruption of sin. The Lord answered me, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' Next day I went to the Wesleyan chapel, and joined the Society."

In January, 1853, Richard married one who proved a true helpmeet. At this time he worked in the colliery all day, giving evenings and Sabbaths to the Lord's work, and receiving many tokens of blessing. In 1855 Edward Usher and John Hambleton came to Hyde on Bible-carriage work, Richard Weaver and a brother collier joining them at their meetings in the market-place. Next year Mr. Reginald Radcliffe came, and during his visit many were led to the Lord. Shortly afterwards he sent for Richard to come to Liverpool; at first this seemed impracticable, but after waiting on God the way was made plain for him to go. Mr. Radcliffe sent him to Chester to give away tracts and speak to the people, in preparation for further work at the races. The next few years were employed in evangelistic work in Liverpool and the surrounding district; many were the signs that the Lord was working with His servant. One instance here must suffice:

"One night as I was preaching in Liverpool, in the open air, a young girl came up to me, and said, 'Can Christ save me?' 'Yes,' I said, 'for by the grace of God Christ tasted death for every man.' 'Ah, you don't know me!' 'But, my dear sister, Christ knows you.' 'Oh, I am one of those forlorn creatures,' she began to say. 'I don't care what you are,' said I, 'He is able to save, unto the

uttermost, all them that come unto God by Him.' 'Can He save me here? Can He save me now?' 'Yes; now is the accepted time; only try Him.' 'Then,' she said, 'if I perish, I will perish here, crying to Him to have mercy upon me.' She was standing by the parapet of the bridge, and she dropped upon her knees and cried out, 'Lord, if Thou canst save a poor prostitute, save me here, and save me now. Lord, I believe that for the sake of Jesus Thou canst save me now.' She wrestled in prayer a while, and presently got up, lifted her hands, and said, with streaming eyes:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.'

I took her with me to Mr. Radcliffe's house, and she was afterward sent to her friends; she is now a happy Christian wife and mother."

After this, Richard was for some time employed as town missionary at Prescott, where some of the most remarkable experiences happened to him. He left Prescott to devote himself to work as an evangelist wherever the Lord might call him. He laboured in many places in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and was allowed to see much fruit to his Master's glory.

One Sunday evening, during his first visit to Edinburgh, he was advertised to preach on Arthur's Seat. He says:

"All round and above me was a natural amphitheatre, and I faced the people, who ranged themselves on the hillside. What a crowd was there! I took as my text, 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' That was one of the most wonderful nights in all my history. At the close of the meeting I was accosted by a woman, who told me that while I stood on that platform she was wending her way along the foot of the hill, sad and sorrowful. As she went she heard voices singing, so left the track, and turned toward the sound, and as she drew near, the first words she heard were, 'Christ for me.' The crowd was so large that I had to take refuge in a shop while a cab was sent for to take me to the Assembly Hall, where we were to hold an inquirers' meeting.

"I could not describe the scene, nor the number of men and women who, with broken hearts, were seeking Christ. Many a poor soul professed to find the pearl of great price at that meeting, and among them the woman I have referred to. She came to me, and drew from under her cloak a rope, saying, 'Take this, sir; I

was on my way to commit suicide by drowning myself, and this rope was to tie my legs; but I was drawn by the Spirit of God to your meeting, and here in this room, instead of being drowned and damned, I am saved, and have life in Christ my risen Lord. Oh, sir! don't despair to preach to the chief of sinners. I praise God that ever you sang that hymn, "Christ for me." "

Richard Weaver's health at length broke down under his continued labours, and he was brought to death's door. But the Lord had more work for him, and raised him up again. An old friend took him for a rest to his house at Oldham, and while there some factory-masters in Hollinwood, near Oldham, asked him to settle amongst them, and visit the people round. It was supposed to be one of the roughest and wickedest places in Lancashire, but here cottage-meetings were started, Bibles distributed, Sunday services held in the Workmen's Hall, and many of the worst characters in the place were brought to the feet of Jesus. A new building was erected to hold the increasing congregations, and for five years Richard worked here. Then he again gave up a settled resting-place, and resumed his more extended evangelistic work, in which he is still engaged. May he be spared to win yet many a jewel for the Saviour's crown.

A THOUGHT.

BY FATHER RYAN.

THE summer rose the sun has flushed
 With crimson glory may be sweet—
 'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
 Beneath the wind's and tempests' feet.

The rose, that waves upon its tree,
 In life sheds perfume all around—
 More sweet the perfume floats to me
 Of roses trampled on the ground.

The waving rose, with every breath,
 Scents, carelessly the summer air;
 The wounded rose bleeds forth in death
 A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken—
 And yet a truth that all may read—
 It is with roses as with men,
 The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
 Out of a heart all full of grace,
 Gave never forth its full perfume
 Until the cross became its vase.

THE DESTINY OF THE EARTH.

WILL THE MOUNTAINS BE LEVELLED?

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

LET us take a glance at the labours of water in levelling the inequalities which ancient volcanic energy had long ago created upon the surface of our planet. Throughout the whole extent of the circumambient sea the tireless surge is gnawing at the rock-bound shore, and mouthful by mouthful the continents and the islands are being swallowed up. The sediment which every summer shower washes down the hill-side is so much material taken from the hill-top and deposited in the valley. The deep mould of the alluvial flat is made up of the spoils of the adjacent declivities. By as much as the valley is raised, the hills are lowered. The turbid waters of a winter stream are hurrying off with a freight of sediment stolen from a hundred townships. The mud which settles in my glass of river water upon a Mississippi steam-boat is a mouthful of the Rocky Mountains—or perchance of the Alleghanies. From month to month, and from year to year, and from age to age, this stately river is floating off the land—not noisily, but sullenly and angrily, as if the waters had some great wrong to avenge upon the land. And all these filchings from the mountain and the plain are restored again to the sea. Old Ocean is receiving back his own. The rivers are his allies, and right faithfully do they forage to supply the cravings of his insatiate maw.

We witness such work in progress during the brief moment of our tarry upon the earth. We look back along this line of operations, and discern for the first time the gigantic results which have already been achieved by the wearing agency of waters. Not during the lifetime of Adam's race alone, but during the age of quadrupeds which preceded him—through the dynasty of reptiles, still more ancient, have these denuding forces been ceaselessly engaged in scraping, and gouging, and scarring the face of Nature. River-beds have been deeply excavated and again obliterated by a plethora of rubbish poured forward by some more gigantic operation. Lake basins have been scooped out—Niagara gorges dug—square miles of land, with its underlying rocky floors, have been swept away. From the lofty summits of the noted Catskill Mountains the Old Red Sandstone once stretched eastward perhaps to Massachusetts Bay, the powers

of water have strewn it over Long Island Sound, and far to the seaward of Sandy Hook. The Cumberland Table-land once reached a hundred and fifty miles westward over the basin of Middle Tennessee. The site whereon the city of Nashville now stands was once a thousand feet beneath the level of the land. Half a state was scraped away to extend the borders of Mississippi and Alabama. The Alleghanies, in their prime, were three thousand feet higher than human eyes have ever seen them. Their ancient summits are sunken in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The Great American Desert was once as fertile as the valley of the Mississippi. A great river watered it for a thousand miles, while a hundred tributaries dispensed fertility throughout the region which was then the garden, as it is now the desert, of the continent. That fertile plateau has been drained to death. Each stream has drilled a frightful chasm deep through the rocky foundations of the plain. The mother stream, the Colorado, dwarfed to a withered mockery of what it was, now creeps along at the bottom of a narrow gorge whose rocky walls rise, in places, more than a mile in height. From the brink of this appalling chasm, three hundred miles in length, your vision struggles down six thousand feet into the realm of twilight; and in this prison the attenuated Colorado—patriarch of American rivers—is wasting its senile energies from year to year, but, with “the ruling passion strong in death,” it is still carrying off the land, even though each season’s work sinks it into a deeper grave.

Such are the works of running streams and corroding waves. The record of their labours is the utterance of the destiny of the land. History inverted becomes prophecy. The doom of the mountains is engraven upon their rocky buttresses. Half the pride of the Alleghanies has already been removed. Rounded hill-top is dissolving into plain. Defiant granite, which buffeted the lightnings that rent Sinai, and frowned upon the flood that drowned “the world,” shall yet be brought down by the multitudinous pelting of rain, and the insidious sapping of frost. The mountains shall be wiped off. The continents shall be worn out. The rivers will have dug their graves. The ocean will have eaten up the land; and all there was of the dwelling-place of man will be a rocky islet, a ragged bluff, a sunken reef—the crumbs that fell from old Ocean’s meal.

There was a time when, by degrees, the continents were slowly and steadily surging from the sea. The sea, robbed of half his dominions, has ever since been raging around the borders of the land. At last he will again reclaim his own, and the universal empire will be Neptune’s.

THE REIGN OF UNIVERSAL WINTER.

I have stated that the energies of the earth's internal fires are waning. There is a chain of effects which, when we trace them backward, conduct us to an ancient molten condition of the world. At a period comparatively recent, it was still so warm that tropical vegetation flourished within the Arctic circle. At a remoter period, neither animal nor plant could endure the temperature which prevailed, nor the warfare which fire and water were waging with each other. We retain the solid monuments of a terrestrial condition which carries us still deeper into the heart of eternity; when the whole orb was a glowing ocean of incandescent lava, while yet the waters of the earth hung in invisible vapour upon the outskirts of the atmosphere, like a concealed foe meditating a secret attack upon a powerful enemy.

Few who have studied the physics of the globe, and fewer still who have deciphered geological records, doubt that such were once the temperature and conditions of our planet. From that state to this, it has passed by the simple process of cooling. We trace the footsteps of this progress at every stage. Through the ages heat has been gradually wasted in space—the solid crust has been thickening—the surface conditions have been changing.

There are three hundred active volcanoes in existence, from the craters of which enormous quantities of heat are permitted to waste. The ocean, too, carries off vastly larger quantities than the land. The floor of the ocean is generally overlaid by a stratum of ice-cold water setting southward from the polar regions. This cold stream is overlaid by a warmer one moving northward from the tropics. Water being a better conductor of heat than atmospheric air, this cold stratum must necessarily abstract terrestrial heat with vastly greater rapidity than the average atmosphere of the temperate zone. Many observations indicate the temperature of the solid crust beneath the waters of the ocean is much higher than that of continental surfaces, and hence imparts its warmth in larger quantities. Throughout all that part of the Frozen Ocean north of Europe and Asia, the temperature is found to increase at considerable depths, contrary to the well-known laws of hydrostatics. The same phenomenon has been observed on the coast of Australia, in the Adriatic, and Lake Maggiore. Horner asserts that in the deep soundings of the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the United States, the lead when drawn up "used to be hotter than boiling water."

These facts, with others, seem to demonstrate that our planet is wasting its warmth many times faster than the calculations of the mathematicians would indicate. It seems inevitable, therefore, that the earth should have expended sufficient heat in 2,500 years to effect a sensible reduction in the length of the day.

Thanks to the mathematicians, they have again come to our aid. The tide-wave is a protuberance of the ocean waters raised by the moon, and following the moon around the earth from east to west. This motion is *contrary* to the earth's diurnal rotation, and the friction of the tidal waters against the shore and the standing waters must necessarily tend to retard the rotary motion of the earth. Now it has been calculated that this retardation must have amounted to one-sixteenth of a second in 2,500 years. If, therefore, no counteracting tendency has been experienced, the sidereal day is one-sixteenth of a second longer than it was in the time of Hipparchus. But Laplace has shown that the sidereal day has not varied in length. It follows, therefore, that the shrinkage of the earth from loss of heat has tended to accelerate its rotation to the extent of one-sixteenth of a second in twenty-five centuries. Such an acceleration corresponds to a shortening of the diameter about sixty feet, and a reduction of the temperature of the whole mass of the earth one-fourteenth of a degree.

When the earth was in its youth, just emerging from a molten state, the loss of heat and consequent contraction must necessarily have been rapid. During this period the sidereal day underwent a much more rapid shortening than at present. In the distant future, on the contrary, the loss of heat will become diminished to an extreme extent, and, as a consequence, the retardation caused by the tide-wave will gain the ascendancy, and the day will eventually be lengthened to such an extent that the earth will always turn the same side toward the sun, as the moon always turns the same side toward the earth. The historic period of our race, as Mayer suggests, occupies consequently the comparatively brief space during which the retarding and accelerating tendencies neutralize each other.

These are the determinations of exact science. Mathematics have demonstrated that the cooling process which geology affirms of the past is certainly in progress in the present. It is immaterial how slow the process may be; the ultimate total refrigeration of the earth is a result which time will accomplish. Time, I say, since after the work is completed eternity will stretch onward as fresh, and inexhaustible, and limitless as when the career of planetary matter began.

While we build our cities and recount the achievements of a few generations past, this globe of matter hurries onward in its destined career as rapidly as a million years ago, when merely preparing for the occupancy of Adam's race. Every year and every day witnesses the dissipation of terrestrial warmth. While we ponder the great fact, the world is growing cold beneath our feet. The current of events is carrying us inevitably to a state of total refrigeration. Perhaps the mountains will have been levelled first, and the continents swallowed up in the sea. Perhaps the volcano will have been first extinguished, and the earthquake will have lain down to its final slumber. Buffon imagined that the final refrigeration of the earth would introduce the rigors of perpetual winter, and render our planet uninhabitable. Though more recent investigators have asserted that that event would only reduce our earth's surface temperature one-fortieth of its present amount, it seems difficult to rest upon that conclusion. The interior of the earth is probably half as hot as the sun. The earth's molten core is separated from us by not more than a hundred miles of rocky crust. The glowing sun is a million times farther removed, and yet, it is alleged, yields forty times the warmth which we derive from the nearer heat. In face of the testimony of figures, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the final cooling of our earth will exert a greater influence upon its surface conditions than these philosophers have dreamed.

LOVE THROUGH ALL.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

ONLY let me feel Thee near me,
Though the darkness fall,
Give me but this thought to cheer me,
Love rules over all ;
Surely, then, in peace abiding,
I may wait Thy will ;
In that changeless love confiding,
Suffer and be still.

Let bright hopes, and cherished dearly,
Blossom but to die ;
Only show Thy face more clearly,
Bring Thy love more nigh.
So will many a ray from heaven
Gild the cross below ;
So will every trial given
Catch love's tender glow.

TORONTO.

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AS THE special meetings at the church went on, Deacon Quickset began to fear that he had made a mistake. He had taken an active part in all previous meetings of the same kind for more than twenty-five years. The results of some of them had been very satisfactory, and the deacon modestly, but, nevertheless, with much self-gratulation, had recounted his own services in all of them.

"Now, here's the biggest movement of the kind goin' on that ever was known in this town, an' I'm out of it," said the deacon. "What for? Just because I don't agree with Sam Kimper—I mean, just because Sam Kimper don't agree with me. I didn't suppose the thing would have come to anythin' anyhow if it hadn't been for that fool of a young lawyer settin' his foot into it in the way he did. Everybody likes excitement, an' it's a bigger thing for him to have gone into this projected meeting than it would be for a circus to come to town with four new elephants. It's rough."

The deacon took a few papers from his pocket, looked them over, his face changing from grave to puzzled, and from puzzled to angry, and back again, through a whole gamut of facial expressions; finally, he thrust the entire collection back into his pocket, and said to himself: "If he keeps on at that work I might have as much trouble as he let on that I would. I don't see how some of these things are going to be settled unless I have him to help me, an' if he's goin' to be as particular as he makes out, or as he did make out the other day, there's going to be trouble, just as sure as both of us are alive. Of course, the more prominent he is before the public the less he'll want to be in any case in court that takes hard fightin', particularly when he don't think he's on the popular side. An' there's that Mrs. Poynter that's botherin' me to death about the interest of her mortgage.

"I didn't think it was the right time of the year to start special meetin's, anyhow, an' I don't know what our minister done it for without consultin' the deacons. He never done such a thing in his life before. It does seem to me that once in a while everythin' goes cross-wise, an' it all happens just when I need most of all to have things go along straight an' smooth. Gracious! if some of those papers in my pocket don't work the way they ought to, I don't know how things is goin' to come out!"

The deacon had almost reached the business street as this soliloquy went on, but he seemed inclined to carry on this conversation with himself, so he deliberately turned about and slowly paced the way backward toward his home.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he, after a few moments of silence, in

which his mind seemed busily occupied—"I shouldn't wonder if that was the best way out, after all. I do believe I'll do it. Yes, I will do it! I'll go an' buy out that shoe shop of Larry Highgetty's, an' I'll let Sam Kimper have it at just what it costs, an' trust him for all the purchase-money. I don't believe the good-will of the place, an' all the stock that is in it, will cost over a couple of hundred dollars; and Larry would take my note at six months almost as quick as he'd take anybody else's money. If things go right I can pay the note, an' if they don't he can get the property back. But in the meantime folks won't be able to say anything against me. They can't say then that I'm down on Sam, like some of 'em is sayin' now. An' if anybody talks about Bartram an' the upper-crust folks that have been helpin' the meetin's along, I can just remind 'em that talk is cheap, and that it's money that tells. I'll do it, as sure as my name's Quickset, an' the quicker I do it the better it will be for me, if I ain't mistaken."

The deacon hurried off for the shoe store; as usual, the only occupant of the shop was Sam.

"Where's Larry, Sam?" asked the deacon, briskly.

"I don't know, sir," said Sam; "but I'm afraid he's at Weitz's beer shop."

"Well, Sam," said the deacon, trying to be pleasant, though his mouth was very severely set, "while you're in the convertin' line—which I hear you're doin' wonders at, an' I'm very glad to hear it—why don't you begin at home an' bring about a change in Larry?"

"Do you know, deacon," said Sam, "I was thinkin' about the same thing, an' I'm goin' to see that priest of his about——"

"Oh, Sam!" groaned the deacon, "the idea of goin' to see a Catholic priest about a fellow-man's salvation, when there's a special meetin' runnin' in our church, an' you've took such an interest in it!"

"Every man for his own, deacon," said Sam. "I don't believe Larry cares anythin' about the Church that you belong to, an' that I've been goin' to for some little time, an' I know he thinks a good deal of Father Black. I've found out for myself, after a good deal of trouble in this world, that it makes a good deal of difference who talks to you about such things. Now, he thinks Father Black is the best man there is in the world. I don't know anything about that, though I don't know of anybody in this town I ever talked to that left me feelin' more comfortable and looked more like a good man himself than that old priest did one day when he came in here and talked to me very kindly. Why, deacon, he didn't put on any airs at all. He talked just as if he was a good brother of mine, and he left me feelin' that if I wasn't good, I was a brother of his anyhow. That's more than I can say most other folks in this town ever did, deacon."

The deacon was so horrified at this unexpected turn of the conversation that for a little while he entirely forgot the purpose for which he came. But he was recalled to his senses by the entrance of Reynolds Bartram. His eyes met the lawyer's, and at once the

deacon looked defiant. Then he pulled himself together with a mighty effort, and remarked: "Sam, some folks say I am down on you, and that I don't sympathize with you. Some folks talk a good deal for you, an' to you. But I just came in this mornin' for the sole purpose of sayin' this: you've had a hard row to hoe, and you've worked at it first-rate ever since you got out of gaol. I've been watchin' you, though perhaps you don't know it, an' I come here to say that I believe so much in your havin' had a change—though I do insist you ain't gone far enough—I come around to say that I was goin' to buy out this place from Larry, an' give it to you at your own terms, so that you could make all the money that came in."

Sam looked up in astonishment at the lawyer. The lawyer looked down smilingly at the deacon, who was seated on a very low bench, and said: "Deacon, we're all a good deal alike in this world in one respect—our best thoughts come too late. I don't hesitate to say that some good thoughts, which I have heard you urge upon other people, but which you never mentioned to me, have come to me a good deal later than they should. But, on the other hand, this matter of making Sam the master of this shop has already been attended to. I've bought it for him myself, and made him a free and clear present of it last night, in token of the immense amount of good he has done me by personal example."

The deacon arose and looked about him in a dazed sort of fashion. Then he looked at the lawyer inquiringly, put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a mass of business papers, shuffled them over once more, looked again at the lawyer, and said: "Mr. Bartram, I've got some particular business with you that I would like to talk about at once. Would you mind comin' to my office or takin' me round to yours?"

"Not at all. Good luck, Sam," said the lawyer. "Good day."

The two men went out together.

No sooner were they outside the shop than the deacon said, rapidly, "Reynolds Bartram, my business affairs are in the worst possible condition. You know more about them than anybody else. You have done as much as anybody else to put them in the muddle that they're in now. You've helped me into 'em, and now you've got to help me out of 'em. Now, what are you goin' to do about it? Everythin' has been goin' wrong. That walnut timber tract over the creek, that I expected to get about five thousand dollars out of, isn't worth five thousand cents. Since the last time I was over there some rascal stole every log that's worth anything, an' the place wouldn't bring under the hammer half what I paid for it. I have been tryin' to sell it, but somehow everybody that wanted it before has found out what has been goin' on. This is an awfully mean world on business men that don't look out for themselves all the time."

"I should not think you had ever any right to complain of it, then, deacon," said the lawyer.

"Come, come, now," said the deacon, "I'm not in any condition to be tormented to-day, Reynolds; I really ain't. I'm almost

crazy. I suppose old Mrs. Poynter has been at you to get her interest-money out of me, hasn't she?"

"Hasn't spoken a word to me about it," said the lawyer.

"Well, I heard she was after you every night in the meetin'."

"She was after me, talking about one sinner or another of her acquaintance, but she didn't mention you, deacon. It's a sad mistake, perhaps, but in a big town like this a person can't think of everybody at once, you know."

"For heaven's sake, Bartram, shut up, an' tell me what I have to do. Time is pressing. I must have a lot of ready cash to-day, somehow, an' here's all these securities that, the minute I try to sell 'em, people go to askin' questions about, an' you're the only man they can come to. Now, you know perfectly well what the arrangement and understandin's were when these papers were drawn, because you drew 'em all yourself. Now, if people come to you, I want you to promise me that you are not goin' to go back on me."

The deacon still held the papers in his hand, gesticulating with them. As he spoke the lawyer took them, looked at them, and finally said: "Deacon, how much money do you need?"

"I can't get through," said the deacon, with less than nine hundred dollars ready, on first-class cheques and notes, this very day."

"Humph!" said the lawyer, still handling the papers. "Deacon, I'll make you a straightforward proposition concerning that money. If you will agree that I shall be agent of both parties in any settlement of these agreements which I hold in my hand, and that you will accept me as sole and final arbitrator in any differences of opinion between you and the signers, I will agree personally to lend you the amount you need on your simple note of hand, renewable from time to time until you are ready to pay it."

"Rey Bartram," exclaimed the deacon, stopping short and looking the lawyer full in the face, "what on earth has got into you?"

"Religion, I guess, deacon," said the lawyer. Try it yourself—it'll do you good."

The lawyer walked off briskly, and left the deacon standing alone in the street. As the deacon afterward explained the matter to his wife, he felt like a stuck pig.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Tom," said Sam Kimper to his oldest son one morning after breakfast, "I wish you'd walk along to the shop with me; there's somethin' I want to talk about."

Tom wanted to go somewhere else; what boy doesn't when his parents have anything for him to do? Nevertheless, the young man finally obliged his father, and the two left the house together.

"Tom," said the father, as soon as the back door had closed behind them—"Tom, I'm bein' made a good deal more of than I

deserve; but 'tain't any of my doin's, an' men that ort to know keep tellin' me that I'm doin' a lot of good in town. Once in a while, though, somebody laughs at me—laughs at somethin' I say. It's been hurtin' me, an' I told Judge Prency so the other day, but he said, 'Sam, it isn't what you say, but the way you say it.' You see, I never had no eddication; I was sent to school, but I played hookey most of the time."

"Did you, though?" asked Tom, with some inflexions that caused the cobbler to look up in time to see that his son was looking at him admiringly—there could be no doubt about it. Sam had never been looked at that way before by his big boy, and the consequence was an entirely new and pleasurable sensation. After thinking it over a moment, he replied:

"Yes, I did, an' any fun that was to be found I looked after in them days. I don't mind tellin' you that I don't think I found enough to pay for the trouble; but things was as they was. Now I wish I'd done different; but it's too late to get back what I missed by dodgin' lessons. Tom, if I could talk better 'twould be a good thing for me, but I ain't got no time to go to school. You've been to school a lot; why can't you come to the shop with me, and sit down, and tell me where an' how I don't talk like other folks?"

Tom indulged in a long and convulsive chuckle.

"When you've done laughin' at your father, Tom," continued Sam, "he'll be glad to have you say somethin' that'll show him that you ain't as mean an' low down as some folks think you be."

"I ain't no school-teacher," said Tom, "an' I ain't learned no fancy ways of talkin'."

"I don't expect you to tell me more'n you know," said the parent, "but if you've got the same flesh and blood as me, you'll stand by me when I'm bothered. The puppies of a dog would do that much for their dad if he got in trouble."

Tom did not answer; he sulked a little while, but finally entered the shop with his father, and sat down, searched his mind a few moments, and then recalled and repeated the two injunctions which his last teacher had most persistently urged upon her pupils—that they should not drop letters from the ends of words, nor say "ain't" or "hain't." Then Sam devoted himself to practice, by talking aloud, and Tom became so amused by the changes in his father's intonation that he finally was obliged to go home and tell his mother and Mary.

"Stop that—right away!" exclaimed Mrs. Kimper, as soon as Tom got fairly into his story. "Your father ain't goin' to be laughed at in his own house by his own family, while I'm around to stand up for him."

"Oh, stuff!" exclaimed Tom, in amazement. Then he laughed as he reverted to his father's efforts at correct pronunciation, and continued his story. Suddenly he was startled by seeing his mother snatch a stump of a fire-shovel from the hearth, and brandish it over his head.

"You give up that talk right away!" exclaimed the woman. "Your father is astonishing the life out of me every day by the new way he's talkin' an' livin'. He's the best man in this town; I don't care if he has been in the penitentiary, I'm not going to hear a bit of fun made of him, not even by one of his own young ones."

All the brute in Tom's nature came to the surface in an instant, yet his amazement kept him silent and staring. It was such a slight, feeble, contemptible figure—that of the woman who was threatening to punish him—him, Tom Kimper, whom few men in town would care to meet in a trial of strength. It set Tom to thinking. He said afterwards the spectacle was enough to make a brickbat wake up and think. At last he exclaimed, tenderly: "Mother!"

The woman dropped her weapon and burst into tears, sobbing aloud, "You never said it that way before."

Tom was so astonished at what he saw and heard that he shuffled up to his mother and awkwardly placed his clumsy hand upon her cheek. In an instant his mother's arms were around his neck so tight that Tom feared he was being strangled.

"Oh, Tom, Tom! What's got into me? What's got into both of us? Ev'rythin's different from what it used to be. It's carryin' me right off my feet sometimes; I don't know how to stand it all, an' yet I wouldn't have it no other way for nothin'."

Tom could not explain, but he did something a great deal better; for the first time since he ceased being a baby and his mother began to tire of him, he acted affectionately to the woman who was leaning upon him. He put his strong arm around her, and repeated the single word "Mother," often and earnestly. As for Mrs. Kimper, no further explanation seemed necessary.

After mother and son had become entirely in accord, through methods which only heaven and mothers understand, Mrs. Kimper began to make preparations for the family's midday meal. While she worked, her daughter Jane appeared, and threw cold water upon a warm, affectionate glow by announcing, "I'm fired."

"What do you mean, child?" asked her mother.

"Just what I say. That young Rey Bartram—that's the Prency girl's feller—has been comin' to the house almost ev'ry day while I've been workin' there, an' he's been awful polite to me. He never used to be that way, when him and the other young fellers in town used to come down to the hotel, an' drink in the big room behind the saloon. Miss Prency got to askin' me questions about him this mornin', an' the less I told her the madder she got, an' at last she said somethin' that made me get up an' leave."

"What's *he* ever had to do with *you*?" asked Mrs. Kimper, after a long, wondering stare.

"Nothin', except to talk impudent. Mother, what's the reason a poor girl that don't ever look for any company above her always keeps findin' it when she don't want it?"

Mrs. Kimper got the question so mixed with her culinary

preparations that she was unable to answer or to remember that she already had salted the stew which she was preparing for dinner. As she wondered and worked, her husband came in.

"Wife," said Sam, "ev'rythin' seems turnin' upside down. Deacon Quickset came into the shop a while ago. What do you suppose he wanted? Wanted me to pray for him! I said I would, an' I did, but I was so took aback by it that I had to talk to somebody, so I came home."

"Why didn't you go talk to the preacher or Rey Bartram?" asked Mrs. Kimper, after the natural expressions of astonishment had been made.

"Well," said Sam, "I suppose it was because I wanted to talk to somebody that I was better acquainted with."

Mrs. Kimper looked at her husband in amazement. Sam returned his wife's gaze, but with a placid expression of countenance.

"I don't amount to much, Sam," Mrs. Kimper finally sighed, with a helpless look.

"You're my wife; that's 'much'—to me. Some day I hope it will be the same to you."

There was a knock at the door, and as soon as Sam had shouted "Come in!" Judge Prency entered.

"Sam," said he, "ever since I saw you were in earnest about leading a new life I've been tryin' to arrange matters so that your boy Joe—I suppose you know why he ran away—could come back without getting into trouble. It was not easy work, for the man from whom he took—he seemed to feel very ugly. But he has promised not to prosecute."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Sam. "If, now, I knew where the boy was——"

"I've attended to that, too. I've had him looked up and found, and placed in good hands for two or three weeks, and I don't believe you will be ashamed of him when he returns."

Sam Kimper lapsed into silence, and the judge felt uncomfortable. At last Sam exclaimed: "I feel as if it would take a big prayer and thanksgiving meeting to tell all that's in my mind."

"A very good idea," said the judge; "and as you have the very people present who should take part in it, I will make haste to remove all outside influences." So saying, the judge bowed in his most courtly manner to Mrs. Kimper and Jane, and departed.

"Let us all pray," said Sam, dropping upon his knees.

CHAPTER XX.

Eleanor Prency was a miserable young woman during most of the great revival season which followed the special meetings at Dr. Guide's church. She did not see Reynolds Bartram as much as of old, for the young man spent most of his evenings at the church, assisting in the work. He sang no wild hymns, nor did he make any ecstatic speeches; nevertheless, his influence was great among his old acquaintances and upon the young men of the town. To "stand up for prayers" was to the latter class the supreme indication of courage or conviction, and any of them would have preferred to face death itself, at the muzzle of a gun, than take such a step. But that was not all; Bartram had for years been the leader of the unbelievers in the town; the logic of a young man who was smart enough to convince judges on the bench, in matters of law, was good enough for the general crowd when it was brought to bear upon religion. As one loungee at Weitz's saloon expressed himself: "None of the preachers or deacons or class-leaders was ever able to down that young fellow before. It's no use for the rest of us to put on airs now; nobody'll believe us, an' like as not he'll be the first man to tell us what fools we be. I'm thinkin' a good deal of risin' for prayers myself, if it is only to get through before he gives me a talkin' to."

When, however, the entire membership of the church aroused to the fact that work was to be done, and Judge Prency and other solid citizens began to take part in the church work, Bartram rested from his efforts, and began again to spend his evenings in the home of the young woman whom he most admired. A change seemed to have come over others as well as himself. Mrs. Prency greeted him more kindly than ever, but Eleanor seemed different. She was not as merry, as defiant, or as sympathetic as of old. Sometimes there was a glimpse of old times, but suddenly the young woman would again become reserved and distant.

One evening, when she had begun to rally him about something and quickly lapsed into a different and languid manner, Bartram said: "Eleanor, nothing seems as it used to do, between me and you. I wish I knew what was wrong in me."

The girl suddenly interested herself in the contents of an antiquated photograph album.

"I must have become dreadfully uninteresting," he continued, "if you prefer the faces in that album, of which I have heard you make fun time and again. Won't you tell me what is wrong in me? Don't be afraid to talk plainly; I can stand anything—from you."

"Oh, nothing," said Eleanor, continuing to pretend interest in the pictures.

"'Nothing,' said in that tone always means something—and a great deal of it. Have I said or done anything to offend you?"

"No," said Eleanor, with a sigh, closing the book and folding her hands; "only—I didn't suppose you could ever become a pokey, prosy, old church member."

The reply was a laugh, so merry, hearty, and long that Eleanor looked indignant until she saw a roguish twinkle in Bartram's eyes; then she blushed and looked confused.

"Please tell me what I have said or done that was prosy or pokey?" asked Bartram. We lawyers have a habit of asking for proof as well as charges. I give you my word, my dear girl, that never in all my previous life did I feel as entirely cheerful, light-hearted, and good-natured as I do nowadays. I have nothing now to trouble my conscience, or spoil my temper, or put me out of my own control, as used frequently to happen. I never before knew how sweet and delightful it was to live, and meet my fellow-beings—particularly those I love. I can laugh at the slightest provocation now, instead of sometimes feeling ugly and saying sharp things. Every good and pleasant thing in life I enjoy more than ever, and as you, personally, are the very best thing in life, you seem a thousand times dearer and sweeter to me than ever before. Perhaps you'll laugh at me for saying so, but do you know that I, who heretofore considered myself a little better than any one else in the village, am now organizing a new baseball club, a gymnasium association, and also am trying to get enough subscribers to build a toboggan slide? I never was in such high spirits and in such humour for fun."

Eleanor looked amazed, but also relieved, as she replied: "I never saw religion work that way on other people."

"Indeed? Where have your blessed eyes been? Hasn't your own father been a religious man for many years, and is there any one in the town who knows better how to enjoy himself when he is not at work?"

"Oh—yes; but father is different from most people."

"Quite true; he must be, else how could he be the parent of the one incomparable young woman?"

"Rey!"

"Don't try to play hypocrite, please, for you're too honest. You know you agree with me."

"About father? Certainly, but——"

"About father! More hypocrisy; you know very well what I mean. Dear little girl, listen to me. I suppose there are people who are scared into religion through fear of the wrath to come, who may become dull and uninteresting; it is a matter of nature in a great many cases. I suppose whatever is done for selfish reasons, even in the religious life, may make people uncertain and fearful, and sometimes miserable. But when a man suddenly determines to model his life after that of the One and only perfect Man and gentleman the world ever knew, he does not find anything to make him dull or wretched. We hear so much of Jesus the Saviour that we lose sight of Jesus the Man. He who died for us was also He whose whole recorded life was in conformity with the tastes and sympathies of people of His day. Do you imagine for an instant that if He was of solemn, doleful visage that any woman would ever have pressed through a crowd to touch the hem of His garment that she might be made well?

Do you suppose the woman of Samaria would have lingered one instant at the well of Jacob had Jesus been a man with a face like—well, suppose I say Deacon Quickset? Do you think mothers would have brought children to Him that He might bless them? Do you imagine any one who had not a great warm heart could have wept at the grave of His friend Lazarus, when He knew He had power to raise him from the dead? Didn't He go to the marriage feast at Cana, and take so much interest in the affair that He made up for the deficiency in the wine? Weren't all His parables about matters that showed a sympathetic interest in the affairs which were nearest the hearts of the people around Him? If all these things were possible to One who had His inner heart full of tremendous responsibilities, what should not His followers be in the world, so far as human cheer and interest go?"

"I've never heard Him spoken of in that way before," said Eleanor, speaking as if she were in a brown study.

"I'm glad—selfishly—that you hear it for the first time from me, then. Never again will I do anything of which I think He would disapprove; but, my dear girl, I give you my word that although occasionally—too often—I have been lawless in word and action, I never until now have known the sensation of entire liberty and happiness. You never again will see me moody or obstinate or selfish. I'm going to be a gentleman in life, as well as by birth. Won't you believe me?"

"I must believe you, Rey, I can't help believing whatever you say. But I never saw conversion act that way upon any one else, and I don't understand it."

Bartram looked quizzingly at the girl a moment, and then replied: "Try it yourself; I'm sure it will affect you just as it does me."

"Oh, Rey—no—I never can bring myself to stand up in church to be prayed for."

"Don't do it, then; pray for yourself; but you can't avoid being prayed for by one repentant sinner; have the kindness to remember that."

"Rey!" murmured Eleanor.

"And," continued Bartram, rising and placing an arm around Eleanor's shoulders, "the sooner our prayers can rise together the sooner you will understand me, believe me, and trust me, my darling, the only woman I ever loved—the only woman of whom I ever was fond—the only one to whom I ever gave an affectionate word or caress."

There are conversations which reach a stage where they should be known only to those who conduct them. When Bartram started to depart his love-life was unclouded.

"Rey," said Eleanor, at the door, "will you oblige me by seeing Sam Kimper in the morning, and asking him to tell his daughter that I particularly wish she would come back to us?"

CHAPTER XXI.

The revival into which was merged the special meetings at Dr. Guide's church continued so long that religion became absolutely and enthrallingly fashionable at Bruceton. Many drinking men ceased to frequent the bar-room of the town, some old family feuds came to an end, and several couples who should have been married long ago were joined in holy bonds of wedlock.

Nevertheless, the oldest inhabitants agreed that never before had life in Bruceton been so pleasant. Everybody was on good terms with everybody else, and no one, no matter how poor or common, lacked pleasant greetings in the street from acquaintances of high degree.

There had been some wonderful conversions during the meetings; hard-swearing, hard-drinking men had abandoned their evil ways, and were apparently as willing and anxious as any one else to be informed as to how to conform their lives to the professions which they had made. All the other churches sympathized with the efforts which Dr. Guide's flock had been making, for they themselves had been affected to their visible benefit.

Dr. Guide himself became one of the humblest of the humble. Always a man of irreproachable life and warm heart, it never had occurred to him that anything could be lacking in his church methods. But he also was a man of quick perceptions, so as the meetings went on, and he realized that their impetus was due not at all to anything he had said or done, but solely to the personal example of Sam Kimper, he fell into deep thought and retrospection. He resolutely waived all compliments which his clerical brethren of other denominations offered him on what they were pleased to call the results of his ministrations, and honestly insisted that the good work was begun by the example set by Sam Kimper, the *ex-convict*.

Dr. Guide was an honest believer in the "Church Universal," but he had been trained to regard the Church of Rome as the "Scarlet Woman" of Revelation, and whenever he met Father Black in the streets he recognized him only with a dignified bow. The day before the closing meeting, he encountered the priest at the turning of a corner—too suddenly for a change of manner.

"My dear brother," exclaimed Father Black, extending both hands, and grasping Dr. Guide's hands warmly, "God bless you for the good work you have been doing."

"My dear sir," said the pastor, rallying all his powers to withstand the surprise, "I am very glad that you are pleased to regard the work as good."

"How can I help it?" said the priest, impetuously. "The spirit which your church efforts have awakened has spread throughout the town and affected everybody. There are men, and some women, of my flock whom I have been trying in vain for years to bring to confession, so as to start them on a new life. I've coaxed them, threatened them, prayed for them with tears of agony, for what soul is not dear to the Saviour? The worse the

soul, the more the Saviour yearns to reclaim it. You remember the parable of the ninety-and-nine?"

"Who can forget it?" said the reverend doctor, tears springing into his eyes.

"No one, my dear brother, no one," replied the priest. "Well, my lost sheep have all come back. The invisible Church has helped the visible, and——"

"Is my church then invisible?" asked Dr. Guide, with a quick relapse into his old-time manner.

"My dear brother," exclaimed the priest, "which is the greater? Which exists only for the other?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Guide, his face thawing in an instant.

"Again, I thank you, from the depths of my heart," said the old priest, "and——"

"Father Black," interrupted the pastor, "the more you thank me, the more uncomfortable I feel. Whatever credit is awarded, except to heaven, for the great and unexpected experiences which have been made manifest at my church, belongs entirely to a man who, being the lowest of the low, has set forth an example of perfect obedience."

"That poor cobbler? You are right, I verily believe, and I shall go at once to pour out my heart to him."

"Let me go with you, father—brother Black. I"—here Dr. Guide's face broke into a confidential smile—"I want to go to confession myself, for the first time in my life, if you allow the cobbler to be my priest. I want a reputable witness, too."

Then the two clergymen, arm-in-arm, proceeded to Sam Kimper's shop, to the great astonishment of all villagers who saw them.

That night, at the closing meeting of the revival services, Dr. Guide delivered a short but pointed talk from the text: "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before you."

"My friends," said he, "these words were spoken by Jesus one day when the chief priests and elders, who were the types of our clergymen and formal religious people of our day, questioned Him about His works and His authority. They had a mass of tradition and doctrine, by which they were justified in their own eyes, and the presence, the works, the teachings, and the daily life of Jesus was a thorn in their flesh. It annoyed them so that they crucified Him in order to be rid of His purer influence. We who know more of Him than they, have been continually crucifying our Lord afresh by paying too much attention to the letter and ignoring the spirit. 'These things should ye have done, and not left the others undone.' I say these words, not by way of blame, but of warning. Heaven forbid that I ever shall need to repeat them."

As the congregation looked about at one another to see whom the cap might fit, everybody chanced to see Deacon Quickset arise.

"My friends," said the deacon, "I'm one of the very kind of

people Jesus meant when He said the words that our pastor took for his text to-night, and for fear that anybody mayn't know it, I rise to own up to it myself. Nobody stood up for the letter of the law and the plan of salvation stronger than I, and nobody has taken more pains to dodge the spirit of it. The scales have fallen from my eyes lately, but I s'pose all of you have been seein' me as I am for a long, long time, and you have known me for the hypocrite that I now can see I've always been. I've done a good many things that I oughtn't to have done—I've told half-truths that were worse than lies, I've devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers, as the Gospel says; but the worst thing I've done, and the thing I feel most sinful about, is that when an unfortunate fellow-citizen of ours came back to this town and tried to live a right life, I did all I could to discourage him an' make him just like myself. I want right here, encompassed about by a mighty cloud of witnesses, to confess that I've done that man an awful wrong, and I'm sorry for it. I've prayed to God to forgive me, but I'm not goin' to stop at that. Right here before you all I want to ask that man himself to forgive me, as I've asked him in private. I'm not goin' to stop at that either. That man's life has opened my eyes, in spite of myself, to all the faults of my own, and I want to show my sincerity by promising before you all that I am that man's brother from this time forth until I die, and that whatever is mine is his whenever and how-ever he wants it."

The deacon sat down. There was an instant of silence, and then a sensation as every one began to look about for the ex-convict.

"If Brother Kimper feels inclined to make any remarks," said Dr. Guide, "I am sure every one present would be glad to listen to him."

People were slowly arising and looking toward one portion of the church. Dr. Guide left the pulpit and walked down one of the aisles, toward the point where all eyes were centered. In a seat in the back of the church he saw the ex-convict, with one arm around his wife and the other around his daughter Jane. Sam looked smaller and more insignificant than ever, for his chin was resting on his breast and tears were chasing one another down his pale cheeks. Dr. Guide hurried back to the altar-rail, and exclaimed, in his loudest and most impressive voice, "Sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

THE END.

BUT all God's angels come to us disguised ;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after another lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the frant of God.

—J. R. Lowell.

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

BY GEORGE A. CHACE.

A BRIGHT old gentleman said to-day : "I'm in my eighty-fifth year. When I was a boy, seven years old, I worked in the mill. We had to work fourteen hours a day. I remember I was working in the factory when peace was declared in the war of 1812." Within the memory of a man, what great progress has been made ! No little boys are now allowed to work at seven years of age in the mills of America. Nobody, except possibly the manager, would think of working fourteen hours a day.

Within the life of this gentleman, a woman would work a week for fifty cents. It was customary to work six months without pay in learning a trade at which a smart woman could earn half a dollar a day. The crudest quality of calico sold at fifty cents a yard, and the first woman laboured ten or twelve weeks to earn enough to buy the material for a new gown. To-day a weaver in a cotton factory in New England can earn enough to buy the same quantity of a better material, in the latest style of design and finish, in a half-day. In other words, if people were content with the things which their grandparents enjoyed, there would to-day be at least nine days of leisure, for rest and improvement, out of the ten days of toil in the olden time. What is true of factory life is relatively true all over, for this is the century of progress.

What has made the change ? In the answer to that inquiry may we not hope to find the right methods for the future of our industrial progress ? It is not necessary to study the ancient laws of work and wages, for the conditions are modern and not ancient. The evolution is going on around us. Like a mighty current the tide is coming in, scattering or submerging obstacles, lifting rich and poor together upon its advancing waves. Underneath are the Everlasting Arms, bearing upward the masses of mankind ; and an Infinite Wisdom is shaping the sentiment of the public. No manufacturer wishes to run his works fourteen hours a day, or to employ children who ought to be in school, nowadays. It is repugnant to his ideas of right, as much as slavery has lost its place in the thoughts of the plantation owner of the South. We are coming into the light. Our grandparents worked fourteen hours in the mill, and all the rest of the day was night. They lived only in the dark, except on Sunday. Thank God for Sunday, with all its light. It saved our fathers.

Gradually the working time of employees was reduced. It ought to go into history that the present standard of ten hours a day in cotton factories was not introduced by legislation, but by the voluntary action of the manufacturers of Fall River, who adopted it as a wise economic measure, which has been enforced since in Massachusetts and other States by law. It was a step in the right direction.

But with all this progress perhaps there never has been a time in the history of industry which has seen such a widespread dissatisfaction among workingmen. The malady is epidemic. Emperor and queen, statesman and philosopher, learned doctor and noisy quack, have vied with the best thinkers to prescribe an adequate remedy, in vain. In the meantime the symptoms become more energetic. Can there be a mistake? May it prove, after all, that this universal uneasiness indicates convalescence? Our grandparents were content with their lot. There was no time to grumble. What with fourteen hours at work, and time spent at meals and going to and fro, only about eight hours remained their own, *and it was night*. They were tired and sleepy. They slept. Sleep is contentment. But the workpeople of the day are wide awake. They have an hour or two of daylight. They have tried leisure, and it is good. They have tasted luxury, and it is sweet. They want more. Latent ambition has been aroused in the advance of the times. The higher standard of living demands more.

Wealth has accumulated beyond all precedent. While colossal fortunes, like huge monuments, stand before our eyes to constantly remind us of the fact, yet never was wealth so generally diffused among all classes. Little need be said of the fly-away riches of the rich man, which are measured by sentiment, alternately ruled by "bulls" and "bears," though thousands of millions of dollars, in stocks and bonds, are "listed," that men may speculate upon the daily fluctuations. The substantial wealth remains unchanged, for instance, whether "Union Pacific" is quoted at \$130 or \$28 a share, but the difference in the sentiment, for that is all the quotations mean, amounts to more than sixty million dollars. Its wealth-distributing traffic over its 5,000 miles of track, and the wages of its 20,000 employees, are not diminished or increased by these fluctuations, and the real wealth is carrying comfort and help. Wealth never was so great, and certainly never so beneficent. It increases as it distributes. The workingman lives in more affluence than the *entrepreneur* did two generations ago, and the worthy poor may enjoy more comforts than our self-denying, hard-working ancestors allowed themselves. The directory of the eleemosynary institutions of New York city is already

a large hand-book. The bulk of the savings bank deposits is the money of the workpeople.

Never was there such opportunity for individual ambition. The little mill-boy of 1812, as might be expected, became, in after years, the *entrepreneur*, and later on the capitalist. Invention has opened avenues for latent talent. Ability is sought everywhere, and wherever found is exalted and rewarded.

In briefly summarizing the inferences of our observation of the industrial situation, we note, first: If the workingman will go forward, in the future, he will steer his course by the great beacon light of Sunday and what Sunday stands for. It means more than words can utter to the brawn and sinew of our land. And next to this is the force of popular opinion. Turn on the light! Every facility is afforded. We have a National Department of Labour doing conscientious, scientific work, besides commissions in a number of the States. All the newspapers will help. Real progress has been made in relation to child employment, but more is needed. The doctrine of *Laissez-faire* is unjustifiable here. In the fourth and central place, affecting the great body of employers and employed, is the reduction of the hours of labour. No one would think to-day of going back to the old *régime*. Shall we go forward? It is probable a nine-hour bill will be introduced into the Senate of Massachusetts this year, with a fair prospect that it may become law. The situation is favourable. A great many see the advantages at this time. A mill-owner said a few days ago: "A nine-hour law would add ten per cent. to the value of my property." The arguments are well known, and experience seems to sustain them. It has made possible our fifth position—a higher standard of living. The distribution and consumption of wealth is essential to industrial progress. Higher wages are alike beneficent to all, giving a market to the producer and means to purchase to the consumer. The elevation of the masses has economic as well as humane warrant. Experiments in modification make slow progress. Higher wages, however, should gradually prevail. It seems hardly necessary to note that invention furnishes a means of advancement. It has often been blindly resisted by labour, and it is hard to see that a machine that throws ninety out of a hundred workmen out of employment is a blessing to the ninety. But it has come to bear our burdens and to make possible the higher standard of living and the leisure of short hours. Finally, there is opportunity for individual advancement—room at the top, and widening room all the way up. Men do not rise as formerly by treading others down, but every young man who is lifted up draws many with him—family and friends, often a whole community.—*Christian Union*

METHODISM, THE JOHANNINE GOSPEL.

CARDINAL NEWMAN's famous doctrine of development is so far true, that every student of Christian history must be aware that the Christian Church, as a whole, has gradually apprehended more and more the full content of the Gospel. Jesus Christ was so unique a revelation of God that He could be described to us only by men moved by the Holy Ghost. Even their teaching was not of private interpretation, and we may well doubt whether they themselves fully realized all that was implied and involved in the principles which they were commissioned to proclaim. It is quite certain that Christians generally have failed to understand the full significance of the life and work and words of Jesus Christ. As the ages have passed slowly away, Christian men in the light of the history and living experience have understood more and more the meaning of the unparalleled events which were crowded into the brief three-and-thirty years under the Syrian sky.

It is a remarkable fact that the three chief apostles appeared upon the scene in the order in which their distinctive views of Christ have dominated the Christian mind. To St. Peter was given the unique honour of opening the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. But before many years had passed St. Peter receded from view, and St. Paul occupied the foreground of Christian history during its most critical and formative period. When the great Pauline battle was fought and won, St. John appeared upon the scene to crown the edifice of revelation, and to enunciate the final form of Christianity. This feature of the apostolic age was prophetic of future history. The course of events during the last two thousand years may be divided into the Petrine, the Pauline and the Johannine periods. The ancient and mediæval Church instinctively accepted St. Peter as the most conspicuous exponent of the Christianity

they knew. At the era of the Reformation the teaching of St. Paul became more prominent than at any previous period, and received an unprecedented amount of study and devotion. But the cycle of Christian evolution was not yet complete. It remained that the peculiarly fraternal Gospel of St. John should be preached to the masses of mankind. Of that John Wesley was as conspicuously the appointed instrument as Martin Luther was the exponent of the Pauline theology of the Reformation. Never since the days of St. John himself was the universal, gentle, gracious, all-embracing love of God so passionately preached as by the apostle of Methodism. There is no greater or more mischievous delusion abroad than that the early Methodist preachers revelled in the terrors of hell. As Dr. Rigg has pointed out, Wesley did not "enforce his application by reference to material terrors or painted horrors." No men ever spoke more plainly of sin and the dreadful consequences of sin than did the early Methodist preachers. But they dwelt on these awful facts, not in the vain delusion that they would bring men to God, but in order that they might furnish a dark background against which they could more vividly picture the irresistible love of Christ. The great effect produced upon young and old by the preaching of the Methodists was caused by such a presentation of the intense and everlasting love of God as had never been given to the people of this country before.

The true theologian, the Melancthon of the Methodist Reformation, was Fletcher of Madeley; and the love of God breathes through every page he ever wrote. "Perfect love," indeed, was the phrase which he employed to describe the highest Christian attainments. His fierce and irresistible protest against Calvinism was based upon the conviction that a limited salvation was incon-

sistent with the love of God. For the true Gospel of Methodism in its essential qualities, as distinguished from the accidental form in which it appears, we must turn to the hymns of John and Charles Wesley. In the only absolutely original hymn from the pen of John Wesley which we possess are these significant words :

“Thou by Thy word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is showed.”

Charles Wesley, again, whose hymns have done more to spread and to popularize the tenets of Methodism even than the prose writings of his brother, expresses the true significance of the Methodist movement in the well-known and favourite hymn,

“See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesu’s love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.”

Yes! it was the love of Jesus which kindled that fire of Methodism which swept round the world, which has become proverbial, and which never burned more brightly and more intensely than it does to-day. The love of God, we cannot repeat it too often, was the chief and invariable theme with which the Wesleys and their helpers revolutionized the British Empire. It is a very touching and instructive fact that as Wesley lay dying he made great exertions to speak to Joseph Bradford, and for some time his strength was so far gone that he could not make himself heard. But at last, by desperate efforts, he conveyed to Mr. Bradford his fervent desire that a sermon which he had written on “The Love of God” should be scattered broadcast and given away to everybody. This was Wesley’s last gift to the British people and to the human race—a sermon on “The Love of God.”

When Wesley began his work England was an unhappy nation, cruelly governed by cruel laws. But the amazing and unprecedented growth of gentleness and humanitarianism, and the profound sympathy now universally felt for the poor, the friendless, and the fallen, are the direct result of that Evangel of Love which Wesley lived and practised. As the result of that work, consciously or unconsciously, all the great and characteristic theologians of every Church, our own President, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Marcus Dods, and others, have devoted their prime to the exposition of St. John. Robert Browning has given us the Johannine Gospel in verse. Sir Edwin Arnold, in the exquisite volume, “The Light of the World,” which he has just published, gives similar prominence to the sweet and gracious humility of Christ. All these are the direct result in public life and in serious literature of the fact that the Johannine Gospel found its first popular exponent in John Wesley. The passionate love for the suffering and outcast exhibited by the Salvation Army is another striking indication of the great truth to which we have referred. We ought not to close this reference to the most conspicuous feature of the Methodist movement without once more quoting the beautiful story of the little boy, who, on his deathbed, said that his greatest desire was to go to “Mr. Whitfield’s God.” Happy beyond all expression are those preachers of the Gospel who succeed in persuading even timid little boys that death itself has no terror for those who go to the God whom they preach. And the greatest glory of Methodism shall ever be that it inscribed the distinctive teaching of St. John upon the hearts of the “common people.”

—*Methodist Times*.

THEN sow ; for the hours are fleeting
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE METHODIST CHURCH ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

By an oversight last month, the name of the Rev. C. W. Watch was not reported as Secretary of the Bay of Quinte Conference, and Rev. D. C. McDowell, after forty-five years in the active service, took a superannuated relation.

Manitoba Conference.—The Conference of the Prairie Province was held at Portage la Prairie, commencing June 11th. The General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, presided at the first session, and delivered a characteristic address. The ministerial session was a season of great harmony. Five ministers had been transferred into the Conference. Six probationers were eligible for ordination, but one of them preferred to postpone the honour, that he might enjoy educational advantages. Five probationers were ordained for special purposes. Two ministers were placed on the superannuated list.

Rev. Alfred Andrews was elected President, and the Rev. John Semmens, Secretary.

Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, attended all the sessions. His addresses were greatly enjoyed. The members of Conference seemed to consider themselves highly honoured by the visit of the General Superintendent and Missionary Secretary, and took every opportunity to call them out. Rev. Dr. Maclean lectured before the Theological Union.

One district meeting recommended that the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches should be amalgamated.

The Epworth League institution seems to be very popular, seventeen Leagues, with 594 members, have been formed, and the Conference recommended every minister to form Leagues in their respective circuits.

There was a good increase both of members and finances. There are now 11,450 members, which is a net increase of 1,544; 743 conversions were reported in the Sunday-schools.

Like all other Conferences, Manitoba is sound on the temperance question, and appointed delegates to the World's Temperance Convention to be held in Chicago in 1892.

The report of the Committee on the State of the Work contained many items of interest, and commended the work of Messrs. Hunter and Crossley and other evangelists, whose labours had been productive of much good. The report concerning the college was of the most encouraging kind.

No deaths in the ministerial ranks were reported.

At a recent meeting of the Missionary Committee of Consultation and Finance, it was stated that a site for an Indian Industrial Institute had been obtained at Brandon, near the Government Experimental Farm. A second institute is in course of erection at Red Deer, one hundred miles north of Calgary. Rev. J. Semmens and John Nelson were nominated Principal of the respective institutes.

Residential schools for Indians are much needed in British Columbia, and such schools, it is hoped, will shortly be established at Port Simpson and Chilliwhack, where there are already institutions under the supervision of the Woman's Missionary Society.

A General Hospital is much needed at Port Simpson. A medical missionary is already labouring there, and should the Government make a further grant on behalf of the hospital, the Missionary Board will do its utmost on behalf of the scheme.

The income of the Missionary

Society is most gratifying; the ordinary revenue is in advance of last year, and there is also an increase in the legacies of \$20,000.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—This Conference met at St. Stephen. Three brethren, Rev. Dr. Wilson, S. T. Teed and A. C. Bell, were added to the list of superannuates.

Rev. F. W. Harrison was elected President and Rev. Thos. Marshall, Secretary. Three ministers had finished their course, of whom honourable mention was made.

Seven probationers were sent to college.

The report on Sunday-schools stated that there had been 461 conversions among the children during the year. The increase in the membership was 150.

Dr. Hart, the appointed Superintendent of the Chinese Mission, was present, and delivered a most enthusiastic address.

As in some of the Western Conferences, the Superannuation Fund occasioned much discussion. The Treasurer stated that only 60 per cent. of the claims can now be paid.

Nova Scotia Conference.—Windsor was the seat of this Conference. Only one probationer was received into full connexion; ten young men were received on probation. One minister died during the year, the venerable Dr. McMurray.

Rev. J. G. Angwin and D. W. Johnston, M.A., were elected President and Secretary respectively.

The missionary meeting was more than ordinarily interesting, and was addressed by several ladies. The receipts from the circuits for missions were \$326 below last year.

Dr. Inch, who has long been connected with Mount Allison University, has accepted the appointment of Minister of Education for the Province. The Conference adopted a resolution regretting the loss which Mount Allison thus sustains, but thanked the Doctor for the services which he has rendered. Dr. Sutherland was asked to accept the Principalship, and on his decline,

Dr. Allison, an alumnus of Mount Allison and a former President, was appointed.

The Conference favours a union between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, or at least a scheme of co-operation which may prevent unnecessary outlay of men and money in those districts where the population is small.

Arrangements were made to celebrate the jubilee of the Educational Institutions of Sackville in January, 1893. Professor Andrews wants \$100,000 to be the minimum sum to be raised on the occasion; he would rather have a million of dollars, as it is contemplated to organize a school of Manual Training as preparatory to the school of Engineering and Applied Science; \$2,000 were subscribed by members of the Conference.

From the statistics of former years it appears that the Methodist Church between 1886 and 1890 increased at the rate of more than 9,000 per year. The increase in the Maritime Provinces was 1,772 during the four years.

Newfoundland Conference.—This Conference suffers greatly by the loss of ministers who remove to other Conferences, without receiving others in their places. This year Rev. G. J. Bond was transferred to Nova Scotia, and two to Manitoba, while two others withdrew to connect themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Two probationers were received into full connexion, and one superannuated minister returned to the active work. There are localities which are reported as greatly needing missionary labour.

During the Conference, the sum of \$14,000 was transferred to the President from the estate of the Hon. C. R. Ayre, for the building of the Connexional Orphanage.

The brethren are very earnest in their labours on behalf of temperance, and equally strong in their denunciations of the tobacco nuisance. Substantial progress is being made both numerically and financially; there is a net increase of fifty members.

Rev. Dr. Milligan, Superintendent

of Education, delivered an address, detailing minutely the great duty of the Church on this important subject. A missionary and a colporteur were appointed to labour on the coast of Labrador during the summer months.

Rev. James Nurse and G. P. Story sustain the offices of President and Secretary, respectively. Unless we are greatly mistaken, there is no Conference in the Methodist Church deserves more sympathy than Newfoundland. The ministers are true heroes, and they remind one very frequently of "the early Methodist preachers."

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This assembly met at Northampton, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Ferguson, D.D., and Mr. R. Clapham, was elected Vice-President, and the Rev. R. Bryant, Secretary. Twelve ministers died during the year.

An unusual occurrence took place. Three ministers from other churches were received into the ministry. Many Primitive Methodist ministers have in the past joined other churches, so that it seems the tide is now turning. Thirty-two candidates for the ministry were received.

A local preacher, Mr. A. S. Peake, B.A., had distinguished himself by a successful career, during which he had won the Merton Theological Fellowship of the value of \$1,000 for seven years. Only another Non-conformist in England holds the said Fellowship.

The Book Room report overflowed with grand facts, more than a million of magazines had been sold. The profits were \$21,500, of which \$19,000 were appropriated to the Superannuation Fund. The ministers' subscription to this fund is \$33 each.

Sixty-five places of worship have been erected during the past year, costing \$276,255. One minister was set apart to raise a Church Building Fund of at least \$250,000. One gentleman had given \$2,500 to Connexional Funds. Another undertakes to raise \$5,000, to erect a

chapel at the Connexional Orphanage. In future no person in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, or holding shares in any limited liability or joint stock company where intoxicating liquors are manufactured or sold, shall be a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held in Leeds. Rev. H. T. Marshall was elected President. The Missionary Fund is heavily oppressed with debt, somewhere about \$30,000. The question of union has long occupied the attention of the Connexion, but the Conference could not adopt the plan proposed for union with the Methodist Free Church, but very cordially agreed to exercise greater fraternal intercourse than in the past. The principal barrier in the way of success seems to be that the Free Church was opposed to the connexional principle, which the New Connexion holds very tenaciously. There is an increase of 211 members and 375 probationers. The mission in China returned 1,390 members, with 530 on trial. Within six months the missionaries had received thirty-nine invitations to open new places, in twenty of which services are now established. There are ten native students at the Training Institution.

A valuable relic was presented to the Conference, viz., John Wesley's copy of the New Testament, with his explanatory notes and corrections.

Rev. Dr. Watts and J. Medcraft, both of whom are known in Canada, were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Our exchanges mention a local preacher's convention at Garndiffaith, at which essays on early Methodism were read. Open-air services were held during the day very similar to such as were held in the early days of Methodism. At St. Helier a bazaar had been held, which raised \$1,500. Revivals are reported at several

places, and great efforts are being made for the reduction of chapel debts.

Letters received from the missionaries in China show that of late they have been greatly encouraged in their work. Though the opening of the mission is comparatively of recent date, the brethren have acquired the language, and are now regularly preaching the Gospel to thousands of the Chinese people. Having the beautiful province of Yunnan mainly to themselves, they occasionally visit a large number of places, preaching in the market-places and selling books, while in their halls they conduct regular religious services. One of the missionaries, on entering the city of Chao-Tung was greeted by a large company of young men shouting, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," which he thought was not a bad sign. And along the streets children gathered in crowds, some calling, others singing, "Je-su ngai O, O hsiao teh," i.e., "Jesu loves me, this I know," etc. Thus from previous visits the children had learned to reiterate the very message he had come to deliver.

The degree of D.C.L. was conferred at the Oxford encenie on the Hon. S. J. Way, Chief Justice of South Australia. Professor Bryce, in his Latin speech, in presenting him for the degree described him as a learned and just judge, and a friend of letters in a region remote but dear to Englishmen. The Chief Justice is a son of a deceased Bible Christian minister.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

Two missionaries are to be sent to East Africa immediately, another returns to West Africa, and yet another goes to China for three years.

The missionary income is \$3,945 increase, and a net increase of 115 members is reported on the foreign missions. It is intended to establish a Centenary Fund extending over three years, with the hope that \$75,000 may be raised.

SOUTH AFRICAN WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

It is only ten years since the mis-

sions in South Africa were formed into a Conference. It is largely missionary and has missions established among various tribes. At the late Conference there was an increase of 3,771 in the membership. The ordinary missionary income was more than \$20,000 in advance, and \$10,000 of debt had been discharged.

THE IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

Methodism has always had to struggle against almost inseparable difficulties in Ireland. The late census returns however states that there are now 7,000 more Methodists than when the last census was taken. The Conference consisted of 300 members in equal proportions of ministers and laymen. Eight young men finished their probation and were ordained, five ministers had died, one of whom, Rev. Dr. McKay, had been in the ministry fifty-one years; six others were made superannuates, one of whom had travelled forty-one years.

The "open session" when a general review was made respecting "the work of God" was very edifying. The increase in the membership was 287, more than 2,000 members were received during the year, but the losses by emigration, deaths, etc., were 1,643.

Dr. McMullen, who attended the General Conference in Montreal last year, was presented with a gold watch and chain by the members of Conference, as a token of esteem on the completion of fifty years in the ministry.

NEW ZEALAND WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held at Auckland, the most northern town in the colony. Some of the ministers travelled more than 1,000 miles to reach the Conference.

The "Conference Lecture" was delivered by the President, Rev. H. R. Dewsbury, the subject was "Prayer in Relation to Natural Laws," which "was treated eloquently and exhaustively." It was agreed to extend the ministerial term to five years as soon as it can be done legally.

ITEMS.

Rev. William Fawcett, D.D., of Chicago, recently handed a check to Dr. Potts for \$1,000, to endow a prize in Victoria College, to be known as Michael Fawcett Prize, which is to be given for the best essay on Methodism each year, and only to those students who intend entering the ministry.

China is again the scene of outrages, property belonging to the Roman Catholics and some Protestant churches have been destroyed. Mr. Argent of the *Joyful News* mission was killed.

There is a deficiency in the income of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South of \$20,000, and there is a debt of \$118,000, while urgent demands are being made for more labourers. The bishops have issued an appeal for increased contributions.

The corner-stone of the Scarritt Bible Training School for missionary workers has been laid in Kansas city. Dr. Scarritt left \$25,000 in his will for this object, on condition that a similar amount should be raised by the Methodist Church in the South. Special offerings were made on Easter Sunday for this object, and the amount was obtained.

The English Wesleyan Conference is now in session, with the Rev. Dr. Stephenson in the chair. There is an increase of 612 members with 213 on trial and 1,759 in junior classes, ninety-five candidates were received for the ministry; forty-eight new places had been erected, which will give an increase of 7,000 sittings. Sanction had been given for the erection of six ministers' houses and nine schools.

Bishop Taylor writes, "Lower down the Suire River at the Jacktam mission, not yet a year old, twenty little boys and girls repeated from memory the Ten Commandments, Apostles' Creed, etc., and sang. I gave them a talk. My interpreter was a boy eight years old, he was ready and emphatic in passing the word."

Bishop Tucker wants forty missionaries for Equatorial Africa.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Andrew Milliken, of London Conference, was called to his eternal home, June 9th. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1856 and laboured successfully on several hard fields of labour, but was not deterred from remaining the full time allotted by Conference. For a few years he was superannuated, during which time he was greatly afflicted, but he endured as seeing Him who is invisible, and now he has entered the joy of his Lord.

Rev. W. Pollard, died soon after the close of the British Columbia Conference. He was well known both in Ontario and Quebec, where he travelled several years in important circuits, and filled responsible offices. If he had survived another year he would have celebrated his jubilee. In 1871 he responded to the call of the Church and went to British Columbia, where he was abundant in labours until 1878, when the state of his health compelled him to ask for superannuation, henceforth he was in age and feebleness extreme, until the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher."

Rev. Joseph Wesley McCallum died in Toronto, June 29. He had suffered severely some time before his death, but no murmur escaped his lips. Brother McCallum commenced his itinerant career in 1841 and laboured faithfully for more than forty years, during which he was instrumental in accomplishing much good. He was greatly esteemed for his urbanity, and always ready to render assistance when able.

Rev. Luther O. Rice entered the Methodist ministry in 1840, and for more than thirty years he did much severe labour in country circuits. He was strong physically and could endure any amount of reasonable toil. In 1875 he took a superannuated relation, and after a few years went to the United States and spent the evening of his life with his children. He occasionally laboured in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was greatly beloved. He died in the State of Indiana in June last.

Book Notices.

Penological and Preventative Principles. By WILLIAM TALLACK, Secretary of the Howard Association. 8vo. Pp. xii.-414. London: Worthheimer, Lea & Co. Price \$2.80.

Mr. Tallack writes with the authority of an expert on this subject. As long ago as 1872 he wrote an important work on the facts of criminal administration. For more than twenty years Mr. Tallack has been Secretary of the Howard Association, whose object is the promotion of the best methods of the treatment and prevention of crime. In this more recent book he discusses the first principles in diminishing crime, pauperism and intemperance. He regards prison systems generally as unsatisfactory. He urges strongly prison separation and classification. He discusses life imprisonment, habitual offenders, "rescdivistes," prison labour, prison officers, aid to discharged prisoners, sentences, and forced labour, corporeal punishment, probation system, police administration, neglected youth and juvenile delinquency. On the subject of capital punishment he says that great inevitable difficulties in the application of this punishment have rendered its infliction unreliable, that the more certain but secondary punishment would, in general, be a safer one for the protection of society. Nearly half the persons sentenced to death in Great Britain have received commutation of that sentence, and more than three-fourths of the murderers escape the infliction of death in France, Germany, Austria, Russia and United States. The balance of the evidence seems to us to speak strongly against this extreme penalty. Sir George Denham declares, that "more, on the whole, is done by capital punishment to induce murders than to prevent them." Mr. Tallack states that in many cases the death penalty has been wrongly

inflicted. He gives several cases from 1867 down to 1889. The book is a classic on the subject, and should be studied by every penologist. It is thoroughly evangelical and recognizes Christ as the only hope of the world for virtue and happiness, and the cross as the chief basis for moral restriction and deterrence. The author brings a tremendous indictment against the drink habit.

Dorothea Dix. By FRANCIS TIFFANY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is the story of a very remarkable life, one of which too little is known. The study of this volume will be an intellectual and moral inspiration to those who read it. "Here is a woman," says the preface, "who, as the founder of vast and enduring institutions of mercy in America and in Europe, has simply no peer in the annals of Protestantism. To find her parallel in this respect it is necessary to go back to the lives of such memorable Roman Catholic women as St. Theresa of Spain, or Santa Chiara of Assisi, and to the amazing work they did in founding throughout Christendom great conventual establishments. Not in the winning of laurels, but in the succor of human misery, lay the dominating purpose of her life. A woman of great pride and dignity of character, fully conscious, too, of the immensity of the work she had achieved on two continents, she yet shrank in utter aversion from what seemed to her the degradation of mere public notoriety."

Born in 1802, and living to the advanced age of eighty-five, her life spans nearly the whole of the century.

Her story is worthy of comparison with that of Howard, the great prison reformer. Her special philan-

thropy was improving the condition of the insane. In pursuit of this object she travelled far and wide, from Halifax to Constantinople; influenced state, provincial and imperial legislatures, and ceased not from her labours till the infirmities of eighty years had made them no longer possible. The story is one of fascinating interest and is a record of dauntless endeavour and heroic achievement. "All her views of life took an idealistic shape. She craved the society of refined, intellectual and morally superior people. She revelled in poetry. She was a worshipper of intellectual greatness. She was full of heart-break for affliction. She drank in passionately the religious prophecies of teachers like Canning. And yet her love of knowledge, beauty and spirituality were at the last remove from selfish absorption in the pursuit of them. Poverty, ignorance and degradation distressed her as keenly as their opposites allured her; and the moment she could command the means she began to gather together the children of neglect and misery, to make them sharers in a richer life."

Jesus Christ and the People. By MARK GUY PEARSE, author of "Thoughts on Holiness," etc. London: Charles H. Kelly.

This is another of Mark Guy Pearse's beautiful discourses, given chiefly, we judge, in the West End Mission. They are illuminated by the spiritual insight, the poetic imagination, the quaint or touching story, and the conscience-gripping appeal by which this prince of preachers knows how to unfold, expound, and enforce the Word of God.

Old Mortality. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 12mo. Pp. vi.-504. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

At a literary club in Toronto not long since, a vote was taken as to the greatest of Scott's historical

novels, and "Old Mortality" carried off the palm by a large majority. It gives the most graphic and, we think on the whole, most correct estimate of the noble and heroic Scottish Covenanters that we know. It describes a heroic episode in the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Messrs. Ginn & Co. have done good service by this educational edition, in which the difficulties of the Scottish dialect are explained in copious foot notes and in compendious glossary.

Hand-book and Index to the Minutes of Conference: Showing the Growth and Development of the Wesleyan Methodist Constitution from the First Conference, 1744, to 1890. By the REV. CHARLES E. WANSBROUGH, with an introduction by the REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Toronto: William Briggs.

The title of this book is a sufficient indication of its character. It would be rather dry reading taken continuously, but is admirable for reference, and makes available nearly 150 volumes of Minutes which is otherwise merely a wilderness of words. An appendix gives a text of the Poll Deed and the form of discipline used in 1797.

The Expository Times is a high-class monthly, published by the famous house of T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. It is devoted to condensed reviews of New books and fuller treatment of expository topics. Mr. D. T. McAinsh, Toronto, is the Canadian agent. Price \$1 a year.

The April number of *The Methodist Quarterly* presents an able table of contents. It contains an article by Dr. Stafford, on "Unity of the Race." A paper by Dr. Johnston, on "Culture of the Voice." One by Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A., on the "Intermediate State." One on the "Pensées of Pascal," by Rev. Wm. Jackson; continuation of Professor Hirschfelder's discussion on Messianic Prophecy, and other papers.



A SWISS VALLEY—NETSTALL AND THE WIGGIS.

THE Methodist Magazine.

October, 1891.

PEASANT LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY AN AMERICAN CONSUL.



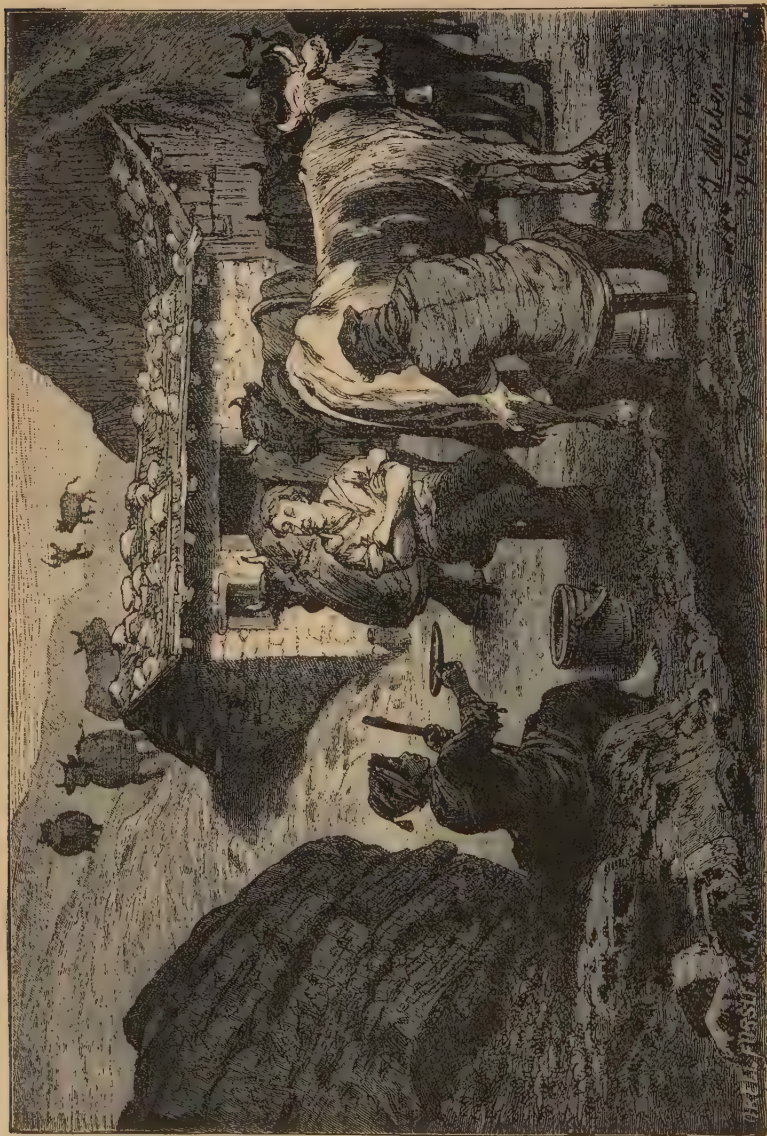
WAYSIDE CHAPEL IN THE TAUBEERWALD.

THE passing summer tourist learns comparatively little of the details of peasant life in the Swiss cantons. It is only one who has dwelt among the peasant folk and knows them intimately, like the writer of these pages, who can do justice to their industry, intelligence and achievement.

The Swiss peasants are as thrifty farmers as any in the world. An air of neatness, cleanliness and care is found in every country house. Of course, the farms are small—so very small as scarcely to be worth the name; but every inch of ground is tilled to the utmost it can bear. No other tilling would bring the peasants bread to eat. The agricultural implements used, however, are of the

most primitive character, such as the early Romans themselves might have used in ploughing round the walls of ancient

Turicum. Wooden mould-board ploughs are used, requiring half-a-dozen men and as many cows or oxen to get them over



the ground. Reapers, mowing-machines, hay-rakes, threshing machines, hay-lifters, and the like are little known to the Swiss farmer. The few tools used in farming are not only simple and

primitive in character, but are most awkwardly made. Some allowance can be made for the absence of modern farm implements, however, when it is considered that a full-sized American reaper would scarcely have room to turn around upon the diminutive farms of the Swiss cantons.

Fences are seldom used, and where handsome hedges, beautifully trimmed, are not growing, imaginary lines divide the little farms, lying a hundred on a single hill. The cattle, of course, are not allowed to run at large, but are carefully stalled, day and night, summer and winter, in close, dark stone barns. The darker the barn, the less the food consumed, seems to be the Swiss milkman's philosophy.

A peasant's cows and goats are his treasures, second only to his children. An acre or so of land and a half a dozen of the kind, mouse-coloured cows, is often all the store the Swiss peasant has. His cows produce him butter, milk and cheese for his own use and to spare.

He grows but little wheat or corn, and buys his flour, imported, nearly all, from Hungary. Himself, his wife, and children too, if not in school, must work, and work continually, out doors and in, to make the little farm and cows supply their wants, and have both ends meet at Christmas-time, when doctor's bill, and grocer's bill, and dry-goods bill must all be paid.

On rainy days and hours, between the out-door work and the in-door cares, the busy loom is plied, and the pretty woven silks add trifles of ready cash to the poor man's treasury. A sort of happiness is his, not born of contentment, but of a knowledge of the impossibility to him of better things. He has enough to eat, and drink and wear, but nothing more—not even this, if summer rains and late spring frosts or heavy storms should come.

In the many changes of the day, the old mountain villages of Switzerland, at least, remain, and nothing is more peculiar to, or characteristic of, the country than they. Wooden towns, centuries of age, standing on the green, grassy slopes of mountain sides, or nestling close up in little vales and glens, they give us back our heart's idea of Switzerland.

These Alpine towns, villages and hamlets represent a rural simplicity of life not found elsewhere in the world. The houses that make the towns are old, and the people who live in the houses are old; old in their ways, at least, and often very old in years. It is no uncommon thing to find in villages among the Alps men almost a century old, living in the house where they were born and where their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers were born, and where they lived and died. Who built

the old houses and the old villages, the oldest inhabitant can hardly tell. He knows only that his ancestors lived in these



CHANDOLIN, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, OVEN AND ALPINE ROSE.

same snuff-coloured huts, since a time whence "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Specimens of these rural Alpine towns are found in easy tramping reach of almost every place where tourists congregate. The villages differ in character of architecture and style, as do the people who live in them, in custom, character, and life. Two classes of houses, however, wood and stone, may, in one sense, be said to represent them all. In Swiss towns, the two principal houses are the country inn and the white stone church. There is no street. The country road leads past, not through, the groups of a dozen or so brown houses, scattered around upon the green grass. The houses are two, or two-and-a-half stories in height, with low ceilings, lined with pine. They are built with small pine or hemlock logs, dressed smooth and square, laid close, and dovetailed together at the corners, the projecting ends being often carved. The clapboard or shingle roof is kept in place by heavy stones and projects from four to eight feet beyond the walls of the house, which are sometimes covered with little round-ended shingles, a couple of inches broad. The ends of the rafters projecting beyond the walls are also dressed and sometimes carved. The windows, though very many in number, are very small in size. A little, shingled shelf, fastened to the front or gabled end, supports the family bee-hive, made of heavy braids of straw and conical in form. Two to three families usually live in a single house, and the silk loom finds a busy place in many a peasant's home. There are few or no fences, and only little, narrow, stony goat-paths lead over the grass that grows to the doorways of the houses. No paint is now, or ever has been, used in all the village; but time and sun and smoke have given every house, inside and outside, the very colour of a well-cured ham. The surroundings of the village are sloping meadows, high mountains, steep waterfalls, a fair, blue lake, walled to the clouds, grazing goats, and half-contented poverty. The summer, always short, is spent in cultivating a few potatoes, herding the goats, pressing the cheese, and cutting and carrying in the grass. The winter, always long, is spent in eating up the little that the summer gave, and in a struggle to keep from freezing. Both sexes work in the open air, and, notwithstanding their scanty rations and the sour wine, live long and heartily.

To save the trouble and expense of each one herding his own goats during the summer, a single shepherd is employed, who leads the whole drove into the higher Alps every morning and down to the huts at night. When the flock comes down at evening, each goat seeks out its own familiar hut and enters, to be milked and stalled till morning. When winter comes, the goats, with their increase, are returned to their respective owners, and

the huts remain empty until the grass appears on the upper mountains in the spring.



WOOD-GATHERERS.

The women of the house are said to earn the family living and do it at the needle's point, for the peasants of Appenzell and

St. Gall are long famous for the beautiful embroideries that supply so many markets of the world on both sides of the sea. There are now thirty or forty thousand peasant women in this district engaged in hand-embroidery, to supply a market as wide as the world. Some forty years ago, the art of making embroidery by machinery was introduced successfully, and, although similar machines had been cried down and almost mobbed out of existence, as bread thieves, many years before, the new art got upon its feet and now adds its millions of treasure to Swiss industry. But the hand embroidery goes on, notwithstanding the thousands of machines and notwithstanding the half blind eyes, the crooked backs, and the very trifling pay resulting



MUTTENSEE.—MOUNTAIN-LAKE.

from the work. There are peasants too poor to buy machines or to manage the business on anything like an extended scale, and there are plenty of patterns of embroidery that are more exquisitely made by hand than by any mere machine, however ingenious, and however cheaply done. The long days and the longer evenings through, the peasant girl and woman bow with weary eyes over their work. Sometimes under the shady trees,

sometimes out on the green meadows, but oftenest in the same old room at home, the tired fingers ply the needle for the miserable pittance of a couple of francs a day. The work is unhealthy in the extreme, as the great number of crooked spines, pale, wan cheeks, and spectacled eyes, attest. Though living on fair country meadows and breathing the pure mountain air, the embroidery girl has lost the red rose from her cheek and the brightness from her eye. Her breast is weak and, though she sings her mountain songs, her voice is low and the strain seems dull and sad.

The husband, in many of these peasant homes, is not the one who earns the bread. His life is one of comparative ease. He drives the goats, he mows a little hay, and wanders about as guide to tourists in the summer time. In the winter, he bakes himself upon the porcelain stove, or, with his lazy chums, lounges about the house, tells sailors' yarns, and smokes and puffs the long days and the long evenings through; while the female members of the house stitch, stitch continually before the little lamp that casts its concentrated rays upon the pattern and the gliding thread.

The life of the embroiderer is not only hard and irksome, but her food is scanty and very poor. Goats' milk, coffee, and potatoes, morning, noon, and night, is the common ration, year in, year out. A little honey now and then is a luxury, and an occasional bit of meat on a Sunday is a greater luxury still. With such work and with such living, there can be little heart or strength left to enjoy fully the extreme beauty and grandeur that nature has bestowed so lavishly upon the country. It is the wandering tourist who enjoys the picturesque villages, the bright costumes, the pleasant valleys, and the bracing atmosphere most. The one who enjoys Swiss country places most, is he who takes his little knapsack and staff and wanders away to the mountains alone, avoiding, as far as possible, the great hotels and the eager, rushing crowds. He will, if back from railroads and steamers, see Swiss village-life, and this village-life is the real one by which to judge the people of this mountain country. He will see that the farmers seldom live on farms, but in clusters of houses, hamlets, and villages. He will find the people early risers, simple and economical in life, and usually industrious. He will find that, as in Germany and France, the women work in the fields beside the men. He will find the people honest, though the greatest sticklers for little things. Patriotic he will find them all, and that to an extent not equalled elsewhere in the world. He will find a church in every hamlet, in every town—a pretty, comfortable

church outside, a cold and dreary one within, with hard, wooden seats, a cold, stone floor, and often sermons of a kind to correspond.



WILD GRASS CUTTERS.

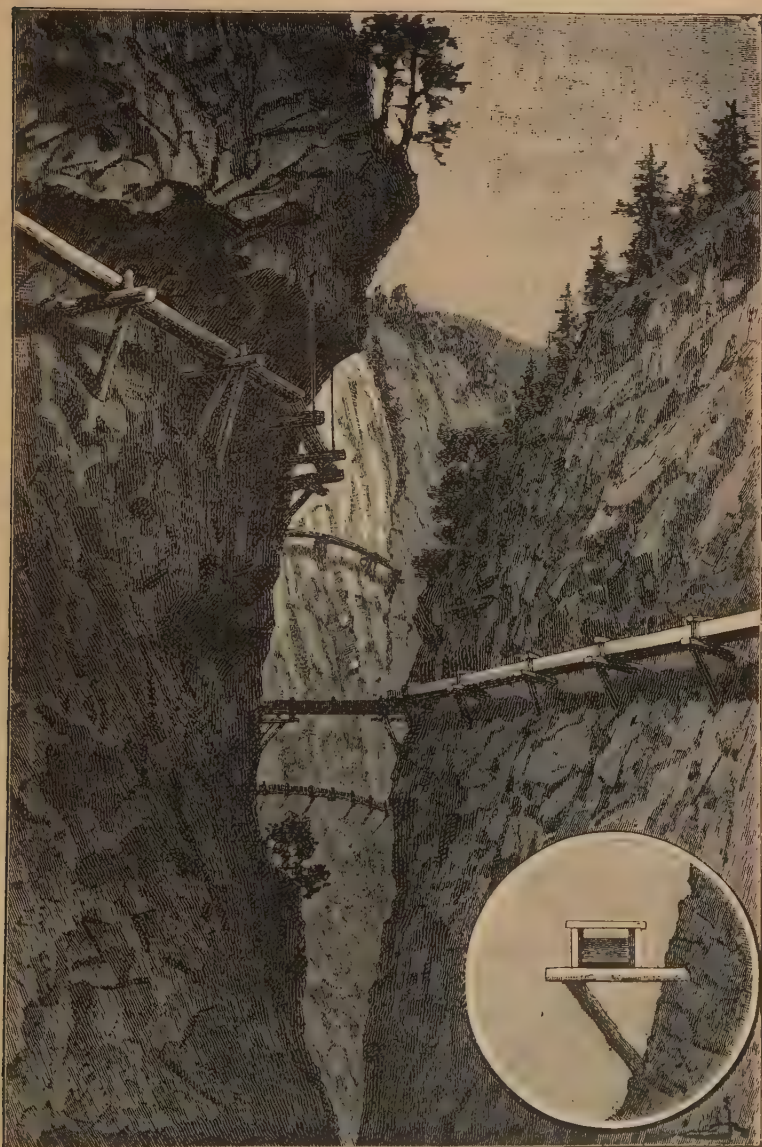
He will find many Swiss houses, built substantially of stone or wood, and comfortably large, but with low ceilings and narrow

halls, with a general look of discomfort and desolation within. He will find little furniture in the rooms and but few pictures on the walls, unless they be some patron saint or rude cuts of William Tell. He will find, too, that a village full of pleasant faces, home comforts, and industry here, may be neighbour to a village there, where thrift and industry and pleasantness were never known; so great is the change of circumstance noticed in the distance marked by a mountain, a river, or a vale. He will find in the fields and over all the farms, old, crippled ways of doing things that must have been old and crippled before the flood; and, should he hint at newer or better ways, his hint will provoke only a shoulder-shrug and a doubting laugh. He will find peasants living, not thriving, in places where goats alone can walk erect, and where men do not walk on level ground a dozen times a year. He will see some happy peasants; he will see more unhappy ones. He will see men and women bearing the summer crop of hay upon their heads, down mountain sides so very steep that only grass and shrubs can grow and keep from falling off.

He will find each villager a perfect shot and a good singer. Rifle corps and singing clubs parade with banners and drinking-horns continually. Like the Swiss people of the larger towns, the villagers have a tendency to clubism. Every male person must have his club or clubs as soon as he is out of school, or free from the restraint of parent or guardian; and the greatest joy a Switzer has, is to meet his club companions on a holiday, at feast or fair.

The Switzer peasant's cares are few and, like his income, very light. He mows his hay, he herds his goats, he prunes his vines, and leaves the outcome of the work to time. His taxes, if he be poor, are fortunately never great; yet there are many, many mortgaged farms, and many of the farming men are never out of debt. He is a democrat, and that of the straitest sect; for, though his worldly gear is bounded by a mortgaged farm, he has his goats and cows and grass and hands, and, better still, he has his vote and voice in every law that regulates his life. The great machine called government, is made in part by him, and his in part are all the forests, waters, roads, and mines, that lie within the boundary of his commune. The government that he has helped to make is, fortunately for him, not dear. The bills paid out to run the government machine are almost equalled by the bills paid in. Local taxes are usually comparatively small, as the schools, the church, and the roads, are always receiving help from the general fund.

The tourist contented with simple life and simple things, can live in these Alpine towns for half the amount expended in the

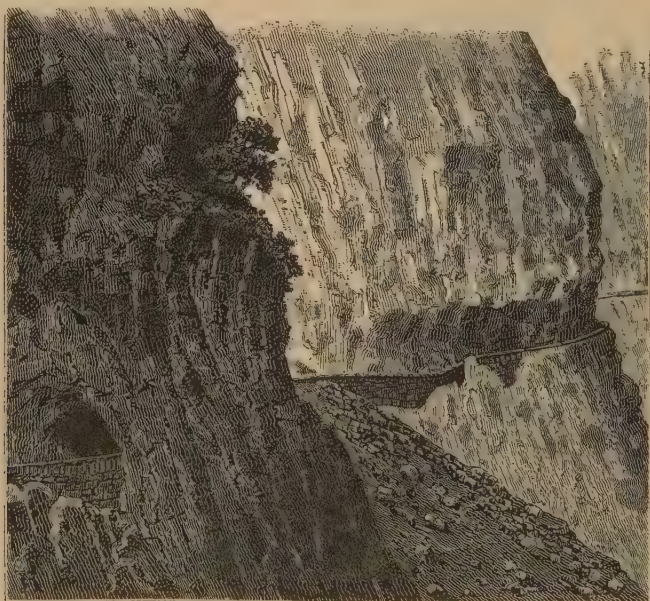


AQUEDUCT AND RAVINE OF GREDETSCH, NEAR MUNNEL.

large hotels, where tiresome *table d'hôtes*, vexatious bills, and dress, and noisy crowds, dispel all thought of rest. Four francs

a day will pay at the little Alpine inns for all the bread and cheese, and fish and milk an ordinary man can use, and there will be relief and a pleasure in looking at God's mountains and meadows and rivers free of charge. There is a freedom from restraint, a purity of air, an elasticity of heart and limb, that make a week spent in a high Alpine village worth a whole summer spent in the ordinary country towns.

We shall devote a few lines to the colossal undertakings of the Valais, namely to their system of irrigation, which is unique in its kind, and probably more complete and carefully regulated than any existing elsewhere. It is probable that the earliest of



AQUEDUCTS.

these aqueducts were constructed in Roman times; certain names still in use seem to point to this, as do also various remains of ancient conduits, evidently of remote origin. After the expulsion of the Saracens in the tenth century, the lateral valleys of the Rhone began to be reinhabited, and the mountain-slopes to be again cultivated and irrigated.

The construction of these aqueducts is for the most part a bold and hazardous undertaking. In many places the water employed is obtained at a height of more than 8,000 feet above the sea, at the foot of the glaciers, and the conduits are often from twenty-four to thirty miles in length. Their construction and main-

tenance involve considerable expense, difficulties and hindrances of various kinds often presenting themselves, especially in the loftier regions, where the pipes have to be carried along projecting or overhanging rocks. For long distances the conduits are hewn in the solid rock, or supported by means of masonry. Projecting rocks that could not be rounded have been tunnelled through, some of the tunnels being 1,300 feet in length. In the case of overhanging rocks the conduits are constructed of wood and supported by brackets, or, as is now often practised, fastened by means of iron rods, one end of which is let into the rock, while the other is suspended by a wire rope. This work involves no slight risk to the person employed in it, since he must be lowered by ropes over the precipice—the commune of Mund recently purchased a rope 4,000 feet in length for this purpose! In places where stones frequently fall, or where the conduits must be carried through glacial moraines and mounds of *débris*, the channels are cut deep into the mountain and covered either with logs, slabs of stone, or timber galleries. The ravines and fissures of the rocks are frequently crossed by boldly constructed bridges, and occasionally we meet with arched stone bridges, having up to seventy feet span. The Clavoz aqueduct has no less than seven bridges of masonry. In the Visp valleys the water is often conducted over the river.

The maintenance of these aqueducts is very costly, for it happens not infrequently that they are filled up or destroyed by heavy showers, to the great detriment of agriculture. It is usually necessary to clean them out every spring, and often this operation has to be repeated several times during the summer; in many places the wooden conduits are removed before the winter, especially where they would be liable to be destroyed by avalanches.

The cost of maintenance and superintendence is covered by the sale of the water. Every landowner receives a certain quantity of water during a certain period of the year, the amount being proportioned to the area of the farm.

The most striking example of the success of this system is afforded by the stretch of meadow-land known as the Champs-secs, between Sion and Brümis. It has not been ploughed up for 800 years, has, so to speak, never been manured, and yields nevertheless most abundant crops.

The total length of the aqueducts of Valais is over 5,000,000 feet, or nearly 1,000 miles; and taking the average cost at the low figure of 1s. 1d. per foot, we have a total of £270,000.



LEVUKA, CAPITAL OF FIJI.

JAMES CALVERT—THE HERO MISSIONARY OF FIJI.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



NATIVE HOUSE, FIJI.

It is quite true that the most marvellous novel of all is real history. The last fifty years has produced no romance equal to Fiji; nor have the last five hundred years of Christian history produced anything that is more instructive, suggestive and inspiring.

Dotting the vast Pacific some seventeen hundred miles north-east of Sydney, two hundred and twenty islands, more or less, form the Fijian Group. Volcanic disturbance and the ceaseless activity of those wonderful workers of the sea—the coral insects—have reared their unique paradises in the vast deep. The still, blue waters of the lagoons contrast strangely with the purplish indigo of the outside ocean. The emerald green waters that reveal the variegated coral beneath, flash with all the colours of the rainbow. All the wondrous beauties of the South Seas are clustered here.

The "Great Fiji" stretches for ninety miles with a width of fifty; and "Vanua Levu" is one hundred by twenty-five. On the broad expanse of shore, the sea-foam scatters itself even to the fringe of the cocoa-nut palms. Mountains rise with fretted

summits and in the most fantastic shapes. Tropical vegetation riots in the valleys, the outlets of whose rivers, into the ocean, form the invariable harbour—inlets to the lagoons—for no coral insect can live in fresh water.

Fifty years ago, a race of the worst cannibals on earth lived in



ONE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

these islands. They were the terror of every ship-captain, of every trader, of all other nations, white or black. They were a superior race in physical size and form, in intelligence and in the knowledge of many ingenious arts. They could make excellent cloth and pottery, mats and sails, baskets and mosquito-nets, and splendid canoes. Their style of hair-dressing was the envy of all surrounding heathendom, and even a Parisian artiste might well covet some of its extraordinary achievements.

The Fijian was a warrior by birth. He ate his enemies partly through revenge, partly as a religious rite, and partly be-

cause he liked human flesh. It was considered a great distinction for a chief to have eaten a great many. Two chiefs gloried in the fact that they had, between them, eaten about nine hundred human beings! Men sometimes killed and ate their wives.

Sometimes when the post-holes were being dug for a chief's house, he would make an offering to "earth-spirits" in the shape of a living man, in each hole with his arms around the post, and in that condition he was buried alive. War canoes were launched

on living human bodies, as rollers. It was considered the honourable thing for a wife to be strangled when her husband died. Sometimes a dozen or more wives of a chief were thus put to death and buried with their husband.

One of the first triumphs of the missionary was in getting the life of one of the wives of a chief spared. When the order came

TROPICAL FOLIAGE, FIJI.



that she should live, the holder of the strangling-cord indignantly exclaimed, "Then I suppose we are to die like nobody now!"

From immemorial ages, such had been the state of these savages. Must they remain so forever? So it seemed to human reason. But the Gospel is, indeed, the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth. It has made a man and a Christian of the brutal Fijian cannibal. It can save and ennoble the

vilest sort of humanity anywhere. The work God does, and the instruments He does it with, are often far out of the line of human calculation and choice.

In 1833, a Yorkshire lad had just completed his apprenticeship as a printer and bookbinder. He had no thought of any other position in life than that of a good tradesman. A short time previously he had been converted to God—a glorious change which has meant to many a man a career of usefulness little dreamed of by either himself or any one else. That boy did print and bind many books, and did it excellently well, but it was as a missionary of the Cross. It was James Calvert, the future triumphant missionary, the hero of Fiji.

Hunt and Calvert, two very plain and unpretentious men indeed, were the mighty apostles of this national miracle of



HOUSE OF NATIVES, FIJI.

evangelization. Calvert was accepted by the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the foreign field in 1837. After preparatory study in the Wesleyan Theological Institution at Hoxton, he, with two others—Hunt and Jagger—started for Fiji in 1838. Calvert took with him one of the greatest blessings God ever gives to men, a thoroughly good and suitable wife. Through all his subsequent career in Fiji, she proved his equal in every element of Christian excellence.

The two landed, and began work at Lakemba. The landing of any other white man or woman would have almost certainly meant a bit of savoury fresh meat for the ferocious Tui Nayau—king of Lakemba. They would have been on their way to the “ovens” within an hour. How came it to pass that these two lived there unharmed for ten years, and some twenty years more in Fiji after that? The answer to that question has a human, as

well as a divine, side. It was to the interest of these savages to let them live. The missionary's power to help the sick and to teach new arts has often been of inestimable service in heathen lands. The ability of the most degraded nations to perceive something of the religious objects of such a man's work, is often surprising. These cannibals knew at once what this man and woman came there for—to persuade them to "Lotu," as they called becoming Christians. King George, of Tonga—whom they respected because they feared him—had told them it was a good thing to "Lotu," and that they must not harm the missionary.

The extraordinary heroism of Calvert and his wife, certainly the highest of the high, impressed these savages. They never hesitated to reprove the mightiest and most brutal king of Fiji.

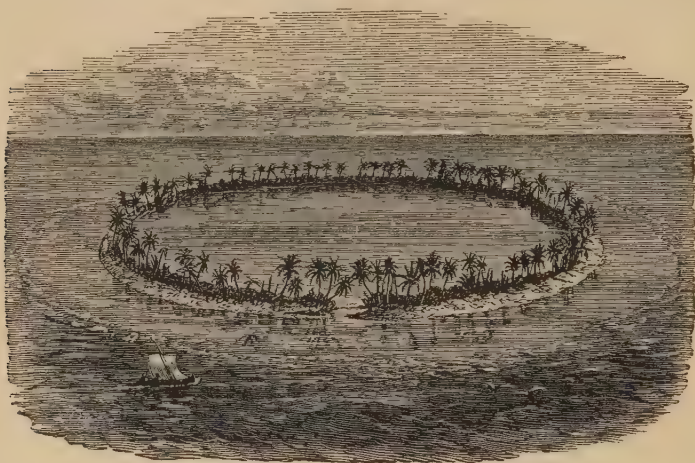


BURE, OR HEATHEN TEMPLE, FIJI.

It was done respectfully but unflinchingly. Many a lesson these savage monarchs learned of the supreme dignity and fearlessness of these defenceless strangers.

Tui Nayau's daughter was sick. Mr. Calvert was sent for to give her medicine. He went, but the sick girl got worse, and the king cried out, "You have killed my daughter." Mr. Calvert expressed his indignation at such a charge after he had been good enough to use the medicine sent from England for his own family. Next morning she got better, and the king sent for medicine for another of his children who was ill. Mr. Calvert's message was, "Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night, and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time." This reply brought an apology, and after some delay the medicine was sent.

On another occasion, when King Tanoa, of Bau, was visited by the Mbtuni tribe bringing large offerings of spoil, Ngavindi, one of his head men, was sent out to capture enemies or friends for a cannibal feast. Some women were seen fishing. Fourteen were seized and brought to Bau. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Lyth, his associate at that time, were away. Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth started for the king's house. The sound of death drums and the firing of muskets told them that the butchery* was going on. They rushed into the very presence of the king—where no woman was ever allowed to enter—and boldly made their request. Tanoa was stunned by their audacity, and ordered the murder to stop. Nine had already perished, but the remaining five were



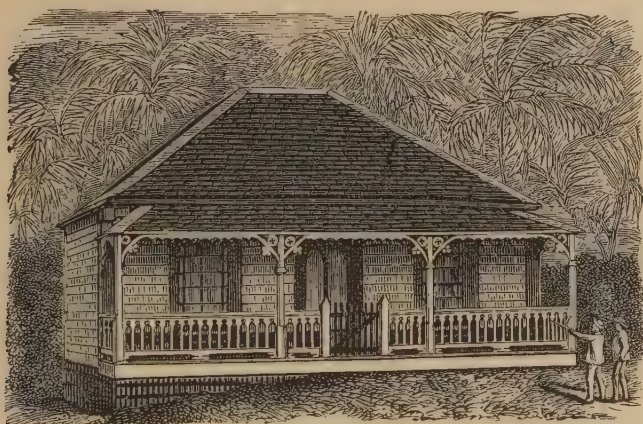
CORAL ISLAND IN FORMATION, FIJI.

set at liberty. Nothing could exceed the consummate tact, the splendid discretion, and the unbounded labours, of these servants of God. But after all, it was not to these they owed either their safety or their success. It was God who sent these missionaries to Fiji. His protection was over them. His blessing was upon their work.

One great chief after another was converted, but the most remarkable of all was the conversion of Thakombaw, the most powerful monarch of Fiji. Captain Erskine, of H.M.S. *Havannah*, who visited Fiji in 1849, thus describes Thakombaw: "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief. Of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned. His countenance with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his

immense head of hair covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly-tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of his skin—a clear but decided black; and in spite of his paucity of attire, he looked every inch a king.”

Years of faithful effort and earnest prayer were at last crowned with success. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address the assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured; widows whose husbands he had slain; people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders. Those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he



WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, OVALAN, FIJI.

had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaw said:

“I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said ‘I will continue to fight.’ God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation, but now I know that it was the Lord’s doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.”

He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives, and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydia Samanunu. From this time, he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and

the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest and consistent Christian. He died in 1883,

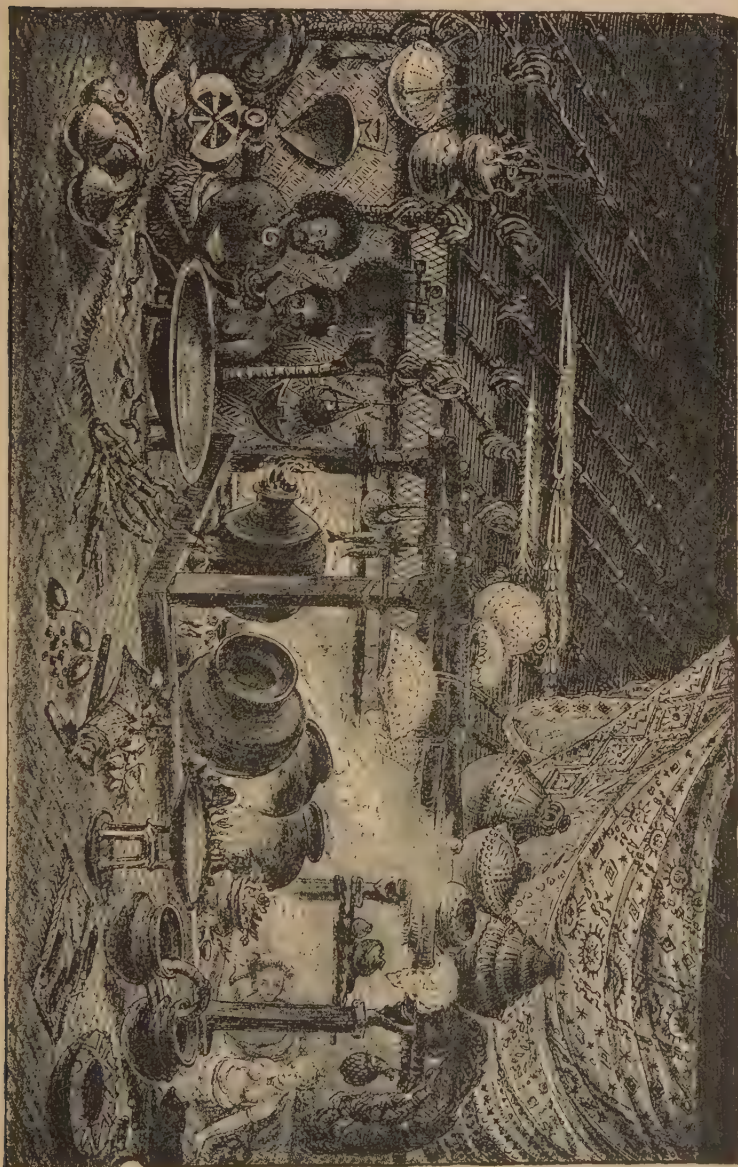


WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND MISSION PREMISES, BAU, FIJI.

and the *Fijian Times*, a secular paper, said, "His influence on the side of Christianity, and of good in general, has been greater than that of any chief or combination of chiefs throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism, he has led a worthy life; and, eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness and disregard of

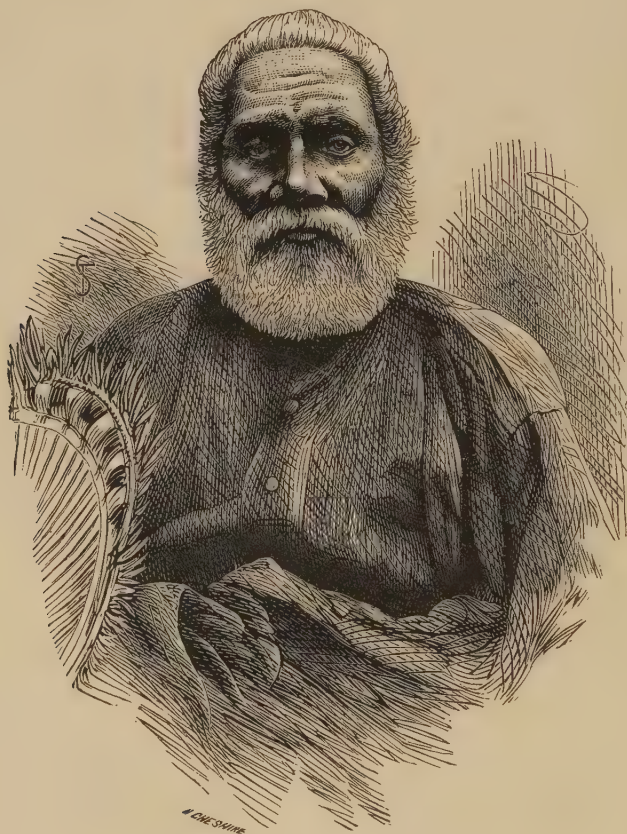
human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people."

A CHIEF'S KITCHEN, FIJI



The conversion of Fiji was pre-eminently God's work—the work of the Holy Spirit. These magnificent missionaries of the

Cross never forgot that—but perhaps it was, lest *they* should, and still more, lest *we should*, ever forget the supreme glory due to the Divine Spirit, God's *direct* hand was sometimes wonderfully seen. The work at Ono was a remarkable instance of this. Ono is the chief island of a group situated one hundred and fifty miles south of Lakemba and the most southerly extremity of Fiji.



THAKOMBAW, LATE KING OF FIJI.

Without any prompting except that which must have come from God's good spirit, these people began to grope from their own deep heathen darkness towards the light:

“An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.”

In 1835, about the same time that the mission to Fiji was com-

menced, a desire arose among these people for better gods than they had. One of their chiefs had heard from a friendly islander that there was but one God, and that one day in seven ought to be set apart for His worship. As soon as this news reached them, they determined to worship this unknown God. A difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest. Moved either by fear, or compassion, or honour, he consented, and asked this new God to keep and bless the people, at the same time acknowledging that he himself worshipped a different god, and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbours. This kind of worship continued while the longing for more knowledge grew upon them every day. It was a long time before their wishes for a teacher could be made known. A storm drove a boat full of Tongans—returning home—far out of their course. They landed on an island fifty miles from Ono. One of them was a Christian, and when he heard of what was going on at Ono, went there and taught them what he knew. When a regular Christian teacher reached them, he found one hundred and twenty persons who had renounced heathenism. The work spread on every hand. The missionaries bore testimony that, "Of all the work in Fiji that at Ono has been the most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands." The genuine and sturdy character of the religion of these Fijian converts has proved itself on many signal occasions. Manfully have many of them endured persecution, exile and death, rather than compromise their principles.

They became some of the most rigid Sabbath-keepers in the world. This was severely tested in 1874 and 1875, when the Balolo festival occurred on Sunday. To use Miss Gordon Cumming's description, "The balolo is a small sea-worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli. Only on one day in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the look-out for them. At certain well-known points near the reefs the whole sea, to the depth of several inches, is simply alive with them. As the day dawns these mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depths; nor will another be seen for twelve months. Well do the natives know how needless it would be to look for one after sunrise, so all the canoes then return to land, wrap their balolo in bread-fruit leaves, cook them in ovens and have a great feast. In both these years the balolo rose on Sunday, but *not one canoe* was put to sea except by some Roman Catholics." Miss Cumming adds, "Certainly, they are the most devout race for Christians that I have ever seen."

In 1885, the jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two, left England to attend it. Referring



HOT SPRINGS, ISLE NGAU, FIJI

to this visit, he said: "In 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885 there was not

an avowed heathen in all the eighty inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now, marriage is sacred, family worship regularly [conducted, schools everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prosperous. The language



DANIEL AFEE, NATIVE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

has been reduced to written form, and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. Eight thousand copies of the Bible in two editions, and fifty thousand of the New Testament have been purchased. Catechisms, with Scripture proofs, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable 'Christian Theology,' have been widely circulated. We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and ever

confirmed His Word with signs following. These converts were whole-hearted and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read and known and felt by all who knew them. It is a grand thing anywhere to have persons pardoned, renewed, sanctified, made new creatures in Christ Jesus. This personal Christian experience told amazingly among the dark and simple-minded Fijians, and it tells everywhere. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands, to preach Christ in other tongues. This many of them do successfully." Well might Mr. Calvert add, "What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved one, but it is extremely important as it affords hope and encouragement to pray and work and give for the salvation of the vast populations of China and India, Africa and the whole world. Christ tasted death for every man in the whole world, and 'to Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet.' "

THE hammer of Thy discipline, O Lord,
Strikes fast and hard ! Life's anvil rings again
To Thy strong strokes. And yet we know 'tis then
That from the heart's hot iron, all abroad
The rich glow spreads. Great Fashioner Divine—
Who sparest not, in Thy far-seeing plan,
The blows that shape the character of man,
Or fire that makes him yield to touch of Thine—
Strike on, if so Thou wilt ! For Thou alone
Canst rightly test the temper of our will,
Or tell how these base metals may fulfil
Thy purpose—making all our life Thine own.
Only, we do beseech Thee—let the pain
Of fiery ordeals through which we go,
Shed all around us such a warmth and glow,
Such cheerful show'rs of sparks in golden rain,
That hard hearts may be melted, cold hearts fired,
And callous hearts be taught to feel and see
That discipline is more to be desired
Than all the ease that keeps us back from Thee.

—*Mary E. Roper.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE recent death of James Russell Lowell removes another star from that galaxy of brilliant poets and authors who gave to Cambridge, Massachusetts, its conspicuous literary prominence. The sole surviving member of that bright company is now the venerable Dr. Holmes, lingering like "the last leaf," of which he so pathetically sings, when all its companions have withered and gone. The Quaker poet, Whittier, and the erratic genius, Walt Whitman, are, with Dr. Holmes, the only remaining singers of the distinguished company who won for American poetry distinct

recognition, both at home and abroad. Indeed, an English critic says of the deceased poet, "To Mr. Lowell belongs the supreme distinction of having written the only great poetry yet produced on this continent, the 'Commemoration Ode,' a poem, which rises to the height of the greatest achievement yet wrought on these shores, and sustains itself with a noble breadth of thought and fulness of emotion."

We do not rank Lowell so high as this. We think that for versatility, for exquisite poetical conception and execution, for sweetness of rhythm, Longfellow far surpasses him. But, unquestionably, by the death of Lowell a great singer has ceased to exist among men. We have not time nor space for more than a very brief notice of his life and work. The outline of these we condense as follows:

"James Russell Lowell was a son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, an eminent clergyman of Boston. He was born in 1819, and received his education at Harvard College, where he graduated at twenty years of age. On leaving college, he turned his attention to the study of the law; but his life has been chiefly devoted to literary pursuits. In addition to his poetical works, he is well known as a contributor to several journals, besides having edited for some time *The Atlantic Monthly*, and later, *The North American Review*, with marked ability. As United States Minister to Spain, and later to Great Britain, he maintained the dignity of his country by his high character and distinguished ability.

"Mr. Lowell was a true poet, and evidently felt the sanctity of the poetical vocation. The tone of his compositions is singularly high-minded, vigorous and pure; there is nothing mawkish or feeble about them. Many of his pieces impress us forcibly with the idea of great power of imagination, scattering its wealth with singular profuseness, and of daring originality of conception.

"The descriptive power shown in many of his poems is one of their most striking merits. The poet's eye catches even the most minute tracery of Nature's works, and the most rapidly fleeting of her aspects, and depicts them in verse with startling distinctness. His love of Nature is genuine, and the beauty of her majestic countenance has evidently sunk deep into his soul with elevating and refreshing influences. His imagination is vivid, and his fancy fruitful in fine images. We are frequently struck with a nice and delicate power of observation, and sometimes detect a searching glance, which shows the power of looking deeper into man's nature than he has usually done. We are pleased, too, with his purity and elevation of feeling. Morally speaking, there is not a line which, dying, he could wish to blot

out. Especially do we like the reverence which he shows for woman, and that love of ideal beauty, which takes from the passion, and adds to the sentiment, of love.

"The swift movement of Mr. Lowell's verses, and the daring energy of his conceptions, show that his genius inclines to the lyric form of poetry. He is master, indeed, of all the chords of the lyre, and strikes them with a bold and impetuous hand, till they ring out in loud but harmonious concert.

"The chief fault of Mr. Lowell's poems, is their want of compression. Redundancy, both of thought and expression, is the principal fault which we think the critical reader will be disposed to find with them. Sometimes, too, at the end of a fine poetical piece, a long moral application is appended, like the 'improvements' in the old Puritanical sermons."

One of Lowell's finest poems, in which he gives expression to what seems to us the very essence of Christianity, is his "Vision of Sir Launfal," the substance of which we abridge as follows:

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail ; *
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.

"The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright :
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,

* The Holy Grail, it will be remembered, was the cup out of which Jesus partook with His disciples the last supper. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

“Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.”

After years of vain quest for the Holy Grail Sir Launfal returns only to be spurned from his own castle.

“Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom sate ;
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
 Little he recked of his earldom’s loss
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

“Sir Launfal’s raiment thin and spare
 Was idle mail ’gainst the barbed air,
 For it was just at the Christmas-time ;
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
 In the light and warmth of long ago ;
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
 O’er the edge of the desert, black and small,
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
 He can count the camels in the sun,
 As over the red-hot sands they pass
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
 And with its own self like an infant played,
 And waved its signal of palms.

“‘For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms ;’
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blached bone,
 That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

“And Sir Launfal said,—‘I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree ;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
 Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,—
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side :
 Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me ;
 Behold through Him I give to thee !’

“ Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust ;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink ;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

“ As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

“ And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
' Lo, it is I, be not afraid !
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungry neighbour, and Me.' ”

One of the noblest characteristics of Lowell's poems is his intense moral earnestness, and his burning love of freedom as evinced in the following verses :

“ THE CRISIS.

“ When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

“ Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

"THE FATHERLAND.

"Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

"Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!"

"TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

"O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day burst!

"What! shall one monk scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, YES; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain !
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

"ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

"I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,—
One onward step of Truth from age to age.

"Men slay the prophets ; fagot, rack and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past ;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.

"No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name."

Nor is the tender, pathetic and tearful interest wanting in his poetry. Callous must be the soul that can read without emotion his touching poem, entitled, "The First Snow Fall":

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

"I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

"Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, 'Father, who makes it snow ?'
And I told of the good All Father
Who cares for us here below.

"Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

"I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

"And again to the child I whispered,
'The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall.'

“Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That my kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.”

His protest against man's inhumanity to man which “makes countless thousands mourn” rings out in his noble “Parable,” from which we can quote only a few lines :

“Said Christ our Lord, ‘I will go and see
 How the men, my brethren, believe in Me.’
 He passed not again through the gate of birth,
 But made Himself known to the children of earth. . . .

“Then Christ sought out an artisan,
 A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
 And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
 Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

“These set He in the midst of them,
 And as they drew back their garment-hem,
 For fear of defilement, ‘Lo, here,’ said He,
 ‘The images ye have made of Me !’ ”

A notable feature of his poetry is his sonnets. That on “The Street,” strikes us as grand as Woodsworth at his best.

“They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
 Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
 Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds
 Wherein their souls were buried long ago :
 They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
 They cast their hope of human-kind away,
 With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
 And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay :
 Lo ! how they wander round the world, their grave,
 Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
 Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
 ‘We, only, truly live, but ye are dead.’
 Alas ! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
 A dead soul's epitaph in every face ! ”

Lowell seems to us unquestionably the finest humorist that America has produced ; but the intense moral purpose, the burning scorn of wrong, and hatred of war, cruelty and oppression, give his Biglow Papers a moral dignity shared by no other satirical verses that we know. Indeed, that moral purpose is the only excuse for their biting irony, and sharp sarcasm.

“Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
 There you hev it plain an' flat ;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that. . . .

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

"Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
 Ef it's right to go amowin'
 Feller-men like oats an' rye?
 I dunno but wut it 's pooty
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
 But it's curus Christian dooty
 This 'ere cutting folk's throats. . . .

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
 She's akneeling with the rest,
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
 In her grand old eagle-nest;
 She thet ough' to stand so fearless
 While the wracks are round her hurled,
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless
 To the oppressed of all the world!

"Let our dear old Bay State proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South. . . .
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

"What Mr. Robinson Thinks" was a great favourite with the late Abraham Lincoln, who, though called to power amid the throes of the greatest civil war the world has ever seen, was yet an ardent lover of peace.

"We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
 With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 That th' apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

“THE WAR CRY.”

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



IN the stately marble corridor of
the fine uptown hotel,
The favourite lounge of drummer,
of tourist and of swell,
In little knots and circles, in trios
and in pairs,
The idlers chatted blithely 'midst
smoke-wreaths from cigars.

The drummer from Kentucky (in
the wine and liquor line),
Was spinning funny stories in his
usual genial vein,
And bursts of merry laughter ac-
claimed each happy hit,
Like thunder peals responding to
the lightning flash of wit.

Within the vaulted entry, and across the polished tiles,
To'rd the group of flippant gossips, under fire of rakish smiles,
Came a pair of mild-faced maidens, clad in modest navy blue,
And scoop bonnets of the Army, with the badge of crimson hue.

And with gentle step approaching, as the loungers “stood at ease,”
Spake in accents low and winning—“Will you buy a *War Cry*, please?”
Holding out a sample paper from the bundle that each bore—
“Will you please to buy a copy—it will tell you of the war.”

“Bless my soul!” exclaimed the drummer with an air of mock alarm,
Putting up his gold-rimmed pince-nez—“a *War Cry*—little marm?
Why, I thought the war was over and ended long ere this?
Been another Indian slaughter—or what's the matter, Miss?”

A smile went round the circle at this clever, ready jest,
And the hand that held the paper trembled as it fell to rest;
But upon the jester's features the Lass's eyes were set,—
The sweetest yet the saddest eyes his glance had ever met.

“No,” she said, in earnest, quavering tones, and tears were in her voice,
“The war is not yet ended, nor the time come to rejoice;
With dead and dying comrades the trenches yet are filled,
And the field is strewn with victims—but not by Indians killed.

"'Tis sinful human passion, the lust and greed of gold,
That slaughters these our brothers to-day in hosts untold ;
That slays them, not with bullets, but with ardent spirits fell,
With wine, and beer, and whiskey—the artillery of hell !

"O Sir ! are you a helper in this awful work of woe ?
Do eyes of murdered babies glare icily at *you* ?
Do ghosts of famished mothers and wraiths of ruined sons
Cry from the tombs for vengeance on *you*, who man the guns ?

"May God forbid ! but O, Sir ! this long and weary war
Is raging all about us—that's why this badge we wear ;
And you, who praise the soldier who faces shot and shell,
Have you no manly honour for us who fight as well ?

"Think you we find it easy or pleasant thus to go
Where mocking laughter greets us—two women weak ?—oh, no !
But our dear Master's colours we dare to hold aloft,
And bear, as once He bore for us, the taunt, the jeer, the scoff !

"'Tis for your souls we labour, we do not prize your gold,
But oh ! don't slight our Master, His love can ne'er be told ;
You do not mean to be unkind, your hearts are not all bad,
But your thoughtless mirth makes sadder our souls already sad."

No man in all that circle now wore a leering smile,
But moistened eyes were fixed upon that face so free of guile ;
And when the Lass ceased speaking, the jester, ill at ease,
Said huskily, "God bless you ; sell me a *War Cry*, please !"
TORONTO, August 28th.

NOT ALONE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

I'm not alone, where'er I be,
Though face of man nowhere I see.

The mountain peak
I ofttimes seek,
For God is always there with me.

If on the breaking sea I go,
The sky above, the depths below,

My God is here :
I will not fear,
For solitude I can not know.

I seek the forest's holy aisles,
Through which the golden sunlight
smiles ;

God's presence there
Is in the air,
And every lonely thought beguiles.

Go where I will, by land or sea,
His presence ever follows me.

I will not fear,
For He is near,
Why should I ever lonely be ?

METHODISM AND MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, D.D.

SEVEN or eight hundreds of millions of our fellowmen are still pagan and under pagan governments. Four or five hundred millions are under Christian, or so-called Christian governments, of whom two or three hundred millions are still pagan. Of nominal Christians, the majority belong to a paganized form of Greek or Roman Catholicism. Of the apparently small remnant left the majority stand aloof from the Christian Church, either as avowed unbelievers or practical neglecters of religion. And in all these lands, so full of Gospel light, iniquity abounds. Does this gloomy outlook appal? Has God's plan to save the world failed, and are His promises and prophecies false? God forbid.

From the very first God indicated that His gracious purposes towards man should be carried out by the union of the divine and the human, the co-operation of God and man.

The Roman Church came to temporal rule, and was needed to hold together in some shape the chaotic elements of Europe when the Empire expired, and she grew into the idea that her sway over nation and governments represented the idea of Christ's kingdom among men.

The Church of England became largely Protestant in its theology when England revolted from the rule of Rome, but inherited much from the old Romanism which it replaced as a national church; its ecclesiasticism had been made to fit into the society of the time, and all its developments tended to make it tenacious of old forms, social and political.

The other great Churches of the Reformation broke more thoroughly away from the trammels of Rome. After the din of confusion in which the Covenanters and the Puritans were tried had passed away, we find them growing up into an intellectual Church which has made Scotland and New England the school-masters of the world, and made Presbyterianism and Puritanism powerful in the councils of nations. After the early contentions were over and a new spiritual life had touched them, the Churches of Scotland and kindred ones awakened to missionary effort, and gave birth to some of the grandest missionaries of all time.

Methodism arose in a time of spiritual torpor and moral stagnation—arose to awaken all the Churches and to lead Christendom to a profounder spiritual revival and a grander

moral uplifting than had ever been known in the world's history. It is well known to review the relation which Methodism bears to the evangelization of the world—her present attitude, her responsibility, her advantages and disadvantages—and what is the need of the hour to enable her to do what Providence intends that she should accomplish.

In attempting to deal with this question I shall look at it from the different standpoints of our doctrinal teaching, our organization, our educational facilities, and the motive power on which we rely for the sinews of war.

In the points I have indicated we have the human elements of our Church life, and these I emphasize, not because I would overlook the need of the Divine Presence as the source of spiritual power, but taking that for granted, we have the human elements as our theme. I pause, however, just long enough to say that I can conceive of nothing more bare and ghastly than Methodism without this Divine vital energy. Methodism without the Divine revival power, becomes a great grinding piece of machinery, where conferences become a scrabbling point of culmination for a year's wire-pulling of preachers for the fattest appointments possible, and of circuits for the biggest preachers to be had. Then alas for the missionary spirit!

I.—As to Doctrinal Teaching.

Truth is divine, Science is human, Christianity is divine, Theology is human. Revelation is divine, exposition, whether spoken or printed, with the sanction of the Church or without it, is human and fallible and should be open to correction, for "we know in part and we prophesy in part" only. The history of Protestantism makes one thing very clear to us, and that is, that while men are men there can never be absolute uniformity of doctrinal belief and statement. Methodism the world over, has one theology. But her theology is more practical, for with all due deference to Watson, and Pope, and Raymond, and a multitude of other writers, no satisfactory theology of Methodism has yet been published. The fathers of Methodism took great fundamental principles of God's revelation—took them on their knees untrammelled of the scholasticism of the past—took them as lessons of God to solve the world's problem of that particular time. They found those which fitted the world's heart, and gave them to their children forever. The children take these same fundamentals and translate them into the thought and language of their own times, their theology more largely shown in holy lives and spiritual power than in books. The true preacher is no mere echo of the voice of the

fathers; their preaching suited the times, their usages fitted their days. The live preacher of to-day must be an embodiment of his theology and fit it by utterance and plan of work to the day in which he lives. The hurdy-gurdy preacher who grinds out varieties of Wesley and Watson to the tune of a generation ago, is no help to build up or extend in the mission fields the borders of our Methodism. If all these hurdy-gurdy preachers and theologies and usages could be laid on the shelf, and living, intelligent preaching and guidance be substituted, the problem of many of our missions in this land, that have been missions from ten to fifty years, would be solved by their speedily becoming self-supporting circuits. And above all things, let our pioneer stations, our Indian missions, and our foreign work, be spared the bane of these anachromistic echoes, but let them be manned by men whose intelligence is set on fire of God, "living epistles read and known of all men."

II.—As to Organization.

The Church is divine; the churches are human. There is nothing which so soon ossifies as ecclesiastical arrangements, so that they grow into a sacred machinery which it becomes a sacrilege to touch. The fathers of Methodism were great organizers, adapting their rules to the exigencies of the times, ready to discard anything that was useless, and to accept anything that proved useful in their great work. Their children solidified their organization, and almost began to worship it as divine; their grandchildren are now finding out that fossilizing does not succeed, and hence is unMethodistic. Methodism can work in any organization and succeed, hence the organization is not Methodism. In monarchical England it succeeds best in democratic form; in republican America in episcopal uniform; in the democratic-monarchical Dominion of Canada in a sort of heterogeneous mixture of the two; anything to any land or people so long as it works. A generation ago Methodism was in danger of fossilizing on a narrow line, lopping off the zone of her activities, both below and above; so that the late Luke Wiseman, one of England's grandest Methodists, had to warn her against idolizing machinery and sacrificing men. Twenty-five years ago English Methodists had no place for a man whom God had called to make a large evangelistic movement among the lowest classes of the unwashed; and Booth had to go out of the ranks of Methodism to organize a Salvation Army which now ministers to millions.

There has been a notable reaction against this idolatry of the machine since the great Ecumenical Conference in London, notably

in Canada, where the apparently impossible has taken place, in the union, by mutual concession, of all branches of Methodism, excepting the Evangelical Association—and that by an oversight of the larger bodies. Men say we need no new machinery; work the old well. I reply, if man were an automaton, and history would stop revolving, and time cease rushing, and humanity stop growing, and opportunities for the Church cease opening, we might stop and say that our machinery was final.

“ ’Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
Worshippers of light ancestral, make our present light a crime :
Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards, steered by men behind their
time ?
Turn those tracks towards Past or Future that make Plymouth Rock
sublime ?

“ They were men of present valour, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was in the Past's.
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

“ New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient things uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! We ourselves must pilgrims be ;
Launch our *Mayflower* and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's old rusty key.”

And what has all that to do with the mission problem ? Simply this, that we must not expect our missionaries in foreign lands to be propagandists of an organization, but to plant Methodism, so far as we know it to be divine, as a means of bringing the people to God. How much more honouring to God and creditable to our ourselves and useful to the people, if we could cease our propagandism of sectarianism, unite in building up one united independent Methodism that would be a mighty factor in the land, and leave to the people themselves largely the choice of the organization most suitable to themselves.

III.—As to Education.

The powers of the human mind are given of God for a definite work; the highest type of that work can be accomplished only by the highest mental culture, as physical results can be obtained only by the best physical culture. It would seem as though, with our doctrines of consecration to God, Methodism would seek to develop the highest type of mind as an offering to God, and not

be satisfied with the halt and the lame, the blemished offering. And yet it is just here where lies the secret of the weak spots in Methodism to-day, the one thing in which, above all others, we need to bestir ourselves. Of all places I know of, there is none where humiliation of heart on this account is more appropriate than in this Canada of ours. We have not begun to measure up to the conceptions of our own fathers of forty or fifty years ago, and an immediate forward movement of our Church as a whole must take place, or we shall shortly feel more keenly than ever the fruits of deserved degradation in retrograde Methodism. In the matter of a middling education, Methodism has done much; for higher education, very little in comparison with what she ought to do, and do at once. In all our educational discussions one wide-reaching point seems largely to have been overlooked, and that is, that our Christian colleges are not simply to guard the individual student by religious training and religious influence, important as that may be, but to guard the education of the age and mould the thought of generations yet to be.

And that brings us again to the question, What has that to do with missions? Much—every way; and chiefly this: Whatever you do with self-supporting and self-sufficient circuits that pay their way or deliberately starve their ministers, for God's sake and the Church's sake keep your average man out of missions that are paid from funds raised to extend the Redeemer's kingdom and bring the world to God. When we come to select men for the foreign missions, it is simply the quintessence of folly to send any but the keenest intellects, and the ripest scholarship, to grapple with the men and the systems of India, China, Japan, and other lands of that grade. The foreigner is not needed there to evangelize the masses, and there is where fifty years of mistake has been made in China, where they attempt to climb from the coolie up to the mind of the land. And there is the secret of success in Japan—the brains, the ruling, thinking mind of the land is appealed to; the battle is to be fought on that plane, with Western infidelity and Oriental thought; while these strong men and women, when converted and equipped, will reach the masses more effectively than any number of foreigners. What is wanted is schools for the young people, who come flocking to all the great cities for an education, manned by trained teachers, and then a few apostolic men of large mind, elastic temperament, and of the broadest, deepest type of sanctified scholarship, or men who give promise of such attainments by exercise and experience, to plant the standard high and light the candlesticks of God to the highest intellectual plains, and gather around them an army of native

evangelists to carry on the work to final success. Now, I ask, has Methodism such men for such work? If so, let us send them in God's name, and we will do much to solve the missionary problem.

IV.—*The Motive Power.*

I come now to the last point, as to the motive power on which we rely to bring forth, to the practical solution of this problem, a sufficient number of men of the right stamp, a spirit in the church that will send them, and a sufficiency of means to sustain them and their work until the churches planted become self-supporting. I have tried to picture to myself the real state of this missionary problem, but find it difficult to grasp it as it unfolds, and impossible to find words to voice it to busy folks in these lands of Christendom. Everywhere enterprises in which self-interest is largely mixed command almost unbounded wealth, but for unselfish enterprises amazingly little. The old plan of putting missions among the charities, relegating God and His dearest work to our list of paupers, and then giving as our sympathies were wrought upon, has simply outlived its usefulness, and must give way for the practical operation of some nobler force. We can only talk plain business: There is the work to do; there is the world to disciple for God, and there are your marching orders. How can we move the Church to action? It is absurd to say that the Church has reached the limit of her power to give. Ten dollars could be given by the Church for this purpose where one is given, if there was but a mind to give.

The difficulty is simply that our motive power has been too purely humanitarian, too dependent on our moods. We have talked a great deal about our duty as stewards of God, but, with the exception of a few individual cases, with very superficial effect.

In the *Presbyterian Review*, a capital quarterly of that excellent denomination, many of these thoughts of mine have been put into striking shape in an article on the "Reorganization of Christian Living." The writer places the basis on which the necessary reorganization is to be effected in our sense of duty to God rather than in our sympathy for man. That is a position higher than that on which we have been moving; and would turn our paltry offerings into a splendid tribute to God, as men brought in what they considered as God's portion, or what was due to Him for His great love to us. That is the point in which that school of theology would naturally culminate.

But all that does not satisfy me as the final solution, and the question to my mind just now is, has Methodism in its spirit and theology the germ of that which will give a final solution? I

believe that this final solution is the legitimate culmination of Methodism, the ultimate outcome of her spirit and theology; and for which her past development has been but a track-laying stage. And wherein in Methodism, you ask, lies the secret fountain, this sealed and sacred hope for these ends of the ages? In the legitimate application of her doctrine of holiness! I reply. The preaching of holiness is the very palladium of Methodism; holiness obtainable by faith, lived now and here, not in a life of a useless ascetic, not in ghastly theological abstraction, not in dim hope of some future holiness that we may approach unto but never obtain, useless alike to God and man, but a Scriptural holiness whereby the reconstructed man walks the earth, in a sense, an incarnation of God. It has been the point, and yet no doctrine has been so jeopardized by foes without and crudities within. It has existed all along, and exists to-day as a splendid spiritual inspiration which gilds and quickens, and glorifies every other phase of salvation with which it works; but it is still to the mass of our preachers and people a splendid intangibility, simply because it has never yet received a definite ethical development, enforced with the irresistible combination of spiritual genius and moral courage to set on flame the conscience of the age. To put it into a nutshell, the best holiness sermon is God's, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," which to me, means that every God-given faculty—and every faculty we have is a counterpart of God's own nature—should be Godlike, not only in constitution, but also in character and use.

Methodism has always had, and has to-day, an army of men who could easily earn a competence in secular business or other profession, but who literally follow the Master, singing:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,"

in order to carry the Gospel to their fellowmen. Now, the question in my mind is this: Why cannot we have a consecrated army of similarly cultured and competent and successful business men, who shall make money that shall be God's to send the Gospel, while they simply call a living salary their own? I ask for no long-faced asceticism, for no dreary, unrequited drudgery; but to put it into tangible form: Let one hundred young men starting in life—graduates of this college, if you like—form a holiness association on this wise. Let those who are called to the work of the ministry offer themselves for any mission field at home or abroad that the regular church authorities think them

best fitted for, as fast as funds are supplied to send and support them, and give them means to work. Suppose that fifty are thus called and appointed, let the other fifty—either in combination or separately—go into business for God, promising to put every dollar of earnings above a comfortable salary into the hands of the same church authorities to carry on God's work where they see the best openings. Let there be kept up a mutual insurance and superannuation and sick fund, if you like, so that all shall be cared for and exigencies met. I venture to say that inside of five years, if the plan were enthusiastically and honestly worked, those fifty devoted men at home would support the fifty men abroad, and the contagion would catch and lift up the Church givings all along the line, multiplying such men as Studd and his offering of \$500,000. Let one thousand business men consecrate their all in a similar way, and a thousand new missionaries would soon be abroad as flaming angels of truth lighting up the farthest and darkest corners of this sad earth, and all Christendom would leave with such a moral uplifting as humanity never dreamed of.

Oh, brethren, what we want as a motive power is holy, human eyes, to see the problem as God sees it; holy, human hearts, to sympathize with a lost world, as Christ Himself agonized, until we have fellowship with His sufferings on their behalf, and that we put our sympathy into practical form as He did. If this could be done, and become contagious in Christendom, very soon would hell on earth be driven to the place prepared for the devil and his angels, and the new heavens and the new earth would appear—the missionary problem would be solved, and Methodism would have done her work, and be ready to gather up her feet and die, and be buried in the grave of every ism, all having become Christ's, and God all in all. Then the evening stars would sing together, and all the sons of God would again shout for joy; the day of earth completed, time would be no more, but in its place come forth in glory the fuller day of eternal heaven.

“Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”

“THERE'S no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.”

CAUSES OF SOCIAL DISCONTENT.*

BY BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON.

"MIKE," said a priest to a thriving parishioner, who, without being a student of philosophy or history, used his perceptive faculties, prospered by his wits, and had become a considerable person in the parish, "I don't see your children at the parish school any more." "And because they don't go there any more, your reverence," answered Mike. "But do you mean to let your boys and girls grow up without an education, then?" "Not a bit of it, your reverence." "How is that, Mike?" "Oh, they go to the public school; it costs less, they learn as fast, and they grow up along with them that they are to deal with." "Ah, Mike, but that will never do. You *must* send them to the parish school." Mike's manner changed from grave to gay. Looking his shepherd in the eye, with a self-possessed smile, he continued the dialogue. "Father, you and I came over the water a few years ago, didn't we?" "Why, yes, Mike; but what if we did?" "Well, Father, when you and I came over the water we left 'must' behind us."

Here is a part of the answer to a much larger question. It not only expresses a fact, and a fact of far-reaching significance; it utters a spirit of the national life so pervading and so active as to enter into our more serious problems, social, industrial, political, educational, financial. Formerly, in the older forms of society, it was a question of classes; the class dominated and overshadowed the individual. Now, with us, it is a question of individuals, and of more and more individuals, tending to work the people back into a class condition. The mistake of politicians is in trying to settle or direct material interests without regard to immaterial forces. Many such managers, not without patriotism and a kind of sagacity, neglect this element in public affairs simply from the habit of their minds, inevitably failing thereby to rise to the dignity and power of statesmen. A smaller and blinder kind hate it, are impatient at it, call it contemptuous names, and imagine they can get on by chicanery and manipulation to the accomplishment of party purposes without it. But it refuses to disappear. Caucus and Congress, "bosses" and

*This suggestive paper, prepared by a leading philanthropist of the United States for one of the foremost Reviews of that country, is not without its lessons for the social economists of Canada.—Ed.

"workers," will go on leaving it out of their calculations; but it stays by. They may drive it out, but it will come back.

No very deep insight is needed to see that the most troublesome issues now on hand, or approaching, spring from a source which is original only in the sense that it has not existed before on anything like the same scale. Apart from scientific phraseology, more of the people than ever before want what they have not got, think they have a right to it, see it to be in the possession of others about them who seem to have no better natural right to it than they have, and believe that they can get it. There are, therefore, two questions, one of right and one of strength. The physical and moral elements are not very clearly discriminated, but they are both ever present.

An idea of justice, however vague or ill-guided, sustains the physical struggle, however violent. The socialist combination and the mob anarchists find a sophistical justification in an instinctive notion that they are wronged or unfairly served, however unreasoning that notion may be. On the wisdom, patience, disinterestedness, large-sightedness, of those who are in power and possession, *i.e.*, of the voters, who are the government, depends the fate of the nation. At present, organization, intelligence, army, police, wealth, occupancy, are on one side. Even with that preponderance, the last five years show how much mischief can be done and misery caused by the other side, and the proportions are shifting. The people at large do not know, because no confession will tell, in what degree capitalists and corporations are subjects of fear. Are there any thinking men who really suppose that labour-leagues and anti-poverty meetings and strikes, which are certain to play an increasing part in the politics of the future, have nothing behind or underneath them but money, victuals, ease, and fine clothes? Woe to the country, indeed, if that is true! Humanity is not so bad. The "lower classes" are not so bad. Even that great question of finance and industry which at this moment arrays the two leading political parties against each other, making the approaching Presidential election more strictly than any that has preceded it a matter of political economy, has its super-political relations. Mainly it turns on points where the economists, practical and theoretical, ought to have something definite to say and ought to be heard; but it also plainly involves the social passions and sentiments which are agitating the whole American population, in city and country. In all the copious congressional debates upon it, no more sensible or indisputable sentence has been spoken than that of the representative who remarked that the prosperity of the country is not made by tariff

laws, but by the energy and thrift—he might have added, by the self-command and integrity—of the people.

This phenomenon, at any rate, is now presented for consideration, and it is one of vital concern for sober-minded men of every class. According to the curious calculation made in 1884, by the advocates of high protection, it appeared that in the twenty years between 1861 and 1880 the wealth of the United States had been increased by an amount very much greater than the total acquisitions of the people during the preceding two hundred years. But prior to this marvellous increase of the aggregate wealth, beggars were unknown and tramps unheard of; to-day vagrants infest every hamlet; deaths from starvation are not unfrequent; suicide in the desperation of extreme want is a frequent occurrence. Teachers of anarchism and communism find multitudes of eager disciples among workingmen, and the latter are forming unions, practically oath-bound secret societies, which are controlled, as armies are controlled, by their chiefs, with the sole purpose of wresting from their employers a larger share of the rewards of labour. It is, in fact, a state of social war.

What is the cause of these troubles? The cause is not single, nor does it lie altogether on the surface. If it can be controlled, the study of it is not less practical than the construction of disputed financial schemes and the electing of administrations to try experiments with them. Under one shape or another it will be found to belong, in comparison with the past and with other lands, to those altered conditions of social life which the Irish Mike had vaguely in mind when he rebelled at the dictation of his ecclesiastical master. Long-established social distinctions and demarcations are broken up. Prescription has lost its hold. Classes are mixed and fused. No American thinks of remaining in any grade or calling or position because his ancestors have been there, no matter for how many generations. From the bottom to the top is but a single leap, and anybody can make the leap. It is common to speak of this as an unmingled advantage. Undoubtedly it stimulates enterprise. So does it stimulate greedy ambitions, wild expectations, and heated competitions. It sets up impracticable standards. It opens the lists to all, but there is a limit to the prizes, whether of office or fortune. What everybody wants and tries to get only a few can gain. Of aspiration come both the glory and the misery of mankind. Hope that is still hope inspires effort and points to success; hope disappointed and crushed is followed by a reaction of despair, of bitterness, perhaps of crime. A universal scramble for place and profit is not a producer of social peace or a school of social virtue. Take away all

the dishonesty in politics caused by an open competition for the offices, and all the dishonesty in business caused by an open competition for wealth, and what an upright people we should be! We are not finding fault with our system; much less are we recommending a remedy. We are accounting for the restlessness, financial upheavals, commercial disasters, unwholesome depressions, and needless impoverishments to which we are subject. We say that one of the causes is an unprecedented temptation to use indiscriminate means to "get up in the world," drawing thousands of men out of the safe, even, and sure path of a steady and contented industry.

Kindred to this inordinate passion, this pull and push, is an artificial estimate of the relative respectability of different kinds of work. It may seem rather late, to be sure, to be urging the dignity of labour. The point is that while men and women are eagerly determined to get rich, they are fastidious as to the manner and fashion and name of the service that is to accomplish it. The more wealth the country has, the more anxious people of all conditions are to put on the dress and style of wealth. The more the soil yields, the less they want to have to do with the soil. Leaving out of view the immense acreage of tillable but untilled lands at the West, waiting largely for foreign cultivators, observe the agricultural districts in all the Eastern and older States. For fifty years there has been going on a steady process of depletion of enterprise and vigour. Three lines of immigration run out from them—to the small cities and railroad centres, to the great cities, and also, but less, to the newer States and Territories. These emigrants of both sexes want two things: they want money, and they want to get it without working much with their hands. There is also a fascination in social stir and excitement. In their search for chances some succeed, others have not the faculties that win success; some are weak in will, some are weak in principle, some are lazy. They are set free, in a strange place, from home restraints. The men and boys hang about inferior taverns and low boarding-houses and dubious places of amusement, hoping that something genteel and pleasant will turn up for them. They would like to handle other men's money or business, and get a share of it without any other manual exercise. The girls seek situations in shops and "offices." They are glad to be rid of house-work on the farm. Their lives are dangerously exposed, at almost every turn. When off duty they have a tempting liberty or else a perilous solitude. Dress is never long out of mind. The social instinct never dies. Christianity has made no very thorough, attractive, or genial arrangements for them.

From this large and increasing class, male and female, society has something to hope and much to fear. Crime and poverty are far more likely to be replenished from it than from a community of homes. Offer one of the city girls every comfort and eight or ten dollars a month in cash for house-service in a good family, what would she say? Within the current week application has been made, without success, at nineteen well-kept houses of working people, in three villages, for board, at a good price, for two ladies. A farm in New Hampshire, yielding fifteen tons of hay and other crops each season, is reported to have been lately sold for fifty-two dollars, with a house and out-buildings. This is not a poor country. It is a country of abundance, where—except foreigners, by whose sides natives are ashamed to work—everybody believes he ought to be rich with little manual toil and in handsome clothes. In nearly every New England rural town society would be stronger and happier in every element of a useful, intelligent, and virtuous citizenship, if the young men and women had been content to live and die there, not accumulating fortunes, but creating a more and more elevated and profitable husbandry; superior to want, voting against all needless taxation, and producing the necessities of life, which will never fail of a market.

A correction of some of these false ideas and delusive estimates of welfare might be expected of a right system of general education. When public schools themselves have a just conception of what education is, that is, of what human life and character are meant to be; when they are governed and ordered, not by small local politicians, but by committees chosen by reason of a personal manifestation of human life and character at their best; when teachers are employed who are of that superior order of men and women, and are not either teaching school temporarily as a financial convenience, or making the pupils instruments of their own advancement by factitious or showy examinations; when textbooks are not devised and shifted for the profit of publishers; when half the studies are not in subjects and technicalities having no possible relation to the scholar's usefulness or good sense, and when morality is not pushed aside from among the things that children are to be taught, and religion is not forgotten or forbidden; when duties to God and man take their place in those primary conditions of civilized society for which the youth of a strong and Christian nation are trained—then the problems of poverty, labour, wages, communism, anarchy, will be disposed of in a way that the theorist, the *doctrinaire*, and the secret associations have not considered. They will be forestalled.

A distinct occasion of social and industrial disturbance appears

in the uncertainty of those many occupations which depend on appointment by the will of men. One of the worst features of the growth of enormous corporations and individual accumulations of capital is their inevitable mutability. The suspension of any one of ten thousand vast establishments turns out into idleness and all its temptations a host of men, women, and children, supplying the countless array of vagrants, tramps, paupers, thieves, rioters. No wonder the owners of large investments and masters of finance dread a crisis. But the averting of the financial crisis is the duty of thoughtful business men quite as much as the executive and legislative departments of the government or the professors of political economy. It is one of those attainments of which time and suffering and self-constraint are the instructors.

Under these stern disciplinarians our people are already beginning to adjust themselves to the immense hazards of national precocity. Both security in what we have and true progress toward a better estate will be gained by discovering what dangers can be averted by the sober intelligence, conscience, and unpartisan patriotism of the citizens; and what dangers cannot be, because they are involved in mighty drifts of population, race-development, laws of climate, and the elements of nature, which are beyond any personal or corporate calculation or control. If men would study history as they study grammar and arithmetic, or reflect and reason as much as they can run about and speculate, they would learn great lessons in that "higher education" which better than any other deserves the name, which confers no titles, but builds solid commonwealths. We cannot stop immigration, with its freight of ignorance and appetite and lawlessness and lust, unless we mean to falsify the fundamental principles and ceaseless professions of the Republic; but we can devote our superfluous wealth to the education of foreigners and natives alike in all that literary and industrial knowledge which is real wisdom; we can hold in check the franchise of the immigrants till they have learned the spirit and letter of our laws; we can regulate the dependence of "Mike" and the prerogative of his spiritual ruler; we can in time root and enthrone the ideas of authority, obedience, law, with unhindered penalties and incorrupt courts in the mind of generations to come. We cannot exterminate unthrift, laziness, incompetency, vice, any more than we can the infirmities of age, orphanage, and disease; but we can abolish indiscriminate alms-giving, rationalize our sentimental philanthropy, multiply our bureaus of charity, punish impostors, distinguish real relief from a cruel and prodigal liberality, gradually substitute simple and moderate employment for an

enervating bounty; and we certainly can abolish the tenement-house inhumanity, with all its disgraces, as the breeding-place of barbarity, pestilence, and every species of sensual abomination. We cannot quench the thirst for alcohol; but we can convict the saloon as the destructive enemy of virtue and peace, and shut it up. We cannot lift the soul of a man or woman to a lofty preference of realities unseen and eternal over what is superficial and perishable, or transform selfishness into generosity; but, God helping us, we can so chasten and elevate our standards of living, by school and college and press and household nurture, that those who come after us shall not have been poisoned and belittled by the passion for material possessions, exclusive privileges, vulgar entertainments, or outside display. These are not unreasonable expectations. If it be said that they promise no instantaneous arrest of the disorders that threaten the social body, and no universal cure of its existing discontents, neither do the theories of the philosopher or the outcries of alarmists. Their latent power lies in the free will, the moral sense, the patient self-discipline of the persons whose well-being is at stake, and there lies the strength of the family, the Church, and the State.—*The Forum.*

T I R E D.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

DEAR Lord, I'm very tired,
 Oh, let me rest in Thee;
 Thou knowest I am weak, dear Lord,
 Oh, be Thou strength for me.

Dear Lord, indeed I want
 Just what Thou hast for me;
 Give me a patient mind, dear Lord—
 I leave all else with Thee.

Dear Lord, Thou naught canst do
 But 'twill be best for me;
 If I might make a choice, dear Lord,
 I could but choose with Thee.

Dear Lord, the way is long,
 But Thou my guide wilt be;
 I can't help being tired, dear Lord,
 But there is rest with Thee.

AMONG THE LITTLE GRAY BONNETS.

BY SIDONIE ZILLA.

I WONDER if my sisters of the Canadian Methodist Church would not like to hear yet a little more of that splendid organization of Deaconesses who are aiding so wonderfully the sister Church in the United States. I had been told to go right along and see them, and not to mind being a stranger; for they would be sure to welcome me at the Boston Home.

Deaconesses! now just remember what awe we, as children, always had of the minister, elder, deacon or trustee in our old church at home, and you will have an idea of what my feelings were as I wended my way up Columbus Avenue until I came to East Chester Park, No. 45. I almost expected to see grave, elderly women, who never smiled because of the sin and misery it was their lot to deal with; but, as one always imagines people different from what they really are, I, of course, was doomed to pleasant disappointment.

A tidy, nice-looking girl opened the door, and I was shown into the parlour—a very cozy, comfortable room. The one connected with it by folding doors was the office, also used as a lecture room, and in it was a class being taught. I waited a few moments, then in walked a pretty, pleasant-faced little woman with brown hair, who very cordially welcomed me to the Home. This was Miss Canfield.

"Come upstairs with me," she said, "into the Secretary's room, where we can talk together a little."

I followed her, and informed her I wanted to know all about the "Home," so I began to ask questions.

"First of all, what is your object, Miss Canfield?"

"Well, we come here to train ourselves to be able to help the ministers in their city missionary work; to aid in the various kind of charity schools; to do house-to-house visitation; to nurse the sick that we may save their souls."

"You belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, do you not?"

"Yes; but those from any denomination can be trained here. At present we have a Baptist young lady with us."

"Are there any vows or promises?"

"No. If any of us felt we had missed our vocation, wished to marry, or duties to home or friends called us away, we are at liberty to go."

"Is there any distinction of dress?"

"Very little; we wear a plain, black skirt, and a bodice pointed in front, to the back of which the skirt is gathered. But the most distinction is in the little gray bonnets and gray gloves we wear, for any one meeting two or three of us knows immediately we belong to some order."

Then she took me through the building. In the basement there was a large, pleasant dining-room, washroom and kitchen. On the first floor the parlour, office and a class-room. There were above three floors, each containing four rooms. I saw her own room, which had been furnished by the "Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting," also the one belonging to Mrs. Miyama, a Japanese lady, who is taking the training and studying music at the Conservatory. She is soon to join her husband, who is a native preacher in Japan. When introduced to her I said :

"I have an old schoolmate now a missionary in Japan; her name is Miss Hart."

"Oh, yes! I know her," she answered. "Do you also know Mrs. Large?"

"Only of her. I think she is now at home. If I remember rightly, she was to return for a rest."

"It was a very sad affair, the murdering of her husband."

When I bade Miss Canfield and Miss Lunn good-bye, I felt as though leaving friends, so much had they made me feel at home.

This Deaconess movement is as old as our Christianity. Phœbe, commended to the Church at Rome by Paul, was probably the first, at any rate the first mentioned Deaconess. Their order and work was fully recognized by the early Church. Their duty, as now, was to care for the poor and sick, teach the women and children, besides systematic house visitation. In time the old order of Deaconesses passed away; but as the days went on and the work—which only woman with her keenness, intuition, quick sympathies and deft hands can do—increased so greatly that the watchmen of the churches began to look back and long again for such an order, longing ripened into sympathetic thought, thoughts into words, words into actions.

The first revival was the Kaiserwerth system of trained hospital nurses, which enlarged itself for those devoted to philanthropic movements. From this system have all the others in Europe, England, the East and America been modelled. The success that has rewarded their efforts is immense. The parent "Home" of Deaconesses belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church in America is in Chicago, and the mother of the order is Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, who has been the instrument used of God. Honour above all honour! Mrs. Meyer was a Bible-woman, and seeing

the great need there was of trained women as city missionaries, she and her husband fitted up a flat, where a few young women prepared themselves for such work. After a little, the Church took up the question, and soon took to itself the order of Deaconesses; and now an immense building in Chicago is pointed out as the "Deaconesses' Home."

The Boston "Home" was opened on November 20th, 1889. Miss Lunn, of the Chicago school, assumed the superintendency, with Miss Canfield, a licensed Deaconess, as a helper. An applicant must first from some "Home" secure two blanks, one of which she fills out, the other being for the medical examination. She must then send with them her pastor's recommendation, and if these prove satisfactory she will probably be received on at least three months' trial; if then deemed worthy, she will be received as a probationer for the order of Deaconesses, the time for training being two years. No applicant can be over forty or under twenty-three. They may pay their own expenses in full or in part. If not able to do either, they will be provided for; also if sick or when they become aged. They may not solicit money except when authorized, and any given them must go into the general fund. Some young women may ask, "What do these young sisters do through the day?" In the morning they study, recite, attend lectures, personal and household duties. The afternoons are partly given up to lectures and practical work. The evenings are spent in much the same manner. A licensed Deaconess, though, spends all her time in practical work.

What is meant by practical work? A Deaconess generally works under a pastor, about six months with each one—so many pastors are calling for them. He gives her a list of the people who he thinks need her attention. Among these she finds out others, and then work comes in fast enough. All this time she has to report to her pastor, and also to the Board of Managers once a quarter.

No, they receive no pay; no salary is ever mentioned. They have a home, board and clothing, and two dollars a month for incidentals. The "Home" itself is kept up by voluntary offerings.

How much would training cost? Three dollars a week for board, heating and light.

Sometimes these women find the need of money very great, for they have found "it necessary to give physical aid before they can touch the spiritual nature." For this cause they have what they call an Emergency Fund. Now here is a chance for those who so often wish to do some work, but are withheld by

home duties; with a little self-sacrifice they may increase this fund, and you know money is as necessary an article in building up God's kingdom as workers. For instance, one day the Deaconesses heard of a little baby who had arrived, and there was nothing for it to wear, and this in the depth of winter, poor little wee one! But the women who wear the little gray bonnets did not leave it poor long, for out of that same Emergency Fund they bought some flannel, while one of the "shut-in ones" made it up. Now, do you not think that mother's heart would be touched; and would she not have faith in those friends so she would be led to God? Sometimes it's a little medicine, sometimes a little fruit, sometimes it's bread; but they all help the faith of these needy ones, and give them trust in God.

Here is a paragraph copied from the *Deaconesses' Home Journal*, which may be useful to some one: "If friends living out of the city, who know of young people that have recently come to Boston who have not found a church home, will send addresses of such to Miss Lunn, 45 East Chester Park, they will be called upon and cordially invited to the nearest church and Sunday-school, and perhaps in this be saved from going astray."

There may be a few persons interested in this subject and would like literature bearing upon the subject; here are the names of some recent writings: "Deaconesses," by Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, published at 114 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, costing \$1; also at the same price, "Deaconesses in Europe and their Lessons for America," by Miss Jane Bancroft, Ph.D.; and the Rev. Henry Wheeler sends out "Deaconesses, Ancient and Modern," at \$1.25. Any of these may be got from any of our Methodist Book Rooms. Then there is the *Deaconesses' Home Journal*, fifteen cents a copy, or ten copies for one dollar to *one address*. When will our Canadian Methodist Church have its Deaconesses' "Homes"? Surely the cities, such as Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, need something of this sort. When one thinks how few there are who can or will do outside work, or are fitted for it, one wonders that something has not been started before. I believe there are many women who would be willing to go into the work if it were not necessary to think of where shall I live, how shall I live, and wherewithal shall I be clothed? Take these cares off; provide ever so plainly for them, and they would be ready. Here is a suggestion for some wealthy woman or women. It might be just as well for it to be undenominational, as the King's Daughters are. But rest assured, if it be God's will for this thing to be, He will stir some one of His own to the work and others to follow. Who will it be to have the honour?

BURLINGTON, N.S.

THE SUN COOLING OFF.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

WE are not driven to the necessity of summoning exaggerated and imaginary agencies to the destruction of the earth. There are hostile powers reserved for the final conflict that will not be content with directing toward us merely "Quaker guns."

The sun, we say, affords us thirty-nine fortieths of all the warmth which we enjoy, and we feel quite unconcerned about the alleged slow cooling of the earth. To the sun we owe the numberless activities of the organic and inorganic worlds, and we feel quite independent of the waning temperature of this dying ember which we call the earth.

The amount of heat dispensed by our solar orb is truly something the contemplation of which overpowers the imagination. The rays which fall upon a common burning-glass, converged to a focus, speedily ignites a piece of wood. The heat which is received by a space of ten yards square is sufficient, as Ericsson states, to drive a nine-horse power engine. The amount of heat which falls upon half a Swedish square mile is sufficient to actuate 64,800 engines, each of 100 horse power. The total amount of heat received annually by the earth would melt a layer of ice one hundred feet thick. As the solar heat is radiated equally in all directions, it is easily calculated that the total emission of heat from the sun is 2,300 millions of times the whole amount which reaches our earth.

Such an enormous expenditure of heat is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the sun two and one fifth degrees annually. During the human period of 6,000 years, the temperature would have been reduced more than 19,000 degrees. At such a rate of cooling it is obvious that the sun must speedily cease to warm our planet sufficiently to sustain vegetable and animal life. But it is certain that the sun's high temperature has been maintained during almost countless ages anterior to the commencement of the human era. Those Titanic reptiles which could luxuriate only under tropical warmth flourished a hundred thousand years before the world was prepared for man; and those rank, umbrageous ferns, whose forms we trace upon the roof-shales of a coal mine, existed before the reptile horde, and purified the air for their respiration.

What unseen cause has perpetuated, for a million of years, those solar fires? Kepler asserted that the firmament is as full of

comets as the sea is of fishes, and Newton conjectured that these comets are the fuel carriers of the sun. Alas! we only know that the wandering comet, though flying in tantalizing proximity to the sun, but accelerates its speed and hurries onward, as virtue hastens past the vortex of ruin. Is it a chemical action which maintains the solar heat? The most efficient chemical action for this purpose is combustion. Now, if the sun were a solid mass of coal, its combustion would only suffice for the brief space of forty-six centuries to replenish the solar system with its vivifying influence. Is it the effect of the sun's rotation on his axis? Such rotation could generate no heat without the resistance of another body. Even if that other body were present, a calculation based upon the sun's mass and his rate of rotation shows that the heat generated could only supply the expenditure for the space of one hundred and eighty-three years.

There exists, nevertheless, a means of recuperation to the solar energy. It is not an exhaustless resource, but it prolongs materially the period of the sun's activity. Though no comet has been *known* to fall into the sun, it is now generally admitted that cosmical matter is raining down upon the sun from every direction.

Besides the planetary and cometary bodies which revolve about the sun, it is now demonstrated that the interplanetary spaces are occupied by smaller masses of matter, from the size of a meteorite to particles of cosmical dust. These all are flowing about the sun in a circling stream, but forever approaching nearer and nearer, until they are gradually drawn into the solar fires. The showers of meteoric hail which pelt our earth at certain periods of the year are merely cosmical bodies that have been diverted from their path by the proximity of the earth in certain parts of her orbit. That faint cone of light which streams upward from the setting or the rising sun, near the time of the equinoxes, is but a zone of planetary dust illuminated by the sun's rays—a shower of matter descending upon the solar orb, and rendered visible to us, like the rain sent down from a summer cloud and projected upon the clear heavens beyond.

Arrested motion becomes heat. The blacksmith's hammer warms the cold iron. A meteorite falling through the earth's atmosphere develops so much friction as to generate heat sufficient to dissipate the body into vapour. One of these cosmical bodies falling upon the sun must, by the concussion, produce about 7,000 times as much heat as would be generated by an equal mass of coal. It is thus that the enormously high temperature of our sun is maintained.

But the very mention of this source of recuperation of exhausted solar energy suggests a limit to the process. For how many ages can the cosmical matter within the limits of the solar system be rained down upon the sun without complete exhaustion? The space inclosed by the orbit of Neptune is not infinite. The supply of cosmical matter is but a finite quantity. Time enough will drain the bounds of the solar system of all its wandering particles of planetary dust. What then will be the fate of the sun?

The conviction can not be resisted that the processes going forward before our eyes aim directly at the final extinction of the solar fire. Helmholtz says: "The inexorable laws of mechanics show that the store of heat in the sun must be finally exhausted." What a conception overshadows and overpowers the mind! We are forced to contemplate the slow waning of that beneficent orb whose vivid light and cheering warmth animate and vivify the circuit of the solar system. For ages past unbounded gifts have been wasted through all the expanding fields of space—wasted, I say, since less than half a billionth of his rays have fallen upon our planet. The treasury of life and motion from age to age is running lower and lower. The great sun which, stricken with the pangs of dissolution, has bravely looked down with steady and undimmed eye upon our earth ever since organization first bloomed upon it, is nevertheless a dying existence. The pelting rain of cosmical matter descending upon his surface can only retard, for a limited time, the encroachments of the mortal rigors, as friction may perpetuate, for a few brief moments, the vital warmth of a dying man.

The time is coming when the July sun will shine with a paler light than he now gives us at the winter solstice. The nations of men, if they still exist, will have emigrated from the temperate to the equatorial regions. New diseases will have diminished their numbers. Polar frost will have crept stealthily and steadily from Behring's Straits to the Gulf of Mexico. Continental glaciers will again have brooded over the land. The prairie blossom will have perished beneath a mantle of snow as limitless as now the prairie expanse. The fluent rivers will have been chained to their rocky banks. The ruins of great cities will be bemoaned by wintry winds howling past in rage at the presence of unending frost. If yet a narrow belt remains where sickly verdure maintains the desperate conflict with the powers of cold, it is a dwarfed and Arctic vegetation. The magnolia has given place to the birch. The cypress has been supplanted by the lichen-covered

fir. The emerald has departed from the shivering leaf, and even the hardy violet is pale unto death. All things have assumed a faded and leaden hue. The Mongolian is not known from the Caucasian. Even the sooty negro, if he be not extinct, blanched from the want of light and heat, can only be recognized by his features. Pale, thin and feeble, the shivering remnant of humanity have gathered themselves together into compact communities for economy of vital warmth. Forests are consumed to thaw the soil. Temples, costly structures—the patient rearing of the golden ages of the race—are pulled down to eke out the scanty supply of fuel. The page which narrates the glory of the nineteenth century is like the narrative which tells us of the labours of the men upon the plains of Shinar. Year by year the populations become less—year by year the dread empire of frost is extended. Forests have been consumed; cities have been burned; navies have rotted in the deserted, ice-locked harbours; men have immured themselves in gloomy caverns till they have almost lost the forms of humanity.

The end arrives. Unless some sudden catastrophe shall sweep the race from being in a day, the time will come when two men will alone survive of all the human race. Two men will look around upon the ruins of the workmanship of a mighty people. Two men will gaze upon the tombs of the human family. Two men will stand petrified at the sight of perhaps a hundred thousand corpses prostrated around them by the dire hardships which every moment threaten to carry them also away. These two men will gaze into each other's faces—wan, thin, hungry, shivering, despairing. Speech will have deserted them. Silent, gazing each into eternity—more dead than living—an overpowering emotion—an inspiring hope—and one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race.

Who can say what a tide of reflections will rush for an instant through the soul of the last man? Who shall listen to his voice, if he speaks? On whose ear shall fall the accents of his sorrow, his wonder, or his hope? Thrice honoured, thrice exalted man! He stands there to testify for all mankind. On him has been devolved the unique duty of uttering the farewell of our race to its ancient and much-loved home. In what words will he say farewell?

The last man has composed his body to eternal rest. The once fair earth is a cold and desolate corse. Nature's tears are ice; she weeps no more. The face of the sun is veiled. It is midnight in the highways of the planets. The spirits of heaven mourn at the funeral of Nature.

Let not the reader be distressed at this picture. The last two men will be neither our children nor our children's children. Our thoughts have been wandering through cycles of years. The clock of eternity ticks not seconds, but centuries. We shall not anxiously measure the sun's intensity from day to day, nor from year to year, lest we be able to discover his waning strength. The embers of a bonfire will furnish warmth for the lifetime of an ephemeron. A molten lava-stream consumes a hundred years in cooling. The great globe of the earth, which is cooling now at the rate of a degree in thirty-five thousand years, was once a sphere of molten granite, and has consumed time enough to pass from that state to this. The sun is so vast that, though he began to cool at a still remoter epoch, the temperature retained to-day is 46,000 times as high as that of the surface of our planet. The epoch when his rays will be sensibly weakened is at a distance expressed by millions of years.

What thoughts rise upon us as we utter these words? We hang here upon our planet, poised in the midst of infinite space and infinite time. Whence we came, we know not; whither we are bound, hope and faith only can reveal. We open our eyes for a moment, like an infant in its sleep, and anon they are closed; or, perchance, like the waking somnambulist, in his fall from the house-top to the pavement, we rouse to an instant's consciousness of the rush of events and the coming crash—and the busy activities of Nature move on as if we had not existed.

What is this which men call ancient and venerable? Would that the scales could be removed from our eyes! Would that the fog would lift, and men could once look out upon the magnitude of the universe—the majestic span even of terrestrial history—the might, the greatness, the wisdom, the glory of that Intelligence which, at a glance, takes in all space, all time past, and all time to come!

LITTLE THINGS.

LIFE is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
And with honest, true endeavour,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests;
Onward, onward, as they go,
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Streamlets swell the river's flow.

THE WHISPER OF A SPIRIT.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.*

I HAD tried to be a faithful wife and mother to my husband and family, but, unlike the happy woman spoken of in sacred story, had never had the joy in my lifetime of hearing them rise up and call me blessed. My husband had been a clever man, I think—at least, far too clever to consult me, or even tell me about any of his affairs. I had tried, sometimes, to ask his advice in matters which interested me, but he had looked at me and answered me in a way which made me feel truly ashamed of having troubled him with anything so trivial. During our brief courtship he had once or twice praised my bright eyes and soft brown hair; and oh, how carefully as the years went by I had studied to retain my beauty, for the sake of his dear love. I knew that youthful bloom would fade, as it did, all too swiftly; but when my head was white as driven snow my mirror told me that the cultivation of a pure, devout and patient spirit had placed a signature of grace upon my ageing face which far outshone in comeliness the charm of youthful bloom. Yet had he ever looked at me during all those years in which we walked the mystic way of life together with sweet approval and the lingering look of love? I cannot remember that he ever had.

My three sons accorded to their father that sincere flattery, imitation; but though in harshest terms he chided their unloving lives, he failed to see in them the almost inevitable result of his own example. My only daughter, sweet and winning in her words, was selfish and thoughtless in her ways; so that, while the feebleness of premature age crept over my weary frame, and stiffened my once ready limbs, I found her impotent as any to supply the needs of my failing body, or the yearning of my wistful heart. Ah, well! is it not written that “God shall all your need supply?” When I awake I shall be satisfied; yea, I am satisfied.

“For love is heaven, and heaven is love.”

One day when the April sunshine shone softly on the wall, having been seized with a great loneliness, and longing for human companionship, I besought my beautiful Belle to remain with her poor old mother for awhile, though a youthful friend

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claimed her company in a pre-arranged walk. "I would gladly, mother, dear; but I have promised to go with Florrie," she answered, and with a hasty farewell kiss she left me.

Poor Belle! That one little selfish act, no worse than many another which had sorely wounded me, shall dwell in her earthly memory with oft-repeated pangs. Overcome with strange exhaustion, I sank into my arm-chair, whose firm arms enfolded me as in a loving embrace; and, laying my head upon its ample, if unsympathetic shoulder, I crooned in dreamy mood the sweet old cradle song of my own babyhood and my proud maternity:

"Sleep, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Holy blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

But I sang not in imagination to those tiny beings who had grown up to tyrannize over and disappoint me, but to the aged, weary woman who had so evidently failed to influence aright the precious souls committed to her care. "Lord, I am weary," I pleaded; "take me to Thee."

Hark! Those strains of ineffable sweetness! Surely no earthly music! All my poor, starved soul is filled and thrilled with unutterable satisfaction; the sunlight darkens; the room whirls; my arm chair, my body sink away, and, freed from fleshly incumbrance, I open the eyes of my soul. My God! What is this! The mystery of mysteries! Oh, joy all joys excelling, I had died! . . .

"Mother, oh, mother!" moaned poor Belle.

"My wife, my darling!" said my husband, his poor brow drawn in an agony of pain.

My sons stood by in silence, ashamed to show such grief as would have been an honour to their manhood. Ah! side by side with one whom they had, after all, loved dearly, all silently they had trod. Too late for the consolation of their souls, they awoke to longing that their love had found expression in deeds and words of kindness; and I, who had missed them so sorely, now need their tardy ministrations no more, for I, at last, am *satisfied*.

No, it would be unlawful. The secrets of death are for the dead alone. Soon for you, too, will burst the veil of flesh. "I am the Beginning and the Ending, the Almighty," saith the Author of all. "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." We stand but on the threshold. To the ready imagination of the dreamer I

have whispered my tale. If her mind and pen so work my desire
that men are moved to echo, one to another, the heavenly music
of love, for which, perchance,

“Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break,”

I shall not have lived my desolate life in vain.

ON LETHE'S BRINK.

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed ;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways ;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best ;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield ;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless fields.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed ;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path ; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so ; when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head ; e'en then I prayed
As now for rest.

And I am restless still ; 'twill soon be o'er ;
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

WHY BIG RICH JOINED THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

BIG RICH is a Trinity Bay man. I say is, for he is still living, and likely to live if one may judge. Tall, stout and strong, in the full prime of life, with keen, honest eyes lighting up his handsome face, he looks the very type of a Newfoundland fisherman, and that bespeaks no mean man, be it said, in all the perfections of physical manhood. Look at him when you may—in his Sunday suit, with his fine black beard sweeping over his white shirt-bosom, or in his rough fisherman's overalls, grimy and slippery with his work, Big Rich is good to look at—"a man every inch of him." No keener man than he after the fish in summer; no smarter or more daring boatsman in the squalls that sweep sudden from the highlands, or in the "breaking lop" into which the south-west wind is wont to toss the blue waters of Trinity Bay. A splendid shot, his cottage table is well supplied with "fresh," when the turrs are about, or the sea-ducks make their winter visit to the shores near his home. A quiet, steady, self-contained sort of man is Richard; shrewd and sensible in what he says when he does talk, but reticent and shy and silent in the main. Every one at French Cove knows Big Rich, and every one that knows him likes him.

Now, French Cove has had for some years a flourishing Temperance Society; not a Sons of Temperance Division, or a Good Templar's Lodge, but just a simple Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society, supported among the people themselves, where from month to month the members meet unseparated by thought, or word, or creed, or party, on the broad, open platform of temperance and mutual help. Would that every Newfoundland village had just such an organization. A few years ago, when first started, no doubt the quiet steady old fellows who had taken their horn or two of grog, as a matter of course, when they went up the shore to Trinity to put off their fish at the merchant's, or when a new baby was christened, or a wedding, or funeral made them merry or melancholy—no doubt, I say, these old stagers laughed and wondered at the queer notions and queer ways of the "temperance" folk as they called them, and prophesied a speedy end to the new-fangled society. But they have been disappointed. It has increased from the ten or a dozen who met in the beginning, in Uncle Bill Penny's old house, to the scores of members who now meet regularly in the school-house, and, in all the dignity of white regalias, march in annual procession around the harbour. Every one acknowledges now the wonderful change

in the social habits of the little community. The gossips tell sometimes of the fights that used to come off when the men were "settled;" of the rough treatment a stranger would receive, if he happened to cross the track of a group of the boys, "half seas over," on the beach; and of how no one thought of spending Christmas without a supply of "the liquor," regularly fetched in well-filled jars from the neighbouring town. But, now, the man that brings a jar of liquor to French Cove, for his "Christmas," is half ashamed of being seen to carry it openly, and hides his "little brown jug" in a bread-bag, perhaps, or, at best, with a sort of sneaking bravado hurries his booty home. Now the drinking men may be easily counted, and one may pass over the beach, morning, noon, or night, at any season, without fear of molestation by some half-drunken reveller.

Not, however, until a year ago did Big Rich join the Temperance Society. Somehow, quiet, steady man as he was, he held aloof, while very many of his acquaintances and members of his own family entered into the movement. One night, a little while after his admission, he told the story which, substantially, I give in his own words:

"The way I came to join the Temperance Society, my friends," he said, was this: "Last spring, when the steamer *Bear* came into St. John's, after her first trip to the ice, myself and some more men of the crew said we'd go for a walk out of the town. So we went out one of the roads leading into the country, and after we had walked a good way from the town, we thought we'd go and see if there was anywhere near we could get liquor. Accordingly, we rapped at the door of a house near by, and asked the man of the house if he could tell us where to find a public-house. He looked at us, solemn-like, and then he said: 'For the last three years I've been praying for the publicans and the drunkards.' And then, friends, he told us what he meant, and I'll never forget it, never. He said that a neighbour of his had a son, a fine, smart young man, but terribly fond of the drop. His father had tried his best to restrain him, but to no purpose—the young fellow loved the drink, and the drink he would have. Well, about three years before, the son, who had been away from home, returned, and, saying that he wanted to see some friends in town, he got a loan of the old man's horse, and rode away, promising to be home again before late. When the night came on the father sat in the house very anxious for his son's return. It got later and later, and still there was no sign of him, while the old man got more and more nervous, for fear that something was wrong. At last he heard the sound of a horse's tramp coming into the yard, and thought, anyway, his son was coming home. When he didn't

come in, however, after several minutes he got alarmed and went out. There was the horse, sure enough, with the saddle on his back and the reins dragging, but his son was nowhere to be seen. The poor old man knew well enough now the truth he had all along feared—an accident had happened. So he called the man that was telling us, and they both went back over the road to look for the missing man. At last they found him, poor fellow, all in a heap by the side of the road. They didn't know at first but he was dead, but found when they moved him that he was still alive. He had fallen or had been thrown from the horse and was terribly hurt. The poor old father, in an agony of grief, went off for help and left the other man to stay with the son. 'That was a terrible thing,' says the man to us, 'to see that poor fellow in the state he was in, and to hear him was worse. "I'm lost, I'm lost," he'd say, "I'm lost, I'm lost," and then he begged me to open his jacket and take out a bottle of rum he had in it. "Take it away, take it away," said he, "I've got hell enough inside of me without having it outside, too." And then before his father got back with help he was dead. Soon after this happened, the poor old man died, grief-stricken; and now you know why I said to you when you came in and asked for a public-house that I had been for three years praying for the publicans and drunkards.'

"Friends," said Big Rich, as he finished his speech, "I tell you we left that man's house feeling very different to what we did when we went in. We felt ashamed and guilty, and walked back to St. John's, talking quietly enough of the terrible story we had heard. How the others felt I don't know, but one thing I do know, and that is, that I never forgot it; and, friends, that's how I came to join the Temperance Society."

Reader mine, my story is done. It is a sad, sad story; all the more sad because the like of it happens oftener than we think. Safety lies only in sobriety—the man that drinks at all is in danger of all the consequences; all the more in danger because every man thinks that he, at least, is strong enough to resist it. Drink is doing its awful work in our country every day, and many a widow weeps, and many an orphan starves, and many a kindly, noble heart is ruined, that the publican's till may be filled and the publican's fortune made.

Should you go to Trinity Bay, and find yourself in French Cove, you may hear this story from the lips of the honest fisherman himself. Better than I have told it, far, with the homeliness of speech and emphasis of conviction, which I have failed to reproduce; it may be your fortune to hear from the very man himself why Big Rich joined the Temperance Society.

GRAND BANK, Nfld.

BOTANY BAY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.*

His name was Balaam Montmorency. How its two incongruous parts came together, who gave him this name, with its union of the Biblical and romantic, I never knew, and I think nobody in Stonington knew any more than I did. In fact, few, even in the village itself, had ever heard the whole of his name. He was generally called "old Balaam" or "old Bay," until some village wag hit upon the title—whose fitness you will recognize as my story goes on—Botany Bay, and so he was called to the end of his life.

I cannot remember when I first saw him, for, from my earliest childhood, he was a familiar and well-known object. So short of stature as almost to deserve the name of dwarf, with a shock head of tangled yellow hair, bleached almost white by the sun, a thin brown face, and the blue eyes of a child, who that ever saw him can forget poor Botany Bay?

His business was one well known and much followed in former times, but now unknown, save in the most primitive and rural of communities: he was a gatherer and vender of roots and herbs. Day after day, year by year, he roamed through wood and swamp, by stream and highway, over plain and hill-side, in search of treasure. With bag on back, and basket in each hand, he came every day into the village from his rambles, bringing the sweetness, the spiciness, the tastes and smells and greenness of the forest with him.

And how much he knew of these children of the wildwood! He could tell you of their haunts, their seasons, their habits, their virtues. He knew them, not only when in full bloom or mature fruit when they were easily recognized, but in earliest babyhood, when first their tender shoots of pale pink or delicate green pierced the cold ground; or in old age, when the dry and empty fruit swung on the leafless stems, and when even dry fruit and bare stalks were gone, he found his friends underground by root or bulb, and knew them in their graves.

I have said I cannot remember my first sight of old Balaam, still less can I recollect how from acquaintances we became friends, and friends we always were. I was allowed, day after day, to accompany him in his rambles, and I grew to know the woods and swamps around our village, and what they held.

As I do not remember when I first saw Botany Bay, so I cannot recall at what stage of our comradeship I began to define in my

*Many of our readers will remember the exquisite story of "Fishin' Jimmy." They will read with delight this pathetic sketch from the same graceful pen, abridged from "The Seven Sleepers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

own young mind 'what made him so different from other people. He was generally regarded as insane, alluded to as "crazy Balaam," avoided and feared by children as a dangerous lunatic. But I soon saw that he was not like other madmen. There was "wild Jimmy," the Scotchman, kept by his kinsfolk in an attic-room in the small brown house near Windmill Point, and whose ravings, yells and unearthly peals of laughter rang out on moonlight nights, striking terror to my soul. There was Vashti, with her tall, commanding figure, flashing black eyes, and fine features, her shrewd, scarcely incoherent talk, full of humorous incongruities. Botany Bay was not at all like these. He was taciturn, reticent; but when he talked of his plants there was no sign of insanity, no incoherency or wandering. I do not think he could read or write; he knew nothing of any botanical systems or artificial classifying of plants, but he had a sort of system of his own, and by some curious instinct seemed to recognize kinship between certain herbs, which in later years I found were placed in one family by more scientific men—not closer observers.

Yet there was something wrong in Bay's brain. My childish mind was conscious of it, but could not define it. There was a strange minor key in all his tones, a certain sadness underlying his happiest moods. When exultant over a new discovery, a long-sought flower, a deep-buried root of wondrous virtues, his child-smile of big-eyed delight would suddenly, swiftly fade, and a strange, mingled look of perplexity, fear and melancholy take its place. By-and-by I went further in my analysis, and noticed what made his talk so odd and puzzling. This was the frequent recurrence of such expressions as "t'other," "him," "that un," and like phrases, not apparently referring to anything else in his sentences, or to any one I knew.

"I'm awful glad to git this wild ginger," he would say, as he dug up the aromatic root of the asarum, with its singular wine-colored flowers almost hidden under the earth; "old Square Wheeler's tryin' to swear off chewin'. It gives him spells now, an' he's had warnin's o' numb palsy. But he can't swear off on anything but wild ginger root. He's tried cammerville an' rheubarb an' lots o' things, but he goes on hankerin' for terbacky. I'm plaguy glad to git this"—all this with a smile, or rather chuckle, of pleasure. Then a shadow would fall on the thin, wizened, brown face, and in a lower tone, with a kind of pathetic ring in it, he would say, "I wonder if *he's* found it this year, hope he has," and with a heavy sigh the spicy treasure, but with half its flavor gone, seemingly, for Bay, would be dropped into the basket. Or while cutting, in autumn, the witch-hazel twigs with their late, out-of-season, unflowerlike yellow blossoms, he would murmur: "I'd be sot up with gettin' these, to steep for Lodowick Pen'leton's lame arm, if 't wa'n't for t'other. I'm awfully 'fraid he ain't got any this fall." That I did not, for a long time, ask the meaning of these references shows me now that I recognized

in them an element of mystery, something out of the common, which somehow awed and silenced me.

I remember well the day when the explanation came. We had been roaming about the lower part of the village, gathering jimson-weed, the stramonium of botany and pharmacy. It grew very plentifully in waste places there, with its large whitish or pale violet funnel-shaped flowers and coarse leaves, and we soon had all we wanted. As the summer twilight came on we wandered down to the Point, near the old lighthouse, and finally seated ourselves on the rocks there, and looked out over the water. A little sail-boat in the distance—a homely thing enough when at the dock, and with the broad unfaltering light of noonday upon its scarred and dingy sides, stained and patched sail—now seemed a fairy shallop of rose and gold, and on this boat Botany Bay's blue, melancholy eyes were fixed. "*He* might be in that boat," he said at last, "might jest as well be there's anywheres; jest's likely to be, for aught I know;" and then as I looked up at the dreary sound in his voice I saw, to my amaze and distress, big tears on the brown face. I could not stand that. I laid my fingers on the sleeve of his ragged coat, and whispered:

"What's the matter, Bay?" I think he was glad to have me ask him. I think he had pined for a confidant; at any rate he turned quickly towards me, and in a strangely solemn, sad voice, the very tones of which I seem to hear as I recall the scene, he said:

"Aleck, did ye know there was two o' me?"

I scarcely understand now what there was in those words to frighten me so. Perhaps it was the tone and manner of the speaker, our surroundings of sea and sky, as well as the mysteriousness of the words themselves, which alarmed me, only a boy at the time: but I shivered with sudden fear.

"Don't be scart, Aleck," he said, soothingly. "'Tain't nothin' new. I've knowed it years. Ye ain't scart at me; an' he's jest the same."

"Who is, Bay?" I said, in a frightened whisper, my teeth almost chattering.

"Him," he answered, slowly, "t'other. That other *me*, ye know;" and gradually the story was told.

Many years before, how long Bay did not know, a sailor, temporarily in Stonington, while his ship was unloading, had told the simple herbalist a strange thing. He had said that somewhere far away there was another Botany Bay, another Balaam, in every respect the same as this one. His name, his looks, his pursuit, were all just the same. This is what Bay understood him to say. Whether the man was trying to impose upon the poor boy's credulity, whether in his broken tongue—for he was a foreigner—he only intended to say that he had seen a person who resembled the plant-vender, or again, if perchance he was superstitiously inclined and himself believed in this strange double, I know not. At any rate, Bay accepted the tale as true, and it coloured all his after-life. If he was happy and exultant over

some simple conquest in the plant world, his joy was at once shadowed by the thought that "t'other" was, perhaps, denied that pleasure. If troubled, if cold or hungry, or persecuted by the boys, he was jealous lest "t'other" was better off and free from these annoyances. He was always brooding over the existence of this other self, sometimes when lonesome rejoicing in the twinship which seemed to give him something all his own, a more than friend or even brother; sometimes hating the thought of this shadow of his he could not escape; oftenest of all fearing with a strange fear this weird, mysterious duplicate of himself. After my first alarm on hearing this strange story the terror subsided, and I began soothing and comforting my poor friend.

"I don't see what makes you so afraid, Bay," I said, as we still sat on the rocks and talked that night. "What is there so dreadful in a man's looking just like you?"

"Tain't that, Aleck," he replied. "Tain't jest that he favours me, but he *is* me, an' I'm him, an' we're both on us each other. It's dreffle, dreffle."

"But how can it be, Bay? How could it have happened?"

"Well, I didn't use to know 'bout that myself. But I've ciphered it out now, an' this 's the way on it. I see Cap'n Pollard's little gal one day, Lois, you know, settin' on the stoop, cuttin' out figgers out o' paper with her ma's scissors, an' she went to cut out a man with a peaked hat on, an' all of a sudden she says: 'Why, look here, I got two on 'em 'stead o' one.' An' I see she'd doubled her paper 'thout knowin' it, an' so she'd got two men jest kezackly alike, peaked hat an' all. An' then in a jiffy it come over me that was how it happened with him an' me; God got the stuff doubled, you see, an' when He went to cut me out—or him, whichever 'twas He meant to make—He made two on us. I guess He didn't find it out till 'twas too late, or He wouldn't ha' let it go. Or mebbe He thought He'd throwed one away, but it—I mean him—or me—got off somehow. But 'twas a dreffle mistake, an' can't never, never be sot right."

His voice had a hopeless ring in it, and his blue eyes were misty as he looked off to sea. It was growing dark, and one by one the lights came out on Fisher's Island, Montauk Point, and farther to the westward, on the Hummocks.

"How *could* it be sot right?" he went on. "Mebbe you think if one on us died, 'twould fix it. But about his soul, how's that? When we was made double—by mistake—nobody to blame, you know—there couldn't ha' been but one soul pervided for. I was raised respectable on 'lection an' foreordination, jest's you was, Aleck, an' so I know that air soul was 'lected to heaven or t'other place, an' whichever died fust would take that place pervided for Balaam Montm'rency's soul. Ther' couldn't be two men 'lected guv'ner o' Connecticut, could ther'? No more could ther' be two souls to the same man 'lected to one place."

"Oh, Balaam!" I cried, in dismay; "I can't follow you; I'm all mixed up."

"So 'm I, Aleck, an' so's him, dreffle mixed; that's the trouble."

From that night Bay and I were closer friends than ever. I knew his secret now, and he was glad I knew it. We often talked of "t'other," and passed hours in vain surmises and imaginings as to his fate. Although I knew the whole situation was impossible, and existed only in poor Bay's weak brain, still there was a fearful fascination for me in the subject, and I loved to dwell upon it.

"Would you like to see him, Balaam?" I asked one day.

Bay shook and brushed the earth from some fine large roots of the ginseng he had just been digging, as he said, doubtfully, "I don't hardly know. Sometimes I think I would, an' then agin I ain't so sure. To see yourself comin' up to ye jest careless like, 's if 'twas somebody else, would be pretty scary, out of a lookin'-glass. But agin there's times when I want him bad; seem's if I must have him; 's if I wasn't a hull man without him, but on'y a piece o' one, half a pair o' scissors, you know, or one leg o' these trowses."

"But, Bay," I said, with a sudden thought, "it isn't any worse than twins. Don't you know Bill and Bob Hancox are twins, and they look so much alike nobody but their mother knows them apart?"

"I've thought o' that," Bay replied, "but it ain't the same. They was meant to be in pairs, like pijin berries, or two-fingered grass. They've got two souls, an' there's a place for 'em both—one for Bob Hancox and one for Bill Hancox—in heaven or t'other place; I'm afraid Bill's place is the bad un, for he's a plaguey troubleson chap; but *us*, we ain't twins, we're *each other*, don't ye see?"

We sat down to rest on the church steps, and were silent for a time. Then Bay said: "I wish I was a perfessor; b'longed to the Church, ye know; I might get a sight o' comfort that way. But I can't be, 'tain't no use. I come pretty near it once. I was at the Baptist meetin' one Sunday night, an' there was a big revival, an' Elder Swan was preachin'. I was awful stirred up, an' seem'd 's if I'd foun' a way out o' all my troubles. But all on a suddent I thought o' t'other one. I mos' know he's a heathen, for the man that told me about him he was a Portugee or a Kanaka, an' mos' likely he'd seed t'other Balaam over in them parts. So I jest thought 'twould be pretty mean for me, with my priv'leges, born in a Christian land an' raised in Stonin'ton Borough, to take advantage of t'other poor heathen Bay just because he'd happened to be brought up 'mong id'ls an' things, an' take his chance away. So I gin' it up."

I cannot describe fully all the phases of feeling through which Bay passed after I knew his story. But sure am I that after doubt, fear, repulsion, dread, sorrow and pity, he came at last into a great and tender love for this strange other self. I do not think that he had ever before loved a human being. As far as I could find out he had no memory of father, mother, brother or sister, and had hitherto led a friendless, lonesome life. So he had

learned no expressions of endearment, no fond words, no pet names. Such had never been addressed to himself, nor had he ever used them. But he loved, in a certain fashion, his plants, and this helped him now. He grew more eccentric, odder than ever, was more by himself, and was always talking in a low tone, even when quite alone. The village folk said that he was "madder'n a hatter," "crazier'n a coon," but I did not think so. He was only talking to his other self, for I often heard such words as these:

"Poor Bay, poor t'other Bay, don't mind me, don't be scart as I uster be, 'cause there's two o' ye. Some meddlin' loon's up an' told ye, I s'pose, an' ye feel bad; don't, now, *don't*."

Then his voice would sink almost to a whisper as he would say:

"Why, I love ye, Bay, I love ye; I love your peaked, pindlin' face, an' your yellor mussed-up hair, an' them silly blue eyes o' yourn. Ye see I know jest how ye look. I've got a bit o' lookin'-glass now, an' I carry it 'round an' keep lookin' in it, an' I can see us jest 's plain. Don't be 'feard on me; I wouldn't no more hurt ye than I'd hurt the vilets or venuses-prides in the spring."

But more and more, as this strange love grew, did the poor man grieve—agonize almost—over that other's soul, and it's ultimate state. His ideas of heathendom were vague, and derived principally from what he had heard at the "Monthly Concerts" of the Baptist church, intensified by the pictures in illustrated missionary papers distributed at the same meetings. He sometimes fancied that "t'other Bay" was discussing this matter with him, and I would hear him say, as if in response to another voice,

"Yer a heathen, ye say? That ain't no matter. How could ye help bein', out there where ye b'long? Never min', poor old Bay, I don't care 'bout yer id'ls, an' yer throwin' babies to the crocker-diles, an' layin' down on the railroad track to let the Jockanock train run over ye, an' all that. I'd a done it, too, if 'twas the fash'n in the Borough here. That's what they sing over to Baptist meetin',

" 'The heathens in their blinders
Bows down to wooden stuns.' "

'Course they do; they don't know no better. But then, Bay, 'tain't a good thing to do, an' I wouldn't if I was you. O Lord, I *am* you, I clean forgot. But won't ye try not to do it—can't ye swear off, Bay?"

Again and again, as the months rolled on, Balaam would talk with me of this matter, always dwelling now upon the point that there was but one place "pervided for Balaam Montm'rency's soul," and consequently but one of the two Bays could have a place at all.

"But," I ventured to ask one day, "what becomes of the other soul, Bay?"

"Why, it jest goes out."

"Out where?" I naturally asked.

"Jest where the light of a taller can'le goes when ye snuff it out, or the inside of a puff-ball when ye squeeze it, that's where. There ain't no soul no more; it's just stopped bein'."

The more the love for "t'other Bay" grew and deepened, the more the trouble and perplexity increased. How could he help this other—how could he set right this mighty difficulty?

One November day I had arranged to meet my friend just outside the village. As I came to the place of meeting, Bay was waiting, and I at once saw that he was strangely excited. His thin brown face was pale, his big blue eyes wild, his lips worked nervously.

"Aleck, Aleck," he said, excitedly, as soon as I drew near, "I've had a message!"

"Who from, Bay?" I asked.

"Why, from him, from poor Bay, dear old Balaam. I thought there was suthin' comin' an' I've been thinkin' an' contrivin' what 'twould be, an' this mornin' as I was comin' down the road I see old Thankful Bateese, the Injun woman. She's a mighty cur'us creeter, an' they say she has dealin's, an' she was in a field all by herself, an' she was a-walkin' roun' an' roun' suthin' on the ground, an' kinder singin'. An I lissened, an'—O Aleck, I heerd the words."

He stopped, and caught his breath with a half sob.

"What was it?" I asked, eagerly, sharing his excitement.

Still pale and trembling, he began chanting, in a strange, monotonous way, these rude rhymes:

"Ther's room for one, but ther' ain't for two,
Ther's no room for me if ther's room for you :
If ye wanter save me, jest up an' say
Ye'll gimme your chance, an' get outer the way."

As he crooned the words, swaying his body and moving his head from side to side, I was at once reminded of the old squaw, so well known in the village, and her peculiar way of chanting some strange gibberish, quite unintelligible to any of us. It at at once struck me that Bay had constructed the Indian jargon in his own way, prompted by his one pervading thought.

"Are you sure she said that?" I asked. "I never could understand the words of anything she sings."

"I never could afore, Aleck, but I heerd this jest as plain. 'Twas Bay, t'other Bay, speakin' right through her. An' now I know what I've got ter do."

"Oh, what, Bay?" I asked, anxiously, drawing nearer to him.

"Why, don't ye see? I've got ter up an' say I'll gin him my chance, an' git outer the way," and his voice again fell into the strange chant.

"But who'll you say it to, Bay?"

His face fell, and a puzzled look came over it, as he said, hesitating and troubled:

"Why—why—to him—no, I can't reach him—oh, Aleck, what

shall I do? what shall I do?" and he threw himself upon the ground in an agony of sorrow and bewilderment. At that moment I saw the old Indian woman coming along the road, and dashed after her. But I failed utterly in making her respond satisfactorily to my inquiries as to her song and what it meant. She threatened me, with alarming guttural sounds and wild gesticulations, and I ran away frightened.

I returned to my friend, and finally succeeded in persuading him to go on with me towards the farm, after our golden treasure. We talked long and earnestly as we went on through the gray November day.

"Ye see, Aleck," said Balaam at last, "it must be *my* soul that's 'lected—I was allers afraid 'twas—an' he's foun' it out, an' he sees a way out on it, if I 'wanter save him,' he says. Wanter! Oh, Bay!" and there was such a depth of tenderness in the voice. It seemed as if all the love he might under other conditions have given to father, mother, wife or child, had gone into this one affection.

"But, Bay," I said, full of love and pity for my friend, "I don't want you to give up to him this way. Why should you?"

"Why, Aleck, I wanten; I'd love ter. I never had anybody to take keer on, or set by, or gin up ter, but him, an' I love it. I don't guess he sets so much by me; likely's not he's got folks—a fam'ly, mebbe—an' he wants me outer the way, body an' soul, both on 'em. He don't want me roun' here, or takin' his place there, an' I don't blame him a mite. But it's different with me. He's all the folks I've got, an' I'm drefle glad ter do a little suthin' for him. I won't say that I ain't sometimes kinder felt 's if I'd like ter see them places they tell about at meetin', an' Scripter speaks on. Ye ain't a religious boy, Aleck; that ain't cum yit with ye; so I can't talk much about that, an' tell you all my reas'ns, the whys an' whuffers; but anyway you'll understand how I'd like to see them plants an' things growin' there Elder Peckham told about, that heals the nations, an' them trees bearin' a dozen diffunt kin's o' fruits—grafted, mebbe—an' them 'never-witherin' flowers' in the hymn-book—everlastin's I 'spose. But, law, 'tain't wuth talkin' about. I'd do more'n that for him, poor chap. Jest to go out, you know, an' not to be 'roun' any more; that ain't much."

In spite of myself I could not help talking as if the situation was a real one. I had lived so long with Bay in this strange story of another self that it was very real to me, and I could hardly bear the thought of this terrible sacrifice, this strange, paradoxical, unselfish self-love, this self-abnegatory immolation for another self. But I could do nothing.

We had gathered our roots, and were resting under the lee of a large boulder, when again Bay began his bewildering talk as to how he could effect this renunciation, to whom he could "up an' say" that he would gladly resign his chance for the other's sake. Suddenly, as we leaned against the rock, there came from over-

head something like a cry. To this day I do not know what it was. It may have been the call of some belated bird fallen behind his migrating comrades, the scream of an eagle or hawk, but to Bay's excited brain it seemed a message from Heaven. He listened intently a moment, his pale face glowed, and he cried:

"O' course, o' course! I'd oughter knowed it. Thank the Lord, I know now."

"Oh, Bay, tell me, tell me; what is it?"

"Why, that there voice showed me how. Don't ye see that wh'ever made the mistake fust—made us double, ye know—he's the one to fix it now? He'll be glad enough to have the thing sot right an' off his mind, an' if I go an' tell him 's well as I know how that I ain't goin' to stan' in any one's way—that he can count me out—why, the thing'll be squared somehow." He was in a state of trembling excitement.

"Go home, Aleck, that's a good boy," he said, hurriedly; "I want ter be by myself a spell; I'll come down bimeby."

He took up his basket, crossed the road, entered a piece of woods, and was soon out of sight among the leafless trees. I was frightened, and after a few minutes I stole after him, and went a little way into the woods. Suddenly I heard a voice, and involuntarily stopped to listen. I shall not tell you what I heard. I was not, as Botany Bay truly said, a religious boy; but there was something about what came to my ears in that gray and lonesome wood which filled me with awe then, and has ever since seemed to me a sacred, solemn thing. He was talking to some one, as man to man; he was telling that some one in homely phrase, which yet carried in it a terrible earnestness, of his willingness to give up his place here and hereafter—as he had often expressed it to me, "to stop bein'"—to have everything go on as if there had been but one Bay, and that one "t'other." He did not ask that this might be; he made no petition, offered no plea. He spoke as if only his expression of willingness was lacking to make the thing a fact, to complete the sacrifice.

Boy as I was, I felt that I was on holy ground, and stole away. I would go home, I thought, but to-morrow I would, at the risk of seeming to betray a confidence, ask advice of some older, wiser person.

As I came down into the village it grew grayer and more black, and soon there were snow-squalls, a sure sign there of increasing cold. And cold it grew, bitterly cold. As I sat in front of our blazing wood fire that evening I thought much of Bay, and longed for the morning. I should know better what to say to him now that I had thought the matter over; and if I could not convince him myself, why I should go to Mr. Clifford, the minister. He would know what to say. The morning came, clear and cold, sharply cold for that early season, and thoughts of skating and Lihu's Pond came first to me as I woke in my warm bed. Then I remembered Bay. As soon as I could I ran up the street and down the little lane opposite the doctor's to Bay's small brown

house. He was not there; the neighbours said he had not been there since yesterday morning. I hurried to David Doty's, down the back street towards the Point, but he had not brought to the old man the promised gold-thread. Thoroughly alarmed, I ran home and told my fears, and soon our team was ready, and my father and I, with faithful Elam, our "help," were on our way to the woods where I had last seen poor Bay.

It did not take long to find him; he did not try to hide away. There he was, lying close at hand and very still. At first we thought that he was dead. Then he showed some signs of life, and we lifted him tenderly and carried him to our home. No pains were spared to resuscitate him; good Dr. Hines worked faithfully and untiringly, and by-and-by the eyelids trembled and were lifted.

There was a look of dazed wonderment at first; then a faint light flickered over the small, quaint, brown face, and the lips moved. We bent to listen. In a faint, broken whisper he said:

"Ther's room for one, but ther' ain't for two. But—ther' ain't—two now, Bay; you're the—one—an' I'm—goin' out. I'm dreffle glad, Bay."

The big blue eyes opened with a sudden smile, like that of a little child, but withal so wise and deep, and Bay was still. The soul had "gone out." Had it "stopped bein'?"

LEAD THEM HOME.

LORD, we can trust Thee for our holy dead—

They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,
Have entered into peace; with bended head,

We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas

Of sin and sorrow still are tempest-tossed!

Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—

Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;

For these we cry to Thee through the long day;

We see them not—oh keep them in Thy sight!

From them and us be Thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home

To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate;

That so from Thee they shall not farther roam;

And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering time to wait.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

ALONE IN LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

ONE Sunday evening in summer I was wandering, quite lost, in a warren of London lanes, courts and blind alleys. The lanes—save that the figure is too frolicsome for the doleful locality—seemed to have been laid out by magnifying the irregular circles made by a kitten running after its own tail. Once in them it was almost impossible for an unguided stranger to get out of their intersecting, wavy and jagged curves, unless he turned under low archways, or through clefts between houses—so narrow that it was necessary to sidle through them—to be brought up short by the dead wall of a *cul de sac*, or to lose himself once more in a Chinese puzzle of courts within courts. After the bewilderment of those inosculating nests of courts, it was almost a relief to discover from some often-passed landmark that one had got out again in the comparatively plain-sailing of the round-abouting lanes. They crossed like snakes lying one over another with their tails in their mouths, but still it was easier in them than it was in the courts to reason that one must eventually emerge into some familiar street or road. Cheapside, Oxford Street, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, the Borough High Street, New Cut, impress country people and foreigners with a forcible idea of the vast population of London, owing to their throngs of passengers; but a Londoner, I think, is more likely to be impressed by it if he turns into such a maze as I have described—one with which he is not familiar. He can find scores of them by just turning to the right or left out of thoroughfares he has known by heart from boyhood. He will be startled at any time, but especially on a Sunday night, to find spaces which on the map look like very small blocks of untraversable building, as bored and honey-combed as a sea-wormed wreck, and crammed with squalid people squatting everywhere like a swarm of Egyptian frogs.

While I was wandering about in the warren I have described, the bells of a church at some little distance pealed out. They were a saddening rather than a soothing sound, because it was so easy to note that their sweet Sabbath song went home to the hearts of scarcely any of the people around me. The tired faces looked no easier, the stolid faces looked none the more mobile, the savage faces looked no softer, the shallow, frivolous faces were mellowed by no ennobling shade of seriousness, the besotted faces continued bestial. The sound of pealing church bells is sweet *per se*, and sweetly suggestive, wherever it may be heard, but it seems to me especially sweet—at any rate, in the latter sense—when it peals over the grimy roofs and grotesque chimney-pots of a poor quarter in a great city. It sounds as if a chorus of angels were singing for the consolation of the city's strugglers,

"There *is* peace to be obtained on earth—there is everlasting peace, there is joy whose everlasting jubilation will never flag, will never cloy, hereafter."

But that was not the interpretation which the people in my warren put upon the Sunday evening peal. So far as appearance went, they put no interpretation whatever upon it. They simply disregarded it, because it was nothing to *them*—just as the oaths and other foul language flying about were nothing to them, except when *they* chanced to be the recipients or bandiers of them. The peal of bells somehow made me look up, and I saw a face that fixed my eyes. It was hard and angular, but a stream of sunshine, not strong enough to dazzle, falling upon it, I could see every line of it. It was not quite emancipated from the influence of its doleful surroundings, but as the haggard old woman leaned out of her little window—a window opening on the black, battered tiles, and patched with paper, rags and an old hat—and listened to the evening bells, the memory of a pleasant past, so distant that it had become almost a dream to her—the anticipation of rest and happiness forever, which surely she would not have much longer to wait for, so swept over her sunlit, rugged countenance that it was, as it were, the face of an angel in comparison with the faces above which it looked out.

Soon afterwards I learnt that old woman's history. It made me feel more than I had ever felt before the loneliness of London life. It also made me see more vividly than I had ever seen before that—however the fact may be explained—a belief in Christ does give real comfort and courage when, without such a belief, the wretched would be utterly wretched, the weary worsted in life's struggle would walk into the water, or lie down and die in their foodless garrets or the first quiet street-corner they could find.

This old woman, the almost starving tenant of a bare room in a London slum, was the eldest daughter of a Northamptonshire land-agent, a well-to-do man, who managed two or three important estates in different parts of the country, and had besides property of his own. He had a handsome old house overlooking the market-square in Northampton, and his daughters were brought up in almost luxurious comfort, and taught, in consideration of the intercourse which their father had with "the landed gentry," and of his owning a little land himself, to look down somewhat on the daughters of even the most prosperous tradesfolk in the Drapery, Northampton's Regent Street. When the old woman (whom I will henceforth call Miss Nene) found that I knew a little about Northampton, she brightened up, and began to talk about the old town she had not seen for nearly fifty years.

"Ah, yes, sir," she said, "I remember the Race-course well enough. My sisters were very pretty, and the Hunt gentlemen made so much of them at the race ball that the other girls were quite jealous. You wouldn't think that I had ever dressed in fine clothes and gone to balls, would you, sir? But we held our heads high then. If any one had told me that I should ever be as I am

now, I should have thought him raving mad. It never entered my head that I should ever have to wear rags, and go without food and fire, and be looked down on even by the beggars. But it's God's will, and I won't murmur. Is that old house by Newland still standing, sir—the one with the shields in front? There used to be some Welsh words cut on it that I've heard meant this—'Without God, without everything; God, and enough.' And I've learnt that lesson, I bless His name."

The youngest sister married, the mother died, Miss Nene was left to keep her father's house. Although now an old maid, she was a "highly respectable" old maid, with money coming to her on her father's death, and therefore, was still a personage of some importance to her neighbours, brothers-in-law, and nephews and nieces.

In those days hard drinking unfortunately was so prevalent amongst her father's patrons, the landed gentry whom she had been taught to look upon as only a little lower than the angels, that she did not consider the respectability of her family at all impaired by the fact that her father went to bed drunk two or three times every week. When, however, he began to drink hard in the daytime, so as to incapacitate himself for 'business, even those who were very willing to be his boon companions at what they called "decent hours" began to shake their heads. Nene drank himself to death, and when his affairs were looked into, it was found that so far from having any money to leave his children, he had died in debt to his employers.

The old home was broken up, and Miss Nene had to find another for herself as best she could. "I shouldn't have minded that so much," she said, "though I could not help thinking it hard that neither of my brothers-in-law would let me come to them, not even for a week. They were disappointed, you see, at not having got what they had expected from father, and, of course, I'd nothing to leave their children then. But people said that poor father was a cheat, and that I was as bad, and it was terrible to come down like that where we'd always been so respected. I went to church and said my prayers and read my Bible and 'Whole Duty,' but I didn't know really what Christianity was in those days. I was a Pharisee. To be thought well of was all I cared about. I've had my punishment, haven't I, sir? But I oughtn't to talk about punishment—if I hadn't had a come-down, perhaps I should have gone on being a Pharisee all my life."

A maiden lady of fifty, brought up in a comfortable middle-class home, in an old-fashioned English town, whose chief anxiety has been to lay out the money which has been supplied her without stint on satisfactory family and company dinners, is about as unfit a character as can be conceived to fight the world without backers. Miss Nene would have made an excellent housekeeper, perhaps, for any one in easy circumstances; but owing to her father's defalcations she had no one to recommend her for such a place, and she was glad at last to take, for a little more than her

board and lodging, a situation which she heard of by chance—that of general domestic drudge for a struggling widowed tradesman in Walworth, who had ten small children, but who could only afford to keep one servant, a little girl from the workhouse. “I’ve wished myself back there many a time,” said the old woman, “but I thought I should go beside myself when I first got there. Everything was so noisy and so nasty, and the children were so unruly, and I’d never a minute to myself, and he was so near about the food, poor man, and what there was didn’t seem fit to set before a dog. I thought so then. God forgive me, and now many’s the day I get nothing but a crust I’ve picked up off an ash-heap. Yes, sir, that’s the simple truth. I soak them when I’ve a chance, to get a little of the dust out, and soften them a bit, but sometimes I’ve been so hungry that I was glad to eat them just as I found them.

“But I was going to tell you, sir—it was at Walworth I first got to know my Saviour. Sundays weren’t much like Sundays there, no more than they are here—it was one of those shops that keep open all day. The man sometimes put the shutters up for an hour or two in the afternoon, when he wanted to get a rest, but not often—there wasn’t much sleep to be got in that house whilst the children were about. Sometimes the poor man would get me to take the youngest of them to church just to keep them out of his way, but it wasn’t often that I could get to church anyhow. I always went morning and afternoon at Northampton (father stayed at home in the afternoon), and so when I first went to Walworth I felt as if I’d got into a heathen country. I don’t know how it was, but one Sunday evening the shop was shut, and they were all out—except the three youngest. They slept in my room—two on the floor, and one with me. So I thought I’d have a quiet read in the parlour behind the shop, and I went up to my box to get out my Prayer-Book and Bible and the ‘Whole Duty.’ I brought down the ‘Rise and Progress,’ too. That was the only thing I’d got of mother’s. Mother was very fond of it. When she was quite a little girl she had seen Dr. Doddridge—he died in Portugal, you know, sir—but he used to preach in Northampton. He had a school there in Sheep Street. Mother sometimes went to the chapel that used to be his—the one on Castle Hill. Father didn’t like it, because he was a Church and King man, and thought all meetings were worse than French infidels. So mother didn’t go often, but she was very fond of reading the ‘Rise and Progress.’ I’d kept it because it was mother’s, but I’d never read it before that night. I began to read it then, and I read it afterwards, and it seemed to me that I’d got hold of a different sort of religion to what I’d been used to. I didn’t like it at first, but afterwards when I read the Bible again, I seemed to understand it better. The texts I couldn’t make out before seemed to fit in to what the ‘Rise and Progress’ said; and now, thank God, I’ve known for many a year what it is to have a Saviour to go to who’ll comfort you none the less, but all the more, because you

are poor and miserable, and everybody else looks down on you. I don't like to venture into a church now. I'm such a scarecrow—I'm afraid they'd turn me out. I've had to part even with my Bible, and if I had it still, my eyes are too dim now for reading print. But it isn't having Christ inside a book that comforts you—it's having Him in your heart—always ready just when you want Him to comfort you."

Poor old Miss Nene had long and often stood in dire need of comfort. When she lost her "home" in Walworth through the bankruptcy of her employer, she had obtained a series of such other employments as a friendless, old-fashioned old woman, originally fitted for nothing but to manage a house in the country in which money could be got for asking, might be expected to obtain in London. At last, or rather very speedily, even these employments came to an end, and the poor old body who in her Northampton home walked about in an atmosphere of lavender sprigs and chintz-patterned *pot pourri*, had for years—the alternative being imprisonment for life in the workhouse—been forced to poke about in London rubbish-heaps for the means of getting a scanty crust—sometimes for the crust itself. She was one of the walled scarecrows who rise from their lairs in the lowest parts of London in the early morning to wander miles, and poke and pry, bent almost double, in search of the precious treasure of rags, bones, stray bits of metal, and sodden cigar ends. Of all the strugglers in even struggling London, these poor "bunters" inspire me with the most pity, and I am half inclined to say, with the most respect. The healthy love of independence must be strong in them when, old, feeble, half-famished as they are, they will totter about for hours—no matter what the weather, or how mucky the places—in the not always realized hope of earning a morsel of food—food got, not given; and when they cannot get it, quietly starve "at home"—that is, in damp, cold, or hot, filthy, fusty, cramped holes, into which if a pointer were put, the kingdom would ring with indignant leaders on Barbarous Inhumanity to Noble Dumb Animals. I do not grudge the dogs their friends—those that are not sporting or pet dogs are often sorely in need of friends—but I wish that my Noble Dumb Animals, these poor old silent bone-grubbers, could get a little more attention shown them in a country like England in which so much miscellaneous pity is going about like a roaring deluge seeking whom it may next drench.

OFTEN through my heart is pealing
 Many another voice than Thine,
 Many an unwilling echo stealing
 From the wall of this Thy shrine.
 Let Thy longed-for accents fall,
 Master; speak, and silence all.

—F. R. Havergal.

THE INNER COURT.

BY ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON.

"TARRY ye here," the Saviour said !
 And passed into the deeper shade
 Where stately palms and olives threw
 Their shelter round Him as He prayed.

Tarry ye here, dear as ye are,
 Nor on this dreadful hour intrude;
 The bitterest anguish must be met
 In silence and in solitude.

Tarry ye here, but not because
 I need not human sympathy,
 I leave you at the outer gate,
 But oh, I charge you "Watch with Me,"

While in the awful shade of night
 Across the peaceful, slumbering sod,
 I flee with my unuttered woe
 Into the chamber of my God.

Tarry ye here, grief's inner court
 Cannot be trod by human feet,
 Within that sanctuary's walls
 None but the soul and God can meet.

Ah, life is not so strong to bear
 Its griefs without companionship,
 Yet there are secret woes that press
 The seal of silence on the lip,

And beckon with despairing hand
 The tenderest sympathy away,
 And in some lonely garden seek
 A spot to agonize and pray.

There safe in life's Gethsemane
 Our fleeing feet scarce touch the sod,
 One burning wish within the soul—
 To be alone with grief and God.

Tarry ye here, where heaven's stars
 Shall shed on you their silver light,
 But let me be alone with God
 In yonder deepest shades of night.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE MINISTRY OF OUR TIMES.

BY BISHOP C. D. FOSS, D.D.

THE importance of the Christian ministry cannot be over-estimated. It is the third great institution of the Church, and is flanked on all sides by the power of God. In the way of the minister there are many serious difficulties, but no obstacle is great enough to hinder him in his work if he possesses the requisite qualifications. I want to notice, as briefly as may be, some of the qualifications for the ministry of our times. And it may be said that what is necessary for ministers in these times is the same as has been required for the ministry of all times.

First, I remark, that it must be a *learned ministry*. Mind you, I did not say, an educated ministry. The two terms are not convertible. I mean a ministry that continues to increase in intellectual power. I have during nearly all my life been connected with schools and colleges, and believe in our young men acquiring the fullest possible intellectual preparation. Yet it has pleased God from time to time to call men from the anvil and the plough to the pulpit ; men who have not had the advantages of a wide academic training. But this need not hinder them from being *learned*. There is a manifest and increasing need of a learned ministry in our times. The people to whom we preach are a reading, studious people. The high school graduate of to-day knows more than the Harvard graduate did in 1800.

If the preacher of the nineteenth century fails to keep abreast of the times, yea, a little ahead of them, he will lose influence and efficiency. Three hundred years ago not one in ten could read a chapter in the Bible, or write his own name. In the British Museum there is an old Bible, upon the fly-leaf of which is an inscription written by Queen Mary, as follows : " Presented to king and I at the time of our coronation." The sign-boards hanging in front of the old English taverns remind us of the illiteracy of the people only a few years ago. Upon these signs were painted a cock and bull, a white swan or other objects. It was the only language the masses could read. But those days have passed away. How great the change ! Why, it was only in 1800 that the first public school was opened in England. Books were printed then for the favoured few ; now they are for the masses. They are sold everywhere at trifling cost. And the people are reading them.

There is an impression that almost any kind of a preacher can get along in the Far West, out on prairies and frontiers. I tell you that is no place for the clerical weakling. They have yonder a people with bright, penetrating, discriminating minds, and they very much enjoy the best preaching. Indeed, there is no place on this continent for ignoramus in the ministry. It is necessary for you, young brethren, to be alive and studious, or it will seriously bar your way to success and usefulness. You must familiarize yourselves with the great religious, social and industrial questions that are now occupying so large a place in the public mind. The duties of citizenship ; the duty of citizens at the polls ; the questions of temperance, Mormonism, polygamy ; the mighty problem of immigration ; the relations

of capital and labour, of employer and employé—these, and twenty other questions I could name, are things about which you must know, or the people will see that you are behind the times, and your way will be barred. You should lead public sentiment on these issues. What the pulpit teaches moulds sentiment, and also that of the press.

But how are you to become learned ministers? It may be your duty to attend college or a Biblical institute. If you can do so, go by all means. But that may not be in the line of your duty. What you need is a daily, nightly, everlasting study of a few great authors. Two or three works of philosophy, several on theology, one or two of poetry, and so on. Neglect to read some poetry, and you miss one of the very richest currents that can flow into your intellectual life. Don't squander your time in reading newspapers. Dr. McClintock said that seven minutes a day was enough to give to the newspapers. Don't waste your precious time devouring sensational despatches, baseball news and senseless gossip. Don't become absorbed in magazine reading. It is not what you need. Get hold of the great authors. God does not let loose more than five great authors on any generation. Stretch your little intellects on the great authors. Then, study the Book. The daily, nightly, everlasting study of the Book is absolutely essential if you would become learned ministers. There is no excuse for any one who does not read the New Testament in the original Greek. One hour every day for two years will master it, and make you a learned exegete.

Give the Bible a chance. Read it systematically, consecutively. What would you say to one who would read Macaulay's history of England as many persons read the Bible—a chapter of the first volume, and a section of the second, and a little of the third, and so on? Read the Bible largely. Read it consecutively. Pore over it until its truth and harmony and power shall become absorbed. Again I say, give the Bible a chance. But woe be to the man who affects a learned *style* of preaching—who delivers philosophical, geological, scientific lectures. That is not preaching. Preach the Word. Bring all your knowledge and lay it down at the feet of Jesus. Let all your study and all your knowledge be consecrated to Him, and used only to present His loveliness the more clearly to the world. Young men, if you do not seek to be learned in this best sense, people will soon find you out. I was presiding at the Kentucky (coloured) Conference some years ago, and in our cabinet work we found it difficult to appoint one brother. Day after day passed, and the presiding elders failed to nominate him for any place. At last I said, "Brethren, how is it you have not made a suitable nomination for Bro. —?" I thought that possibly I was labouring under some mistake as to the identity of the brother, and so said to the presiding elders, "I mean the brother who always sits near the third window on the north side. He is a fine-looking man, dresses well, and is quite bald." "Yes," said Dr. Marshall W. Taylor, one of the brightest coloured men I ever knew, since gone to glory, "yes; but bishop, he is bald on the inside of his head, too." If you are bald on the inside of your head, it will soon be known.

Then again, the ministry for the times must be a consecrated ministry—a holy ministry, one absolutely devoted to the work of God. With Paul, it must not confer with flesh and blood. It must have self-abandonment. There never was a time when truth has taken a wider outlook and great

reforms have been wrought unless led by a martyr. We want men utterly devoted to the work of God. A man devoted to a wrong cause, who goes at it with all his mind, and soul and strength, multiplies his power for evil beyond measure. The ministry for the times must be a soul-saving, a revival ministry. Not a ministry that will secure the salvation of sinners by ones and twos, though that is good, but by tens and hundreds. I am not here to plead for wildfire. Nor for the work of indiscreet, weak evangelists, so-called, who invite people who want to love Jesus to raise their hands as high as their shoulders, with the understanding that such a condescension upon their part will make all heaven and earth very happy; men who plead with you to write your name on a card, and to whom big sinners say, "Why, yes, if it will please you so much, it won't hurt us to do that." Out on all such work! Men are sinners, lost and undone, and are in danger of eternal retribution. Blessed be God when one such is converted. But more blessed is it when a sand blast of revival power comes into the community, when society is shaken to its foundations, and scores are soundly converted to God. • Blessed be that Church whose pastor is his own evangelist.

But some say, "I'm not a revivalist; my work is in building up the Church." How are you going to build up the Church? I never found any other way than by taking the rough stones from Nature's quarry and putting them into the walls—getting sinners converted and training them for glory. There are not two classes in the ministry, those who are revivalists and those who are not.

The Church of Jesus Christ is not a guild, it is not a social club. That is a mean and belittling conception of the Church. It should mould public opinion in the community and give moral tone to society. You should preach so that the merchant of the congregation who is tricky and cheats and takes every advantage, will be greatly troubled, and will think that either God or the devil is after him, and will get him sure. And so that other merchant who is straight, and honest, and conscientious in all his dealings, even to his personal loss at times, will feel that his counter is as sacred as your pulpit.

Then, your ministry must be a pastoral ministry. There must be hand-to-hand work. After the cannonade, the struggle with short swords. My preaching is done mostly at long range now. If God did not honour even this long-range preaching, I would feel that I must abandon this work, and go out into some field where I could win souls. A few months ago I preached at Ann Arbor, and at the close of the sermon a brilliant young student came to me asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Soon after I received a letter from another asking about the ministry, saying that during the sermon he had been greatly moved. God gave me a little victory, but it is nothing as compared to that secured at the short-range method. John Hall visits each of his two thousand families twice every year. I don't mean that you are to go and sit in the parlour till the lady of the house makes her toilet and arrays herself in a silk dress, and then ask her to call her husband from his work that you may formally visit him. No, no. Go where the labourer is, into the shop, on to the roof, down into the mine, into the field. Don't ask him to stop his ploughing. Tell him to drive on or ask him to let you drive, and then speak a few earnest words about the Church and his soul.

The Church has some rights which a young man is bound to respect. I know of nothing so laughable, if it were not so lamentable, as to see some young knight of the pulpit come out on a fine Sunday morning with an old sophomore essay, finely written, gilt-edged, and perhaps scented, now to be read, or more probably recited, in which he labours to make the impression that neither the Church nor the doctrines on which the Church was founded, nor the Word which emanated from God Himself was to be accepted until each had been proved by his lordly reason. If the young village rhymester should declare that Milton's “Paradise Lost” didn't amount to anything, or if the amateur architect should decide that the dome of St. Peter's was a failure, it wouldn't hurt the poem or the dome, but it would dig their grave. . . . Be patient with honest doubt. Teach it. Show it the truth until the doubter shall at last exclaim, “My Lord, and my God.” But with bold, self-asserting, dishonest doubt, it is not worth while to trouble. When I come around again in ten or twelve years and ask after my class, for such you will always be to me, I shall expect to hear from the presiding elder who will then be, a good account of you. I hope I may hear that, while you may not have developed into what the world calls great preachers, that you are fresh, earnest, biblical preachers, and judicious, soul-saving pastors.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

“THE LEAST OF THESE.”

BY ELLEN E. CHASE.

SHE had little of earthly beauty,
 She had less of earthly lore ;
 She climbed by a path so narrow,
 Such wearisome burdens bore !
 And she came, with heart a-tremble,
 To the warder at heaven's door.

She said, “There were hearts of heroes,”
 She said, “there were hands of might ;
 I had only my little children,
 That called to me, day and night ;
 I could only soothe their sorrows,
 Their childish hearts make light.”

And she bow'd her head in silence,
 She hid her face in shame ;
 When, out from a blaze of glory,
 A form majestic came ;
 And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
 Lo, some one called her name !

“Dear heart ! that hath self forgotten,
 That never its own hath sought,
 Who keepeth the weak from falling,
 To the King hath jewels brought.
 Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
 For the Lord Himself was wrought !”

REV. JOSEPH WESLEY McCALLUM.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

IN the death of the Rev. Joseph Wesley McCallum, which occurred in this city on the 29th of June last, the Methodist Church has lost another of its most devoted and successful ministers. He was a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists, and inherited in an eminent degree the sterling qualities of that remarkable race to whom the Dominion of Canada owes so much. His grand-parents, on both his father's and his mother's side, appear to have belonged to that band of exiles who, driven from their homes and deprived of their property in the United States on account of their political principles, soon after the close of the war of the American Revolution, found their way across the Niagara River and settled along the Niagara frontier, then an all but unbroken forest. His grandfather, James McCollum—for so he spelled his name—a Scotchman with principles as firm and unyielding as the granite of his native hills, rather than forswear his allegiance to his king, and desert the flag under which he was born, cheerfully accepted the loss of his home, and his property, which appears to have been considerable, in the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, and, after having endured 'indescribable hardships, to begin life empty-handed, amid the rigours of this northern climate, and the trials and sufferings incident to the early settlement of a country covered with a dense forest. Of the Howes, his mother's family, less is known, but though of English descent, they were of the same temper, and of the same stock. They were people who had settled principles, and who, moreover, had the courage of their convictions, and were prepared to not only fight, but if need be to suffer and even to die for what they believed to be right.

Such was the stock from which Joseph McCallum and Elizabeth Howe, the parents of the subject of this sketch, were descended, and such were the traits of character which had come to them by inheritance. Though they belonged rather to the Cavaliers than to the Roundheads, their indomitable will and unswerving loyalty to their conscientious convictions marked them out as belonging essentially to the same race as the Puritans who laid the foundation of the settlement of New England at an earlier day. And the stern struggle with poverty and the difficulties incident to frontier life had tended to strengthen rather than to relax these principles.

It is true when Joseph Wesley came upon the scene, the battle had been in a great measure fought and the victory won. Under the more than magic spell of a tireless industry the face of nature itself had been changed. The wilderness and the solitary place had been made glad, and the desert had at least begun to blossom like the rose. But the qualities that had been developed, the characters that had been formed in the arduous struggle which had resulted in the altered circumstances of the people, still remained. And, I suspect, there was but little room for "softness or self-indulgence" in the home in which Joseph Wesley began his life. It may be taken for granted that it was pervaded by an authority from which there was no appeal; and that the work which might be reasonably expected from each member of it was required to be done.

It is in such homes as this that the idea of duty is developed, selfishness is dethroned, and children are taught from their infancy to obey God and do right in total disregard of inclination, "trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine of devils that we are not to do good unless our hearts are free to do it." Nor does it require any Spartan severity to do this when the conduct of parents themselves are governed by this principle, and precept and example go hand in hand. And from all that we have been able to learn of Joseph McCallum and his wife, this was true of them. Authority, in their case was softened and sweetened by love. At an early day—how early is not known—through the influence of Methodism these rugged, strong-minded people, with their tenacity of principle and indomitability of will, were made the subjects of the saving grace of God. Theirs was the triumphant and joyous religion of the Methodist of those days—a religion which enabled its possessor to give a reason of the hope that was in him to every one that asked, and which, though characterized by great intensity of feeling, did not expend itself in mere demonstration, but was full of faith and good works. It is no marvel that a child like Joseph Wesley McCallum, naturally serious, and with a deep, spiritual nature, was, almost from infancy, more or less the subject of religious feeling. It is doubtful whether he could ever recollect a period when he was not favoured, ever and anon, with gracious visitings from above. I suspect that, like Samuel, he was from his infancy "lent" to the Lord, and that the parents who demonstrated their respect and affection for the memory of the founder of Methodism, and their gratitude for the spiritual benefits which had come to them through his instrumentality, gave his name to their son, did so in prayerful hope that he might walk in the footsteps of that great and good man, and that he might be instrumental in keeping the fire which he had kindled burning, and helping forward the work which he had begun. I have no reason to doubt that this was true, especially of this devoted man.

It was not, however, until he had reached the age of twelve that he became the subject of that great change which gave colouring to the whole of his after-life. At that age Joseph Wesley McCallum, having obtained the forgiveness of sins through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was adopted into the family of God; and because he was a son, God sent forth the spirit of His Son into his heart, crying, "Abba, Father." The Spirit Himself bore witness with his spirit that he was a son of God. Of his religious life during the next eleven years but little is known, beyond the fact that it was constant, consistent, and progressive. Like his Master, whom he loved, he grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour with God and man. The peculiar means of grace in the Methodist Church—the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, and the love-feast—afforded him opportunity for modestly and unostentatiously exercising his gifts; and the offices which he was called to fill, as he approached manhood and his religious knowledge and experience became more mature, as leader, exhorter, and local preacher, enlarged the sphere of his religious activity and usefulness. The result was that by the time he had reached early manhood, and probably before it, the Church had taken knowledge of him, as one who was evidently called to the work of the ministry. Indeed, long before he felt that he had the necessary qualifications for that work, either as respects literary and theological training, or experience, he was earnestly urged to

place his services fully at the disposal of the Church. His eminent devotion, his burning zeal for the salvation of sinners, the spiritual unction and power which attended his earnest and pathetic appeals to the unconverted, and, it may be added, his studious habits and conscientious economy of time, made those who knew him feel that he might be safely trusted to make up for his defective preparatory training by the private study of after years. How fully this expectation was realized is known to those who knew him best. But if anything connected with his religious or ministerial life occasioned him regret in looking back from subsequent years, it was the fact that the scarcity of men, and the pressing exigencies of the work at the time, led to his assuming the responsibilities of the ministerial office, as he believed, somewhat prematurely.

Respecting the correctness of this view it would be hazardous to express an opinion. Sanctified learning is, no doubt, a great instrument of usefulness. Intellectual culture that has been fully consecrated to God and baptized at the font of Christian love, is an invaluable gift, and one that every one looking forward to the office and work of a minister in the Church of God should covet earnestly, and do all in his power to secure. But the Church does well to distinguish between what is desirable and what is essential. It is remarkable that there was but one Paul among the apostles. He alone of the entire college was what we in our day would call a college-bred man. He alone had received a thorough literary and theological training—brought up as he was at the feet of Gamaliel. It would be an error, indeed, to suppose that the fishermen of Galilee were uneducated men. They were probably as well, or even better educated than the bulk of the people to whom they ministered; in addition to this they had been under the discipline and teaching of the Master for three years; but all this did not amount to that sort of academic training which we are coming to regard as almost an essential qualification for the ministry. But while, beyond question, the Church is right in the main, such eminent instances as those of Spurgeon, the greatest of living preachers, and Moody, the most successful of modern evangelists, neither of whom had the advantage of a college training, must not be overlooked. It would be wrong, indeed, to say of the early Methodist preachers, that because they were not college bred, they were therefore uneducated. And it would be just as grave an error to call Mr. McCallum an uneducated man. The very fact that his early advantages had not been all that could be desired—though he appears to have availed himself of all the scholastic advantages of the neighbourhood where he lived—led him, so to speak, to put himself to school during the whole of his life. His student days only ended with his decease.

But what is the chaff to the wheat? What are the mere accessories to the work of the ministry to that work itself? “He that winneth souls is wise.” And to Joseph Wesley McCallum that divine wisdom was given in an eminent degree. It is scarcely too much to say that he lived in the atmosphere of revival during the whole of his ministry. I remember the first two years of his ministry, 1842 and 1843, both of which were spent on the Whitby Circuit, within the bounds of which my home was at that time; and I can bear testimony to the extraordinary success which, during these years, attended his labours. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that in connection with the revival services, conducted chiefly by him, on that

circuit, hundreds of persons professed conversion ; and, while many have fallen asleep, some continue to this day. Since that time down to the close of his ministry he distinguished himself as a soul-winner wherever he happened to be appointed. Even in his last circuit, the success which attended his labours showed that his power, as an immediate instrument in the salvation of men, remained undiminished.

Which contributed most to the remarkable success of Mr. McCallum's ministry, his public preaching of the Word, or his private ministrations in the homes of the people, it is not easy to say. A certain minister, who had been favoured with a gracious revival in his church, explaining how it had been brought about, among other things, said he had been led, during many months, to preach pleading sermons to his people, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. The bulk of Mr. McCallum's sermons, if not all of them, were of this kind. He was always serious in the pulpit ; lightness would have been for him a desecration of the sacred place. He was always earnest in his appeals to the consciences of his hearers, and always affectionate and tender. But more than this, he was an organ of the Spirit, a voice—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—and there was a divine unction that attended his ministry which was its crowning glory and the secret of its power. As a pastor especially he excelled. As a house-to-house visitor among the people he had few equals. His were not mere social visits, calls of ceremony, or even pastoral calls, designed to remind the people that he had not forgotten them, but that on the contrary he was interested in them. He went about among the people, everywhere and always, in the spirit of Him who said : "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Like Him, he went about doing good. "The spirit of the Lord God was upon him ; because the Lord had anointed him to preach good tidings unto the meek : He had sent him to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," . . . "to comfort all that mourn ; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And in this spirit, and with these ends in view, he preached publicly and from house to house. It is no marvel that his ministry was accompanied by signs following.

The underlying fact of his whole life was the singleness of his aim, the simplicity of his purpose. His eye was single and his whole body was full of light. He was a man of one book, and a man of one work. Hard-working and active as he was, he never allowed anything to come between him and his Bible and his God. Nothing must be permitted to interfere with the time which he habitually spent with the Book and its Divine Author. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. What was said of Bishop Asbury might be said of him: "He prayed, and prayed, and prayed, until the wonder was, what he could find to pray for." It was not merely from a sense of duty that he spent those frequent and protracted seasons of communion with God. It was his solace, his delight to be permitted to come face to face with his Heavenly Father, and converse with Him as a man converses with his friend. His devoted wife at times has been alarmed when she has met him coming out of his study bathed in tears and scarcely able to stand under the weight of glory that has rested upon him. Of late, as if the chasm which separates the Church below from the Church above

was being bridged over, these gracious and extraordinary manifestations had become more frequent and more glorious. Like Edward Payson before his death, McCallum appears to have been for many months a dweller in the land of Beulah, and the Sun of Righteousness had come so round and full to him that He filled the whole hemisphere. And heaven itself had been so near that he was only separated from it by the stream of death, and that had dwindled to an inconsiderable rill.

One experience of this good man in the immediate prospect of death is particularly noteworthy. Looking back upon the past, he said to his wife and children that he had no regrets. He could not desire his life to be different from what it had been. If he had it to live over again, he would do as he had done. No wonder that with such a retrospect, feeling that the whole of his religious and ministerial life had been accepted and approved of God, he was able to say to his little granddaughter, when she stood beside his death-bed: "Birdie, it is an easy thing to die; only live right, and there will be nothing hard in dying." Death for him had no sting, and the grave had no terrors. Like Paul, "he had fought the good fight; he had finished his course; he had kept the faith: and henceforth there was a crown of righteousness laid up for him, which the Lord the Righteous Judge should give unto him, and not to him only, but to all them also who love His appearing." The death of such a man is a translation; it is simply passing from a state of grace to a state of glory, from the free and loving service rendered to God by a loyal and devoted heart on earth, to a higher form of service, the same in kind, but exalted in degree, in heaven. The sun has sunk below the horizon here, only to rise with increased effulgence, in a higher and happier sphere. And we think not of our beloved and revered brother as dead, but as enjoying a fulness of life of which, even in his most ecstatic moments in this world, he never dreamed.

It should have been said, at an earlier stage in this paper, that in 1846 Mr. McCallum was united in marriage with Miss Mary McBrian, of the township of Whitby, who proved a real helpmate to him. Mrs. McCallum, after sharing the cares, the responsibilities and labours of the itinerancy with her devoted husband for a period of forty-five years, still lives to deplore her loss. The whole of their family, consisting of two sons and four daughters, with the exception of one son, who has been for some years in Washington Territory, reside in Toronto. His eldest daughter is the wife of Alderman McDougall. His second daughter is the wife of Uzziel Ogden, Esq., M.D., well known as one of the leading physicians of Toronto. Two daughters—one of them remarkable for her gift of song—remain unmarried. And their son, James McCallum, Esq., M.D., a rising young physician, is the assistant and partner of his brother-in-law, Dr. Ogden. To his family, Mr. McCallum has bequeathed the priceless legacy of an unsullied reputation, and of a bright and blessed example; and one of his chief consolations in the prospect of parting with them was the fact that he knew that these things were thoroughly appreciated by them, and that they were disposed to walk in his footsteps, and contribute in their various spheres, and according to the measure of their ability, towards helping forward the work to which he had so loyally, cheerfully and lovingly devoted his life. May the mantle of the ascended father fall upon each of the children.

Current Topics and Events.

A BLUSH OF SHAME.

It was with a blush of patriotic shame that we read in the daily papers, while on the Pacific coast, the telegraphic despatches announcing the scandalous exposures of fraud and corruption in high places in Canada, and the sneering editorial criticisms thereon by unfriendly American editors. We can no longer point the finger of scorn at the corrupt politicians of New York and Washington, since we have at home examples of malversation of office akin in kind, if not in degree, with the corruptions of Tammany Hall and the Boss Tweed ring. It is an omen of ill augury for our country that such things are possible among us. Neither of the political camps into which the Dominion is divided can afford to hurl accusations at the other, for representatives of each party are among the guilty culprits, whom all honest men must condemn. These detected frauds are but an illustration of the eagerness with which men pursue the venal Horatian maxim to "acquire riches ; honestly, if they can ; if not, acquire them anyway."

But we must not despair of the country. The very recoil against these hidden works of darkness, dragged to the light of day, is a wholesome moral symptom. There are yet many—we believe the majority, of the men in place and power of both parties—who would scorn such ill-gotten gains. The sneering dictum of Walpole, that "every man has his price," we believe was never less true than now. We have patriots and statesmen as incorruptible as Hampden and Russell ; men who would not sell their honour, no, not for the world ; but we need to set before the young men of the country a nobler ideal than that of making haste to be rich ; an ideal of those brave old Roman days of which Macaulay says :

Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old."

POLITICS AS RELIGION.

One cause for the moral deterioration in the political world we judge to be the wide divorce which has taken place between political and moral duties. Many men, whose word is as good as their bond in social and commercial life, seem to become the veriest tricksters where the interests of their political party are concerned. It would seem as if, in their judgment, the sphere of politics were outside the range of the moral law. We need to have embodied in our national life more of the grand old conception of the Hebrew prophets and the English Puritans—that the kingdom of God is among men, that the Almighty is the true head of the nation, and that every man should be His faithful soldier and servant in things secular as well as in things sacred ; or rather, that there is no distinction between these two, that *all* duties are sacred, and that we live, as the grand old Puritan poet expresses it, "Ever as in the great Taskmaster's eye."

This idea is finely brought out by Mr. Stead in the following utterances in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* : "If we bear this in mind, no election would ever come round, whether to town councils or boards of guardians or anything else, but if we are to play our part as citizens as Christ would have us, we should try to secure that no one should be elected who had not a human heart in him, and that he had something of a soul over and above the mere necessary care for the rates. Work this idea out, and I think you will find that voting and canvassing become religious exercises. What a revelation it made me of the divine character of this life when I saw that

"Then none were for a party ;
Then all were for the State ;

even in our politics we can serve God as really as the kings and prophets of the old Testament! If we realize the nearness of God, so that we are never alone, but He is always with us, looking at us with infinite sorrow when we oppose His will and disregard the duties which He gives us to do, what a great thought is that for the cleansing of our heart and the salvation of our soul! We never realize enough that God is a living God and not a dead one, and that He is our living Father who cares for us, and who has given each of us charge over so many of His children, and that He will require that charge at our hands. Whether it is your own children or some one else's children, you are responsible for them, and their souls will be required at your hands."

When this conception is strongly realized and fully acted upon, then our Temperance enactments will be very different from what they have been in the past; and all our legislation and administration shall be on a higher plane and embodying nobler principles.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

It seems almost like a page from the chronicles of the Middle Ages to read in the daily papers the cable despatches about the thousands of pilgrims thronging to see the Holy Coat of Treves. This coat is proclaimed to be the identical seamless robe of our Lord for which the soldiers cast lots. It is rather against this theory that there are no less than thirteen other rival claimants to this strange distinction, some of which have a striking record for their miracle-working power. Even if it were established beyond the shadow of a doubt, if this was the very garment of our Lord, surely there is something very revolting in the thought of turning the whole town in whose cathedral it is preserved into a

"vanity fair," with its junketings, its merry-go-rounds and frivolities of every sort, its booths and stalls for eating, drinking, carousing and serving the devil rather than worshipping God. It is a strange illustration of the surviving superstitions of the Middle Ages lingering like a belated ghost at midnight in the dawn of day.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM.

We beg to call attention to the liberal announcement made by the Book Steward in our advertising columns, of the premium picture of John Wesley *free* to every one obtaining a new subscription to this MAGAZINE. This picture is an accurate reproduction in oil colours of the famous portrait of John Wesley by Romilly—the finest portrait of John Wesley in existence. The picture is a large size, 15½ by 21 inches, and will be a most appropriate souvenir of the Centennial of the death of that great man. Arrangements are in progress for making the forthcoming volumes of the MAGAZINE for 1892 far ahead of anything yet attempted in illustration and in interest of contents. Full announcements of our programme for 1892 will be made in our next number.

EXCURSION TO PALESTINE.

Dr. Withrow's programme of his projected trip to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Southern and Central Europe is now ready. Persons interested in the subject may obtain copies by writing to Dr. Withrow, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

A CORRECTION.

In the excellent article on Rev. Thos. Hurlburt in the July number of the MAGAZINE we regret the following typographical error occurred on page 52, last line, "two tanners" instead of "two farmers."

For the sweetest parables of truth
In our daily pathway lie,
And we read, without interpreter,
The writing on the sky.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The one hundred and forth-eighth Annual Conference was held at Nottingham, which is only the second which has been held in that town. The last Conference held there was memorable on account of the great debate which decided the right of laymen to share in the proceedings of the Annual Conferences.

The Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., LL.D., well known to many in Canada, was elected to the presidential chair by a very large majority of ballots. The new President's inaugural address was characteristic. He made a tender allusion to his deceased parents, who were connected with the Methodist ministry, so the President is in the true succession. His allusion to the missions among the masses was full of sympathy.

Rev. Dr. Waller was re-elected Secretary. It is the custom with the parent body to appoint the same person to the secretariat for a succession of years. Efficiency is thus secured.

There has been an unusual mortality in the ministerial ranks. Several who had fallen were men of more than ordinary ability, and who had long occupied prominent positions. Revs. Dr. G. Osborn, J. Moorhouse, J. McKay, D.D., Dr. Rule, Alexander M'Aulay, Marmaduke Osborn, Jas. Chalmers and several others. The memorial service was a solemn season, at which many tears were shed. Rev. Thornley Smith, an African missionary and a voluminous author, died during the sessions of Conference, shortly after preaching an impressive sermon.

A deputation of Nonconformist ministers visited the Conference and presented a congratulatory address, which was followed by several kind impromptu speeches, to which re-

sponses equally cordial were delivered by members of the Conference.

Rev. Alberico Bossi's account of the spread of the Gospel in his native land was thrilling. Paul's words were verified. "They of Italy salute you."

The Conference sent a sympathetic letter to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; and on the receipt of the sad intelligence of the riot in China, in which a brave missionary and another Englishman had lost their lives, while others were still in peril, special prayer was offered.

Fifty-seven in all, at home and abroad, completed their probation.

A large number of ministers—twenty-five—were granted a superannuated relation, most of whom had travelled more than forty years.

Rev. F. A. Macdonald leaves the Professor's chair to become Missionary Secretary.

There is an invested capital of more than \$40,000 on behalf of necessitous local preachers.

A lady—Miss Newton, of Whitehill—sent \$1,250 to the Missionary Society, a similar amount to the Worn-Out Ministers' Fund.

Probably not the least important reports were made respecting the missions in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and Leeds. In London more than three thousand members have been gathered into the Church. In all the missions lay agency, including female help, is especially recognized. Many have been rescued from the lowest strata in society. The young have been cared for, and poor women have been visited by the "sisters," and relieved in their distress and encouraged in the midst of the most trying circumstances to hope for better days.

The report of the extension of Methodism in Great Britain stated

that there are "thousands of villages and small towns in England in which Wesleyan Methodism has no existence." The income of the fund exceeds \$45,000. Nearly 2,000 village churches have been erected by grants made, and there are applications at present in the office for several more.

The Foreign Mission Report was the most discouraging, inasmuch as the deficiency now exceeds \$100,000.

The Fernley Lecture, by the Rev. F. J. Sharr, was an able defence of the old English Bible.

Of seventy-nine candidates who offered for the ministry, thirty-three were accepted for the home work, twenty-two for foreign missions, five for Wales.

At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Council in London, Dr. Rigg gave an interesting address on the growth of Methodism in London. He showed that since 1861 eighty-one chapels (churches) had been built in London, and the membership had increased from 20,956 to 53,000, or two and a half times what it was thirty years ago, or about 150 per cent.; while in the whole Connexion the increase had only been from 319,782 to 425,000, or about thirty-two per cent.

THE METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

The missionary subscriptions amount to \$198,334.27 (including juvenile offerings, \$26,212.98); legacies, \$29,617.64; Indian department and miscellaneous sources, \$14,805.36, a total of \$242,757.27; the largest amount in the history of the Society. The report will be published in October.

By the time these notes will reach our readers, the Rev. Dr. Hart and his associates for China will be on their way to the Celestial empire. Our Church will thus have another foreign mission to stimulate its liberality.

Mrs. Large, wife of the late Rev. T. Large, who so nobly defended her husband when he was murdered by the Japanese assassins, has returned to Japan, to resume her beloved employment in seeking the evangelization of the Japanese.

Such women are true fellow-helpers of the truth.

Dr. Potts' tour to the Pacific coast was eminently successful. He returned home greatly improved in health and very cheerful; for, besides receiving liberal collections on behalf of the Educational Fund, he secured in British Columbia the noble sum of \$18,000 for the Building and Endowment Fund of Victoria University.

The Revs. Dr. Withrow and M. Benson have been rambling in California, where they have occupied pulpits and platforms to the edification of the Californians.

The programme of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to be held in October at Washington, United States, has been published. It contains a good selection of Canadian names. We hope to give a *resume* of the proceedings in our next.

Dr. Stephenson, President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, in acknowledging the amount sent to him to defray the cost of the Canadian pillar in John Wesley's chapel, City Road, London, expresses his thanks, and states that each pillar will be indicated as the gift of the respective Church by a small plate let into the enamelled pavement. Senator Sanford's window will be indicated by a special inscription, stating the name of the donor. This window will be very beautiful. The central figure will be St. John. At the head of the window will be suitable emblems indicating its connection with Canadian Methodism, and portraits of Dr. Ryerson, Rev. G. McDougall, Senator Ferrier and Edward Jackson, Esq., will be introduced in suitable panels.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

During the month of September forty-five Annual Conferences were appointed to be held, and in October a few more are planned. These are the "Fall Conferences," and are a slight indication of the strength of the Church.

Rev. Dr. James Stalker, from Scotland, who crossed the Atlantic

to deliver the Yale lectures on "Preaching," writes as follows: "Among the Methodists we found a happy absence of such exciting controversies as are agitating the Congregationalists and Presbyterians; but there is plenty of excitement of another kind. The Methodists form the largest Protestant body in the United States, and their bounds are rapidly expanding. Theirs is the pioneer Church, which welcomes the emigrant to the wilderness and struggles with the rude populations of nascent states. But, indeed, it now includes all classes of the population."

Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., one of the Missionary Secretaries, has been writing a series of interesting letters respecting his visits to some of the frontier Conferences, in which he testifies that there are many mission heroes. Dr. Rader, the superintendent of Wyoming Mission, has charge of territory 95,000 square miles, or 500 square miles more than the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut combined. In one year to perform his duties he travelled 13,500 miles by rail, 1,300 by stage, 1,060 by his own team, and went on foot 350 miles. During twenty-seven nights he slept on the ground and cooked his own food by the way.

One minister's field is 150 miles from a railroad, and the same distance from his nearest brother pastor. Another pastor, coming to the mission, swam one river and waded another, drying his clothes as he went on his happy way. Another young hero had a circuit as large as the State of Connecticut, with thirteen appointments. There is a presiding elder's district in Mexico where there are eighteen missionaries, all Indians. Most of the forty-seven distinct aboriginal languages are spoken.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., LL.D., who was Professor of Theology at Evanston. After being in the pastorate he became Professor at Drew University. He was formerly

missionary at Brazil, and finally Secretary of Education. He died at his home in Evanston in July. He served the Methodist Church faithfully, and died greatly beloved.

Rev. Robert Bailie, of Montreal Conference, was drowned in August, while bathing. He was only thirty-two years of age, and came from Ireland four years ago. He was greatly esteemed by those who knew him best. His sun went down while it was yet day.

Rev. Hiram Williams, superannuated minister in Bay of Quinte Conference, died at Belleville, August 4th. The writer feels very sorry that he has no particulars respecting our beloved brother. He travelled several years in the Methodist Episcopal Church before the union of 1884.

Rev. Erastus Hurlburt was the last of four brothers, all of whom were honoured ministers in Methodism. Sylvester, Thomas and Asahel all preceded Erastus to the better world, and now he has joined them in their eternal home. Like Sylvester and Thomas, Erastus laboured several years among the Indians; but since 1879 he sustained a superannuated relation.

Rev. Alfred J. Barltrop entered the Methodist New Connexion ministry in 1873, and laboured in Waterford and Cavan. He spent three years in the Wesleyan College, Montreal, after which he went to Manitoba, where he laboured a few years; but his health failed. He went to New York State, and joined one of the M. E. Conferences. Here he laboured until he was called to his eternal home in August.

Rev. George Johnson, one of the veterans of Methodism in the Maritime Conferences, finished his course in the eighty-third year of his age. He was one of the pioneers of the East, where his name is as ointment that is poured forth. For several years he was superannuated, but he never ceased to take great interest in everything connected with Methodism.

Book Notices.

Abraham Lincoln, the Liberator: A Biographical Sketch. By CHARLES WALLACE FRENCH. Edited by CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 398. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Robert Berkinshaw. Price \$1.50.

To their notable biographical library of American reformers Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have added this volume on Lincoln, one of the best of the series. Few biographers have had a nobler subject. One of the most conspicuous figures of the century—a man of heroic mould and heroic soul—is here portrayed. Born in obscurity, cradled in poverty, educated by adversity, Lincoln attained in full manhood a foremost position as a pilot of the ship of state. And never pilot had more difficult task than he to steer that well-nigh shattered barque through the stormy sea of civil war to the haven of peace. And never was nobler courage, that faltered not nor failed in the presence of adversity, exhibited than in the life and work of Abraham Lincoln. To few men has it been given to exert such potent influence for freeing the shackles from the bodies and souls of men. His gaunt, uncouth, homely figure; his strange western humour, made him a subject of gibe and jeer from the witling and the cynic. But his moral heroism shamed them from their hollow jest, and he lives enshrined in the heart of the world as one of the greatest of its great men. The tragedy of his death adds a strange pathos to his memory. The words of Shakespeare applied to the dead Duncan seem specially appropriate to this heroic soul.

“Besides this man hath borne his
faculties so meek;
Hath been so clear in his great office,
that
His many virtues plead like angels’
trumpet tongues
Against the deep damnation of his
taking-off,”

There are some strong specimens of Lincoln’s noble oratory given in this volume, notably his famous oration at Gettysburg, of which the *Westminster Review* says: “It has but one equal, in that produced on those who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. Nature here takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides.” The book closes with the following appropriate lines:

“Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just;
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation’s
trust!

“Thy task is done, the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honoured
grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

“Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of
light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of
right.”

Living Thoughts of John Wesley: A Comprehensive Selection of the Living Thoughts of the Founder of Methodism, as contained in His Miscellaneous Works. By JAMES H. POTTS. 8vo, 562 pages. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The accomplished Editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate* has rendered good service to Methodist readers by gleaning this rich sheaf from the vast and fertile fields of John Wesley’s voluminous writings. In this busy age few readers have time to go through these numerous volumes for themselves; thereby many valuable gems of thought and

pearls of wisdom escape their study. But the careful, conscientious and discriminative taste of Dr. Potts selects from this vast mass the most precious and important topics, arranges them in consecutive order, presents them in convenient form for reading and reference. Dr. Potts judiciously remarks: "The works of John Wesley are a gold mine of doctrine and instruction; but, like other gold mines, they contain a few things which are not gold." Our readers will find in this volume the rich bullion of his choicest thoughts, deepest experiences and wisest judgments. The book appears at a singularly appropriate juncture, when the attention of all Christendom has been conspicuously directed to the life and labours of the Founder of Methodism by the Centennial anniversary of his death.

Sketches of Jewish Life in the First Century—Nicodemus: or, Scenes in the Days of our Lord; Gamaliel: or, Scenes in the Times of St. Paul. By JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary. Pp. 141, illustrated. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

In this interesting volume the venerable Dr. Strong appears in a new role—that of an imaginative writer. He gives good reason for adopting this form of literature in reproducing vividly scenes from Jewish life in the days of our Lord and of the chief of the apostles. We venture to say that many of our readers, especially among our young readers, will obtain a more vivid conception of that old Jewish life with which the New Testament is so intimately associated from these pages than from many a ponderous tome of learned comment and criticism. In the second part our author presents ingenious reasons for concluding that St. Paul was not childless and unmarried, but was both a loving husband and tender father. The book is well illustrated, and is admirably adapted for Sunday-school libraries and household reading.

The Temple and the Sage. By V. C. HART, D.D. Author of "Western China," etc. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The Rev. Dr. Hart's previous volume on "Western China" has established his claim as an authority on the subject of Chinese religions and religious questions. In this volume he gives a perspicuous and interesting account of the great Chinesesage, Confucius. Herecounts the story of his life and the religious worship which has grown up about it, with its elaborate liturgy and sacrificial institutions, its ancestral worship, and the like. As Dr. Hart goes forth to lead the little band of Canadian missionaries who are about to encounter the perils of mission life and mission work in that far-off land, his last souvenir to the Canadian Churches will, we trust, be very widely read, and will create an intelligent interest in a remarkable people, to whose conversion to Christianity he devotes his life.

Wesley: The Man, his Teaching and his Work. Being Sermons and Addresses delivered in City Road Chapel at the Centenary commemoration of John Wesley's death. Revised by the authors. Pp 431. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The City Road services in connection with the Wesley Centenary were a very notable and worthy commemoration of that important event. The sermons and addresses are by men of light and leading of Wesleyan and its sister Methodisms and of the other Churches. Both sermons and addresses are of a very high and important character. It was eminently fitting that they should be collected into a volume and preserved in permanent form. Among the distinguished preachers on this occasion were: Rev. Charles H. Kelly, Rev. Chas. Garrett, Rev. David Waller, D.D., Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D., Rev. Dr. Dale, Congregational; Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D., Free Church (Congregational); Rev. John Clif-

ford, Baptist Church; Rev. F. W. Macdonald, Rev. F. J. Murrell, Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., M.P. In addition to these, are stirring addresses by Archdeacon Farrar, Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P., Mr. McArthur, M.P., Dr. Rigg, Mr. P. W. Bunting, Dr. Stevenson, Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. (Congregational), Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Dr. Cairnes, the Presidents of the sister Methodisms of Great Britain and Ireland, and many others. Almost every aspect of Methodism—religious, social, educational, literary and otherwise—is here treated. We specially commend the chapters on “Young People of Methodism,” “Methodism and Social Work” and “Methodism in the Sister Churches.” These sermons and addresses have been revised by the authors, and the volume is accompanied by a beautiful picture of John Wesley at the age of sixty.

The Present State of the Methodist Episcopal Church: A Symposium. Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D. Pp. 96. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The topics discussed in this volume are topics of living interest, and they are treated by men of light and leading in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The bare enumeration of the subjects will show the breadth and scope of this comprehensive pamphlet: “The Obligation of a Great Church,” by Henry a Buttz; “The Unrest of the Pastors,” by Dr. J. A. M. Chapman; “The Patronage of the General Conference,” by Mr. John A. Wright; “The Revival of Biblical Preaching the Present Need of Methodism,” by George R. Crooks, D.D.; “The Centennial of the Death of John Wesley and its Lessons,” by Mr. William White; “The Effect of Increased Wealth upon American Methodism,” by Dr. Ensign McClesney; “Some Defects in our Itinerancy,” by Dr. Chas. J. Little; “The Scantiness of Literary Production in our Church,” by Dr. Bradford P. Raymond; “The Structure of the Church as Affording Facilities for

Intrigue,” by Dr. George R. Crooks. Our readers may not agree with everything set forth in these essays, neither did Dr. Warren, in whose *Christian Advocate* they first appeared; but they will find the pamphlet stimulating, instructive and suggestive.

Our Country: Its Present Crisis and its Possible Future. By REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D. 12mo., 280 pages. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

The many thousands who read the earlier editions of this book, and were moved by its striking portrayal of the religious, social and economic condition and tendencies of the United States, will learn with interest that the author has availed himself of the latest statistics of the census of 1890, to make a revision of his work, which will cause it to show the changes of the last ten years, and to picture the actual situation of to-day. In its new form it adds to its original worth the merit of being the first general application of the revelations of the last census to the discussion of the great questions of the day.

Saving Wonders. Being incidents in the Manchester Mission. By WALTER SACKETT. With introduction by REV. HENRY J. POPE. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The best evidences of Christianity are the renewed lives and joyous Christian service of men rescued by its power from the bondage of sin. Such evidences are given in the true stories of this little book.

The Problem of Jesus. By GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN. Philadelphia: John Y. Huber Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a little pamphlet written by the veteran minister of Jesus Christ, in which he offers his personal tribute and testimony as to the divine power and fortitude and grace of the man Christ Jesus.



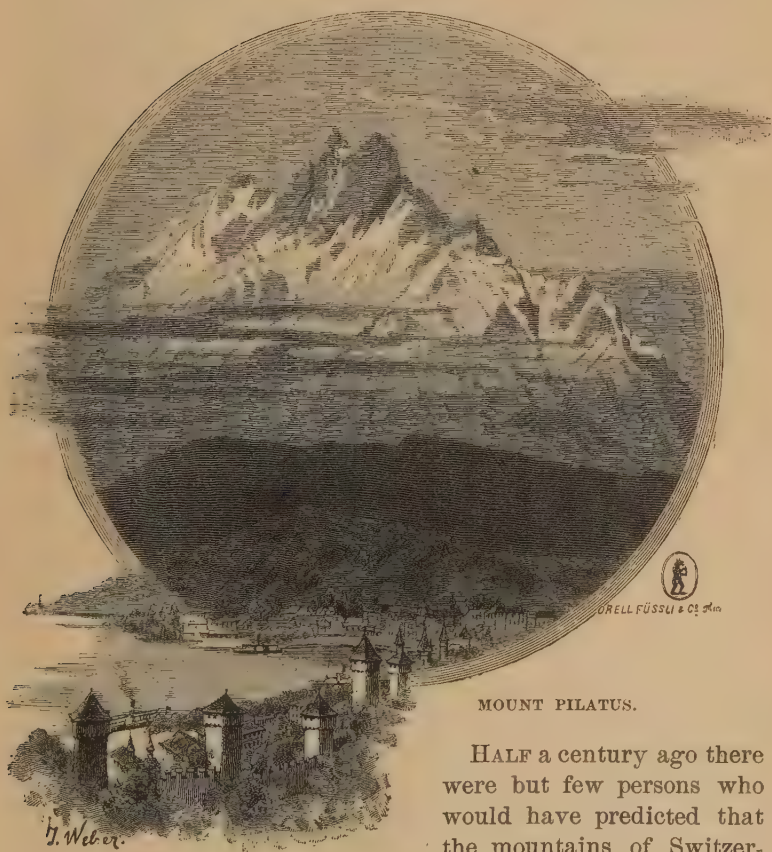
LUCERNE—MOUNT PILATUS SEEN FROM THE QUAY.

THE Methodist Magazine.

November, 1891.

THE MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.



MOUNT PILATUS.

HALF a century ago there were but few persons who would have predicted that the mountains of Switzerland would fall such an easy

prey to the combined forces of teeming tourists and daring engineers. Certainly, steam was being used in some places to

push very heavy weights up steep slopes of no despicable grade, and other uses of the steam-engine were gradually surprising an unbelieving world; but a limit, and a narrow one at that, had been set to such possibilities by all but the most enthusiastic engineers. The old-fashioned tourist, in that land of mountain and lake and forest, when the prices were lower and wealthy Americans had not spoiled the unsophisticated inhabitants with their princely "tips," never dared to entertain the hope that these rocky steep slopes, so trying to his muscles, would one day be used as the ballast of a railway that would whirl him to the summit and back in half the time it then took him to climb the first thousand feet. The inhabitants of the country—the peasants, wood-cutters and hunters—would have treated with scorn the idea that soon their wild heights, their impassable forest and foaming torrents were to be conquered, cut through and crossed by a row of black waggons on wheels, drawn by a snorting, screaming steam-engine. But they have lived to see it, and it brings money into their country, and sentiment succumbs to lucre. Streams of people, who could never have witnessed the sublime panoramas that open out from the summits of those wild heights, can now pay their fare at the bottom, and provided they possess a minimum amount of nerve, can be whirled off and comfortably deposited on the top without danger, aching limbs, or any trouble whatsoever. Such is the nineteenth century.

While it is, doubtless, a pleasing reflection that the weak and otherwise incompetent can now enjoy the grandeur of Alpine views with the strongest and most hardy climbers, it must, at the same time, be painful to the true lover of nature, especially of her wilder moods, to see her grandeur marred by the prosaic, the common-place, and the money grabbing spirit of the age. Mountains possess a strong personality that the real climber only thoroughly appreciates, while it is only he who can understand the pleasure of conquering after a hard fight and standing on the summit with the world beneath his feet.

These mountain railways now run everywhere. From the Lake of Lucerne to the well-worn summit of the Rigi; from the vine-clad slopes of the lovely Lugano, the black lines shoot straight as a bee-line up the steep side of Mont Generoso. From the lake of Thun to the mountain valley of St. Beatenberg may be seen the same steel rails; and lastly, even up the grim steep slopes of the great Pilatus there lie the same ugly tracks that traverse the flattest fields of the journey from Calais to Paris. How the wandering spirit of dead Pilate, as, according to the legend, he haunts the caverns and precipices of this dark giant, must have

revolted as he heard the hammers of the Italian workmen drive bolt and nail into the hitherto impregnable sides of his rocky prison.

All who have set eyes on this mountain, from the lovely Lake of the Four Cantons, know what a form of indescribable grandeur it thrusts up into the sky; and those who have resided for any length of time at Lucerne know also how his sheer cliffs give

character to the neighbourhood, and what a protective attitude is assumed by the great rocky shoulders rearing themselves heavenward over the quiet little town.

Mount Pilatus is composed of limestone rocks, and the fact that these are in many places full of remains of marine organisms is evident that it was originally formed layer by layer under the waters of a great ocean. Now the strata have been folded and twisted together in a most inextricable fashion, and worn and weathered by frost, rain and sun, they have crumbled



THE TRACK AND THE TRAIN.

away and assumed their wildest shapes of unearthly desolation for which the mountain is so famous.

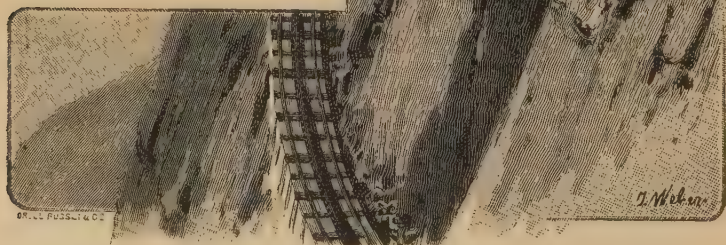
It was up this mountain, then, that a railway was to be built, and, in spite of all difficulties, it *was* built, and that in two short summers. It was only to be expected that the engineers would find the gravest difficulties in their path.

"It is probable," says a writer on the subject, "that a railway has seldom been built under more peculiar circumstances, the steep and rugged

character of the slopes, which in the upper part of the mountain were completely inaccessible, made even the preliminary work of laying out the line extremely difficult. Chamois hunters and the cutters of 'wild hay' among the Alps are not exposed to greater dangers and do not stand in need of greater courage and presence of mind than the engineers and surveyors of the Mount Pilatus Railway."

In our cut "cleaning the rock," may be seen how unfavourable were the positions for working.

"To clamber up to this point, or to have one's self lowered over the precipice by means of ropes, was a daring feat, and here, where it was impossible to find foothold or anything to cling to, the work of railway building was no easy one. The character of the mountain rendered the organization of the labour anything but easy. An arrangement made in the morning frequently had to be changed before noon on account of the weather. The mules proved invaluable on these rugged heights, on difficult paths and in wind and rain. Horses could not by any means have been substituted for them."



CLEANING THE ROCK.

It was a most arduous undertaking, against unusual and overwhelming obstacles, carried out with a brilliance, dash and ingenuity that make it well worth a visit as one of the engineering wonders of the world. The writer quoted above has also something to say about the workmen employed in this great undertaking.

"These," he tells us, "were for the most part Italians, a cheerful set of fellows who took great interest in their work. The contractors provided them with food and lodging, took care of them in case of sickness, and, in short, did for them everything in their power. One day I questioned a labourer regarding the treatment he received. He was evidently quite satisfied, for he answered: '*Purchè la montagna fosse alta il doppio*;' 'If only the mountain were twice as high.'"

Work in the open air had to be stopped early in the autumn; it was then continued only in tunnels. When the sudden and terrific winds that rise without a moment's warning in these high regions swept out of the gulfs and cavern of old Pilatus' inaccessible precipices, it must, indeed, have been hard work for the men to "hang on" and at the same time to continue their work.

"To pass the winter up here at a height of 6,000 feet demanded a robust constitution. Although every care was taken to provide food and shelter, and to keep in communication with the valley, it sometimes happened that intercourse was interrupted, and that for a long period. In view of such a contingency there was a reserve of provisions, such as biscuits, cheese, tinned meats, chocolate, and tea, and some medicine, kept in a securely locked chest, which might only be opened in case of extreme need."

The railway was completed in 1888, and on August 17th the first passenger train, carrying with it the board of directors, ascended the mountain. As in the Rigi, a cogwheel on the engine fits into cogs in the track and forces the train up the steep ascent. The maximum gradient is 48 in 100.

There is hardly another mountain in the whole of Switzerland, with the exception of the demon-haunted Matterhorn, that is the home and the centre of so many legends, and quaint stories of superstition and imagination. The chief of these is, of course, that which has reference to its name—Mount Pilatus, or Pilate. Shortly told it is this: "Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea, was thrown into prison in Rome by order of the Emperor Tiberius. While lying in the dungeon he committed suicide, and upon his body being flung into the River Tiber a terrible storm broke out which caused 'dreadful devastations.' The body was put into the Rhone, and was afterwards taken to Lausanne with the same result. At last, in a secluded dismal spot was a small lake,

and in this the uncanny burden was deposited. But here the result was worse than ever. The restless spirit took possession of



WOLFORT VIADUCT, MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY.

the desolate peaks and 'was often seen to fly from one to the other in the shape of a hideous spectre.' This was too much

for the quiet inhabitants of the lake shores, and a learned graduate from the University of Salamanca was called upon to exorcise



BRIOLDINGEN CASTLE, LAKE LUERNE.

the angry spirit. This was done with great solemnity, and he was doomed to confinement in the little mountain tarn. One permission, however, was granted him; he might set up his

throne once a year in the lake on Good Friday and take his seat thereon in his robes of office. The ascent of the mountain was forbidden under heavy penalties. It was an enchanted and a haunted spot, full of danger to the unwitting traveller. But poor Pilate was by no means at rest, for we read that 'if he was disturbed, if with a view to annoy him something was thrown into the water, he would wax as furious as ever; dark clouds then collected round the mountain, the lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, and desolation broke over the land.' The town of Lucerne took every precaution to prevent people from ascending the mountain and severe prohibitions were issued. The herdmen were obliged to take an oath not to permit any one to go up to the lake on Mount Pilatus. Travellers and learned men, desirous of ascending the mountain were obliged to obtain permission from the authorities."

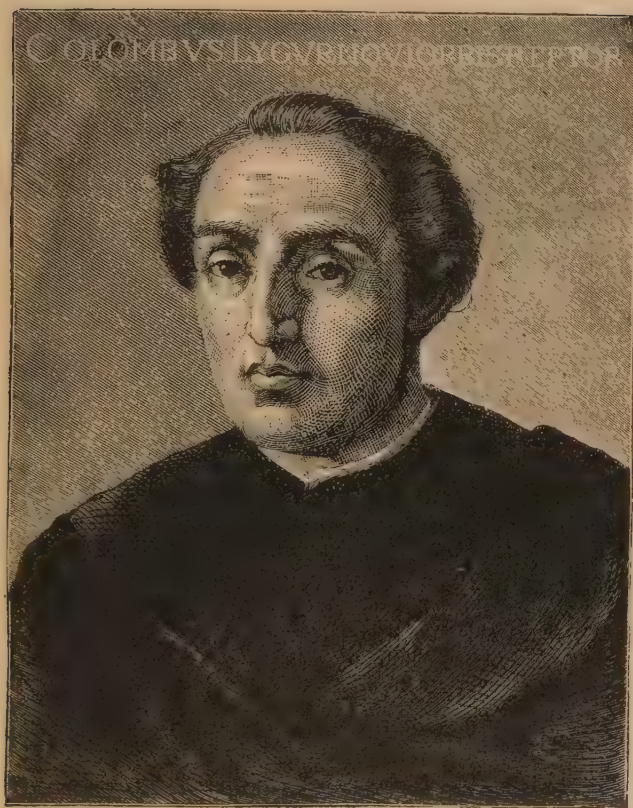
But this weird superstition could not last forever. Its destruction was sudden and decided. This was brought about by the rector of Lucerne—one John Muller. "In 1585, with numerous companions he made his way to the lake on Mount Pilatus, boldly challenged the evil spirit to show himself in his might, threw stones into the water and made some of his people wade about in it—and behold neither storm nor tempest followed, not a wave arose and the skies remained as serene as before." So the legend of Pontius Pilate died an ignominious death, and the council of Lucerne drained off the lake to show that the place was used by the Celts for their religious ceremonies, and that the Christian clergy, to bring disrepute upon a pagan practice, associated the spot with him by whose fault our Lord was crucified. The narrative goes on to say:

"Through the connection thus traced between the mediæval legend of Mount Pilatus and the religious usages of races long passed away, the story loses the character of a preposterous superstition and proves to be an echo from a far distant epoch: this echo is faint and indistinct, it is true, but it reminds us of those from whom it emanated, the long vanished Celts and Alemanni, the primitive inhabitants of Helvetia."

To really enjoy a visit to Lucerne one should read up the history of this weird and mysterious mountain, so strongly marked with legend and lore, and then he will reveal to us more of his beauty and character seen in the light of ages long gone by.

SHALL we serve Heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves?

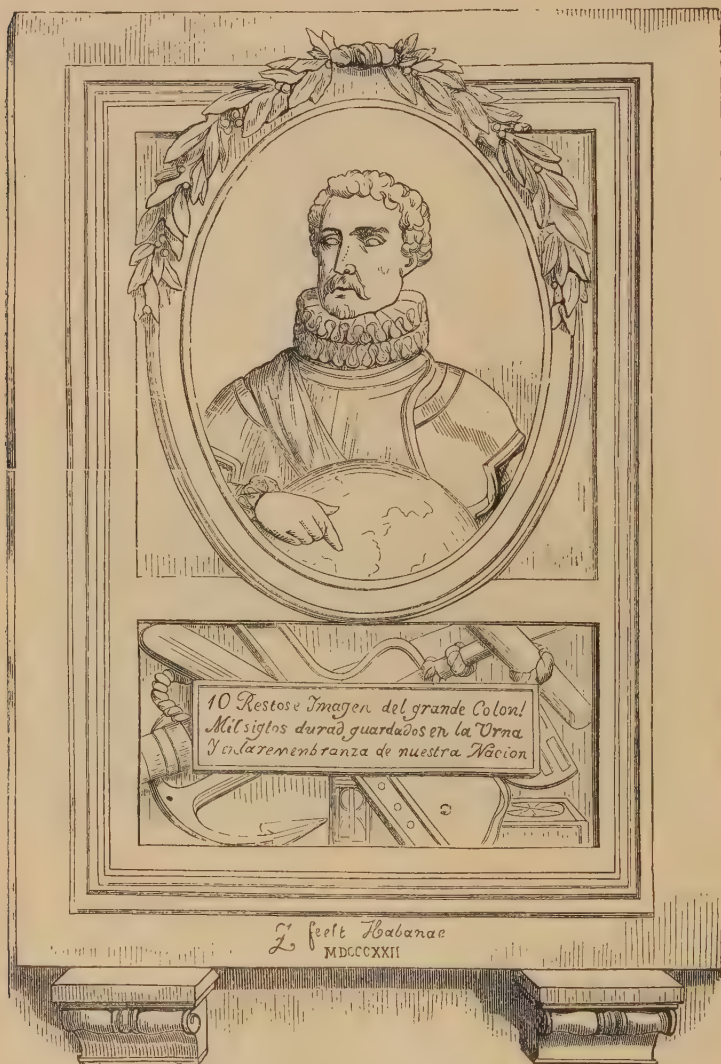
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

SOME men tower above their fellows like Mont Blanc among the Alps. Not only does this monarch of mountains lift its huge bulk above its fellows and dominate the whole vale of Chamounix—an august and pervading presence—but sixty miles away at Geneva, when the others are low on the horizon, it shines afar like the great white throne of God in the heavens. So not only was Christopher Columbus conspicuous in his own generation, but after an interval of five hundred years he still rises like a mountain peak among the lesser hills, and as long as the world lasts his name will never be forgotten. We do not intend to give a connected history of his wonder-fraught career, but merely to sketch briefly some of the most striking events of his life.

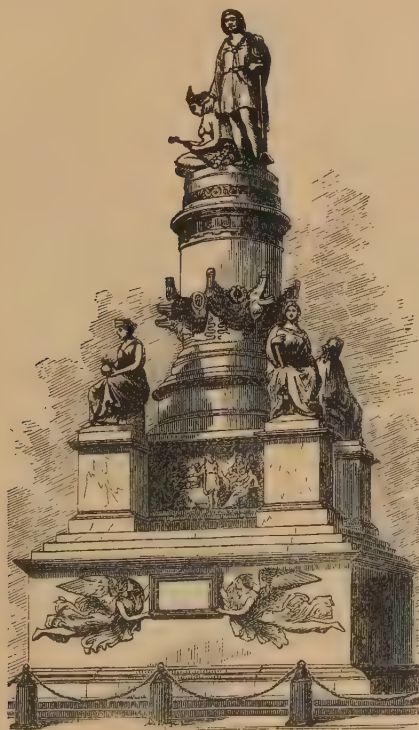
Columbus was born in the city of Genoa, where his father was a carder of wool. The year of his birth is not known. At a very early age he became a student in the University of Pavia, and at



TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT HAVANA.

the age of fourteen he took to the sea, thus preparing himself for the life that was before him. Of his early voyages little is known; but Columbus himself says of them: "Wherever ship has sailed, there have I voyaged."

For many ages no more was known of this western world on which we live than if it were a separate planet—nay, much less, its very existence was not even suspected. Although the Old World was convulsed again and again with direful commotions, not a tremor vibrated across the sea to the vast new world which lay unmolested in the great ocean, as little dreaming of the existence of the other world across the sea. But at the time of Columbus a spirit of discovery began to possess men. In this the



COLUMBUS' MONUMENT AT GENOA.

Portuguese were foremost, and they returned with wonderful stories of new lands found and strange sights seen. Men were no longer satisfied with maps made on the principle "where nothing is known put terrors." Many little incidents had come under the notice of Columbus to confirm him in his theory that the earth was round, and that land could be reached by sailing west. Report was spread abroad of the finding by some sailors of the dead body of a man whose features were neither those of a European or an African, and this body was found in the western seas, and was floating from the west. Some carved wood and a piece of cane had also been seen, but the great diffi-

culties that Columbus had to endure prove that these things had little effect on the minds of the great mass of the people, and they also show the great genius of Columbus which placed him so far in advance of the thought of his age. "When he promised a new hemisphere," writes Voltaire, "people maintained that it could not exist, and when he did discover it, that it had been known a long time."

Columbus, by a study of the globe and of these traditions of the discovery by the Norsemen of some strange western land,

and by a dreamy legend of some far Cathay, where gold was for plentifulness as the stones of the field, and silver as the dust of the earth, conceived the bold idea of reaching, by sailing westward round the world, the treasure-house of Inde, the country of the Grand Khan, who was said to desire to become a Christian; the gorgeous East where

“With richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

Boldly and in the face of all opposition he maintained his heterodox opinion, notwithstanding the fact that a council of learned doctors of Salamanca declared his project to be impossible,



COLUMBUS LEAVING PALOS.

that they would not believe such “a foolish idea as the existence of antipodes; of people who walk opposite to us, with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down; where everything is topsy turvy; where the trees grow with their tops downwards, and where it rains, hails and snows upwards.” They proved from Scripture that such theories were

impious, and denounced all as heretics who should presume to entertain them.

For more than twenty years Columbus cherished his fond purpose, without assistance and without sympathy, regarded by all except a few enlightened friends as an enthusiast and a dreamer. Still, strong in the assurance of his heart, hoping on, struggling on in his weary endeavour to accomplish his design; now closeted with kings, now arraigned before councils, now receiving the hospitalities of some charitable convent, now begging his way from land to land, from court to court, and now selling maps and charts to obtain a scanty subsistence, yet all the while never wavering in his firm conviction that he was right, and that God had chosen him to make Christians of the nations of the far East.

It was an unpropitious moment for the navigator's fortune when he first applied to Spain for assistance, as the sovereigns of Castile and Leon were engaged in the struggle which ended in

the defeat of the Moors, and neither Ferdinand nor Isabella had time to listen. They were obliged to delay all action so long that Columbus, almost in despair, resolved to take ship to France, to see if better success would there await him. He stopped for a time at Palos, a little town in Andalusia, and this delay meant much for Spain, for going to the monastery of La Rabida to ask for bread and water for his boy Diego, whom he took with him on his wanderings, he got into conversation with Juan Perez de Marchena, the guardian, who treated him very kindly, invited him to remain and introduced him to Garcia Fernandez, an ardent student of geography. To these men Columbus propounded his



COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS THEORIES.

theory and explained his plan. Juan Perez became almost as enthusiastic as Columbus. He resolved to make a desperate effort to prevent Columbus carrying out his plan of going to France, and accordingly wrote to the Queen, whose confessor he had been. He was summoned to her presence, and by his ardent approval of the theory of Columbus, and his intense earnestness in his behalf, he succeeded in inducing the Queen to send for the daring navigator. Columbus once more appeared at the court of Spain, but the conditions he demanded were rejected, and in January, 1492, he set out for France.

Once more his friends interceded with the Queen in his behalf, and so influenced the warm-hearted and generous Isabella that

with characteristic womanly impetuosity she embarked upon the noble undertaking, pledging even the crown jewels to furnish the necessary means and ships. A messenger found Columbus at the Bridge of Pines, about two leagues from Granada. He returned to Santa Fe, and on the 17th of April, 1492, the agreement between him and their Catholic Majesties was drawn up, signed and sealed, granting Columbus his own terms, which were that he should be made admiral at once, should have the viceroyalty of all the lands he should discover, and have one tenth the gain by trade or conquest.

Three small caravels, by no means equal to the undertaking, having at length been obtained and manned, after solemn confession and celebration of the holy sacrament, this great discoverer set sail from the little port of Palos, on the ever-memorable Friday, 3rd August, 1492. As they lost sight of the peak of Teneriffe, that farthest outpost of the Old World, the whole sky was seen to flame with wrathful fires and the sea reflected the hue of blood. To the superstitious minds of the sailors this was an omen of the Almighty's anger, a portent of disaster, and it required all the eloquence of Columbus to arouse them from the prostration of spirit into which they were plunged. Swiftly were they borne westward by the mysterious trade-winds, which seemed with remorseless constancy to waft them onward to some dread unknown. Day after day, on, on they sailed into the unknown, till Columbus alone dared to grasp the thought of the awful distance they had traversed. That was a secret which he locked up in his own firm breast, while he sought to quiet the timorous mariners with a false reckoning of the progress of the fleet. But even this failed to allay their fears, especially when the compass, their only guide in these untraversed wastes, began to waver and prove treacherous, as though nature's self were failing and her laws becoming powerless. Amid the calms of the tropics, when the very winds seemed dead, and they lay

"As silent as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean,"

it appeared that the very elements were combined to resent this invasion of their solitary domain, whose surface keel had never ploughed before; and when near the end of their voyage they entered a sea covered with floating weed, what was at first accepted as a joyful indication of land, at length struck terror to their hearts when it became so dense as to impede and almost prevent their progress. Then it seemed as if they had indeed reached the *ultima thule* of creation.

But we must not delay over these incidents of the voyage—the weary weeks of westward sailing amid the immemorial solitudes of hitherto untraversed seas; the awful silence brooding over the wide waste of waters, bounded only by the meeting of the sea and sky; the intolerably monotonous succession of garish day



COLUMBUS EXHIBITING HIS PLANS TO FERDINAND
AND ISABELLA.

and stilly night, unmarked save by the waning of their hopes; the dreary midnight watches; the sinking beneath the wave of familiar constellations—that last seeming link that bound them to their native land; the rising of new, strange stars, and the superstitious dread of their supposed mysterious influence; the portents

dire of wrath-presaging meteors flaming through the sky; the lurid splendour of the fiery southern sunsets; the false mirage upon the treacherous horizon's brim of soft blue mountains and of fertile vales, which ever vanished into air; the sinking of the soul that followed; the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick; the dark conspiracies and turbulent mutinies of the disaffected crews; and the sublime majesty of a great spirit, strong in the consciousness of right and full of faith, overruling weaker minds, and, cut off from human sympathy, still cherishing his noble purpose and keeping in his mind the goal of his hopes—these, with the other associations of the voyage, with all their poetry, their pathos and their grandeur, are, no doubt, familiar to the minds of our readers.

Let us for a moment revert to that solemn night of prayer, forever memorable in the annals of the world, upon which America was discovered. Many were the indications of land, but so often had they been deceived that in every heart but one all hope was well nigh dead. Fear and expectation agitated every mind. The Church's holy prayers were said; her solemn rites performed. In sleepless vigils wore the night away; but shortly after midnight was the cry heard, "Land, land ahead!" With leaden wings the hours drag on; but with the early morning light the long-sought strand revealed itself to their delighted view, and the New World was first seen by European eyes on Friday, 12th of October, 1492.

What tumultuous thoughts rushed upon the mind of Columbus; what deep emotions stirred his soul! Here was the realization of the glorious vision which had sustained his heart during long years of trial and privation; here was the solution of the problem of the age. He had wrested their mystery from the brooding centuries; he had plucked its secret from the bosom of the all-surrounding sea. Doubtless (for he was a devout man) gratitude to God filled his heart. Perhaps he also thought how his name would go sounding down the ages; but he never, even in his loftiest flights of fancy, comprehended half the importance of his discovery, nor the lasting influence it would have upon the destiny of the world.

In the meantime preparations were made for debarking. The joyous cannon shout a glad salvo with their fiery breath, the boats are manned, an exultant "*Te Deum*" is sung, and the New World is taken possession of in the name of God and of Ferdinand and Isabella, and with the sacred rites of religion. It is consecrated with anthem and with prayer; the notes of "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*" awake unwonted echoes in the listening air, and the crucifix is overshadowed by the glorious standard of old Spain.

The scene is changed. One bright sunny morning in the spring of 1493 the quiet port of Palos is thrown into a state of unusual consternation by the appearance in the offing of a strange, lorn, weather-beaten ship, whose tattered sails and half



COLUMBUS PRESENTING HIMSELF TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA
ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

dismantled masts gave it the appearance of a spectral vessel. Columbus and his fleet, by common consent, have long been consigned to the depths of the ocean ; so they are not to be thought of. Great then is the astonishment of the authorities when he thus returns. But their astonishment soon gives way to delight when

they find him to be the bearer of such astounding tidings and such priceless treasure. He exhibits spoils "rich and strange"—gold, curious arms, mysterious plants, unknown birds and beasts, and nine Indians whom he brought with him for baptism.

We now behold Columbus elevated to the giddy height of power, made vice-king of a whole hemisphere, with all its seas and lands, yet still manifesting that piety towards heaven, that mildness and forbearance to his fellows, and that consummate prudence in action which had hitherto characterized his life. The title of "Don" was conferred upon himself and his brothers; all honor was accorded him; he was served and saluted as a grandee of Spain.

But soon a cloud obscured the sunshine of his prosperity. Hardly had he departed to assume the government of these new-found regions, when jealousy of his fame and fortunes began to rankle in the minds of certain fawning sycophants of the court. Slander, envy and coward malice began to asperse the fair escutcheon of his fame. A servile underling is sent to supersede the noble-minded admiral. Without opportunity for appeal or for explanation, the venerable old man, for he was now old, was violently dispossessed of his command, heavily loaded with irons, and, in manifest peril of his life, shipped away from the land which he himself had plucked from the bosom of the sea, as though he were the vilest of felons. Such are

"The whips and scorns of time ;
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Most keenly did the sensitive spirit of Columbus feel the indignity, and when, touched by pity and remorse, his captors wished to relieve him of his irons, he persistently refused, scorning to be free by sufferance when his will was chained. Deep into his heart sank the memory of that voyage, and to the day of his death he kept suspended in his cabinet those memorials of his country's ingratitude. Intense was the feeling of indignation in the public mind, upon the return of Columbus, against his base calumniators, and deep the sorrow of his royal mistress for his undeserved, unwarranted ill-treatment. The brave old admiral presented himself before the King and Queen, his soul tingling with the sense of wrong and injustice. But when he beheld the sympathetic tear-drop in his sovereign lady's eyes, all resentment vanished, he threw himself at her feet and convulsive sobs shook his frame. Then was his leal-heartedness most fully vindicated, and even the frigid temperament of Ferdinand seemed moved.

We now pass hastily to the close of his life. When almost seventy years of age, such was the restless activity and uncon-



COLUMBUS IN CHAINS ON BOARD THE "GORDA."

querable energy of the mind of Columbus that he set sail for a fourth time to explore the New World which he had discovered.

After a prolonged voyage, during which he suffered much chagrin and disappointment, and was even refused permission to shelter his tempest-shattered fleet in the harbour of an island which he himself had revealed to the world, he returned with crushed spirits and a bleeding heart to lay his bones in that ungrateful land upon which he had conferred wealth, honour and renown; but which gave him but a grave. Soon after this his noble-hearted patroness, the gentle Isabella, died, and, with the proverbial ingratitude of princes, the politic Ferdinand, permitted to drag out life in obscurity, and to drain the bitter dregs of poverty, him to whom fame has given one of the highest niches in her temple, and who enriched the world forever with his life and labours.

At length, with a body enfeebled by exposure in the service of his country, sick at heart of hollow professions and broken promises, and with a soul sorrowful from indifference and neglect of conscious merit, this great man died, on the 20th of May, 1506.

All his life long Columbus had known little rest, and even after death his body was not allowed a quiet repose. He was buried at Valladolid; his remains were transferred thence to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, Seville. Afterward they were exhumed and taken to Hispaniola (San Domingo), and interred in the cathedral. After the French gained possession of this island, they were removed to Havana, where they now lie.

The Columbian World's Fair at Chicago will be such a noble commemoration of his great achievement as no man has ever received before; and as the ages pass the results of his great discovery will widen and increase with the growth of civilization and the development of the world.

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

THERE are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard,
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a paradise-bird.

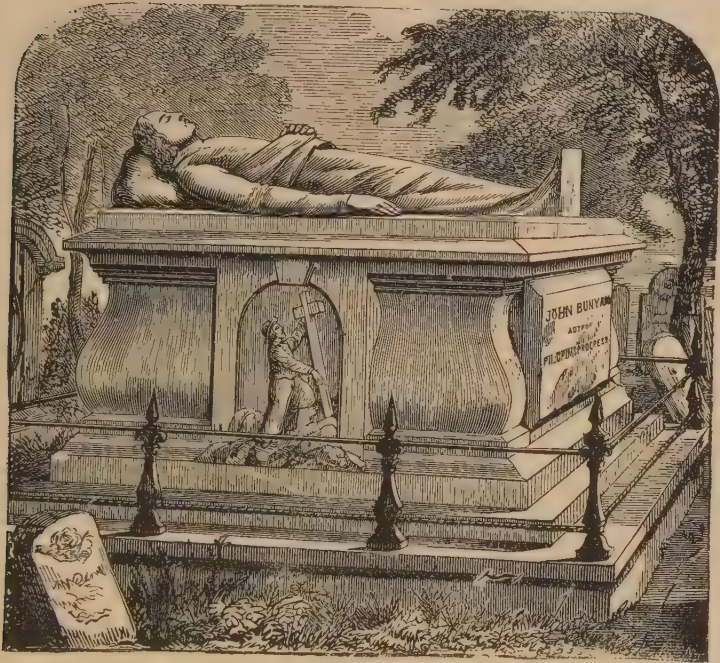
Poems that ripple through loveliest lives,
Poems unnoted and hidden away,
Down in the soul where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings that love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

—*Tennyson.*

BUNHILL FIELDS—GOD'S ACRE.

BY THE REV. D. DAVIES MOORE, A.M.



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

AMONG the famous spots in the great English capital there is one in which the Dissenter enjoys the sweet sensation of feeling completely at home. In Great Britain there exists so clean-cut a chasm between church and chapel that even in cosmopolitan places, like the vast Abbey and St. Paul's, the environment, with all its fame, peace and subduing sanctity, seems nevertheless to breathe something of a rebuke against the religious alienage of him who is said to "dissent." He is made to feel that at least in one respect the *Campo Santo* is not his own; or, if he can rise sufficiently high to claim all its associations for his inalienable right as an English-speaking man, yet is he not a little chilled, realizing there does exist an arrogant protest?

But, standing at the entrance of the Dissenters' burial ground, there rises the delicious sensation of complete liberty. The Non-conformist is here before his own Mecca—his own without denial

or protest. Nearing the gates opposite City Road Chapel, the visitor stops to read an attractive inscription upon the gray wall:

“GOD’S ACRE, BUNHILL FIELDS BURYING GROUND.”

If he did not already know it, his guide-book would tell him here to lift his hat, for this is most holy ground. It contains the treasured remains of our forefathers, who for righteousness’ sake have borne aloft the standard of liberty of conscience; who fought valiantly for the truth; who “hazarded their lives,” and freely gave them to gain that religious freedom which blesses the nineteenth century.

God’s acre! How full of unction is the expression! What an impression the words make; what thoughts they call forth! The precious dust is all in God’s urn. He is taking care of it. Obliterated not is it by the tread of the centuries. Souls and bodies alike of His saints are held inviolate in the Almighty, all-loving hand. Bunhill Fields was formerly a part of the ample church property of the dean and chapter of St. Paul. The earliest map and traditions represent this spot as bearing a tumulus, which gave to the fields the name of Bon or Bonehill Fields, a place of Saxon burial. But it was not for this reason that the great cemetery became popularly characterized as “God’s acre.” Neither is there any evidence found that it was ever consecrated by church rite. In the seventeenth century there went up and down through England one whom the people loved to call “Bishop Bunyan.” In 1688 the seraphic seer of Bedford passed up into the palace of the Great King. His dust was laid in Bunhill Fields.

Upon entering the grounds the pilgrim sees upon the pillars of the gateway the following inscriptions:

“This burial-ground of the Nonconformists, known anciently as Bunhill in the Fields, was enclosed with a brick wall at the sole charge of the city of London, in the mayoralty of Sir John Lawrence, Knight, Anno Domini 1665, and afterwards the gates hereof were built and finished in the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Bludworth, Knight, Anno Domini 1666.”

“At the time of the closing of this ground in 1852 more than 120,000 bodies had been interred therein. In the year 1867 it was committed by Act of Parliament to the care of the corporation of London, and having by them been planted and restored for public resort, it was opened by the Right Hon. James Clarke Lawrence, Lord Mayor,” etc.

Upon entering the cemetery the visitor is at once subdued by that peculiar gray quiet which is a characteristic of English graveyards. There are a few somewhat broad walks furnished with seats; but everywhere else way must be made through the narrowest of paths among the green mounds and moss-grown ivy-laced monuments. Even this appearance of excessive crowd-

ing gives only a faint idea of the vast army underground. For centuries the busy undertaker Nature has been here, burying mounds and monuments. Many of the oldest and most interesting vaults are lying deeply below. The position of these may be judged by a visit to the graves of Lieutenant-General Charles Fleetwood and Henry Cromwell, which were discovered at a depth of seven feet below the surface. The hand of time is also busy with the slabs and inscriptions that remain. Much of the writing it is now impossible to decipher; but thanks to the memory of one to whom lovingly we may give the name of "Old Mortality," we are able to fill in with our finger the almost erased outlines upon a good number of the monuments. This was Dr. John Rippon, whose tomb is here, who died in 1836. He with reverential purpose chose to live much among these tombs, and was often found "laid down upon his side between two graves, with ink-horn in his button-hole and pen and book, writing out the epitaphs word for word." He left six volumes of Bunhill Fields inscriptions.

In 1688 there came to Bunhill gates the consecrating funeral. Henceforth it was God's acre. A few weeks before William of Orange landed at Torbay, a corpse was carried from under the sign of the "Star," a grocer-shop kept by one named Strudwick, and it was laid in the grocer's family grave. Several names were afterward inscribed upon the "table-tomb." Among them was one that shone with such an increasing radiance that the gloomy spot became more illustrious than any crypt of king, priest, poet or warrior in all the empire. The inscription was this: "Mr. John Bunyan, author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' ob. Augt., 1688, aet. 60."

The engraving in this article is from the last tribute of respect to the memory of the immortal dreamer. During 1862 a new tomb was erected over his resting-place by the subscriptions of Christians of different denominations. On the summit is seen a recumbent figure of Bunyan. On one side is a bas-relief of the pilgrim bending under his burden; on the other side he is represented with his load rolling off at the vision of the shining cross. In connection with the inauguration of this monument a meeting was held in City Road Chapel, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury. How suggestive upon such an occasion these two names—Bunyan, Wesley! Of the one, Cowper referring to him, without naming the allegorist, says:

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer."

The other

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age."

Beneath yonder massive gray monument lies Dr. John Owen, the mighty Puritan divine, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford during the Commonwealth. The concluding words of the Latin inscription inform the reader that "he left the world on a day dreadful to the Church by the cruelties of men, but blissful to himself by the plaudits of his God, August 24th, 1683." Sleep in peace, thou Puritan Hercules. Thou dost deserve sweet, long rest, holding aloft a wide-flaming lamp of evangelical truth, till thy stout arm became emaciated with its weary task, and only upon the celestial signal did drop the lamp to grasp thy palm.

Many elect ladies also lie in Bunhill Fields. Susannah Wesley was buried here. She breathed away life at the Foundery, not far from her last resting-place, and was interred on the afternoon of Sunday, the 1st of August, 1742, in the presence of "almost an innumerable company of people," to whom her son John discoursed on the "great white throne and Him that sat on it;" apt subject for the white-souled woman's funeral sermon, and apt spot for her to rest in, the daughter of that Samuel Annesley, D.D., who was ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the rectory of St. Giles. The stone was placed upon her grave by her son John. It informs the visitor that



SUSANNAH WESLEY'S
TOMBSTONE.

"She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most eminent were the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was under God the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists.

" "In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies;
A Christian here, her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown."

A monument to her memory has been placed in the gardens of the City Road Chapel.

Mark this beautiful inscription over the Rev. John Conder, D.D.:

"I have sinned.	I have repented.
I have trusted.	I have loved.
I rest.	I shall arise.

And through the grace of Christ, however unworthy, I shall reign."

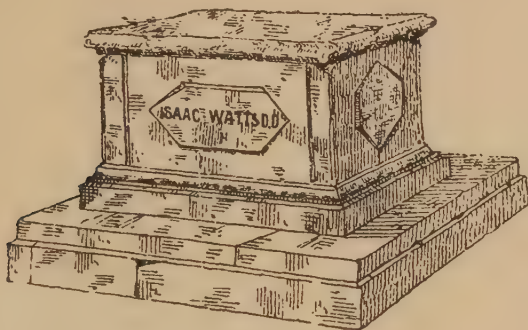
Here we find the grave of the Rev. George Burder, whose

"Village Sermons" occupied a place in the libraries of those of our fathers who were ministers.

The Henry and Richard Cromwell buried here are not the sons of the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell.

The black marble slab of Thomas Goodwin, D.D., is split in twain from a stroke of lightning.

The resting-places of multitudes of glorious men and martyrs remain unknown, and the pilgrim moves about with soft and solemn step, remembering that the dust of God's heroes is beneath his feet; men and women "whose praise is blown by angel trumps in heaven." Here lie the Hughes, the Flectwoods, the Bradburys, the Eames, the Hardcastles, the Hunters, the Jenkyns, the Mathers, the Powells, the Rowes, with all that great host of confessors, historians, pastors and poets among our Nonconformist



ISAAC WATTS' MONUMENT.

ancestors, who, with all the great words they spoke and deeds they wrought in behalf of the truth, esteemed the simple testimony of Jesus to be the chief business of their lives. Here, surely, is the place to receive a new vocation for one's work, and to make once more our consecration vow to

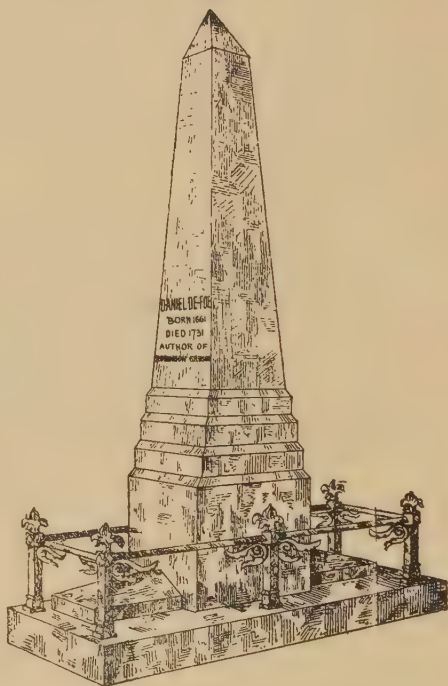
"Preach Him to all,
And cry in death, Behold, behold the Lamb."

One of our engravings represents the monument of Dr. Isaac Watts. The epitaph is very simple, consisting for the most part of two or three quotations from the epistles, and closing with the words, "*In uno Jesu omnia.*" Dr. Watts is best known to this generation as the great hymnist of the Church catholic. He was a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty; but in his own times Watts was a renowned scholar and teacher, logician, philosopher and theologian. The Latin motto above may truly be said to have been the inspiration of his whole thought and life.

A visit to the beautiful tomb of Daniel Defoe will end our musings in Bunhill Fields. How the days of boyhood rush back as one stands before this black railing! Yes, it is good to see the grave of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Reading the inscription, we learn that this monument is the result of an appeal to the boys and girls of England. It represents the united contributions of seventeen hundred persons. Perhaps our boys do not know that Defoe also suffered in the contest of tyranny with freedom, being placed in the pillory and enduring imprisonment and fine. If any of my youthful readers find at some time their way into the British Museum, be sure and look, when in the galleries of ancient weapons, for the gun of Robinson Crusoe. There among the innumerable pieces of arms my eye one day fortunately caught this writing upon a label: "The gun of Alexander Selkirk." It makes the boy's heart come back to the man to see old Crusoe's fowling-piece, with its great lock and fire-pan.

Before leaving this God's acre my friend and I sit down to-

gether upon one of the garden benches to meditate a space. I had been privileged to have the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse for my Virgil and guide upon this day. Here he finds a fresh inspiration for his own winning and fearless work for righteousness. In my own mind rises scene after scene. The vast metropolis contracts until it becomes the mere nucleus of the present city—London of the fourteenth century. We two are out upon the great moorland known as Finsbury Fen, standing on Bonehill Field. The moor is crowded with gaily dressed citizens, watch-



MONUMENT OF DANIEL DEFOE—
BUNHILL FIELDS.

ing here the jousts and boisterous games, and there applauding the skilful "archers and bowyers" competing upon the ground where the Cressy bowmen had once been trained.

The scene changes to one most diverse. The Great Plague is raging in London. Night and day crowds of sullen workmen are excavating, until the great pit is dug, and out to Bunhill Fields roll the awful dead carts, carrying forth their noisome loads of the men dying at the rate of ten thousand a week, to be hurled into the pestiferous pit.

Again the scene changes. Bunhill Fields has become the great Nonconformist burial ground, and is held most sacred. On every side it is surrounded by the huge establishments of commerce, whose enterprise now seeks to encroach upon the holy spot and utilize it in a scheme of wealth. But no, this acre is God's, and so jealously do the citizens guard it that the whole city is darkly rising up in arms, and the overshadowing scheme of encroachment is sternly pushed back as an act of sacrilege hateful alike to the right-hearted men of all denominations; and so it came to pass that Bunhill Fields was ours to meditate in that day, declared by British Parliament in 1867 to be God's acre "from henceforth and forever hereafter." Amen.

We take an omnibus and drive straight to St. Paul's Cathedral, where we celebrate, under one of the young clergy of the chapter, the noon service of a week-day, thanking God for liberty to worship here or there, and especially for the "cohort of fathers" sleeping in Bunhill Fields until the resurrection.

RECORDED.

At the close of each day
 If you listen to the sounds
 That are floating on their rounds,
 You will hear a whisper say,
 "Recorded."

It matters not what you do;
 Be it good or be it bad,
 Be you gay or be you sad,
 A whisper will say to you,
 "Recorded."

Let your actions be your best,
 Always try to have them so,
 And you will the happier go
 To quiet and peaceful rest—
 Recorded.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK IN METHODISM.

BY REV. F. W. BOURNE.

WHAT have they done? The only possible answer is, Almost everything that men have done. Most things they can do as well as men, many things they can do better, some things they alone can do. Dr. Charles Stanford says: "Cardinal Manning has spoken with stately eloquence about the primacy of Peter; but I think something might be said for the primacy of Dorcas. . . . The lady of Joppa knew how to make the very needle evangelical, and she did such beautiful kindnesses with it for the women and children, that with grateful delight they fondly lingered on her name, calling her 'Gazelle.' . . . For ourselves we are, I hope, content to take Florence Nightingale's advice—'Keep clear of all jargons about man's work and woman's work, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart,' each one to do what each one can do best."

Women are not required, as a rule, to lead the "sacramental host of God's elect," to launch the lifeboat, or to save the State; and yet they have done each one of these things, and a thousand similar ones, when the necessity has arisen. Women have prophesied, for that the Word of God declares; they have spoken to edification, as the famous Quakeress preacher, Rebecca Collier, did, and thereby removed the prejudices of John Locke, the author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," to a female ministry; they have visited prisons, to the lasting spiritual good of their unhappy inmates, as did Elizabeth Fry. They have proved themselves to be the true friend of the navvy, the soldier, the sailor, the outcast, the drunkard, as the names of Marsh, and Daniell, and Robinson, and Hopkins, and Havergal, and others, "familiar in our mouths as household words," will testify. And yet, speaking for myself, and using again the words of Dr. Stanford, I would say, "Some things that women can do right nobly at a crisis, are not best for them to do when men are to be had. As a rule, I think it is not best for women to man a lifeboat; but we have been told that one black night at Teignmouth last year, when the men were all out of the way, or else were not sharp enough, the women got the lifeboat out. With shrill, quivering cheers they carried it through the battling breakers, dragged a vessel off the sandbar and saved precious life. When we hear that they did all this without any help from the unfair sex, who can help saying, 'Well done?' I go further, and say

that, as a rule, in my private opinion, it is not best for women to preach in public; but where in exceptional cases, and with extraordinary gifts, women like Mary Fletcher and Priscilla Gurney go out of their way, and, all by themselves, publicly launch the lifeboat of the Gospel to snatch souls from the sea of sin, and from the rocks of death; again I say, to the praise of grace, 'Well done!'

But to speak more particularly of the work of women in Methodism. What is it? What have they done? Dr. Stevens says that "in the household of the Epworth rectory can be traced" the "real origin" of Methodism. "An 'elect lady' there trained the founder and legislator of Methodism, and to no inconsiderable degree, by impressing on him the traits of her own extraordinary character; and under the same nurture grew up by his side its psalmist, whose lyrics were to be heard in less than a century wherever the English language was spoken, and to be 'more devoutly committed to memory,' and 'oftener repeated upon a deathbed' than any other poems." Isaac Taylor employs the stronger expression, "that the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism." Of her Dr. Clark says: "Such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Of pious, devoted, extraordinary women, Susannah Wesley must be placed at the very head, and the most popular of all Methodist historians may well ask, 'Who can doubt that the practical Methodism of the rectory, more than any other human clause, produced the ecclesiastical Methodism which to-day is spreading the Wesleyan name around the world?' It received there also much of its thoroughly spiritual tone. Religion impressed the habitual life of the family. Susannah Wesley was its priestess, and, more than the rector himself, ministered to the spiritual necessities of the household. During his absence she even opened its doors for a sort of public worship, which was conducted by herself."

The conduct of Mrs. Wesley in reading sermons, praying and conversing directly with the people, furnishes the example by which her sagacious and distinguished son appears to have regulated and determined his own. In this, as in so many other instances, he happily and providentially finds the "golden mean," and throughout life his course was prudent and consistent. There was no reason why he should change his position, modify his views, or alter his course. His letter to one of the holy women of Methodism in 1771 contains the essence of all his advice on the subject of women preaching. "I think the strength of the cause rests there—on your having an *extraordinary* call. So, I am

persuaded has every one of our lay preachers; otherwise I could not countenance this preaching at all. It is plain to me that the whole work of God termed Methodism is an extraordinary dispensation of His providence. Therefore I do not wonder if several things occur therein which do not fall under the ordinary rules of discipline. St. Paul's ordinary rule was, 'I permit not a woman to speak in the congregation.' Yet, in extraordinary cases, he made a few exceptions; at Corinth in particular."

At the Wesleyan Conference of 1803 "it was asked, 'Should women be allowed to preach among us?' The answer was that in general they ought not. Two reasons were given; one was that a vast majority of the people were opposed to female preaching; the other, that it was not necessary, there being a sufficiency of preachers, whom God had accredited, to supply all the places in the Connexion. 'But,' added the Minutes, 'if any woman among us thinks she has an extraordinary call from God to speak in public (and we are sure it must be an *extraordinary* call that can authorize it), we are of opinion that she should in general address her own sex, and *those only*.'"

Dr. Stevens, after quoting Mr. Wesley's letter of 1771 on this subject, adds, "The example would seem perilous; but under proper regulations it had assumed, in the 'Society of Friends,' even a graceful beauty, and was not productive of extravagances." And Dr. Whedon observes that no women in modern times present more perfectly the ideal of female modesty than the women of that sect which has always had its female preaching—The Friends; and in the early history of the denomination to which I have the honor to belong a large portion of the good that was effected was unquestionably due to their instrumentality. Delicately-nurtured and in many instances well-educated women, at what they believed to be the call of God, left their comfortable homes to become the pioneers of evangelistic work, and wherever they went God magnified His sovereign grace. And whatever defects have defaced the lives of the public teachers among us belonging to the other sex, I believe not one of the sisters ceased to be a pattern of purity and good works.

And it should not be forgotten that many who object the most strongly to this agency do as strongly object to institutions and usages such as lay-preaching and class-meetings, held by us as essential to our Church work and spiritual life, and as inseparable therefrom, and, in fact, by persons who deny our claim to be a Church at all.

And yet the practice has almost fallen into disuse, and is not likely to be extensively revived unless there be a revival of the

spiritual life, and even then, *as a rule*, the chief work of woman, never unimportant, never without influence, will be found in the home and in the school, in visiting the poor, in conducting mothers' meetings, in aiding the temperance reformation, in leading classes, in nursing the sick, in collecting funds for missionary organizations, and it may be in India, and in some other countries, in direct missionary work among the female part of the population. And women possessing the spirit and character of those we have mentioned and of many others that we might name—Ann Cutler, Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell—are always true helpers in the Gospel of Christ.

"It was through the instrumentality of Barbara Heck that Embury and his Methodist associates were led, in 1765, to resume in the New World the Methodistic discipline and labours which they had adopted in Ireland." And oh! how marvellous the results. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." One kind of work that the women of Methodism have done during the last few years may be specifically mentioned as a stimulus and an incentive to those greater exertions in many directions which are so imperatively required. The Woman's Missionary Societies have collected many thousands of dollars, and sent out hundreds of missionaries, and supports and assists scores of schools, hospitals and dispensaries.

Oh, ye wives and mothers, daughters and sisters in all our Methodist Churches, "Come ye to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" Ye mothers, especially, our appeal is to you. And in your own homes every one of you may be a "gentle Monica," and before your children leave the nursery they shall take their "first degree." You have only to make your explanations of the sacred story as delightful as did the mother and grandmother of Timothy or Mrs. Wesley, and sweeten as well as simplify the sacred truths, and there will be a succession of young Timothys in whom aged Pauls will delight, or of evangelists only less successful than the founder of Methodism, whose memory to-day millions revere. So train your daughters that, should they become the wives of ministers and missionaries, they shall lead classes with the same success as did Mrs. Rogers, and thus fill our sanctuaries and increase our members, or be in our homes what Mary Moffat was in the home of Livingstone, "the best spoke in the wheel;" or if of our merchants, that they may, by their simple tastes and self-denying habits, influence their husbands and consecrate their great wealth unto the work of Christ; or of our senators and statesmen, that they may exhibit a courage and a devotion and a persistent

faith; pray, oh, continually pray, as did Ann Cutler, and even such men as Bramwell shall testify that there is an amazing power of God attending your prayers, and the Lord shall make use of you to promote genuine and extensive revival of His work! Oh, cherish and cultivate such rapt, constant communion with Jesus as did Mrs. Fletcher, and to many a man, eloquent as Apollos, shall you teach the Word of God more perfectly; only speak of the grace of God with Christian simplicity, and other John Bunyans shall be enlightened and saved; and with that sweet, persuasive grace which is all your own, you may improve your opportunities, especially those which are the most private and precious, your influence will be more and more widely felt, and the blessings that come to others shall be your reward.

“For what delights can equal those
Which stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one who loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one who loves and knows.”

AT HOME WITH GOD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

“HOME to my God,”—what depths of restful thought
Lie hidden in those four short, simple words;
At home with God, out of all suffering brought
Into the endless rest which heaven affords.

God and His rest,—ah, sweet that rest will be
After long weariness and sorrow here;
And sweet in the full light of love to see
This world's perplexities made plain and clear.

God and His love,—the love enfolds me now,
And with it is a foretaste of His rest,
As, like a soft touch on a weary brow,
The whisper comes,—He loves, His way is best.

It must be best, so, though my eyes be dim,
And dark the way, if I but hear His “Come,”
I answer to the call, and follow Him,
Sure His unerring voice will guide me home.

“Home to my God,”—earth's clouds left far behind,
Of all the long steep path the last step trod—
The perfectness of rest and love to find;
Through all eternity, at home with God.

TORONTO.

SCOTLAND'S INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION.

BY JOHN ELDER, ESQ.

THE land of the thistle and the heather has furnished a history which is an example of what a small population and country can do for themselves and the world. Scottish influence has gone as an important factor into the general advancement of human civilization, and the world is better for it to-day. It is instructive to notice the part which the smaller nationalities of the earth have played in the grand drama of civilization. We hear much of the great nations of Europe marshalling their vast armies, and struggling for supremacy of power, and crushing smaller nations under their heel; but there is something sublime in the influence which has gone forth from the smaller countries. They have done much to make the larger nations what they are, and to make the world what it is.

Palestine gave the world a religion—the first, best and only divine religion. Greece gave it art, literature, philosophy. Switzerland and Holland gave it the earliest practical demonstration of the republican institutions. Scotland—there can be no mistake as to what it has done, both in the development of the individual man and in the development of national character. The sons of Scotland have ever marched with the vanguard in the grand army of human progress. They are a brave and united people, loving liberty as they love life itself. No yoke has ever crushed their spirits. The same glorious race that existed a thousand years ago is still at home upon its soil, only more advanced in all the elements of true national greatness, and the latter glory outshines the earlier, because of all the fiery trials of the past which has had its influence on civilization.

The close of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, with all its military glory, was an age of iron and an age of blood. Century after century went on until war had reddened her fields and filled her land with havoc and ruin. No portion of the earth's surface is perhaps more thickly strewn with the ashes of martyred heroes and the bones of slaughtered champions of truth and right. Was all that gallant blood shed in vain? Assuredly not. The seed was long in sowing, but the harvest has been abundant and glorious. It was the price of independence, of self-government, of civil and religious liberty. When these were won they were not won for Scotland alone, but

for posterity, for mankind, and they will for all time to come have their influence on civilization.

It has been said that a land without ruins is a land without memories, and a land without memories is a land without liberty. We are always proud of referring to one of Scotland's greatest men, who had done so much for his country. John Knox, during the trying times of civil war, was the one pillar of strength upon which Scotland leaned with her whole weight. With a price on his head, with hired assassins waylaying his path, careless of his own life, thinking only of his dear Scotland, he fought the good fight bravely through until peace was proclaimed, and had fully established the glorious heritage of a free Church in a free State, with equal rights of conscience for all classes of men. He contributed largely in moulding the national character of Scotland, and Scotland has ever since been sending that self-same influence around the globe. In the vast populations of the world it has kindled the lights of education, of free thought, of science and liberty—in a word, of Christian civilization. The name of David Livingstone has been written across the centre of the Dark Continent. Robert Moffat, John Wilson, Alexander Duff and many others belong to the noble band of Scotchmen who have contributed to Scotland's influence on civilization.

In the early history of Scotland there are two great names—William Wallace and Robert Bruce. Their names are the very watchwords of liberty. All generations delight to do them honour for their valour and their courage, champions for truth and liberty. If Scotland had done no more than produce those great men she would have gained the gratitude and admiration of the world, and sent down an influence to be felt as long as liberty is loved among men.

THE INFLUENCE OF SCOTTISH SONG.

All around the globe where there are tongues to speak our language there are not wanting hearts to feel the charm of nature, love and beauty in Scottish song. Who has not heard, and hearing, who can ever forget? The songs of Scotland have great historic value; they are truly the history of the people. We seem to sit at the feet of the simple peasant, and from his own lips learn the story of his life. The peaceful and industrial walks of life are beautifully portrayed by our poets. Song seems ever to accompany labour. Every song that Burns wrote bears the stamp of genius upon it. The child of poverty, the child of nature,

Burns is loved and honoured by all Scotchmen at home and abroad. All nations pay a tribute to his memory.

“From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur flows,
That makes her loved at home and revered abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

Tannáhill, Campbell, Pollock, Hogg and many others could be mentioned who have had great influence upon the world by the magic melody of their songs. Their place in the history of the world is well assured for all time to come.

Sir Walter Scott took a high place in the hearts of the people who became familiar with his writings; but he did not for a long time give that importance to his own writings that the world did. No man, perhaps, has ever done so much by his pen for a country as Scott did for Scotland. He made it known to all the world. His writings have been read around the globe, and are a power in all civilized lands. Some of his writings have become a part of the permanent literature of the age. Travellers from all lands gaze upon the scenes of grandeur and beauty depicted on his pages. He opened Scotland to all the world as it had never been before. He threw a new charm over Scottish scenery and Scottish history.

Thomas Carlyle, Hugh Miller, John Wilson and hundreds more take a rank not excelled by any of the great writers of modern times. Through Scotland's literature she has presented her opinions before the reading world, and become to a large extent a leader of its thoughts and a teacher of its youth. Scotland has thus been for generations past as a city set on a hill, whose light could not be hid.

In the olden times, as we have seen, the Scotch were great fighters, and dealt hard blows. In more recent times they have been content to fight the higher battles of the mind, and have been deep and hard thinkers. As such they are among the world's benefactors. Dr. Rabuck planted the first iron works in Scotland, and the first furnace was set up at Carron, on the first day of January, 1760. Most of the nations of the earth are bound together by iron ties. The surface of every ocean is ploughed by iron steamers, and the ocean beds feel the pressure of electric wires, carrying intelligence from shore to shore. The Clyde still holds its supremacy in shipbuilding. Mr. Cobden says that Scotland's strength, wealth and commerce have grown out of the skilled labour of the men working in metals. It is said that fifty thousand skilled labourers are on the Clyde, and thousands

of equally skilled artisans are in every part of the land, and are doing their full share of influence on civilization.

Scotland is a small country compared with other lands, nor can it boast of so bright a sky as Italy, nor so salubrious a clime as many others; but it has great natural attractions. On her rugged shores the waves of the Atlantic break in wild confusion, murmuring a requiem around the graves of saint and king. Her heath-clad hills and the cloud-capped mountains give grandeur to the scene and patriotic pride and sentiment to the people. Her glens are studded with the cairns of martyrdom. Her streams still whisper the hymns of the League and Covenant. Scotland to-day is as it has always been—a land of Sabbaths, of Bibles and of education; the home of an intelligent, free, thriving and happy people.

“MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.”

Yes, He answers prayer ;
He hears the heart-felt sigh which tells,
E'en more than words could e'er express,
The anguish of the troubled soul,
Which cries for strength to bear, and bless
The One whose wisdom sends the grief.
He may not heal the anguish sore,
But sends this balm to soothe the pain :—
“Dear one, this grief for thee I bore.”

Yes, the answer came
Before the prayer had left the lips
Which trembled as the words were framed.
He knew the thought within the heart ; .
He answered ere that thought was named.
He took the upraised hands in His,
He whispered gently, tenderly,
“I cannot answer as thou wilt,
My grace must now suffice for thee.”

Lord, the sting is gone,
Although the aching wound remains,
What Thou in death hast borne for me,
I surely too can bear. Thy grace
Sufficient is ; I rest in Thee,
The sun of Heaven shines so clear,
The clouds, dispelled before its rays,
Have rolled away ; and, lo, I see,
Unhindered now, His loving face.

—*Idalia.*

THE MACHINERY OF THE HEAVENS RUNNING DOWN.

BY ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

LET the earth have frozen; let the bright sun have been extinguished; let the moon and stars "wander darkling in the eternal space." Will this, then, be the end of matter's history? Is this the consummation of which philosophers, and poets, and patriarchs have dreamed and prophesied? From the pinnacle on which we stand we can discern the course of Nature still wending onward. There must be progress even after the funeral of the sun. As that bright luminary shines on after the fall of generations of men—as he shines serenely and undisturbed even in dead men's faces, so will gravitation continue to prosecute its work even among the corpses of planets and suns.

Hark! from the highways of the comets come tidings of friction in the machinery of the heavens. The filmy wanderer encounters resistance in his long journey to the confines of the solar system. He ploughs his way through a resisting medium. The balance of centripetal and centrifugal forces is destroyed; the central attraction preponderates; he falls toward the sun; his orbit is diminished; his motion is accelerated, and he comes back to his starting-point earlier than the time which astronomy had appointed. Here we get the first disclosure of the existence of a subtle material fluid pervading space.

This remarkable retardation was first observed in the successive returns of Encke's comet. This comet has at present a period of about 1,210 days, and it returns each time two hours and forty-five minutes sooner than calculation requires. Since 1789, its period has shortened two days and sixteen hours. Similar retardation—resulting in a similarly accelerated *angular* velocity—has been fully established in the cases of the comets of Brorsen, Faye and D'Arrest.

The only explanation that has ever been offered of these exceptional phenomena is the assumption of the existence of an all-pervading resisting medium commonly called ether. Since the undulatory theory of light became established, the existence of such a medium has been recognized as necessary, and its presence has been assumed throughout all those realms of space to which light has penetrated.

A belief in the existence of an all-pervading ether is much more ancient than the observations which have made it a scientific datum. In the astronomy of the Brahmins, the stars are said to

swim in ether, as fishes in the water. Kepler supposed comets to be native inhabitants of this ethereal medium, like fishes in the sea. The Cartesian doctrine of "vortices" presupposes an all-pervading material fluid. The existence of such a fluid was admitted by Newton; and he demonstrates that its tenuity must be greater than that of our atmosphere at the distance of two hundred miles from the earth. In more recent times this doctrine has been maintained or admitted by Whewell, Sir John Herschel, Thompson, Mayer, Littrow, Helmholtz, Grove, Tyndal, Watson, McCosh, Compton, Rorison, and, in short, by every physicist who has investigated the subject.

We are compelled, then, to assume the position that a resisting fluid permeates space, and that the heavenly bodies do *not* move in a vacuum. The consequences of this admission are stupendous beyond conception. Laplace demonstrated that if the planetary bodies are solid, and if they move *in vacuo*, their mutual perturbations, in long cycles, compensate each other, and the stability of the solar system is perfect. The contingent part of this proposition possesses all the significance. Neither are the planetary bodies solid, nor do they move *in vacuo*. The effect of the terrestrial liquids is apparent in a considerable lengthening of the sidereal day—which, for the time being, is counterpoised by the shrinkage of the earth—while the effect of the resisting medium has been wrought out in the partial arrest of the whole brood of comets.

The retardation of Encke's comet is such that it would lose one half of its present velocity in 23,000 years. A power which can sensibly check the flight of the filmy comet can also retard, however minutely, the motion of the ponderous planet. Jupiter, by far the largest of the planets, would lose one-thousandth of his velocity in seventy millions of years. The length of the period has nothing whatever to do with the result. If the motion be inevitably and perpetually toward precipitation into the sun, the event is as demonstrable as the fall of an aerolite to the earth. Not only are the cloud-like comets slowly approaching the sun in spiral curves, but every revolving planet—every material particle in the solar system—is borne forward by the same unalterable decree. It is the presence of a resisting ether which conditions the precipitation of that meteoric rain which retards the cooling of the sun. The fall of comets and planets to the sun will still farther delay the final refrigeration of that luminary, without averting it.

The proof of the existence of a resisting ether in space has disclosed the decree which records the doom of the solar system.

Whewell says: "Since there is such a retarding force perpetually acting, however slight it be, it must in the end *destroy all the celestial motions*. . . . The moment such a fluid is ascertained to exist, the eternity of the movements of the planets becomes as *impossible as a perpetual motion on the earth*." Helmholtz says: "A time will come when the comet will strike the sun; and a similar end threatens all the planets, although after a time the length of which baffles our imagination to conceive it." Mayer contemplates the precipitation of asteroidal and planetary masses upon the sun. Comte says: "In a future too remote to be assigned, all the bodies of our system must be united to the solar mass, from which it is probable that they proceeded." Rorison, defending the Mosaic account of creation, admits, speaking of the earth: "It was once all nebula; it will yet, if left to physical agencies, collapse into an exhausted and extinguished sun." Watson says: "If we grant that the retardation of the comets arises from the existence of an ethereal fluid, the total obliteration of the solar system is to be the final result."

This, then, is the conclusion of science. So far as we have been able to acquaint ourselves with the laws which regulate the movements of the planetary bodies, the duration of the present order of the solar system *is finite*. Nothing but an *infinite miracle* can save it from destruction. That such a miracle will be wrought we have no warrant for assuming. From the very beginning of its career, so far as we can judge, the history of matter has been wrought out in accordance with methods which we style the "laws of Nature." These methods have never been abandoned, and there is not a particle of evidence furnished by science that they ever will be abandoned until they shall have completed their work. Whether the forces of matter be viewed as inherent powers or as "immediate divine agency," the argument from induction, in which the doctrine of a final catastrophe rests, is an argument possessing strength beyond the power of arithmetic to express.

It is true that the final catastrophe is removed to the distance of millions of millions of years. It is true that the sun may have cooled millions of years before the consummation of the final crash. It is true that a million of years before the cooling of the sun the earth may have become desolate and tenantless, as it was a million of years before it received its first inhabitant, or as the moon is to-day, poised in space before our very eyes. It is true that thousands of years may yet elapse before the ordinary powers of geology shall have levelled the continents, or changed their habitable conditions to such an extent that man and other

organic beings will have passed away. But the magnitude of the numbers by which these intervals of time are symbolized does not embarrass the argument. Infinity dwells not alone in years. Are the recitals of astronomy less fanciful than these? Are the data with which she deals less staggering to the human mind? We think ourselves dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, since, perchance, his light comes to us in eight and a half minutes. Yet his distance is such that a traveller, setting out for the sun by railway on the day of his birth, and travelling continually thirty miles an hour, would attain the age of fourscore before having spanned one fourth of the vast interval. Were he and his posterity to complete the journey, and were generations to succeed each other according to the established rule, the twelfth generation would appear before the station should be reached. The great luminary would be pressed by the foot of his great-grandson's great-grandson's great-grandson, and he would be upon the tottering verge of fourscore.

Had Christopher Columbus set sail for the sun instead of a new continent, and travelled continuously at three times the speed of a steamship, he would only have reached his destination in 1870.

This is the distance which light travels over in eight and a half minutes. There is no doubt admissible in regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, or the velocity of light, and yet the nearest of the fixed stars is so remote that its light has consumed ten years in passing to our earth; and there are visible stars so distant that their light has occupied the lifetime of our race in darting over the measureless void. In each second of that interval it has travelled a distance measured by seven times the circumference of the earth. Nay, I may gaze through the telescope on any starlit night, and gather into my eye rays which set out from a distant nebula ages before even the race was called into being whose slowly-developing science has enabled me to make these calculations and gather up this feeble light.

These are values which the positive science of astronomy affords us. Nor are the wonders of physics less overwhelming. The amount of heat sent off from the sun in one minute is, according to Mayer, 12,650 millions of "cubic miles of heat." Now what is a cubic mile of heat? In the conventional language of the physicists, it is the quantity of heat necessary to raise the temperature of a cubic mile of water one degree Centigrade. Have we any conception of the amount of heat required to do this work? In order to subdivide the quantity till we reach a limit which our intellects can grasp, let me state that one cubic mile of heat contains 408 billions of units of heat; and a unit of

heat is the quantity of heat required to raise one kilogramme—or about one quart—of water one Centigrade degree, which is one and four-fifths degree of our scale. In other words, then, the sun emits more than five septillions, or five thousand millions of millions of units of heat every minute. In a year the amount is 522,000 times as great; and in the brief duration of our race it has been more than three thousand million times seven septillions of units of heat. These, let the reader remember, are the data of exact science. They are not the millions of years in which the geologist symbolizes the age of the world.

Nature thus, on every side, launches us forth upon the borders of infinity. We flutter about like insects on a flower-bed, and stand awed before the "boundless prairie," the "primeval forest," or the "shoreless ocean." We speak of planetary distances and stellar pathways, but our efforts to compass thoughts like these are as the navigation of the paper nautilus upon the heaving bosom of the broad Pacific.

And yet such quantities are not imaginary. Such intervals as millions of ages *will be passed*; such intervals *have already passed*. To the eye of that all-comprehending Intelligence whose works these are, whose plans these are, millions are but molecules in the constitution of a universe; the lifetime of a planet vanishes as a thought. To a being who is Infinity, the very units of measurement are infinity; one stroke of the hand is infinite space, one step of progress is infinite time.

Where, then, is perpetuity? The untutored savage looks upon the ancient forest as all-enduring. His fathers sat beneath the shade of the self-same tree as stretches its arms above his own squalid hut. The poet sings of the "eternal hills," or fancies that in the ocean he discerns "the image of eternity." The philosopher thought he had demonstrated that at least the solid earth should endure forever, and the coterie of planets should not cease to waltz about their sun. But at length we discover not only that forests appear and disappear—not only that the mountains crumble away from age to age, and Old Ocean himself has limits set to his duration—but even yonder burning sun is slowly waning, and the very earth is wearily plodding through the mire of ether, and we can foresee the time when, with all her energies wasted, the fire of her youth extinguished, her blood curdled in her veins, her sister planets in their graves or hurrying toward them, she herself shall plunge into the bosom of her parent sun, whence, unnumbered ages since, she whirled forth with all the gaiety of a youthful bride.

Such is the position to which science conducts us. We feel that

we stand here upon sure foundations. We have no means of measuring accurately the length of eternity's years, but we know they exceed ours a million-fold. We can clearly translate the watchword of the hosts of space. "*Not for perpetuity*" is written upon every lineament of the solar system. We contemplate the matter of the system aggregated into a cold and blackened mass at the centre. No more sun, no more planet, no more satellite, no more comet, or meteorite, or zodiacal luminosity, but winter, and the silence of death, and the darkness of Nature's midnight, penetrated only by starlight, whose maternal source may even then have been blotted out—a solitary grave upon a distant plain, in the midst of the howling desolation of an Arctic winter.

But imagination, indefatigable, with wing unwearied while yet there remains another height to scale, pausing here but an instant, throws her glances still beyond. Into that remoter eternity which stretches still beyond the sepulchre of the solar system her vision penetrates. Shall we venture to delineate the vicissitudes which she sees transpiring in that deeper depth? They are the figures of things but faintly limned against the curtains of infinity. But yet there is no religion which forbids us to reproduce that ethereal vision. Let us exhaust the revelation of Nature, and seize upon knowledge which lies next door to the supernatural world.

Astronomy calls every star a sun, and declares that our solar orb is but one in a firmament of suns. When we gaze at night upon the stellar host we descry the nearest members of a cluster of suns, which, vast as it is, has limits which have been surveyed. Sir William Herschel, with the graduated powers of his great telescope, sounded the depths of the firmament, and determined its extent in every direction. In the midst of this circumscribed cluster of suns our solar luminary holds a position.

Beyond the confines of the outermost zone of stars lies an empty void. Sir William Herschel, with the higher powers of his instrument, looked through the loop-holes of our firmament, and sent his vision across the cold and desert space which spreads out on every side. The cheering starlight that had accompanied every farther stretch across the populated fields of our firmament now forsook him, and he gazed only upon dread emptiness and blackness. For a moment he imagined he had caught a glimpse of infinity; but lo! across that measureless void appears another firmament! And still other firmaments, on every side, beam on us with a blended gleam which fuses their constituent suns into a cloud. These are the *nebulae*.

To what order of distances are they removed? Are their histories identical with the history of our firmament? Is infinite space occupied by an endless succession of such starry clusters? These are questions which we shall find answered when thought is permitted to penetrate one step farther, and set foot within the bounds of the supernatural world.

These systems of suns, with their probably attendant planets and satellites, all exist *under one constitution*. The spectroscope has demonstrated that the light of the different heavenly bodies is substantially identical. It has demonstrated the identity of the *luminous matter* of sun, and comets, and stars, and nebulæ. It has declared the existence of carbon in the comets, of hydrogen, potassium, magnesium, and sundry other bodies in the sun, and of several of the same in the fixed stars and the nebulæ. There is little uncertainty about these determinations. Like an expert who identifies the handwriting of a criminal when he who penned it may have fled a thousand miles away, this little instrument, by an analysis of light that has wandered a thousand years away from its source, declares the nature of the luminous body that sent it forth. *One sort of matter* exists throughout all the wide realm which human vision has traversed.

One *ether* extends through all. The conditions under which light is propagated are identical upon Sirius and in the apartment lighted by a jet of gas.

Gravitation reigns over all. The phenomena discerned in the motions and phases of the stars and the nebulæ are such as attest the dominance there of the same law as holds the earth in its orbit, or guides an apple to the ground.

The law of *rotation* reigns over all. From the revolving moon to the vicissitudes of the variable stars—winking night and day in regular alternation—and even to the spiral nebulæ whose stupendous gyrations have given shape to their flowing vestments—everywhere the equilibrium of celestial bodies, like that of a top or gyroscope, is maintained by rotation.

Our own firmament of stars, which we are not permitted to view as we view the nebulæ, from a distance, reveals even to a beholder from within the fact of its rotation, as the progress of a sloop upon a river is revealed by the apparent motions of the trees upon the banks. Mädler has announced the discovery of the astounding fact that the entire firmament is describing a slow and majestic gyration about a centre which, to us, seems located in the Pleiades. In this common whirl of a million suns our sun participates, and, with his retinue of planets, moves forward through space at the rate of one hundred and fifty millions of

miles a year. And yet so vast is the circuit upon which he is launched that 18,200,000 years will have faded away before he shall have completed a single revolution.

If throughout all these boundless intervals of space a resisting ether is present—if it be a fact that a material fluid pervades all the wide realms which light has traversed, what is the conclusion which looms up as a consequence? Are we not compelled to recognize the fact that every sun in our firmament, as it journeys round and round in its circuit of millions of years, is slowly, but surely as Encke's comet, approaching the centre of its orbit? and in that most distant future, the contemplation of which almost paralyzes our powers of thought, is it not certain that all these suns must be piled together in a cold and lifeless mass?

I forbear to say more. With reverence I refrain from the attempt to lift the veil which conceals the destiny of other firmaments. I dare not hazard the inquiry whether an immensity of firmaments may not be executing their grand gyrations on a still larger scale; and whether these, in turn, may not be destined to a grander cosmical conglomeration. It is vain to push our conjectures farther. We have even here entered upon the borderland of infinite space. In the presence of Infinity, what can man do but bow his head and worship?

Reason assures us that somewhere the tendency to central aggregation must be stayed. A universe of worlds can never be gathered together in a single mass. Within the bounds of the visible we see all matter wending its way toward centres of gravity. Within the bounds of our firmament we see all matter tending toward one centre. Let us content ourselves to speak of this. This shall be our universe. This is the universe whose final aggregation into one mass we are compelled to contemplate.

SACRIFICE.

LORD, I have laid my heart upon Thy altar,
But cannot get the wood to burn,
It hardly flames ere it begins to falter,
And to the dark return.

Old sap, or night-fallen dew, has damped the fuel;
In vain my breath would flames provoke;
Yet see! at every poor attempt's renewal
To Thee ascends the smoke.

'Tis all I have—smoke, failure, foiled endeavour,
Coldness and doubt and palsied lack,
Such as I have I send Thee, Perfect Giver;
Send Thou Thy lightning back!

THE LAST YEAR OF WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

BY THE REV. CARL F. ELTZHOLTZ.

ON *Thursday, Dec. 31, 1789*, we find the following entry while at Peckham :

"I preached at the new chapel; but to avoid the cramp, went to bed at ten o'clock. I was well served. I know not that I ever before felt so much of it in one night.

"*Friday, Jan. 1, 1790.*—I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right arm shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. *However, blessed be to God, I do not slack my labour.** I can preach and write still.

"*Sunday, Feb. 14, 1790.*—I preached *a sermon to the children* at West Street Chapel. They flocked together from every quarter, and truly God was in the midst of them, applying those words: 'Come, ye little children; hearken unto Me; and I will teach you the fear of the Lord!'

"*Tuesday, Feb. 16.*—I retired to Balham for a few days, in order for to finish my sermons, *and put all my little things in order.*

"*Monday, Feb. 22.*—We had a comfortable opportunity at West Street; and another on Tuesday evening at the new chapel, where we had also a solemn meeting of the leaders. *I submitted to importunity, and once more sat for my picture.* I would scarce believe myself the picture of one in his *eighty-seventh year.*

"*Sunday, March 14,* was a comfortable day. In the morning I met the Strangers' Society, instituted wholly for the relief, not of our society, but for poor, sick, friendless strangers. I do not know that I ever heard or read of such an institution till within a few years ago. *So this, also, is one of the fruits of Methodism.*

"*Friday, March 26.*—I finished my sermon on the wedding garment, *perhaps the last that I shall write.* My eyes are now waxed dim, my natural force is abated. *However, while I can, I would fain do a little for God before I drop into the dust.* In the evening I preached to a crowded audience at Salop, on 'Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace.' But I was much ashamed for them. The moment I had done speaking, I

*As I only wish to add very few remarks to the extracts from the Journal, I will put in *italics* the places I desire to call the reader's *special* attention to.

suppose fifty of them were talking all at once; and no wonder they had neither sense nor good manners, for they were gentle folks.

"*April 4 (being Easter-day).—I think we had about one thousand six hundred communicants. I preached both morning and evening without weariness, and in the evening lay down in peace.*" (This was in Manchester.)

"*Tuesday, May 25, 1790.—We returned to Aberdeen, and I took a solemn farewell of a crowded audience. If I should be permitted to see them again, well; if not, I have delivered my own soul.*

"*Friday, June 4, 1790.—We reached Newcastle. In this and Kingswood House, were I to do my own will, I should choose to spend the short remainder of my days. But it cannot be; this is not my rest.*

"*Tuesday, June 8.—I wrote a form for settling the preaching houses, without any superfluous words, which shall be used for the time to come, verbatim, for all the houses to which I contribute any thing. I will no more encourage that villanious tautology of lawyers, which is the scandal of our nation. In the evening I preached to the children of our Sunday-school, six or seven hundred of whom were present.*

"*Wednesday, June 9.—Having dispatched all the business I had to do here, in the evening I took a solemn leave of this lovely people, perhaps never to see them more in this life, and set out early in the morning.*" (As Mr. Wesley felt the time of his departure was drawing near, he went from place to place as a second Elijah to take leave of his spiritual children, to warn them once more, and to put everything in order before the chariot came down from heaven to take him home to the Lord.)

"*Monday, June 28, 1790.—This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For about eighty-six years, I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated; but last August I found almost a sudden change. My eyes were so dim that no glasses would help them. My strength likewise now quite forsook me; and probably will not return in this world, but I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted; and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till 'the weary springs of life stand still at last.'*

"*Sunday, July 29, 1790.—I had none to assist in the service, and could not read the prayers myself; so I was obliged to shorten the service, which brought the prayers, sermon, and Lord's Supper within the compass of three hours. I preached in the afternoon near King's Square, and the hearts of the people bowed down before the Lord.*

"*Sunday, Sept. 5, 1790, at Bath.*—At ten we had a numerous congregation, and more communicants than ever I saw here before. This day I cut off *that vile custom*, I know not when or how it began, of preaching three times a day by the same preacher to the same congregation; enough to weary out the bodies and minds of the speaker as well as his hearers.

"*Bristol, Monday, July 13,* and the three following days I met the classes of the society, which contain nine hundred and forty-four members.

"*Friday, Oct. 1, 1790.*—We purposed to return to Portsmouth (about twenty miles), it being a calm, sunshiny morning, in the wherry we came in; but a friend offering us a kind of hoy (large boat), we willingly accepted his offer. It was well we did, for as soon as we were out of the harbour the wind rose and the sea raged horribly. The wherry would soon have been swallowed up. The waves washed over us on both sides. Having no deck, *we were well soaked from head to foot*, but before noon we got safe to Portsmouth.

"*Wednesday, Oct. 13.*—In the evening I preached at Norwich; but the house would in nowise contain the congregation. How wonderfully is the tide turned! I am become an honourable man at Norwich.

"*Monday, Oct. 18.*—No coach going out for Lynn to-day. I was obliged to take a post-chaise. The wind, with mizzling rain, came full in our faces, and we had nothing to screen us from it, so that *I was thoroughly chilled from head to foot before I came to Lynn*. But I soon forgot *this little inconvenience*; for which the earnestness of the congregation made me large amends.

"*Sunday, Oct. 24, 1790.*—I explained to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields church 'The whole armour of God.' St. Paul's, Shadwell, was still more crowded in the afternoon, while I enforced that important truth, 'One thing is needful,' and I hope many, even then, resolved to choose the better part."

This is the end of Mr. Wesley's Journal. We have followed him during the year 1790, until October 24. Who can read these *few extracts* from his Journal without admiring the holy zeal and the self-denying love that urged this aged patriarch forward to suffer and to labour for God and humanity until he at last, as a golden ripe fruit, dropped down in the loving hand of his divine Master, to be carried home to the mansions prepared, shouting, "The best of all is, God is with us." "I'll praise, I'll praise!" "Farewell!"

When Mr. Wesley died one hundred years ago he left in connection with his societies in Europe, America and West India

80,000 members and 312 preachers. *Ninety-nine* years after his death *world-wide Methodism* has 41,056 itinerant ministers, 92,353 local preachers, 6,290,665 lay members—a total lay and ministerial membership of 6,331,112, and a total Methodist population throughout the world of about 30,000,000; that is, *about one-fourth of Protestantism*. [Later statistics show that these figures should be considerably enlarged.] We have in that comparatively short time become so numerous that *one* Methodist is ushered through the gates of eternity every *ten* minutes the year round. “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BY ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

BESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo ! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled : “Be not afraid !”

“Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know,
Restore again to life,” I said,
“This one who died an hour ago.”
He smiled : “She is not dead !”

“Asleep then, as Thyself didst say,
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away !”
He smiled : “She doth not sleep !”

“Nay, then, tho’ haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache !”
He smiled : “She is not gone !”

“Alas ! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch
Until the stream of death we cross.”
He smiled : “There is no such !”

“Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are.”
He smiled : “And I am here !”

“Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away ?”
He smiled : “Abide in Me !”

REX MACARTHY.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

"It isn't in your belt a' the keys o' the country-side hang, Jim Banks. And may be, stranger, if yo'd feel to stop and ask the overman it's a different answer yo'd get."

The speaker was one of a group of yawning, pale-faced pitmen standing at the Lowther Shaft, and the "stranger" was a tall, good-looking fellow in collier's clothes, who had just asked Jim Banks if he "could get a job in the mine," and been curtly told, "No, he couldn't."

Just then a gaunt, sinewy form, with a grisly aspect, came stalking toward them. He had a candle stuck in his cap and a miner's appearance.

"That's John Bowles, stranger; it's a civil word he'll give you anyway."

The stranger nodded and smiled, and, with the light of the smile still on his face, turned to the overman.

"John Bowles," he said, "I want a job; can you give me one?"

"What's yo're name, friend?"

"Rex Macarthy."

"What can yo' do?"

"I could be a hewer."

"In high seams?"

"Yes, in high seams."

"In course. Yo'd niver bend them long legs and yo're long back enough for some o' our lile seams; but we've one or two'll hold yo're inches, and there's other wark beside. I'll gie yo' a pound a week."

"Done."

"Are yo' ready now, man?"

"Now."

"Then down yo' go."

And in the swinging, banging, bounding basket down Rex went—down through a thousand feet of darkness. Bowles' practised eye watched his descent. "Yon chap's no pitman. The basket were as new to him as it were to me forty years ago."

All the more, however, he admired the pluck and address with which Rex had taken his turn; and, if "no pitman," he wielded the pick-axe like a giant. Before night Bowles was well aware that he had made a good bargain. Just before the hour for "loosing" he sought out the little fellow whose friendly words had encouraged Rex to speak to him in the morning. He found him in a corner full of floating coal-dust, barely lit by three or four candles stuck in bits of clay. He was lying on his back, nearly naked, and with a small pick working away at the seam a couple of feet above him.

"Will Hewitt!"

The man turned his glimmering eyes toward the overman.

"There's a chap int' pit to-day, a raw hand, I'm thinking; m'appen yo' could do for him. Phœbe's a tidy wench, and a kind one, too. I'd be loth for him to come to ill folk."

"Ift' misses likes, I'm none again' it."

Just then a long, shrill, resonant cry came from the top of the shaft, "Loose! l-o-o-s-e! l-o-o-s-e!" It was taken up by the men below, and rung from gallery to gallery and from mouth to mouth, until the men and boys in the remotest recesses had heard the welcome sound.

Bowles' suspicions were strengthened by the fact that Rex did not understand this mode of dismissal. He had to go to him and say:

"There's no clocks nor bells here, my lad; yon's the 'loosening' cry. Up yo' go!"

When he got to the top of the shaft he found Will Hewitt waiting for him, and after a few words together the two went toward the pit-village. No village could have been uglier or more depressing than these long rows of brick cabins in their desolate dirtiness. The black ground, the black gutters, the patches of blackened grass, the black, weary men, and the still blacker and wearier children traipsing homeward, oppressed him frightfully. A vision that would not be put away intensified, by contrast, this dreadful picture—a vision of a great white house set in sweet old garden-ways, and guarded by steadfast hills lifting bare heads to the blue skies above them.

He was so occupied with this vision that he scarcely heard the occasional sentences with which Hewitt tried to interest him. Yet they cost Hewitt some effort of courtesy and self-denial, for men who have been hewing coal all day in desolate, cramped corners are usually silent men until their bath and dinner have restored them to themselves.

Still, amid all his preoccupation and weariness, Rex was glad to see that Hewitt left the most squalid cottages behind them, and approached one of the very cleanest and most inviting of a row of larger and more respectable dwellings. It had even a little garden-plot in front, where, in spite of the coally atmosphere, some primroses and pansies were blooming. The door-stone was pipe-clayed, and a white muslin curtain hung behind a brilliant show of geraniums in the window.

Hewitt may be excused the pride with which he opened his door and ushered the stranger into his home. Colliers all have large fires, but Will's glowed over a hearth as white as snow. Colliers generally indulge in furniture far above their station, but Will's mahogany bedstead and chest of drawers and eight-day clock were spotlessly bright and clean. Strips of gay carpet made the scoured floor look picturesque. Showy china, bright tins and brasses, patched quilt and cushions, and a perfect luxury of spotless pillows, gave to the small apartments a kind of bright and homely beauty to which no heart could be insensible.

Not the least pleasant feature in this picture was a little rosy, smiling dumpling of a woman setting a round table before the cosy hearthstone. It was not lawful or usual for Will to enter by the front door when he came from the pit, and any wife might have justly got a little cross at two such dirty intruders. But Phœbe only made them stand still while she ran for a strip of sacking for them to walk on.

"It's to the back kitchen an' the wash-tubs you'll go first, my lads!" she said; but she shook her head at Will, and nodded and smiled at Rex, in a way that made both men feel as if life might be a possibility—nay, even a kind of good thing in spite of all. An hour afterward, when they had become white men again, when they had drunk a pot of strong tea, and eaten between them a joint of meat and a pan of browned potatoes, Will was quite sure of it. He drew his arm-chair to the chimney-corner, lighted his pipe, and watched Phœbe "tidying up," with a full sense of content. Life can be complete in very small measures, and Will's cup was full.

Happily, Rex and he had a hobby in common: both were fond of music. Will got out his violin, played a few dolorous tunes, and then, with an air of intense satisfaction, handed it to Rex. Rex took it at first reluctantly, but, after a few bars, the mighty passion mastered him, and he played and played until, in his own enthusiasm, he did not notice that Phœbe was crying softly to herself, and Will, with a hand on each knee, was watching him with the same soft, charmed expression that a baby sung to sleep wears.

After that Rex did as he pleased with Phœbe and Will Hewitt. "He's no' just a common lad," said Phœbe, a few weeks later, to one of her cronies. "He'll niver let me lift a heavy weight or do a hard job if he's round; an', as for music and flowers, he just extraor'nar'! If he'd nobbut go to chapel he'd be a lad in a thousand."

Perhaps among the pitmen he was scarcely so well understood; yet a good deal of what they called his "quality ways" were forgiven for the sake of his unfailing kindness to the "lile lads," who spent their wretched youth harnessed with ropes and cut by cords, dragging heavy coal-baskets out of seams so low that horses could not be used. No one struck the weary children if they fell asleep or gave out in Rex's presence; for he had a habit of striking back for the children, and people who felt Rex's hand once never cared about feeling it again. He had days of sulking, too, when he ate his hunk of bread and bacon at noon in the great coal-hall where the men gathered without a word or smile. But, then, when he did choose to join in a game of bowls or quoits, or to fiddle to their rude and noisy dancing, he was the very king of good fellows.

One evening, when he had been working several months in the Lowther Pit, he came home in unusually low spirits. It was harvest time, and all day long in the dreary darkness he had

been unable to forget the windy wheat and the happy labourers in the yellow meadow-lands. He heard Phœbe laughing and talking in the front room, and, supposing there was company, he almost mechanically took more than usual pains with his appearance. Very glad was he of it when he "went forward," for at the sunny window beside the white muslin and the scarlet geranium sat a very pretty girl.

"This is Bessie—my little Bessie," said the proud mother; and Rex looked and wondered, and wondered and looked. For Bessie was like none of the collier's daughters he had ever seen. She was prettily clad in blue muslin, and the dress, folded carefully back, showed a snowy petticoat and stockings, and neat little low shoes tied with bows of black ribbon. There were a real lace ruffle and a pretty pink ribbon at her throat; her hands were white and soft; her skin fresh and fair; her whole appearance sweet, modest and refined.

Rex knew something of Bessie. Over and over again he had heard of the "well-to-do aunt, under-housekeeper of Lowther Castle," through whose influence Bessie had been taken into my lady's nursery. How it was he could not tell, but the moment Bessie looked into his face a new daybreak shone over his life. That moment he loved her.

Bessie had brought good news: she had been promoted, and would have a day "off" every two weeks. Rex could scarcely hold his cup when he heard it. Such a tea-table as that was can only be found in Loveland. Then, after tea, he walked with Bessie and Will over the fields to Lowther Castle. The harvest-moon was in the sky; they had lost sight of the slag, and cinders, and coal dust; they had come from a land like the mouth of hell into one fragrant with ripe wheat and dropping apples, and by-and-by they were among the beeches and lawns of Lowther Park.

Then Will kissed Bessie, and bade her "be a good lass and read her Bible;" and Rex held the soft little hand for a moment in his. If he had kissed her, too, it would have been nothing out of the way. Collier customs would have quite permitted the freedom, but it never entered Rex's mind to take it.

Next morning Rex was in one of his darkest moods. The weather had suddenly changed; it was cold and wet, and Will declared he was too sick to go to work. Rex went alone to the pit-mouth, and stood for shelter under the blackened sheds till the banksman was ready to send them down. Every one seemed cross, and many were complaining to the wasteman of "bad air" in the pit. Suddenly a pompous little man in the dress of a constable appeared among them, and in an authoritative voice asked for one David Hartly. A rapid movement of the men put Dave in the background, and his fellows, with anything but a civil remark, said, "Dave was down pit." Nothing daunted, the man of law demanded to be let down in search of him.

"Put him down, an' be hanged to him!" said several men, in tones which might have alarmed any prudent man.

Rex approached the officer. "You'll be a wise man to stay above-ground, sir."

"I'm no coward, by George!" It's my duty to secure David Hartly, and I'll do it if I go to——"

"I've warned you. Do as you like."

The banksman expressed perfect willingness to "put him down," and perfect ignorance of Dave's whereabouts in the pit—though't m'appen the *viewers* knew; it was none of his business."

"I'll go down with the gentleman," said Rex, seizing the rope, and down they went together. When they got to the bottom of the shaft, Rex said: "If you've had enough of this, sir, I'll see you to the top again. You'd better go back."

"No, I'll have my man."

"Very well; yonder is one of the viewers. I must go to my seam."

Rex thought no more of the constable until noon. Then, in the great hall where the men gathered, he heard them flavouring their bread and bacon with rude jokes about him. Dave Hartly was merriest of all; whatever trouble there had been was evidently settled. Rex was thinking of very different things. When he went home Will was worse; he had a high fever, and Phœbe said she "felt raytherly baddish." Before midnight Rex was walking rapidly into Whitehaven for a doctor; Will was delirious and Phœbe very ill.

Next day he did not leave Will. Just before five o'clock the man in his delirium said something about the pit and a constable. It was as if some one had struck Rex.

"What do you say, Will?" he asked; and the sick man muttered in a kind of horror: "The rats! The rats! He'll no fight 'em much longer!"

Rex seized his leather cap and ran to the pit. The men were just "loosed."

"What time, banksman, did yon constable come up yesterday?" he asked.

"I dunnot know."

Rex got the same answer from every pitman he saw, sometimes joined with anything but kindly sentiments. He went back to the banksman.

"Where is John Bowles?"

"Gone home for his dinner."

Rex followed him. It was not easy to alarm Bowles.

"The constable," he said, "was sure to come up first chance; half an hour would show him he'd lose himself a heap quicker'n he'd find Dave Hartly—special' if Dave didn't want to be found."

"But no one saw him come up, and Will Hewitt said some grewsome words about him."

"Will Hewitt's out o' his head; but if yo' really think the fellow is down-pit all this time I'll go down wi' yo'! John Bowles isn't t' chap to see his worst enemy die i' a coal-pit!"

The overman's questioning received more attention. A few

minutes sufficed to alarm Bowles. He saw his Davy lamps were in perfect order, and, examining thoroughly his map of the mine, went down with Rex.

They went first to the great hall, and Bowles left there a light and a map.

"Every twenty minutes, Rex, yo'll come back here. All the seams run fro' this place. Yo'll take that side, I'll take this; if t' chap's in t' pit we'll find him 'fore long."

They came back once and separated again; then, before Rex had finished his second exploration, Bowles heard his voice calling frantically for help. In a few moments they ran against each other

"Bowles! Bowles! Your brandy-flask!—the man is on his face in Patrick's old seam—and Will is right; there are more rats around and over him than you can count!"

Bowles pushed Rex aside and ran first. He knew every turn of the pit as a policeman knows his beat; and when Rex arrived he had raised the man and was trying to pour brandy down his throat. From every cranny and dim recess gleamed the half-sagacious eyes of the cruel pit-rat, bold with hunger and numbers, and scarcely to be driven away, even by blows.

"He's gotten' his death, I'm feared."

They carried him quickly to the hall and laid him down as tenderly as if he had been a sick child. Then Rex uttered a cry of horror. It was evident that the last act of the unfortunate creature had been to turn on his face, in order to protect it, when he had no longer the strength to fight his accumulating foes.

"See here, Bowles!—and here!—and here! What brutes men must be to do such a cruel deed!"

"Easy, my chap—easy; he's much to blame himself. Anybody living near coal-pits knows that it's a dangerous road to tak' yo'r own way in a mine. I was all o' two years learning th' old an' new seams; why, there's nigh on forty miles of passages if you'll put 'em all together."

It was nearly dark when Rex solemnly took his way home. The thought of what he had left under the sheds made him not only sorrowful but angry, and the groups of pit-boys playing in the black streets, or fighting out with knotty fists some underground quarrel, added to his anger. He soon came to the village ale-house. Upon the patch of blackened grass in front of it a group of colliers sat, each one with his favorite bull-dog between his legs. They were bragging of their prowess, and taking bets upon the next Saturday's fights.

Rex strode in among them like an accusing spirit. "Dave Hartly, yon man that came to seek you yesterday morn is dead. John Bowles and I found him in Patrick's old corner."

The news made small impression on the group. "Twere only a constable." Constables were the natural enemies of colliers. If the man would go down-pit it was none of their business to hinder him; none of them had orders to leave their work and

conduct him about the dangerous underground city. They had no fear of punishment until the law could define not only the guilty party, but also the fault; and the coroner's verdict of "accidental death" made their consciences quite comfortable. Dave Hartly, indeed, said it was "far too mild," and that they ought to have decided that he "died by his own daftness."

But when Saturday came most of the men had something else to think of than their bull-dogs and bets. The fever had spread like a plague. Scarcely a cottage had escaped. Strange hands were working the pit, and Rex and those still well had enough to do to give the barest attention to the dead and dying. Rex seemed to know neither fatigue nor end of resources. He went from house to house, controlling the raving men, helping the women, nursing the children. By some persuasion he got doctors, and induced bakers to bring bread to within a little distance of the infected village. In short, he was the human arm on which two hundred families leaned.

This did not seem a good time for the growth of love, and yet in the short, solemn meetings he and Bessie had at Lowther stile—when he took her news of her parents, dried her tears, and comforted her with growing hopes—love found all the food it needed. Bessie became very dear to Rex, and Rex to Bessie; and, though no promise had been asked or given, they knew very well that they belonged to each other forever.

But time and the hour run through the hardest days. The fever died at last, and those who had escaped from its clutches were beginning to creep into the winter sunshine again. Will Hewitt was talking of going to work. How he had lived for nearly three months without it he could not tell, and Rex would not suffer him to ask. One evening Phœbe was slowly "tidying up," and Will and Rex sat looking into the fire; all of them were silent and thoughtful. Presently Will took a queer-looking white paper out of the Bible. It was divided into little squares, each square containing a figure, and was a "plan" of the Methodist services in the Whitehaven Circuit.

"Mr. Huddleston's going to preach to-night, wife. I'd fain go."
 "Thou can't go, Will."

Will looked at the paper longingly, and folded it back with a sigh.

"I'll go with you, Will."

"But, Rex, thou dunnot like the Methodys."

"No, but I like thee, Will; and if thy heart is set on going, I'll see thee safe there and home."

So Will and Rex walked to the little ugly brick room called a "chapel;" and then, after all, Rex went in, too—for he wanted to think, and the congregation would likely trouble him less than Phœbe. He heard the singing, and felt a kind of pang in contrasting the weak notes with the hearty shouts at which he had often laughed three months ago. But, beyond this fact he noticed nothing until the preacher said:

"Friends! You have all heard of Billy Dawson?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!" from voices in all parts of the room.

"What of him?"

"He can throw any wrastler in Cumberland!"

"He's got the best bull-dogs in the county!"

"And the gamest cocks!"

"He's coming to preach to you next Sunday night; he is one of yourselves; treat him fairly, lads, an' hear what he has got to tell you. It is true that he has no 'call' from the Conference, but that he has one from heaven I think none of you will deny."

To Will this news was wonderful; he could think of nothing else, and was in his weakness as impatient as a child for Sunday to come. Rex, too, was not devoid of curiosity. Billy Dawson, as a boxer, wrestler and sporting-man, had been, he knew, a kind of authority on such subjects, even with men far above him in station. So, when Sunday came, he went willingly enough with Will to chapel.

The preacher's face struck him in a peculiar manner; he had a remembrance of it, and yet he was quite sure he had never before seen Billy Dawson. He thought over all the sporting haunts he knew, and failed to place him. Twenty years later he would have dismissed the subject with the assurance "that he had seen his likeness in some sporting paper," but then illustrated papers were hardly in existence.

He heard but little of the sermon, though the sobs and ejaculations around him testified as to its power, until the preacher, in telling the story of his conversion, said:

"Just beyond Workington I met a young chap as seemed inclined to be friendly like. The road were lonely, an' I'd naught again' a crack, special' as he knew a' about dogs, an' game birds, and wrastling. He was a handsome, free-spoken lad, an' when we came to Martha Dlan's public he said: 'We've all o' three miles to walk yet; let us have a warm bite an' I'll pay the lawing.'"

Here Rex looked intently at the preacher and then dropped his head again.

"Well, lads, we had some steak and brandy. The steak did me good, the brandy put the devil in me. When we went on again I were full o' my brag, an' soon shifted talk from games to game. I boasted o' my poaching, and told wi' many a jeer o' the quality I 'took my rights from.' I noticed the lad got silent, an' when he did speak he said: 'Yo're a ripe rascal. If we hadn't eat out of the same dish I'd thrash yo' well, an' then send yo' to Botany Bay.'"

Again Rex looked queerly up, and became very excited and restless.

"Then I were mad as mad, an' I said, 'I'll gie yo' a throw as 'ull settle yo', my lad, an' then I'm going straight to Levens' Woods. That silly young squire an' his vixen o' a mother have kept me pretty well in hares an' pheasants for three years.'

"Then I knew naught more—the lad must have felled me at

once. Three weeks afterward I comed back to my senses in th' Methody preacher's house. I were in his bed, an' his wife an' he were nursing me. I'd had a fever, an' been to the gates o' death an' hell. Well, I'd better company coming back from them than I had going there, an' so I'm a saved man; thanks be to God, an' the preacher, and the lad who felled me, whoever he be."

Rex stood up and sat down and then stood up again.

"Billy Dawson," he said, "I'm the lad that felled you. I am Squire Wrexham Levens, of Levens Park; and by your mouth to-night the heaviest burden has been lifted from me that ever man bore. I thought I had killed you, and I went home and told my mother what I had done, and she said: "Rex, go to the Lowther Pit; if the man were dead and you were recognized as his last companion, I shall— Nonsense! you are in France, and no one will look for Levens of Levens in a pitman's village' and dress.' There I have waited ever since, partly because it was too soon to show myself, and partly because I hoped I was in some degree atoning for the knock-down I gave you by the help I have been able to render these poor souls in their great calamity."

"Well, Levens, I forgive you wi' all my heart for the knock-down I gotton fro' you. It raised me up, an' made a man of me."

Rex walked up to him and with a frank smile offered his hand, which was promptly and cordially shaken, amid the outspoken sympathy of all present.

"Pit-boys are no fools," said Jim Banks, as he walked home amid a crowd of them, "an' yo'll all mind, now, that at the very first we nicknamed him 'Gentleman Rex.'"

The next day Madame Levens, sitting thinking of her son, and devising means to bring home her banished, was amazed to see him walk into the house in his proper clothing and his old jovial spirits.

"It has turned out better than I expected, Rex," she said, when he had told her all; "now let us hear no more about it."

But that was just the thing impossible for Rex. That nine months in the Lowther Pit was intended to colour and form his future life, and he was far too conscientious to avoid it. In the first place, Will and Phœbe were removed to a lovely country cottage, where Will grew pansies and played dolorous tunes, and led a class-meeting to the end of his innocent life. There Bessie had teachers and dressmakers, and when, at the end of two years, Rex took her home as his wife, every one confessed that there had never been a fairer Lady of Levens.

But the advantages did not stop with Rex, or Rex's wife or kindred; they have touched with blessing every pitman and every pitman's wife and children in England. For by his pen and purse, and more than all by his powerful pleading in Parliament, Rex has abolished so many of the pitmen's wrongs, and procured them so many advantages, that the great coal lords nickname him with polite scorn, "Our Great Coal Commoner."

FARMER HOLROYD'S HARVEST SUPPER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.*

BY J. JACKSON WRAY.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

THERE was no small stir at Gaythorpe Grange, for farmer Holroyd's harvest was all reaped and gathered and stacked ; and the annual harvest supper, with which the happy event was to be celebrated, was just about to come off. For some weeks past all had been business and bustle at the Grange Farm : stalwart men, sturdy women, strong lads and buxom lasses had been working with such a will, that all the broad acres of golden wheat, bearded barley, and trembling oats were stripped of their glory, and barns and stack-yard were crowded with the autumn treasures resulting from a year of toil. Not only had the grain been safely gathered, but the yield was far above the average. No wonder, therefore, that Farmer Holroyd's face, always round and cheery, was rounder and cheerier than ever ; no wonder that

* This is one of a series of admirable penny tracts, published at the Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

this harvest supper, in point of bulk and bounty, was intended to put all its predecessors into the shade.

The burly farmer's satisfaction was all the greater because the weather, which had been exceptionally fine, "broke" almost directly after the "last load" had been brought home. It was now making up for past forbearance by bringing such storms of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that Geordie Meggit, a gray-headed old servitor, whose seventy odd years had been chiefly spent upon the farm, declared that he had "niver seen nowt like it, since Gaythrup brig was wshed away mair than fifty year ago." For farmer Holroyd, however, the weather seemed to have a special favour, for on the all-important day which was to be crowned with the best of harvest suppers, the wind contented itself with blowing a gentle breeze, and the heat, as everybody said, 'was "like midsummer." No rain had fallen for full four-and-twenty hours, and the deep blue sky was lightly flecked with little fleecy clouds, whose whiteness only served to give a deeper, richer hue to the azure depths beyond. Old Geordie Meggit, however, whose weather-wisdom was unchallenged, shook his head when congratulations were offered on the fineness of the day.

"Nivver prayse a feyn day till neet," said the old veteran to Joe Harland, the foreman. "Ah neeather like t' leeak on't nor t' feel on't. It's ower feyn, an' its ower warm te be relied on, an' it's cum ower sudden te last. Leeak yonder i' t' soo-west, wheear t' sky leeaks as though it wer paynted leead-culler! Ah tell tha' 'at it 'll bloa great guns wi' thunner te 'elp it, an' rain hard aneef te hoaf swilled sta' garth away, afoore Garrowby clock strikes ten;" and so saying, Geordie Meggit turned away as one whose *ipse dixit* left no doubt behind.

The festive party, consisting of the labourers and their wives, local tradesmen who were at times engaged on the farm in their respective callings, a few favoured neighbours, and the entire family of Farmer Holroyd, gathered round the spacious tables in the large, old-fashioned kitchen, prepared to do abundant justice to the feast. When the work of carving and serving out the first supplies was over, the farmer laid down his huge carving knife, and, with the view of opening up a general conversation, said:

"Well, Huddleston! What's the news? Anything fresh stirring in the neighbourhood?"

Huddleston was the village saddler, and as his shop was a resort for gossipers, and he himself was regarded as something of a wag, the farmer naturally thought that something might be expected from him.

"Nay," said the saddler, "the only thing fresh that I know of is yeast. That's generally going in for a rise."

The wit was neither striking nor original; but when people gather together on purpose to be pleased, a very little will effect the object, and so the venture was received with loud laughter. Emboldened by the success of his first essay, the saddler tried again.

"Why, yes. There's something else that's fresh. They say that the Methodist Parson's comin' to Gaythorpe to preach on t' green. So, most likely, when you come our way next time, we shall all be 'convarted,' as they call it. That'll be fresh, surely, for we're a set o' thumpin' sinners!"

Again the saddler was successful, and another roar of laughter greeted his "news." James Johnson, the carpenter, however, and Leonard Gordon, the shepherd, not only neglected to join in the laugh, but both of them wore a sort of self-conscious look which betrayed some knowledge of, and sympathy with, the intention of the Methodist parson referred to. It was pretty generally known that both these men had gone repeatedly to the distant market town of Garrowby on a Sunday to hear him, and that the shepherd, at any rate, had become one of the despised people called Methodists. The usual cheery look went off Farmer Holroyd's face, and was replaced by a scowl, as he said:

"They're a pack of vermin! If any of 'em were to set foot on the Grange Farm, I'd give 'em a horse-whipping that would make 'em sore for a twelvemonth. A hypocritical set of canting humbugs. That's what they are! Let him come this way, and give *us* a sermon! Eh, lads?" said he, looking round on his farm servants. "There's the horsepond on one side, an' there's t' gravel-pit on t'other, and he should have his choice."

The farmer's look of inquiry was answered by a general response to the effect that the horsepond first, and then the gravel-pit should be at his disposal.

It may be well to explain here, that the early Methodist Preachers had, for some time past, paid infrequent visits to the town of Garrowby, with those startling results of rude persecution and remarkable conversions which generally attended those mighty men of valour, the "helpers of John Wesley" and their immediate successors. Owing to some local influence, of which, probably, the carpenter and the shepherd were aware, it had been announced that the village of Gaythorpe was to be invaded by the men who were turning "the world upside down."

Farmer Holroyd's antipathy to the wandering "Gospellers" was common enough in his day, and was, moreover, intensified by two facts. He had been seriously defrauded by a Garrowby miller who was openly identified with the new sect; and he was also the Vicar's churchwarden, and so regarded himself as the official defender of Mother Church from the raids and encroachments of unauthorized pretenders. Farmer Holroyd hated the new-fangled meddlers, and we may take it for granted that he would have regarded neither the horsepond nor the gravel-pit as at all an unfit location for the "pestilent fellows" who were proclaiming the new crusade.

"Ah decan't knoa what t' Methodies want to cum oor way for," quoth old Geordie Meggit. "We've deean withoot 'em up te noo, an' ah knoan't what for we can't deca withoot 'em yit. They tell me 'at they gau groanin' an' 'owlin' aboot as though they were laid skin-bare in a whin-bush. T' chotch hez deean weel aneef for me an'——"

"Why, Geordie!" said James Johnson, "hoo offen d'ye gooa te chotch? Hae yo' ivver been sin' yo' were wed? Ah reckon that's about fifty years sin'."

"Hod thi' din'!" quoth Geordie, who had no desire to be catechised on that subject. "Thoo's a bit ov a Methody thi'sen."

"Ay?" said Farmer Holroyd. "I hope not, or he shall never swing his axe at Gaythorpe Grange again. I won't have 'em, either in house or garden, field or barn, as long as my name's Jabez Holroyd. Let's change the subject, it's enough to turn the beer as sour as thunder could."

Just at that moment a mighty peal of thunder came crashing over the heads of the startled company, and in the hush of silence that succeeded they heard the dash of the rain, which was being driven like charges of shot against the window-panes. The wind howled in the angles and whistled in the crannies, amid peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning so bright as to pale the lamps and candles, and temporarily to blind the eyes of the guests, who leaped from their seats in wonder and alarm.

"My word!" said Farmer Holroyd, "but this *is* a storm! It's awful, and——"

Before he could finish the sentence, another and even louder crash, booming and rattling like a park of artillery, cut short his words, and a fierce blaze of red lightning lit up features that were deadly pale with affright. The women shrieked, and Mrs. Holroyd's cap, with its wealth of bright-hued ribbon, was sore maltreated as she bent her head in her hands and buried both in the lap of her eldest daughter, who was evidently as stout of heart as she was buxom in shape and size.

Whether Johnson, the carpenter, spoke in sarcasm or solemn earnest may not be said for certain, but he remarked:

"Ah sudn't wunder if some o' yo' ain't been rayther ower hard on t' Methodist Parsons. They tell me 'at they're awk'ard chaps to meddle wi', an' their prayers 'ez deean wonderful things afoore te-day. It wad mebbe be as weel to be a bit cautious like."

"Methodist Parsons be hanged!" said the irate farmer, and straightway a scorching glare blazed round, and a thunder-clap, beneath the force of which the very house reeled, made the frightened guests cower in spasmodic fear.

"Jabez! Jabez! don't say it any more," said Mrs. Holroyd; for she, at any rate, was not anxious to anger the spirits who might be supposed to make the Methodists their special charge. Then followed the sound of a new and heavier down-pour of rain and the mighty rush of the waters in the swollen beck a little distance from the house.

"My word!" said old Meggit, "but them 'at's oot to-neet 'll get a sooakin'. Ah wop t' brig's all right, or——"

A vigorous knock at the front door, three or four times repeated, checked the old man's words, and was followed by the sound of a horse's hoofs, pawing either in terror or impatience.

Farmer Holroyd himself responded to the call, and opening the

door, perceived a tall form enveloped in a long cloak. One hand held the bridle of his horse, the other held on his head the dripping hat, which otherwise would have made swift sport for the wind that swept by in one continuous roar, and almost beat back the breath of farmer Holroyd as he stood grasping the pillar of the porch.

"Shelter, if you please, for the love of God! Either in house, or barn, or stable; for surely never mortal man was out in a wilder storm than this!"

"Come in, come in!" said the farmer. "Here, Bill! take the horse; rub him well down with a wisp of straw and give him some fodder. Come in, Sir! Come in! you're very welcome."

Once fairly in the glow of fire, lamp, and candle, it was seen that the new-comer was a tall and noble-looking man, a little over middle age, with white hair cut very short, and standing off from brow and temple as if under the influence of electricity. Beneath a pair of dark eyebrows, in which there was scarcely one white hair, there twinkled a pair of bright blue eyes. A somewhat prominent nose, a broad, intellectual brow, a well-shapen mouth and chin, the latter closely shaven, completed a picture both attractive and imposing.

"I'm sincerely sorry," said he, bowing low before Mrs. Holroyd and glancing at the festive display, "to intrude with such scant ceremony. I'm afraid, Madam, that just now I am a very wet blanket and likely to cast a damp upon your merriment." The witty remark was accompanied by a full, open smile, and so rich a twinkle from the blue eyes, that he won that good lady's heart at once.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said she, warmly. "We are very glad, I'm sure, to give you shelter. Don't say another word."

"Thank you, Madam; as I'm literally dropping with excuses, I will drop them, and thankfully accept your kindness."

While the farmer's daughters were absent foraging for some dry linen for their unexpected guest, the worthy farmer was aiding him to get rid of his outer habiliments.

The unknown visitor was speedily on the best of terms with the whole company, and it was clear that they regarded him as a very welcome accession.

"Now, then," said the farmer, when the girls returned, "come and change your clothes. You and I are much of a build, though I don't know how you'll look in mine."

During the stranger's brief absence, the supper, which had been all but suspended by the episode of the thunderstorm and the new arrival, was resumed, and conversation was again at full swing. James Johnson was carrying on pantomimic converse with Gordon, the shepherd, who was seated at the opposite table. It was evident that wonder, amusement, and secrecy were all telegraphed to and fro. When the stranger reappeared, he cut a very different figure from the limp and dripping mortal who, all wind-battered and wet, had come in out of the tempestuous night.

He had donned the farmer's corduroy breeches and drab gaiters, his yellow waistcoat with deep flaps over the pockets, his brown velveteen shooting jacket with brass buttons, and around his neck was a voluminous red-and-white neckerchief, such as the farmer used to wear at Garrowby market and Gaythorpe church. The carpenter and the shepherd exchanged glances, and had to make swift use of their pocket-handkerchiefs and an impromptu cough to smother a burst of laughter that would have startled all the company. Inserting his thumbs in each pocket of his waistcoat, the stranger approached the hospitable landlord, who wore a broad grin on his face, and said:

"If you'll kindly prick me with a pin, farmer, it'll settle the question as to whether it's you or I, when one of us shouts 'O!'"

And amid another chorus of merriment the stranger took the seat provided for him by the side of his genial hostess and her daughters. His pleasant talk, and clear, attractive voice soon gave him a monopoly of the conversation; and while he evidently laid himself out, successfully, to interest his auditors, it soon became equally evident that a soberizing influence began to pervade the assembly, though the pleasantness grew none the less.

"Isn't he nice?" whispered Sally Holroyd to her eldest sister, and the question was answered with an emphatic nod.

Taking advantage of a brief lull in the conversation, old Geordie Meggit, unwilling to be longer ignored, said:

"It's a waint rough neet, Sor."

"It *is* a rough night," said the unknown, looking benignly on the speaker. "I say, you've seen a great many rough nights in your time, I know. Why, you must have seen fourscore Christmas-days, if not more."

"Nay, nut queyat, bud ah isn't far off. Ah's gannin' o' seventy-nine, an' ah've been on 't Grange Farm ivver sin' ah wer' eight year aud, when ah com' te be a bod-tenter."

"A bod-tenter! What's that, I wonder?"

"Why, flayin' bods (birds) off o' t' corn, yo' knoa, wiv a rattle. Ah've been here ivver sin'. Ah reckon it's nigh seventy year sin'."

"Dear me!" said the stranger, kindly. "It's a great honour to see you, old friend, and to make your acquaintance;" and so, rising, he shook the old man warmly by the hand and gained his heart for evermore.

"Farmer, I have just had an introduction to your old servant here, who tells me he has been on the farm for the full Bible space of threescore years and ten."

"Yes," said the farmer, 'old Geordie belongs to the Grange; I'm free to say that he's an old servant and a good one.'

"God bless you, old man!" quoth the guest. "What a grand thing it would be if we were all as good servants to our Heavenly Master! Then we should all hear Him say, when the time comes to go up yonder (looking reverently upward): 'Well done, good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' God help us! We should all like to hear Him say that."

"Hey," said the carpenter, glad to help now that he saw how things were moving; "that'll be a grand harvest-supper te sit doon at, an' t' harvest 'll last for ivver."

"Praise God!" said Leonard Gordon, whose heart always lay near his lips when religion was the topic, and eager to lend, as he hoped, a helping hand. "The Lord pays good wayges while t' work's bein' deean, bud it'll be glorious when it *is* deean, an' heaven's won."

"Ah say, shippard," said Wetherill, the blacksmith, "isn't that a bit o' Methody talk 'at tho' 'ears when tho' gaus to Garrowby?"

Bob Wetherill was an ungainly and cross-tempered fellow, whose peculiar talents lay in drinking and fighting, and whose antipathy to Methodism was a savage hate. Farmer Holroyd pricked up his ears at the mention of Methodists, and bringing his hand down upon the table with a force that made the crockery clatter, he said:

"I'll have no Methodism here! Good religious talk, such as we've had," said he, looking at his guest, "is good anywhere; but the Methodists are all canters. Hey! and I'll have no Methodist sheep either, they're sure to have the scab. So let them that has care of 'em look out."

There was no misunderstanding this pointed reference; and it was felt that the shepherd's days of service were numbered as far as the Grange Farm was concerned.

"Hadn't we better change the subject?" said the stranger, quietly, as one who would sprinkle oil on troubled waters.

"Hey," said the farmer, recovering his good temper. "But I never can hear the name of the hateful Methodists——"

A blinding flash! a chorus of screams! and the awful crash of a thunder-boom cut the farmer's speech short, and James Johnson couldn't help saying:

"Mebbe it wad be as weel to say nowt aboot t' Methodies here. Ah deean't feel comfortable;" and again the awful terrors of the sky shook the house to its very foundations. And now flash followed flash with scarce a moment between, and a real awe and a dead silence fell upon the stricken company. The stranger stood upon his feet, lifted a rapt gaze heavenward, and solemnly repeated the word's of the Psalmist:

"The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: Thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook. Say unto God, How terrible art Thou in Thy works! through the greatness of Thy power shall Thine enemies submit themselves unto Thee."

"O God!" he prayed, "we will submit; be not angry with us forever." Turning a commanding countenance upon the still and softened audience, he stretched forth his hand, and said:

"Hark! God speaks to you!" He paused, until a deep hoarse boom of retiring thunder passed away. "He who sent the gentle

breeze, the soft dew, the precious rain, the warm sunshine; Who nourished the fields, ripened the harvests, and filled your barns; Who brought you here to feed on His goodness, has heard no word of praise, no song of thanks, no sound of prayer. So now He sends His thunders to speak in a louder voice, His lightnings to show you Himself, and if ye will not hear—" And again the wrathful horror crashed into the midst of them, and literally caused them to cower to the ground. "Down upon your knees!" he shouted, and on the instant the stranger prayed as one who speaks face to face with God. In tremulous and pleading tones he made confession of sin. Then with marvellous power and pathos he pleaded for mercy in Jesus Christ. He drew every bended soul under the shadow of the Cross, and in his prayer "preached Jesus" and a full salvation. Sighs and tears broke in upon the mighty pleader's voice, and it seemed as though, like the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, the whole company were pricked to the heart. Checking his petitions, but remaining on his knees, he sang, in a clear, pathetic voice,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly," etc.

Farmer Holroyd himself leaped to his feet and came round to the kneeling singer.

"Stranger," said he, "I'm the biggest and the worst sinner of all! Is there mercy for me?" and kneeling by his side, he buried his head in his hands, and in a voice broken with sobs, prayed, "God be merciful to me!"

Laying one hand on his shoulder and another on that of his weeping wife, the stranger said:

"My Lord hath sent me through the storm to tell you that He wants to save you. O! my friends, He died for you; surely that's enough! He's *your* Saviour, farmer, He's *yours* too; tell Him so; call Him by His name."

"My Saviour! He is! He is! He is!" said Mrs. Holroyd, over and over and over again. Leonard Gordon, the shepherd, who had been speaking to some who knelt near him, jumped to his feet, unable to restrain himself, and kneeling by his master's side, said: "O maister, He's yours an' all; ah knoa He is!"

A look of wonder, and then a gleam of joy passed over the farmer's lifted features; jumping to his feet he seized the two hands of his serving-man, saying, "He is, shepherd! He is!" and passing over to his rejoicing wife, they too mingled their praises to their common Lord.

By this time some of the assembled guests were seated, looking on in silent wonder. Several professed to have found the Saviour. The grim blacksmith and the gossiping saddler were standing in a corner of the room, dumfounded and distraught. The stranger was kneeling by the side of old Geordie Meggit, and as his white hair touched the sparse and snowy locks of the old labourer, he pointed him to the Saviour.

"My dear old friend," said he, "I must have you, too, for my Saviour. He bare *your* sins. He'll be *your* Saviour!"

"Nay, ah's freetened 'at ah's ower aud. Ah've had nowt to deea wiv' 'im for fower scoore year, an' noo He'll hae nowt to deea wi' me." With a sigh of despair, he thrust his poor shrunk and trembling hand among his scanty hair, and one solitary tear from a fount all but dry trickled down his tanned and wrinkled cheek.

"No, no; you listen to me!" and in simple words he repeated the parable of the vineyard labourers. When he came to the place where the Master went out again at the eleventh hour, the old man stopped him:

"What did He gau out then for? There was nobbut an 'oor left. It wan't worth hevin'."

"That's just it, you see, dear old man; the Master wanted the men more than their work, so he hired them, and he gave them as much wages as the rest got."

"What *diz* it mean?" said poor Geordie.

"It just means that Jesus wants you, however old you are. Though eleven hours of your life-day's gone, He wants you; He wants to save you; He died for you; He loves you; He's sent me to tell you so. And it means that the wages of pardon and joy and heaven shall be given to you, just as well as if you had come first thing in the morning of life. Ask Him for yourself."

The old man prayed in the most touching simplicity, "O God A'mighty, ah's a poor aud sinner. Ah's shamm'd te ax Yo' noo 'at ah've nowt but tops an' tengs te gie Yo'." (By "tops an' tengs," Georgie, referring to the tops and the roots of turnips which are cut off that the bulb itself may be stored for food, meant the worthlessness of his failing life.) "But ah deea want te be seeaved. Ah've allus heea'd 'at Jesus Christ dee'd fo' ma', but ah nivver thowt aboot it an' ah nivver cared. It's t' alevent' 'oor wi' me, an' dizn't want aboon two or three minnites te twelve. Ah's flaid it's ower leeat. Lord, hev massy! an' seeave me poor aud sowl, for Jesus Christ's seeak."

"Let us sing," said his instructor. "You all know 'Auld Lang Syne.'—'He breaks the power of cancelled sin,' etc." And while they sang, the old man stood upright, as erect as though no weight of years had ever bowed him. He lifted his hands and shouted:

"Ah's hired! Ah's hired! At t' alevent' 'oor! O ma' blessed Sayviour! What a feal ah've been! Maister! Missis! Lord luv yo'. Ah's seeaved this minnit!' Subsequently he took the stranger by the hand and said! "Wheea yo' are, an' what yo' are, ah deean't knoa, but if yo' were a Methodist Preacher, you've cum' through thunner an' leetnin' to seeave mah sowl!"

The stranger spoke a few earnest words to the entire company, and then engaged in prayer. That prayer was never forgotten by those who heard it, as that night, through all eternity, will not be forgotten by those heirs of glory who were born then. When

they rose to their feet, there was the hush of a great calm. "I wonder what sort of weather it is," said their mysterious guest; and going to the door he let in a flood of light. The clouds were gone, the full moon in brightest glory hung nearly in mid heaven, and the autumn landscape lay bathed in quiet beauty.

"I can now continue my journey, farmer," said the stranger, "if you will kindly allow me to change my clothes and get my horse."

"No, never!" said the farmer, as the party began to prepare for their homeward journey through the early morning. "Your clothes aren't dry. It is night yet, though late, and as long as I have shelter, bed, and board for me and mine, so long will you be the most welcome guest that can darken my door or cross my threshold."

"God bless you and yours, farmer, for your kindly words. God *will* bless you; God *has* blessed you for giving willing shelter to a poor belated Methodist Preacher!"

"What!" thundered the farmer in amazement. "Then God forgive me for hating the servants of the living God!"

Old Geordie Meggit looked at the stranger from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Ah said we'd deean withoot Methody Parsons all ower lives," he said, "but God A'mighty be prayed for ivver and ivver, 'at t' Methody Parsons hezn't deean withoot uz!"

Mr. Hugill, as the guest was called, abode there some days; Methodism was introduced into Gaythorpe; and to this day the Garrowby Circuit finds liberal and hearty supporters in the descendants of Farmer Holroyd, who was long a pillar of the Methodist Church, and whose name lingers with a pleasant fragrance round the now evangelized district in which Gaythorpe Grange is situated, the scene of "Farmer Holroyd's Harvest Supper."

THE AUTUMN WINDS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now ;
 Already have the elements unfurled
 Their banners ; the first sea wave is upcurled :
 The clouds come : the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go ;
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
 And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,
 Accordant to the billows' loftier roll.

"GOD'S ENGLISHMEN."

[The following vigorous paraphrases are part of Mr. Stead's announcement of his social and political creed in *The Review of Reviews*—a creed with which he seeks to inspire the English-speaking race. The sentences referring to civic and political duties and obligations have a special significance for us in Canada at the present time.]—ED.

THE revelation of the Divine Will did not cease when St. John wrote the last page of the Apocalypse, or when Malachi finished his prophecy. "God is not dumb, that He should speak no more," and we have to seek for the gradual unfolding of His message to His creatures in the highest and ripest thought of our time. Reason may be a faulty instrument, but it is the medium through which the divine thought enters the mind of man. Hence the man who can interpret the best thought of his day in such a manner as to render it accessible to the general intelligence of his age is the true prophet of his time.

Among all the agencies for the shaping of the future of the human race, none seem so potent now, and still more hereafter, as the English-speaking man. Already he begins to dominate the world. The Empire and the Republic comprise within their limits almost all the territory that remains empty for the overflow of the world. Their citizens, with all their faults, are leading the van of civilization, and if any great improvements are to be made in the condition of mankind, they will necessarily be leading instruments in the work. Hence our first starting-point will be a deep and almost awe-struck regard for the destinies of the English-speaking man. To use Milton's famous phrase, faith in "God's Englishmen" will be our inspiring principle.

It follows from this fundamental conception of the magnitude and importance of the work of the English-speaking race in the world, that a resolute endeavour should be made to equip the individual citizen more adequately for his share in that work. For the ordinary common Briton, country yokel, or child of the slums is the seed of empire. That red-haired hobbledohoy, smoking his short pipe at the corner of Seven Dials, may two years hence be the red-coated representative of the might and majesty of Britain in the midst of a myriad of Africans or Asiatics. That village girl, larking with the lads on her way to the well, will in a few years be the mother of citizens of new commonwealths; the founders of cities in the Far West, whose future destiny may be as famous as that of ancient Rome. No one is too insignificant to be overlooked. We send abroad our best and our worst: all alike are seed-corn of the race. Hence the importance of resolute endeavour to improve the condition, moral and material, in which the ordinary English-speaking man is bred and reared. To do this is a work as worthy of national expenditure as the defence of our shores from hostile fleets. The amelioration of the conditions of life, the levelling up of social inequalities, the securing for each individual the possibility of a human life, and the development to the uttermost by religious, moral and intellectual agencies of the better side of our country-

men—these objects follow as necessary corollaries from the recognition of the providential sphere occupied by English-speaking men in the history of the world.

Another corollary is that we can no longer afford to exclude one section of the English-speaking race from all share in the education and moralizing influences which result from the direct exercise of responsible functions in the State. The enfranchisement of women will not revolutionize the world, but it will at least give those who rock our cradles a deeper sense of the reality of the sceptre which their babies' hands may grasp than would otherwise be possible. If at present we have to deplore so widespread a lack of civic virtue among our men, the cause may be found in the fact that the mothers from whom men acquire whatever virtue they possess have hitherto been studiously excluded from the only school where civic virtue can be learnt—that of the actual exercise of civic functions, the practical discharge of civic responsibilities.

However much we may place the English-speaking world before us as the chief object of our attention, no self-denying ordinance on the part of our statesmen can prevent us having an influence on European affairs. The shrinkage of the world and the development of the colonial policy of Germany, France and Italy render a policy of non-intervention impossible, even if it were desirable. But it is not desirable. The pressure, pacific but constant, of a great federation of English-speaking commonwealths would be very strong in favour of the development of a similar federal system in Europe.

With regard to the dark-skinned races and the yet unoccupied regions of the world, our duty depends upon our opportunities and our responsibilities. We have no business to breed rowdies and filibusters, and let them loose with firearms and fire-water upon the half-civilized or wholly savage races on our borders. We must follow the rowdy by the policeman, and endeavour to secure that the dispassionate voice of impartial justice should be heard and obeyed on the frontiers of the empire. Nor must we ignore the still weightier duty of the just government of our great Indian dependency, with its three hundred millions of human beings of every shade of colour, creed, rank and culture.

We believe in God, in Humanity, and in the English-speaking race as one of the chief of God's chosen agents for executing coming improvements in the lot of mankind. If all those who see that could be brought into hearty union to help all that tends to make that race more fit to fulfil its providential mission, and to combat all that hinders or impairs that work, such an association or secular order would constitute a nucleus or rallying point for all that is most vital in the English-speaking world, the ultimate influence of which it would be difficult to overrate.

Who is there among the people who has truth in him, who is no self-seeker, who is no coward, and who is capable of honest, painstaking effort to help his country? For such men we would search as for hid treasures. They are the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and it is the duty and the privilege of the wise man to see that they are like cities set on the hill, which cannot be hid.

The great word which has now to be spoken in the ears of the world is that the time has come when men and women must work for the salvation

of the State with as much zeal and self-sacrifice as they now work for the salvation of the individual. For the saving of the soul of Hodge Joskins, what energy, what devotion, is not possible to all of us! There is not a street in London, nor a village in the country, which is not capable of producing, often at short notice and under slight pressure, a man or woman who will spend a couple of hours a week every week in the year, in more or less irksome voluntary exertions, in order to snatch the soul of Hodge Joskins from everlasting burning. But to save the country from the grasp of demons innumerable, to prevent this empire becoming an incarnate demon of lawless ambition and cruel love of gold, how many men and women are willing to spend even one hour a month or a year? For Hodge Joskins innumerable are the multitude of workers; for the English-speaking race, for the embodiment of many millions of Hodges, how few are those who will exert themselves at all! The religious side of politics has not yet entered the minds of men.

What is wanted is a revival of civic faith, a quickening of spiritual life in the political sphere, the inspiring of men and women with the conception of what may be done towards the salvation of the world, if they will but bring to bear upon public affairs the same spirit of self-sacrificing labour that so many thousands manifest in the ordinary drudgery of parochial and evangelistic work. It may, no doubt, seem an impossible dream.

Can those dry bones live? Those who ask that question little know the infinite possibilities latent in the heart of man. The faith of Loyola, what an unsuspected mine of enthusiasm did it not spring upon mankind! "The Old World," as Macaulay remarks, "was not wide enough for that strange activity. In the depths of the Peruvian mines, in the heart of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the spice Islands, in the observatories of China, the Jesuits were to be found. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter, and, preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word."

How was this miracle effected? By the preaching of a man who energized the activity of the Church by the ideals of chivalry and the strength of military discipline. What we have now to do is to energize and elevate the politics of our time by the enthusiasm and the system of the religious bodies. Those who say that it is impossible to raise up men and women ready to sacrifice all they possess, and, if need be, to lay down their lives in any great cause that appeals to their higher nature, should spare a little time to watch the recruiting of the Salvation Army for the Indian mission-field. The delicate dressmaker and the sturdy puddler, the young people raised in the densest layer of English commonplace, under the stimulus of an appeal to the instincts of self-sacrifice, and of their duty to their brethren, abandon home, friends, kindred, and go forth to walk barefoot through India at a beggar's pittance until they can pick up sufficient words of the unfamiliar tongue to deliver to these dusky strangers the message of their Gospel. Certain disease awaits them, cruel privations, and probably an early death. But they shrink not. A race whose members are capable of such devotion cannot be regarded as hopeless from the point of those who seek to rouse among the most enlightened a consuming passion for their country's good.

But how can it be done? As everything else of a like nature has been done since the world began—by the foolishness of preaching.

We must look for the revival of civic faith which will save the English-speaking race; for other hope of salvation from untutored democracy, weighted with the burdens of Empire and distracted by its own claimant wants and needs, it is difficult to see.

That which we really wish to find among our readers, is in very truth a Civic Church, every member of which should zealously, as much as it lies within him, preach the true faith, and endeavour to make it operative in the hearts and heads of his neighbours. Were such a Church founded it would be as a great voice sounding out over sea and land the summons to all men to think seriously and soberly of the public life in which they are called to fill a part. Visible in many ways is the decadence of the Press. All the more need, then, that there should be a voice which, like that of the muezzin from the Eastern minaret, would summon the faithful to the duties imposed by their belief.

To carry out his views on these lines, Mr. Stead has organized an association of helpers to whom he issues a card of membership. Its members are volunteers, pledged to brotherhood and self-sacrifice. The motto on the card of membership is: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me." "He that would be first among you, let him be the servant of all." Among the chief objects sought are to secure the penny postage with all English-speaking countries; the establishment of a permanent tribunal of international arbitration; the consolidation and maintenance of the British Colonial Empire; the promotion of woman suffrage—making the law "quite colour-blind as to sex;" poor law reform; free education, and free dinners for starving scholars; the extension of higher education to the lower classes; limitation of the hours of labour; "the six days' work a week" bill; preservation of open spaces for the people; establishment of free libraries, museums, baths, wash-houses, and social clubs, as a substitute for the public-house; the cheapening of transit by rail and tram, so that the poor may live in the suburbs; enforcing the laws against unsanitary buildings; prevention of "sweating," etc.; securing country resorts for town children, and securing wholesome literature for workhouse inmates.

These objects are promoted by the use of the press and platform, by public discussion and private influence, by securing pledges from candidates for Parliament and municipal councils. The whole spirit of the movement is one of practical Christian fellowship. The purpose is to remember the forgotten, to seek out the neglected, to uplift the fallen, to benefit and bless all men. Of this sacred charity and mercy it is true that it blesses him that gives as well as him that takes. Mr. Stead is rallying from all parts of the empire earnest souls burning with this enthusiasm for humanity. Without doubt, this organization of effort for the bringing of the Christian conscience to bear on great national questions is destined to accomplish much for the welfare of the race.

THE more thou frequentest thy closet, the more thou wilt like it; the less thou comest thereto, the more thou wilt loathe it.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

ALLEGED PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.*

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

I.

Higher Criticism.

THE first phase we have is what is known as the Higher Criticism, especially as applied to the Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses. I do not claim to be an expert in dealing with this question, or to have given it prolonged attention and study. It has occasionally arrested my thoughts ; and what I have thought and still think I shall try to state in the fewest words possible.

As the chief alleged discovery of this Higher Criticism it is asserted that very considerable portions of the Pentateuch, relating alike to the religion, the political organization and the civil jurisprudence of the Jewish people, are not Mosaic in their authorship, but belong to a later age than that of Moses, and are the fruit of natural evolution and growth in Jewish life, or the production of some other author or authors who lived after Moses was dead, and consequently that the written documents in question, as Moses left them, were not what they subsequently became, and not what we find them in the Pentateuch as we now have it. The authorship of Moses is not wholly excluded by this Higher Criticism ; yet large and important additions to his work in the composition of the Pentateuch, relating to the religion and polity of the Jews, were made after he left the world ; so that, what we have been accustomed to regard as the writings of Moses, are in part Mosaic, and in part not such. Such I understand to be the alleged *discovery* claimed by those who belong to the school of the Higher Criticism ; and I am not at all surprised that the claim should excite the attention of the Christian public.

This Higher Criticism, considered as a *process*, and as distinguished from a Lower Criticism, sets itself before the world as a critical study of the Pentateuch itself in its contents, taken in connection with the history of the Jewish people after the time of Moses and before that of Christ and His apostles. The study is not one about manuscripts, as to their age and authenticity ; but about *contents* in themselves and in the light of Jewish history. The conclusion from this study is that a part of the Pentateuch as we now have it, and as the Jews had it in the days of Christ, does not belong to the age or authorship of Moses.

Such I understand to be this Higher Criticism regarded in the two-fold light of a discovery and a process. Shall we accept it or reject it ? I have not a moment's hesitation in saying that the conclusion of this Higher Criticism should be rejected by the Christian Church. My reasons for this opinion, stated without expansion, are the following :

* "Alleged Progress in Theology" was recently the subject of discussion at two successive meetings of the resident and visiting clergymen of Saratoga Springs. At one of these meetings Dr. Spear made this speech, which we publish. The publication of the speech in the *Independent*, from which we reprint it, was unanimously requested by the meeting.

1. This alleged discovery is simply a *speculative* conclusion, based on materials lying far back in time, which materials at the best are difficult of complete access, even to the most diligent scholarship, and are, as to their quantity and significance, still more difficult of full and exact measurement; and hence the conclusion is very far from being an established certainty. The history of the Jews after the time of Moses is an indispensable factor in Higher Criticism; and every one knows that this history, as given in the Bible, is exceedingly fragmentary, furnishing but a small part of the whole. There is no difficulty in supposing that if we could, as we cannot, get access to the whole, most if not all the premises from which these Higher Criticism critics reason would vanish into thin air. The best that can be soberly said of their conclusion upon their own showing is that it is an hypothesis or conjecture; and in respect to it, the Scotch verdict of "not proven" is the proper one to be rendered. It will be time enough to accept the conclusion when it is reasonably shown to be true.

2. The *animus* of the great mass of these critics—not all of them by any means, and especially not all of them in this country—is one of antagonism to the doctrine of supernaturalism as attached to the Bible, including the Pentateuch. Taken as a class, with some exceptions, they represent the school of German rationalism, and would, if they could, eliminate the supernatural from the whole Biblical system. Their sort of higher criticism is one of the means to this end. I do not wish to do them any injustice, and especially I would not confound with them those critics who have no sympathy with the end, while they substantially agree with them in the general conclusion reached. It does not necessarily follow that these critics are wrong; and yet it is well to bear in mind that the general attitude of higher criticism, as developed in the majority of the scholars who have been engaged in this work, is one of alliance with naturalism and of opposition to supernaturalism, and that this criticism is one of the forms of this alliance. I say that it is well to keep this in mind, in order that we may know with whom we are dealing.

3. These critics are at war among themselves as to what portions of the Pentateuch are not Mosaic in their authorship, and what portions are such, and also as to when and by whom the non-Mosaic portions were originally produced and placed in the Pentateuchal record; and hence, taking them as a whole upon their own showing in this respect, we have not only the element of great uncertainty as to the final conclusion, but also that of self-contradiction and self-refutation. I read with some care the article of Professor Briggs on the history of Higher Criticism, recently published in the *Presbyterian Review*; and while I was much impressed with his eminent learning on the subject, I was equally impressed with the fact that these critics, as to details, were in fearful antagonism toward each other, and concluded, not only that there were grave difficulties with their premises, but also that one who does not belong to their school, and is not an expert in such matters, had better wait awhile before he reconstructs his faith at their call. I do not certainly know that Higher Criticism will not prove an ultimate success; yet I am of opinion that such success will not be realized until the critics themselves get much nearer to the point or points of a common unity.

4. The conclusion reached by these critics is contradicted by Jewish

and Christian tradition, which has uniformly affirmed the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. There is no doubt of this fact. Philo, who lived in Alexandria at the time of Christ, and Josephus, who lived in Palestine just after Christ, repeatedly speak of Moses as the author of the Pentateuch, and do not give the remotest hint of any other authorship. Such was the unquestioned Jewish faith of the respective ages in which they lived and wrote, and such it had been before they lived, and such it continued to be after they were dead. The same tradition, starting and descending from the time of Christ and His apostles, has existed in the bosom of the Christian Church. As there is no doubt of this fact, I will not detain you with more words in regard to its existence.

Let it then be observed that this fact, especially as existing in the Jewish mind, has evidential value. We find a whole nation, long anterior to the time of Christ and down to that age, transmitting from generation to generation a current and uniform belief as to the authorship of the Pentateuch, and assigning it to Moses and to no other person. This tradition, as well said by Professor Patton, is not "a floating rumour," but is a species of history, and has the force of history in regard to the fact to which it testifies. The rational solution of it is that it dates back for its commencement to the age that knew Moses, and knew him to be the author of the Pentateuch, and from that age descended to the Christian age. The "Book," the "Law," the "Torah," by which the Jews meant the Pentateuch, was by them understood to be of Mosaic origin and authority, and was so accepted; and this fact, spread over all the ages of Jewish life, certainly has evidential value. It is best explained by assuming the truth of that to which it certifies. I am aware that tradition is not always reliable, and equally aware that it is not always untrue. It is to be accepted as of some weight on questions of fact, in the absence of good reasons for rejecting it. No inconsiderable part of the knowledge of this world passes from age to age in this way.

5. The Pentateuch purports to be a history, and in four of the books which compose it, a history of transactions which occurred in the lifetime of Moses, and with which he was directly connected. Starting with the third chapter of Exodus, we find that he figures as the leader of Israel and the agent of God. He appears on the face of the history as the human author of all the Pentateuchal codes, and as claiming to give them to the people by the direction and sanction of God. The proper inference due to this fact is that these codes came into existence in connection with him, and were by him reduced to the written form. To say that a part of these codes had no existence at all, as some of these critics do say, until long after the death of Moses, is to contradict the history in its plain and obvious meaning. It puts another author or authors just where all the appearances of the history put Moses. Moses, in the thirty-first chapter of Deuteronomy, is referred to as writing "this law," as "writing the words of this law in a book," and as directing the Levites to "take this book of the law and put it in the side of the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord your God." This looks very much as if Moses wrote that which was known among the Jews as the "Law," the "Torah," "the Book of this Law," and as if the contents of the Pentateuch received their written shape in his age and by his hands. Such, certainly, is the *prima facie* appearance of the

narrative, which, after we reach the book of Exodus, details the journey through the wilderness and the Mosaic legislation that was given during that journey. There is no appearance on the face of this narrative of any other authorship than that of Moses, or of any later age when a part of the law was given as a supplement to that which came by Moses.

6. The most formidable objection to the conclusion of this Higher Criticism consists in the fact that it is contradicted by the New Testament. This fact, to those who believe in the infallible knowledge and purity of Christ, and in the inspiration of His apostles, is and ought to be the end of the question. It would be an unwarrantable trespass upon your patience were I to develop this particular point in full. Indeed, to do so would be to write a volume.

I assume your acceptance of these three propositions: (1) That the Jews, in the time of Christ and His apostles, had in their possession sacred writings known as the "Holy Scriptures" when spoken of collectively, and known as "the law, the prophets, and the Psalms," when spoken of distributively. (2) That we have the same writings in the manuscriptal and printed form, now known as the Old Testament. (3) That the Jews in the time of Christ and His apostles regarded Moses as the author of the Pentateuchal portion of these Scriptures.

Christ and His apostles came in contact with these Scriptures, including the Pentateuch, and were constantly referring to them. And how did they deal with them and with the Jewish faith which assigned the Pentateuch to Moses? The answer to this question lies on the very face of the New Testament, and it needs no critical skill to find it. You know that Christ and His apostles treated the Jewish Scriptures as of divine authority, and that they referred to the Pentateuch as a whole, and often to particular portions of it, in a way clearly to imply, and sometimes positively to assert, its Mosaic authority, and that they thereby accepted and indorsed the well-known Jewish faith on this subject, and in effect committed their authority to its correctness. You take "Cruden's Concordance," and gather together all the passages of the New Testament which contain the words "Christ," "Moses," "the law" and "the Scriptures," and then select those passages that relate to the question under consideration, and I am confident that you will feel yourselves logically compelled to adopt the two following conclusions: (1) That these passages establish the existence of a Jewish faith in the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. (2) That Christ spake to the Jews as if He fully believed and adopted that faith, and that the apostles spake and wrote in the same manner. This is the matter of fact if there be any truth in the New Testament record; and did the time permit, I could fully verify this statement by a detailed reference to the contents of this record.

Please, then, to observe that the conclusion reached by Higher Criticism supposes that Christ and His apostles were mistaken as to the authorship of the Pentateuch, or, if not, that they accepted and indorsed as true what they knew to be false. This supposition involves no difficulty to the mere naturalist, who looks upon Christ as he does upon Socrates; but to the supernaturalist, who believes in the divinity and sinless purity of Christ and in the inspiration of His apostles, the difficulty is insuperable. The conflict between the school of Higher Criticism and Christ and His

apostles presents to him the question whether he shall follow this school or follow Christ and His apostles. The conflict is real and fundamental, and there is no dodging the question which it raises.

Speaking for myself, I say most emphatically that I shall follow Christ and His apostles, no matter what Higher Criticism may say. I must do this or most radically change my religious faith. I cannot escape the necessity of doing it by the dodge-game of attempting to minimize and explain away the testimony of the New Testament to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. That testimony to me is overwhelming, unless I resort to the trick of forcing out of its language its natural meaning and forcing into it a meaning which it does not naturally bear; and this I do not propose to do in order to find room for Higher Criticism, and at the same time retain my faith in Christ and in the inspiration of His apostles.

Inspiration of the Bible.

The second phase of "advanced thought" relates to the inspiration of the Bible, which is one of the questions of the age, though not really a new question.

Modern infidelity, as you are aware, claims that modern science has made discoveries in the kingdom of matter, organic and inorganic, which contradict the Bible and prove it to be false on certain questions of fact, particularly in reference to some Bible statements in the Book of Genesis. The statements in question relate to the antiquity and organization of this globe and the creation of man. This infidelity says that these statements are false, and that modern science has proved them to be so. You see at once that this is a pretty large subject to be handled in a single speech, and then only as one item in four.

What shall we do with this modern science that is battering down the truth of the Bible? I begin my answer to this question by saying that I observe in a portion of the Christian ministry a tendency to *assume* as already settled and established, and therefore indisputable, the *truth* of these alleged scientific discoveries, and then, in order to obviate their apparent destructive relation to the Bible, to look around for some method of apologetic defence. So far as I have observed, two methods of such defence have been resorted to. One is to change the interpretation of the Bible and give to its language another meaning, so as to avoid the apparent conflict. The other method is to reconstruct the theory of Bible inspiration as to its statements on questions of fact, so as, on the one hand, to admit the alleged discoveries of science as corrections of the mistakes of the Bible on these questions; and, on the other hand, to save the credibility of the Bible in respect to certain other questions of a moral and spiritual nature in regard to which science has nothing to say. Both of these methods agree in *assuming* that the so-called science is all right, not only in respect to the facts alleged, but also in respect to the conclusions drawn therefrom. Both make a very respectful obeisance to science, and simply inquire how they can rescue the Bible from its verdict of condemnation.

You have an example of the first method in the attempt to make the word "day," as occurring in the first chapter of Genesis, mean an *age* or a

geological period. This overlooks the fact that the "day" here mentioned is described as the first, the second, the third day, and so on, and also the fact that it is described in its parts as having a morning and an evening, and in the still further fact that in the Fourth Commandment this same "day" is spoken of as a day in a week consisting of seven days, each of which was twenty-four hours in length; and the still further fact that the Jews, for whom the record in Genesis and Exodus was originally made, not being geologists, would understand the term "day," as thus described, to mean a natural day of twenty-four hours. They could give to it no other meaning; and no man would give to it any other meaning unless led to do so in order to meet a supposed difficulty. The fact that the term is sometimes used for an indefinite period, does not make it in this use, with this description and in these connections, anything but a natural day of twenty-four hours. To force another meaning into it is to give it a meaning which it does not bear; and, moreover, when this meaning is forced into it, the supposed difficulty created by geology is by no means removed. I have a way of disposing of this difficulty that satisfies my mind, but which I cannot pause to detail; yet that way does not consist in placing a new, unnatural and false meaning upon the term "day," as it occurs in the first chapter of Genesis and in the Fourth Commandment.

The other method of dealing with scientific infidelity involves a change of view in respect to the inspiration of the Bible, in effect giving up this doctrine when and where science says or claims to say that the Bible is wrong on questions of fact, and holding on to it where science says nothing, because the field lies beyond its province. It is in respect to this phase of the question of inspiration that I submit for your consideration the following remarks:

We know nothing *a priori* on the subject of inspiration. Whether God would inspire all men or only some men, and in what way and to what extent, if at all, are matters which, except as we may be informed by Him, lie above and beyond the range of our faculties. The first thing to be done is to confess our natural ignorance on this subject.

If we accept the Bible as of divine authority at all, we must accept it as of such authority in relation to the subject of inspiration, provided it contains any statements bearing upon the point. The main question, then, is this: What does the Bible say on this subject? Does it assert its own inspiration? And in answer to this question I will cite a few passages as examples of what the Bible does say.

Take the first and second verses of the first chapter of Hebrews. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." God, as here stated, is the speaker. He does the speaking. He puts Himself in real communication. He did so "in time past," and continued to do so "in these last days." He did so in the first instance "unto the fathers by the prophets," and he continued to do so in the second instance "by His Son." The point that I want you to observe is that God spake in both instances, and in the way mentioned. I care not what you call it, if you get this fact into your minds.

Take another passage: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. i. 21.) Here "holy men of God," evidently alluding to

the Jewish prophets, are said to do the speaking, not from their intuitions or from their experience, but "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." That is to say, the Holy Ghost moved them to speak, and they spake as He moved them.

Take still another passage. Paul, in the third chapter of his second Epistle to Timothy, reminds him of the fact that from a child he had "known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make men wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus," and then proceeds to say in respect to these Scriptures that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," etc. Here Paul affirms the divine authority of the Jewish Scriptures as a fact, in the sense that they were "given by inspiration of God."

Take a fourth passage. Paul, in first Corinthians, chapter second and verses twelfth and thirteenth, alludes to the things "freely given to us of God," and then proceeds to say, "which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." That is to say, the Holy Ghost teacheth the words, as Christ promised to His chosen apostles that He would, and under this instruction we do the speaking.

I might multiply such passages indefinitely ; but these will suffice to give you the Bible idea of inspiration. "Thus said the Lord" is the one great idea of this Book. It treats itself and speaks of itself as "the Word of God." It commits God's authority to the truth and reality of what it declares to be true and real, so that we are to believe on this authority and for this reason. It does so without any limitations, qualifications or discriminations as to the matter contained, whether it be a duty taught, a doctrine revealed or a fact stated. God Himself is behind the words and in the words ; and what they mean He means. This is the Bible idea of the inspiration of the men who originally wrote it. They did so under the direction of the Holy Ghost. You, of course, understand that this applies only to the original Scriptures. Whether these Scriptures have been preserved and correctly translated into other languages is another question, with which in this discussion I have nothing to do.

COMFORT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet ;
 And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

RELIGIOUS DOUBT AND MODERN POETRY.*

BY THE REV W. J. DAWSON.

I.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY, in his learned "History of European Morals," has commented, in a striking foot-note, upon the immense growth and influence of the newspaper press, and on the fact that it is chiefly directed by lawyers and barristers. Mr. Lecky's inference from the last-named circumstance is that a "judicial" tone is thus introduced into the daily press, and a "judicial" method of thought consequently imparted to the public mind. From this inference we totally disagree; for the lawyer-barrister mind is essentially forensic, not judicial; and one very general issue of newspaper-press influence upon the public mind is political and social partisanship. A far more important result of the enormous growth of the press is the great impetus given to the taste for reading among the classes to whom at one time literature of any kind was a sealed and sworded Paradise whose trees of good and evil were jealously guarded against the encroachments of the multitude and the curiosity of the vulgar. At the present moment it may almost be said that the flaming swords wherewith intolerant and exclusive legislation used to guard the garden have burned themselves out; and the great domain, with its crowded and accumulated growth, lies open, without toll or hindrance, to the poorest. Therein are to be found trees of knowledge as stately as Milton's, and founts of song as pure and deep as Wordsworth's; but the face of Rabelais leers in the shadows, and the pestilent obscenity of Congreve, Sterne and Swift has left many a livid pool of poison on the verges of the greenest lawns, and at the roots of the mightiest forest growths of genius. In a word, such freedom brings its natural peril, and the wayfarer finds the serpent close beside the tree of knowledge still.

Not merely has the reading public increased, but, as a natural consequence, the writing public has also steadily grown. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" was never so large as in the present day. There is a vast number of minds endowed with a mimetic gift which passes for a literary instinct, and education and opportunity conspire to kindle a literary ardour which finds its vent in books that benefit the trunk-maker, and between whose birth and oblivion there is but a step. The mass of so-called poetry which is published, and which actually commands attention, and numbers its editions, is what Dominic Sampson might well call "prodigious." Much of this successful verse is the product of fine and cultured minds who find in verse-making one of the many pleasant and most easily acquired arts of literature; much of it succeeds by following the reigning fashion, or by modelling its "silvery see-saw of sibilants" upon the method of the latest favourite; much more is simply the ludicrous contortion of ambitious mediocrity, and its whole vocation is endless and very indifferent imitation; and therefore it is a question of the highest

*Reprinted from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

importance Who and what manner of models are the poets thus set up as examples? Voltaire's barber hastened to assure his master that he did not believe in God any more than the gentleman did; and it is certain, in poetry as in everything else, that the master-mind finds itself mimicked and echoed in every particular by the inferior. If the master sing of Chloe and Phyllis, straightway the chorus will sing in hundredfold laudation of Daphne and Sylvander; if of blessed damosels and anguished lilies, the chorus multiplies its dirges of faded sunflowers, and its raptures at the moving vision of blue china; and if the master degrade his genius to chant the blasphemies of atheism and the swinish revels of carnality, the chorus will sing in yet grosser fashion the democratic upheaval and the apotheosis of the brute.

Moreover, it must be remembered that the chief ministry of poetry is a ministry of suggestion. The poet is the interpreter, but not the less the leader of his age. His words may not become the street-song of the multitude or the solace of the poor man's hearth, but often a higher and more strenuous fate is theirs; they become the inspiration of the thinker. The influence of a great poet on the best minds of his generation is like the action of the sunlight; silently it gathers force and spreads itself abroad and marks the fulness of its power by the ripened bloom upon the fruit, and the depth of tint and colour in the flower. In like manner the highest prose-genius of a time often takes its colour from the highest poetry of the period. Often the poet is content to leave his exposition in the hands of the few whom he can trust, knowing well that through the influence of those few his words will not fail of reaching the widest audience of his time.

Therefore, if it be said that the great bulk of the people do not read poetry, we can only retort that every writer for the press in this country does; that the leaders of opinion on every great social and religious question do; that the poet first moulds the fervid mind of youth in our public schools, and overshadows our universities with his presence, and meets us in Protean fashion in every avenue of our common literature. Civilization has advanced, but as yet we have not seen any sign of the fulfilment of Macaulay's prophecy in the decline of poetry. At the crest of the far-rolling wave of civilization will always be found the highest outcome of the poet's "vision and faculty divine." Civilization, so far from destroying poetry, has really done very much to intensify it; it has simply changed its methods; it has robbed poetry of the old freshness and simplicity of its utterance, the ancient force and directness of its form, and has surcharged it instead with the feverishness and satiety of a complex modern life, full of many aims, throbbing with the pulse of large and eager purpose, and saddened by the vain pursuit of a perfect culture, which more and more proves itself an unattainable and mocking dream. So long as the human heart remains, poetry will not die, nor the poet's mandate be withdrawn. Man never yet has lived alone upon the bread which the wealthiest civilizations have kneaded for his use; nor will any "ethics of the dust," any applications of a marvellous science that merely multiplies the conveniences of social life, or claims his curious wonder at the price of the denial of his religious instincts, suffice him now any better than heretofore. Pascal long since reminded us of the majestic and undying truth that "the heart has reasons which reason does not know," and poetry

may be described as the reason of the heart. And it is because we feel that our higher culture will rather endorse and widen the poet's mandate than abridge it, that we think there can be no more serious problem presented to the investigation of the Christian thinker, in the interests of the Church and society of the future, than the problem which seeks to measure and define the influence of our modern poetry.

It cannot escape the most casual student that the great French Revolution marked a new birth in literature, as well as among nations, and is the great dividing chasm in the history of modern letters. It mixed a leaven of new inspirations and emotions with the decaying forces of our former literature, the earliest outcome of which was the daring misery of Byron, and the revolutionary defiance and denial of Shelley. Even the sedate spirit of Wordsworth became fired with the new ardours of that portentous day, and he could write :

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

The Revolution meant far more than a destruction of political ideals ; it practically brought with it new doctrines and a new intellectual life. But every wave spends itself at last, every movement reaches somewhere its high-water mark, and must henceforth inevitably recede. It often happens, however, that there is a second tide, which arrests the first in the process of its ebb, and transforms it once more into a victorious force. This is eminently the case in the history of modern poetry. The large original force of the earlier poets of the century has ebbed ; but a second tide has set in, which is practically the consummation of the first. No Tennyson or Browning were possible without a Byron, a Keats, a Wordsworth and a Shelley ; the later poets, though in very different form, and by entirely new methods, simply fulfil the inspirations of their forerunners. But not the less is it true that a distinct new note, or rather series of new notes, has been struck in our English literature. The second tide has brought with it many new forces which would have been wholly foreign to the first.

We have grown too familiar with revolutions to expect any swift or bright millennium from the noblest of conspirators or the most unanimous of patriots. Mr. Swinburne still leaps upon the altar which he has made, and when he can withdraw himself from singing in the Lesbian orgies, chants before the face of Baal in revolutionary odes and vituperative sonnets. But the latter movement has scarcely heart enough, for the most part, to join in any song so strenuous ; it is saddened with its disillusion, it is satiated with its gains, it is emasculated in its energies, and what offensive power it has left is mainly spent in small sneers against the tyranny of creeds and the decay of ancient faiths and pieties.

It would be worse than folly, however, to deny the vast influence which modern doubt has exercised upon modern poetry. The supreme question of the present day is the attitude of the age toward religion, and that question finds a hundred reflexes and vain solutions in our poetic art. Of course, it may be said the century opened with the fierce strife of religious doubt and denial in the poetry of Byron and Shelley, and that, therefore this is no distinctly new feature of our latter-day poets. But there are many respects in which Byron and Shelley differ wholly in their

attitude towards religion from their lineal descendants in poetic art. It was said of Byron by Shelley that unfortunately he could not help believing in a hell; and this statement admirably illustrates his habitual conduct in dealing with matters of faith and piety. His libertinism was engrained, his infidelity was an affectation. When he is throwing his wildest doubts into the air he never loses self-consciousness; he has his eye upon the gallery, and waits for its applause. He is so ill an actor that whenever he strikes an attitude he pauses to measure its effect. Whatever he *says* he cannot help believing; and one cannot help feeling that he writes profanity in much the same spirit in which he talked of his desire to know the sensations of a murderer, merely that he might enjoy the childish pleasure of watching the horror he was certain to excite. Shelley, on the contrary, came of a race of free-thinkers, and his atheism is undoubtedly sincere enough. But it is rather the frenzied scream of an excited boy than the iconoclastic fury of a full-grown man. It is not merely rebellion against orthodox faiths, it is wild and unmeasured revolt against every form of use and order which tradition sanctions. And how different this is from the sad wail of our modern agnostic poetry must appear in the hastiest comparison. The key-note, the very ground-tone of such poetry, is poignant and unavailing regret. It touches its deepest and most pathetic chords in dirges and lamentings, in farewells to the dying faiths, and requiems for the dead. The air is full of such notes of sorrow, the tremblings of unmistakable distress, the vague and wild vibrations of a woe too deep for words. Its very sadness is its fascination, for to many minds the holding of a doubt seems a vastly finer thing than the holding of a creed. And although it must be distinctly acknowledged that doubt, like other things, may become a fashion, and poetic doubt may be the mere affectation of an affectation, yet it may be admitted that the bulk of our agnostic poetry is too evidently sincere:

“A fever in the pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain.”

And it is this very sincerity which makes it so formidable and forceful an influence in moulding the age. Sincerity and sadness welded together in high poetic achievement, must in any age of the world win hearing and allegiance; for is it not too common a characteristic of the race itself, full of unsatisfied desires and instincts as it is, to listen rather to “the still, sad music of humanity,” than to the voice that sings good cheer?

The culmination of this spirit of sincere and saddened doubt is found in the poetry of Matthew Arnold, and a very brief analysis of a very small portion of his writings is sufficient to indicate its scope and character. He has described himself as

“Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,”

as an exiled Greek on some far northern strand, thinking of his own gods,

“In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone,
For both were faiths, and both are gone.”

It must be a matter of sombre gratification to the poet to know that the critical public has generally consented to accept him at his own estimate, and that he is described as a modern Greek oftener than by any other phrase ; just as Goethe is rightly described as a modern Pagan. But between the Hellenism of Goethe and that of Matthew Arnold there are wide differences. A great critic has described Goethe's Hellenism as "the completeness and serenity of a watchful, exigent intellectualism ;" and Matthew Arnold's expressed admiration for the "wide and luminous view of Goethe," leads us to infer that there might be no description he would more earnestly covet or endeavour to deserve. But Goethe's Paganism is simply indifferent to all forms of modern faith, and is without moral predilection, while Arnold's is full of wistfulness and yearning. The mission which Arnold has to proclaim is that with the best desires and intentions toward belief, unfortunately he cannot believe. So far from being a modern Pagan, he has described in lines of great strength and beauty precisely where the cardinal failure and corruption of ancient Paganism lay :

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell ;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"Stout was its arm ; each thew and bone
Seemed puissant and alive,
But ah ! its heart, its heart was stone,
And so it could not thrive."

He looks with wistful rapture backward to the hour of the first victories of the Christian faith, and cries,

"Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Filled earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravished spirit too !"

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that he who will not believe "Moses and the prophets," is not likely to believe even if "one rose from the dead." The poet who sings agnosticism in the nineteenth century, would probably have sung anything but *Te Deums* in the first. Still, it is of painful interest to note how faith, so long repressed, bursts forth into momentary triumphant assertion, and cleaves to the Crucified when the Cross is removed to the second century. What cannot be done in a modern England, corrupted by "beer-shops" and "dissent ;"* what it is impossible to accomplish with the eyes of Strauss upon us, and agnostic reviews around us, might perhaps have been attempted in that dim beginning of years, when at least the great delusion was new and beautiful :

"No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

*In his eloquent article on "Isaiah of Jerusalem," in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Matthew Arnold, in enumerating "the hindrances with which religion in this country has to contend," places at the head of the list, "beer-shops and Dissent" !

"No lonely life had passed too slow,
 When I could hourly scan
 Upon His cross, with head sunk low,
 That nailed, thorn-crowned man."

Yet in the poetry of Matthew Arnold, faith is but an artistic freak. The voice of modern denial speedily re-affirms :

"Now He is dead ! Far hence He lies
 In the lone Syrian town ;
 And on His grave, with shining eyes,
 The Syrian stars look down."

There is nothing left for it but to toil on in a waste and weary world full of "forts of folly" manned by coarse Philistines ; or to "let the long contention cease," and, like the kings of modern thought, be dumb : "silent—the best are silent now." Some vague and visionary religion of humanity may still be possible :

"He only lives in the world's life
 Who hath renounced his own."

Some vaguer Pantheism may, perchance, explain the future ; in the last hour let not needless priest nor friend be near ; but rather let the poet look forth from the open window on "the wide aerial landscape bathed in the sacred dews of morn," and rejoice to know he will speedily be absorbed in "the pure, eternal course of life," and be one with that he gazes on. For his father he shall sing the noblest of dirges, for he was one of the strong souls who led the wavering lines of humanity

"On to the bound of the waste,
 On to the city of God,"

and stood in the end of the day like a good shepherd with his flock in his hand. But the son is one of those who comes at last to the inn of death alone, and is barely saved out of the peril in which so many comrades have fallen. Surely there can be no more desolate intellectual outlook than this, and it is not surprising that it is the source of the most mournful poetry.

This is by no means the place to discuss the actual condition of the Christian faith, and did we dare to dissent from the verdict which Matthew Arnold and his school have returned against it, we should, no doubt, be immediately catechized as Philistines who are blind to facts, and as optimists, who are what they are because they are ignorant. But we may, at least, be permitted to remark that religious doubt and modern poetry appear to have united themselves in a most unhappy marriage, and are in their most fascinating guise but an ill-assorted couple. The greatest treasures of our English poetry are the product of an age of faith, and were scarcely possible without some wise and deep belief. It was in an age when religion was the paramount subject in English politics and national thought that Spenser and Shakespeare flourished ; it was at the conclusion of the greatest war for conscience' sake which any nation has known, and by the pen of a man who more than any other embodied in his own person the stern and holy ardours of the period, that our greatest epic poem was produced ; and amid all the loud thunder of the revolution time Wordsworth's spirit caught the first rising music of the new age of faith, and that new age of faith fitly inspired his serene and pious strain. The fact is,

religious faith is inextricably interwoven with our English poetry ; it has given it fulness and serenity, and it will secure it permanence. We have never yet written "Crush the Infamous," upon the banners of our literature ; we have never clothed a harlot in the garb of Reason and called her goddess ; we have never yet consented, and never shall consent, to the monstrous modern theory that art can know no morals. We have been spared the demoralization of many alternate tyrannies and revolutions ; and so surely has our ordered freedom grown out of our religious life, that we may well believe there is some force in hereditary ideas which must ever make a faithless poetry foreign to the English mind. Folk-lore tells us how it is an ancient superstition that mandrakes when torn from the ground shriek in their every root and fibre, like dumb living things driven into sudden speech by anguish. May we not apply the fable, and declare that poetry, dragged from its immemorial rooting in the soil of faith, shrieks aloud, and becomes a thing of anguish and despair ? It is a fatal experiment ; it will not, it can not, come to good. It is too late to try to turn the tide of English literature ; it has set too long upon the sunny shores of faith to ebb at last towards the icy solitudes of agnostic indifference and despair. The English mind will never yield a wide attention to any modern Lucretius in the person of a Matthew Arnold, singing his despairing ode concerning "The Nature of Things ;" and still less will it "dance to the piping of an educated satyr" in the person of Mr. Swinburne.

Indeed, the more the matter is considered, the more evident does it become that religious doubt has exercised nothing but a destructive influence on English poetry. Edgar Allan Poe, in one of the most weird and wonderful of his extraordinary stories, pictures a perplexed and noble genius in the act of suicide. As the clock strikes, and the clear day shines into the perfumed and splendid chamber, the suicide lifts a costly crystal goblet to his lips, and pledges his last hour in the fatal draught. When the drained chalice is set down again, behold it is cracked and blackened. In like manner our modern genius sits in garish misery, and fills the crystal cup of poesy, which should be for the healing of the nations, with its poison-draught of doubt ; but when it is set down again it is cracked and blackened. It is not wholly destroyed ; but it is hopelessly disfigured by the base uses to which the unworthy put it. To use a choice and beautiful Venetian goblet to hold the black draught of acrid poison, is no greater prostitution than to make poetry, which is the handmaiden of faith, minister to denial. If the light that is within the poet be darkness, "how great is that darkness !" The very spring of thought is broken, the very light of song is quenched ; the poet is like a pianist who plays with one hand, and on few notes ; more than half the chords are dumb, and the full compass of the instrument he can never reach.

Let any student rise from the perusal of such poetry as that which A. H. Clough has written, and say whether this be not the real impression made upon his mind. Here is undoubted faculty for song ; but this note may not be struck, for it is too high ; nor this, for it is too divinely deep ; and so the poet veils his face, and his voice is heard only in faint whispers and warring thoughts and wailings of an infinite distress. The poet "can only soar in one direction," it has been said ; but if the blue heavens be closed and unattainable, what else can he do other than limp along the common earth, with trailing wings and wounded heart, pouring out the sad wild notes of an irremediable woe ?

BY JACOB'S WELL-SIDE.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

High noon, by Jacob's well-side, and the sun's red gleamings glisten
 From Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, rising shadowless and bare,
 While within the sultry Sychar, on the plain, the people listen
 To the locust's drowsy drumming in the air ;
 All the morning joys are waning ;
 All the dusky slaves complaining ;
 The languid air is vapid in the heat's oppressive spell ;
 Slowly o'er the parchèd common,
 From the gateway, wends a woman—
 A swarthy, eastern woman—with her pitcher to the well.

Alone, within the well-curb, where the covering stones enshelter,
 Sat a stranger—silent, Jewish—yet she, somehow, did not shrink
 Nor refuse the courteous greeting or the kindly glance he dealt her,
 Though she wondered at his asking for a drink.
 In our torpid mental-blindness
 How we check the pulse of kindness !
 The sordid way our fathers went we indolently choose.
 By the perfect law of living,
 Self hath gain alone in giving,
 But sin makes neighbours partisans : “ *Samaritans and Jews.* ”

Sore thirst by Jacob's well-side : human lips are dry and burning,
 Though the Earth—a royal Mother—bears within her freighted breast
 Cooling, rock-brewed, crystal nectar for each fevered palate's yearning,
 Yet it satisfies but transiently at best ;
 For this water, whoso drinketh
 Will be thirsty ere he thinketh.
 When she saw the living water which He pictured, pure and cool,
 All her nature's parched volition
 Trembled in her lip's petition.
 All the while the Stranger thirsted for the solace of her soul.

Strange words within that well-curb,—though but one had cord to draw
 with,
 Yet, that one became a suppliant for the gift her lips denied ;
 While, along the light's unsealing to the bondaged eyes she saw with,
 Came a vision of the good He glorified ;
 Then she questioned—“ Art Thou greater
 Than our father,” the creator
 Of this fountain ? For she doubted if a better could be had :
 Down through all the arid ages,
 Serfs and cattle, sons and sages,
 By its sweet, refreshing waters had been sated and made glad.

Hope dawns by Jacob's well-side. Once that dying seer had spoken
 Of a Shiloh, who would come to teach the truth and make it plain,
 But the centuries, rolling onward, each had left nor trace nor token
 Of His coming or the pureness of His reign ;
 All the early hopes had vanished ;
 Maidèd Might the Right had banished ;
 But this Stranger is a Prophet, for He knows her life, within—
 So, with eager heart, she questions—
 Quivering under thought's suggestions—
 She would know the place to worship,—find the God who pardons sin.

Light breaks within that well-curb, not the baleful lust-light gleaming
 Where the sensual priests of Baalim or of Moloch bow and nod,
 But the wondrous, bright outflashing of celestial wisdom, streaming—
 In the spirit, all, in truth, may worship God.
 Brightly breaks the beams of morning
 O'er the fettered lands, adorning
 All the hill-tops and the valleys, in the radiance drawing near ;
 She beholds the mists arising,
 And with faith and hope surprising,
 Cries : " I know Messias cometh ; " He who maketh " all things " clear.

High noon, by Jacob's well-side, but the sunlight gleams with glory,
 And Ebal's bald brow blesseth, while Gerizim seals the word ;
 That well-curb, to the ages, has become an oratory ;
 The Common blooms with " Harvest " for the Lord ;
 For the weary man who waited,
 Sore with thirst—her coming sated,
 In His tenderness and mercy did all her doubts dispel,
 And she found the Christ she sought not
 All so strangely, for she wot not
 It was Jesus, till He told her in the shadow of the well.
 " THE ELMS," Toronto.

TEARS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
 That is light grieving ! lighter, none befel,
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
 Tears ! What are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,
 The mother singing,—at her marriage bell
 The bride weeps,—and before the oracle
 Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
 Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
 Ye who weep only ; if, as some have done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
 And touch but tombs ;—Look up ! those tears will run
 Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

MISSION WORK IN LONDON.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE unpretentious little volume mentioned above is a really valuable contribution to the evangelistic and pastoral literature of Methodism. It shows how a Methodist church in the centre of the English metropolis, which had been going down for many years, until it was virtually dead, has been quickened into new life and energy, and made an efficient centre of missionary influence and power; and this, too, has been done without the least approach to sensationalism, or any of the clap-trap which unhappily marks and mars a good deal of modern evangelism. Some of the questions debated in his own mind by Mr. Smith, when entering upon this work, are of sufficient interest to be given in his own words.

He asked himself: "Is it possible to gather together, little by little, a sinewy, aggressive church in whose life and labours reason and emotion shall be wisely and delicately combined? Is it possible to constitute a Church which shall provide a home for nearly all sorts of natures, and shall furnish in this way a multitude of affirmative answers to the query, 'Can the individual rise, though the race sink down in disgrace?'"

The serious examination of these propositions in the light of holy Scripture and reason and common-sense, under the special guidance, as we may believe, of the Holy Spirit, led Mr. Smith to the conclusion that the one chief duty of the Christian pastor is to care for individual souls; or, to express it in the language of another, that "we must be content to speak not to the thousands, but to the ones." Happily he had already learned the sad fact that souls are not easily won from a life of sin, and the knowledge of this

fact prevented him from having any confidence in the "squib-and-rocket evangelism" which draws its inspiration from the supposal that there is nothing easier than to induce a sinner to turn his back upon his past course and to come to Christ. These views naturally led him to concentrate his energies on the salvation of individual men and women.

Mr. Smith made the necessities of the working class the subject of affectionate and earnest thought; he did not, however, come to the conclusion that a Church composed of such exclusively was desirable. He wisely recognized the fact that the ideal Church, even in the humblest neighbourhood, must rest on a wider base and have a more comprehensive character. There are lessons that the well-to-do and cultured class can learn from their humbler brethren. The former are valuable in performing functions which the latter cannot manage. The methods adopted in carrying on the work must be such as to commend itself to both classes; such as would be influential with and secure the co-operation of both. "A slum church," as Mr. Smith justly remarks, "no denomination can build up, though it has frequently been tried, but there are natures in the slums that will crystallize around toilers of a stamp better than their own."

Of course, the acceptance of such views, while it did not check earnestness, made sobriety imperative. It rendered the "fire-works policy," which was hankered after by some of his zealous supporters, impossible. This was one of his greatest dangers, and with a less steady head or a less conservative mind he must have failed. But while he was determined at any risk to proceed on the old and approved gospel lines, which had

* *Three Years in Central London.* A record of Principles, Methods and Successes. By EDWARD SMITH, Wesleyan minister. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road. 16mo, pp. 94.

been tested in such a variety of circumstances and with such remarkable results in his own denomination, his conservatism did not lead him to overlook the principle of adaptation, or to refuse to adopt methods commended by common-sense simply because they were novel.

The press seems to have been laid under weighty contribution, and among other advantages which it conferred, the distribution of the printed matter afforded employment for many who would not have otherwise had any part in carrying on the work. And it was rightly judged to be desirable that all whose hearts God had touched should have a part in it. This was an important point gained. Then, not only the wealthy and educated, and the sons and daughters of such, but persons of the humbler classes, were variously employed in carrying on the work in its several departments. The result is that the mission has earned for itself the distinction of being called, as it is in fact, "The St. John's Square Wesleyan Co-oper-

ative Society." The recast of the morning service evidently cost Mr. Smith a pang, but "the liturgy and chants had to depart without notice given." He lost members, of course, for London Methodists of the upper class are ardently attached to "the prayer;" but he estimates that his gain was twenty times as much as his loss. But the main instrument in this soul-saving work, to which all else was but subsidiary, has been the preaching of the Word, in which the aim of the preacher "is to help the Divine Spirit to produce conviction of sin among the ungodly." This we can well believe is done tenderly; but it is done faithfully and thoroughly, insisting no less earnestly upon repentance toward God than faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. In a word, Mr. Smith has faith in the old-fashioned Gospel as preached by our fathers, and he has demonstrated abundantly by his experience during these three years in Centre London, that it is the power of salvation to every one that believeth.

THE MESSENGER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

PROVERBS VIII.

"HEEDLESS and blind, ye sons of men,"

Still doth Celestial Wisdom cry,

"Why will ye slight my call again,

And pass your heavenly portion by?

"Here, at the gates of Gain and Power,

The servitor of Love, I stand;

Repeat my counsel o'er and o'er,

And sound my warning through the land.

The wise Instructress, then, receive,

With truth and grace—a rich supply;

Her's are the words by which ye live,

And they alone who slight them die.

Silver and gold are shining dust,

And lustrous gems invite decay;

But who in wisdom puts his trust

Hath that which cannot fade away.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1892.

WE have pleasure in submitting the announcement of this MAGAZINE for the forthcoming year. We are glad to report that the MAGAZINE is growing year by year in circulation, in influence, in the importance of its articles, and in variety and beauty of illustration. The design of both the Editor and Publisher is to make it thoroughly abreast of the times in the discussion of the important subjects to which it is specially devoted, namely, religion, literature and social progress. First of all and most of all, the great subject of religion will receive attention; and religion in its broadest sense, as embracing not only man's relation to God, but also his relation to his fellow-men. Space will be given to the discussion of those social questions which are more and more asserting themselves as among the great questions of the day—the social and economic problems, to the solution of which the Church must address itself more fully than ever before. "No subject, next to finding the way of life," said Cardinal Manning the other day, "is more vital than the welfare of the world's labour; and nothing," he further asserted, "will more help international peace and universal brotherhood." The Pope receiving a deputation in the Vatican from 20,000 French workmen, and the strike of the French-Canadian lumbermen on the Ottawa, alike show how wide-spread and intense is the interest in these questions. Among the contributions to the discussion of this subject will be a series of papers by men who have made the subject a profound and earnest study.

First of these will be an important article by Prof. W. A. Ashley, Professor of Political Economy in Toronto University, in the January number of this MAGAZINE, on the "Organization of Labour." P. H. Burton, Esq., of Toronto, will write on "Co-operative Industry." There will also be two articles on "Press-

ing Social Reforms," by Prof. Richard S. Ely and Prof. William Clark; a paper on "The British Labour Commission," also by Prof. Clark, and "The New Political Economy," by Prof. K. Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin. "Profit-Sharing as Illustrated in France," "Social Christianity," "Christ and the Masses," by Hugh Price Hughes, and other important contributions on the same subject, will also appear.

Special prominence will also be given to the discussions of the Methodist Ecumenical Council, and judiciously condensed reports on "The Church and Scientific Thought," "The Church and the Religious and Secular Press," "The Church and Methodist Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods," "Woman's Work in the Church," "The Church and Education," "The Church and Social Reforms"—as temperance, missions, public morality, and the like, will be printed for permanent preservation.

Other articles of religious interest will be "Gladness and Triumph Through the Works of God," by Rev. Dr. Douglas; "Reconstruction of Methodist Theology," by Rev. Dr. Mendenhall; "God in the Victorian Age," by Rev. William Williams, D.D.; "Methodism and its Growth During the Last Century," by Bishop Warren; "Christ in History," by Archdeacon Farrar; "Destiny of the English-Speaking Race," by Joseph Cook. Many other subjects of vital interest will also be presented.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Through the kindness of the Hon. W. S. Caine, member of the Imperial Parliament, we shall present the most comprehensive series of papers ever published in Canada, on "Picturesque India, its Temples, its Palaces and its People, with special reference to Christian Missions." Through the kindness of Mr. Caine and of Messrs. George Routledge

and Sons, his English publishers, these articles, which will run through the year, will be illustrated with nearly two hundred fine engravings from Mr. Caine's magnificent book on India, just published. This will give our readers such a conception of the extent, resources, grandeur and responsibilities of our Indian Empire as few of them have had the opportunity of forming before.

Another series of illustrated papers of much importance will be "The Land of the Pharaohs; Egypt and its Monuments." It will report the personal experiences of the Editor during a month of travel from Alexandria to the first cataract of the Nile, and will be illustrated by a large number of engravings selected from the great book on Egypt by Professor Georg Ebers, the distinguished German Egyptologist, a work the cost of which (\$25) places it beyond the reach of most busy readers. This series of papers will be based upon the exhaustive studies of Ebers' "Mariette Bey," and other distinguished Egyptologists.

"The City of the Sultan" will be a copiously illustrated series of papers embodying the personal observation and prolonged study of the Editor of that exceedingly interesting and important political centre—Constantinople. "Modern Greece" will embody his studies of Athens, and such other portions of the Attic peninsula as he may be able to visit.

"Picturesque China," its customs, institutions, religions and mission life and labour, a series of illustrated papers with contributions by Dr. Hart, the superintendent of Methodist missions in Japan, and others, will be of special interest as showing the environment and condition of our new Chinese mission.

Other illustrated articles will be "Paris Revisited," with copious illustrations; "Magyar Land," by Rev. R. Burrows; "The Mutineers of the Bounty," by Miss Mary S. Daniels, M.A.; "A Thousand Miles by Narrow Gauge Railway in Colorado, among its Mountains and

Canyons," "Among the Mormons," and "Southern California and its Scenic Attractions," by the Editor; "Mountains, Loch and Fiord in Norway," by Rev. W. J. Dawson; "Yachting in High Latitudes," an abridgment of Lord Dufferin's famous book on this subject; "Among the Lapps," "Mission Life and Adventure in the Great Lone Land of the Canadian Northwest," by Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young; "The Ascent of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn," by Bishop Warren; "The Columbian Fair at Chicago," with numerous striking illustrations; "Ticonderoga and its Memories;" "Karlsbad and its Fountains of Health;" "Augsburgh and Erfurt and their Memories;" more "Round About England" papers, etc.

SCIENCE PAPERS.

The important papers on science, which have formed such an interesting department of the *MAGAZINE* during the year, will be continued, with increased variety of subject. Among the important papers will be judicious condensations from Bishop Warren's fascinating series of studies on Astronomy, also papers on recent scientific progress and discovery, "The Newer Parts of Canada;" Sir W. J. Dawson on "The Origin of Man;" "Signalling to the Planets," by Sir Robert S. Hall, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, etc.

PAPERS FOR BOTH PREACHER AND PEOPLE.

Among these will be some very wise and witty "Colloquies on Preaching," by Henry Twells, M.A., Canon of Peterborough Cathedral; "Talks to the Pulpit and the Pew," by the greatest preacher living—Charles H. Spurgeon; and "The Science of Preaching," by Archdeacon Farrar.

Other papers of importance will be: "The First Hundred Years of Modern Missions," by Rev. James Ross, M.A.; "Carey, the Pioneer of Modern Missions." These will be papers of special interest, as this will be the centennial year of the

establishment of Christian missions. "Present Aspects of Methodism in Great Britain," by Warring Kennedy, Esq.; "The Story of the Dominion," by Dr. J. J. Maclaren, D.D., LL.D., a patriotic study. "Mission Triumphs in Tahiti," by a native born missionary; "University Extension," by Prof. W. G. Randall, M.A.; "Cromwell," a brilliant historical study, by W. A. Quayle, D.D., President of Baker University, Kansas.

The serials for the year will be a Temperance story of great power and pathos, by Julia McNair Wright; "A Woman's Fight with the Monster." A shorter serial of similar character will be "The Mantrap," by the author of "Lost in London;" also a strongly written story by the ever-popular Mrs. Amelia E. Barr: "Crawford's Sair Strait: or, A Conflict with Conscience." Short stories by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Mrs. E. Stuart Phelps Ward, Olive Thanet and other

able writers, will also be presented; also character studies and sketches by Canadian and other writers, as follows: "Aud Gwordie," a Cumberland sketch, by the Rev. J. V. Smith; "A Character Study," by Rev. Dr. Stafford; "Mester Grant's Widdy," a sketch of city mission life; life sketch of "Prof. Stanley Jevons"; "Jean Andr  Godin;" "Prof. Henry Drummond," and other sketches of permanent value.

Important symposia by leaders of thought on social, religious and economic subjects will be presented.

Our patrons will confer a favour if they will renew their subscriptions promptly; they will also greatly subserve its interest by calling attention to its prospectus, and soliciting the patronage of their friends to this MAGAZINE.

The important department of "Religious Intelligence" will be furnished by the Rev. Dr. Barrass; and the Reviews of recent books will be furnished by competent pens.

Current Topics and Events.

ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

The meeting of this representative body of the leading minds of Methodism will give, we doubt not, a marked impetus to that great religious movement which has belted the world with its missions, and organized the most numerous church in Christendom. With few exceptions, Methodism has ever been the foremost of the great Churches in adapting itself to the varying conditions of the times. We do not mean that it has altered its principles to suit the times, for few Churches have changed so little from their theological standpoint of one hundred years ago as the Methodist Church. The chief reason, we think, for this is that Methodism is an experience and not a mere creed. Another reason is the large and liberal view taken by Wesley in religious matters, and the "sweet reasonableness" of his Ar-

minian theology. A third reason is the unique influence of Charles Wesley's hymns in all branches of Methodism throughout the world. The intense spirituality and fervour of these hymns have kept the Methodist people from drifting from those old, gladsome doctrines and that genial piety in which their Church was cradled.

In the old land of its birth Methodism has exhibited the tendency of every human institution to stiffness, not to say rigidity and ossification, and has been divided into many sections; but even this has been made a blessing. The grand old mother has nourished and brought up daughters which have gone forth to plant new aggressive churches throughout the world, and now she is, to use the words of Milton, "mewing her mighty youth," and rousing herself for greater conquests.

The Forward Movement is an adaptation of John Wesley's evangelistic principles, and is the outcome and expression of the democratization of society. It goes to the highways and byways, and by a divine compulsion brings the multitude to the marriage supper of the king. In the spirit of John Wesley and of the Christ whom he followed, it yearns over the multitudes who go astray like sheep having no shepherd. With passionate love it seeks after those lost sheep. It remembers the forgotten, it follows the forsaken, it succours the suffering and neglected. This new spirit, or re-baptism with the old spirit, will be, we think, the most conspicuous note of the Methodism of the future. Throughout this great continent, in the island continent of Australia, in Britain's vast South African territories, and in her forty colonies throughout the world, Methodism is largely moulding and will more fully mould in the future the destiny of the English speaking race. And the power that moulds the future of the English speaking race will mould the future of the world. It is not a matter of mere denominational pride or vain glory, but of devout thankfulness to God that the youngest of all the Churches is proving its adaptation to the great task of bringing the world to the feet of Jesus, of lifting it nearer to the heart of God. It is largely influencing, too, the old historic Churches which were old and honoured before Methodism was born. It is, in the true Christian sense, provoking them to love good works. Its liberal Arminian theology, its glad experience, its practical methods, have already wrought a great change in the rigid and austere systems which largely dominated Christendom a century ago.

Another effect of the Ecumenical will doubtless be the application of practical Christianity to the exigent problems of the times—the social problems, the economic problems, the political problems and international problems of the age. It will also, we believe, bring more closely together the several branches of the great Methodist family. This will greatly

promote the solidarity of Methodism throughout the world. It will knit the mother country and the great Republic by a thousand strong, tender ties, and make more difficult, if not impossible, a rupture of the strong bonds of love and friendship between the mother and the daughter land. If only the English speaking people throughout the world were united in a grand alliance, under the inspiration of Christian principles and bound by the ties of a Christian brotherhood, how they might influence, if not dominate, all the other powers in the world! How might they bring peace to our war-wearied world, promote universal disarmament and relieve the burdened nations of the incubus of vast armies and navies, which, by their very existence, are a perpetual menace of war! It would be the longest stride towards the millenium that the world has ever seen.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

This is strikingly illustrated by the slow growth of the churches which have been agitated by internal factions, or which have been rent asunder by strife. During some periods in the history of Methodism, notwithstanding all the zeal of its ministers and members, and all the efforts for its extension, it has remained almost stationary. It is recorded that in one decade in this country, when it was torn by strife, it increased only about half as fast as the general population. In contrast to that it is, we believe, a fact that during the last decade, which has been marked by the pacifying of these strifes and the healing of the breaches which they caused, that the growth of Methodism in Canada has been nearly four times as great as the growth of the population, or about forty-three per cent., against about eleven per cent. What a glorious commentary on that Scripture, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"DIED AS A FOOL DIETH."

The world has had some striking

examples recently of the fulfilment of this Scripture, and of that other declaration of Holy Writ, "The wages of sin is death." Cruel, tyrannical and selfish Balmaceda, hurled from his dictatorship of war-racked Chili, and the chagrined, disappointed and selfish Boulanger, could find no issue from the troubles of this life but by a rash act of suicide. Less recently the unhappy Crown Prince of Austria, born in the purple, heir of one of the most ancient thrones of Europe, ended his useless life by self-slaughter. The unhappy Marie White found no enjoyment in the million francs she had here accumulated, nor the rash and reckless chorus singer of London in her diamond bracelets, but must both rush unbidden, "unhouselled, unaneled," into the presence of their Maker. It is not the busy toilers in this world who ask the question, Is life worth living? but those who seek in sordid selfishness to live only in their own gratification. "Oh, God," says Augustine, "Thou makest man for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." Nothing less than God can satisfy the hunger and thirst of the immortal soul; and having found him it has no other need. Thenceforth, in sublime altruism, it finds its chiefest joy in making Him known to others. Filled with this holy rapture even drudgery becomes divine. There is no high, there is no low, and pre-eminence of office means only pre-eminence of toil. "He that will be chief among you let him be the servant of all." As the Master came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, so His followers find

life best worth living in toiling for His glory and for the uplifting and welfare of their fellows.

THE WAR CLOUD.

It seems a strange time, when the peasants of Russia are starving for lack of the coarse rye bread that is their staple means of existence, and when the empire has to go borrowing money to furnish a partial supply of food, that a dark cloud, lurid with its menaces of war, should hover over south-eastern Europe. Yet we read of the vast concentration of Russian troops on the Pruth, of the erection of barracks and accumulation of material of war and food supplies. This, coupled with a violation of the agreement forbidding the passage of armed Russian ships through the Dardanelles, have a sinister signification. It may be amid the perils arising from an outbreak of Nihilism and an uprising of the starving peasantry that this may be a resort to the old trick of tyrants to engage in a foreign war to divert attention from troubles at home. We trust, however, that such a dire horror as a winter campaign in the Caucasus, with an European war which would be like the outpouring of the seven last vials, may, in the good providence of God, be averted. From the best information within our reach, we judge that England has little to fear from Russian aggressions in the East. The scientific frontier on the north-west of India, with its walls of mountains and border country of tributary tribes, render India safe from any forces which Russia could bring to bear.

O LORD and Master of us all !

Whate'er our name and sign,

We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,

We test our lives by Thine.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;

And naked to Thy glance,

Our secret sins are in the light

Of Thy pure countenance.

—Whittier.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Minutes of the late Conference make a volume of nearly six hundred pages. The oldest member of the Conference is the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A., whose "Tongue of Fire" is well known, and has made many hearts burn. Methodism is increasing in London, and also in many provincial towns; but in some of the large centres of population which were formerly its strongholds, there is a decrease in numbers. There are, however, more than half a million of members under the pastoral care of nearly three thousand ministers.

The growth of Methodism in the British army and navy has of late been remarkable. There are now twenty thousand declared Wesleyans in the two branches of the service, and the sum of \$25,000 is paid to officiating ministers in the form of capitation grant.

Rev. Dr. Stephenson, President of the Conference, has issued a circular appointing the week of special prayer to commence on Sunday, November 15th. The President sends a special circular to all the local preachers, class-leaders and members of the Church, with a view to secure their hearty co-operation in the effort to promote a revival of spiritual religion. Dr. Stephenson believes in Methodist union, hence he has sent a fraternal letter to the Presidents of the other Methodist Churches in England desiring that the Churches over which they preside should observe the same week of prayer. The Presidents have all agreed to the proposal, and have sent out a united circular to their respective Churches, desiring that the week before mentioned shall be observed as a week of prayer for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Surely the time to favour Zion must be come.

The debt of the Foreign Missionary Society acts as a great barrier to the prosperity of the missions. The Financial District Meetings were requested to give special attention to the question, and devise a more systematic method of securing subscriptions. Special subscriptions have also been made to reduce the debt. A correspondent suggests that the week of prayer should also be a week of self-denial, during which \$100,000 could easily be raised to pay off the missionary debt.

Rev. Dr. Moulton and his son, Rev. J. H. Moulton, are preparing a commentary on the New Testament specially for the use of local preachers and others who are not cognizant with the original Greek.

Rev. T. Champness has also published a devotional book, entitled, "New Every Morning," similar to Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury."

Additional agents are being called for from every part of the mission field. Recently two ladies were sent to Ceylon, one of whom is the daughter of an Irish Methodist minister.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The total increase in the various mission fields is 142 members. There are 91 churches, 33 missionaries, one lady helper, two medical missionaries, 45 Chinese agents, 3,668 members and 989 candidates. In the fifty-one mission schools there are 912 teachers and 3,911 scholars. The Training Institution in China is doing its important work in preparing a native ministry. The Girls' Training College is opening the way to the future influence of women in the spreading of the Gospel; and the Medical Mission, with its 6,000 cases during the year, is not only a centre of good influence at the hospital, but

is extending its beneficent attraction by means of healing tours in the country districts in connection with evangelistic work.

The total mission income is \$31,005, an increase of \$401. There is a debt of \$22,765.

An *in memoriam* tablet in honor of Dr. Stacey's noble life and character has been placed in Broomhill Chapel, Sheffield.

The Sunday-school scholars are examined annually respecting the success of their studies, not only in Scripture, but also as to their knowledge of the connexional history, polity and doctrines. This is an arrangement which other branches of Methodism might profitably imitate.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The foundation stones of a new church were recently laid at Sheffield. The Mayor and Mayoress of the town, Sir Frederick Mappin, M.P., and Mr. Adams, laid the stones. These distinguished personages represented the Church of England, the Wesleyan and Congregational denominations, who jointly contributed \$3,775 in connection with the service.

New Sunday-schools and an Assembly Hall have been opened at Southport, under the superintendence of the Rev. Thos. Guttery, formerly of Toronto. The new buildings form the handsomest ecclesiastical structures in this fashionable watering-place. The opening collections amounted to \$1,400.

The news from the African missions is most cheering. At Fernando Po and at Aliwal North many additions are being made to the churches. Congregations are crowded, and school work is making great progress.

A down-town church in Bradford has been converted into mission premises, to consist of a large room to be used for public services.

The subject of holiness is attracting great attention. Conventions are being held in various central places, for which special arrangements were made. Revs. Drs. Watson, Mac-

donald and Hill, from Boston, U.S., are taking part in the services.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A vicar in South London recently manifested some kindness to a society of Bible Christians, and the *Church Times* cannot understand how any person in holy orders could thus fraternize with "a body of sectaries, who certainly stand in need of such influence as the vicar of the parish at his admission to priest's orders promised to exert."

During the recent Conference at Plymouth the subject of the China Mission was introduced, when several friends were present, and in a short time the sum of \$2,025 was contributed.

The centenary of Rev. Jas. Thorne, one of the founders of the denomination, takes place in 1895, which the Conference intends to celebrate. The Hon. S. J. Way, of South Australia, will pay the expense of the son and daughter of Mr. Thorne, now in Australia, to visit England to attend the Centenary services of their father. An additional missionary is to be sent to New Zealand.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The increase in the number of Sunday-schools for the past year is 74; the net increase in the number of scholars is 6,997. The General Conference statistician entreats that both at District Meetings and Annual Conferences greater care should be bestowed in preparing the various schedules, without which it is impossible to secure even approximate accuracy. The amount of missionary money raised by the juveniles is \$26,212.98.

The meeting of the Central Board of Missions was held at St. John, N.B., and is reported to have been a very harmonious and successful meeting. The pulpits of the city and adjacent places are occupied by strangers from the West. Several missionary meetings were held. The amount raised last year was \$243,000, an increase of \$23,000 over the previous year.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid in Toronto. The Rev. A. B. Chambers created considerable interest by exhibiting a nail which he had extracted from the first Methodist church built in Canada ninety-nine years ago, and had silver-plated and gold-tipped and attached to his watch-chain. There are to-day nearly 4,000 churches in Canada, worth at least \$4,000,000. Ten Methodist churches are built daily on the American continent.

ITEMS.

The second Methodist Ecumenical Conference is being held as these notes are being printed. The gathering will be one of unusual interest, and we trust will give an impetus to Methodism in various parts of the world.

The Mission Board of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church has invited the Sunday-schools to co-operate in paying for the new missionary ship by contributing \$2,500 in 10,000 shares at one shilling each.

A distinguished politician who is not a Methodist declares that the labours of Methodist preachers "have added five dollars per acre to every acre of land in the West." If the Church had a fair rate of interest on the aggregate sum produced by that five dollars per acre she would not need a collection to help take care of her superannuates.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that \$75,000,000 is annually contributed in the United States for the support of the churches, and that \$31,000,000 more are contributed for purely religious objects. Although this is far less than the people spend for liquor, it is enough to show that interest in religion is on the increase. Twenty times more Bibles have been printed and put into circulation during the century now drawing to a close than had been produced altogether before the beginning of the century. This does not indicate a decline of interest in Christianity.

A medical missionary in China recently treated fourteen men in one day, who represented eleven of the eighteen provinces of the empire.

At a Roman Catholic Conference in Wigan, Father Power declared that "never since Elizabeth's reign had the prospects of the Catholic Church been darker in England. In most parts of the country it was not only losing members relatively, but absolutely. Liverpool was the only diocese which had showed an increase of Catholics, and that was not in proportion to the increase of the population. Emigration to America, apostasy and the aversion of young men to matrimony were the reasons.

The Queen of Madagascar, with 200,000 of her subjects, is ranged on the side of Christianity.

Recently a Chinese convert, who refused to reveal his name to Dr. Masters, of San Francisco, handed him a package containing \$100 in gold, nearly all his earthly possessions, directing him to expend the amount in securing a native Chinaman to preach the Gospel in China.

RECENT DEATHS.

We regret to learn the death of the Rev. Wm. Scott, the venerable and venerated minister of our Church. The full particulars we have not heard, but understand that he was injured by collision with a bicycle near his own house, and in a few days passed away from labour to reward. The life of the Rev. William Scott goes back to the early years of the century, he being in the eighty-first year of his age. Cornish's "Hand-Book" records his reception on trial at the New York Conference in 1836, and his subsequent labours at Brockville, Yonge Street, Amherstburg, St. Clair, St. Armand, Melbourne, Montreal, Odelltown, Peterboro', Toronto, Ottawa, Prescott, Matilda, Napanee, Oshawa, Smith's Falls, Stanstead, Dunham and Waterloo; he was twice Secretary of the Conference, twice delegate to the General Conference, six years chairman of district, President of his Conference, governor of Stanstead College, and was a man of marked literary ability, a ready and racy writer, and an enthusiastic advocate of the temperance reform. We expect a more adequate notice of his life and labours.

Rev. W. Moister, of the English Conference, died in August last, at the great age of 83. He spent thirty years in the mission fields of the West Indies and Africa. The late Rev. John Gemley was converted under his ministry in the West Indies. Mr. Moister was the author of several valuable works on Missions.

Rev. G. H. Davis, of Montreal Conference, was removed to the Church triumphant in September. He was a native of England, and had the advantage of being trained in the first Theological Institution. In 1842 he was sent to Canada by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and laboured first in Montreal, and for more than forty years was stationed in several important places, both in Quebec and Ontario. For at least nine years he was Chairman of Districts. He was a man greatly beloved, a real Christian gentleman, and was very useful in building up the Church. For several years he sustained a superannuated relation, but labored as much as his strength would allow, and was always ready to render help to the minister of the church where he worshipped.

As we go to press we regret to hear of the death in this city, at the residence of his son, Mr. J. E. Hansford, on Sunday, October 11th, of the Rev. Dr. Hansford. He died of paralysis. He was beloved and honoured wherever known—a man of deep piety, of wide and varied reading, of pure and beautiful character. The *Mail* gives the following facts concerning his life:—"The Rev. Dr. Hansford was connected with the Montreal Conference, of which he was at one time president, and was also missionary treasurer for a number of years.

He was born at Longbredy, Dorsetshire, England, on July 14th, 1830, and at the age of twenty-five came to this country, settling in Quebec city, where he assumed his first pastoral charge. He was subsequently stationed at Three Rivers, Montreal, Ottawa, Napanee, Barrie, Pembroke, Perth, and other places. For three years (1873-76) he was principal of Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Quebec. The deceased was married to a daughter of Mr. James Reynar, sister of Professor Reynar, of Victoria University, and leaves a family of two sons and two daughters, all of whom survive him. Dr. Hansford retired more than a year ago from active work in the Church and was placed on the superannuated list."

Rev. D. E. Brownell, of the London Conference, finished his course also in September, 1891. For thirty-two years he did good service in various circuits in the Conference of which he was a member. Some of his first appointments were hard fields of toil, but he laboured with great zeal to do the work of an evangelist, and he did not labour in vain, as his labours were often crowned with success.

Rev. Thomas Williams, of the new South Australian Conference, entered into rest a few weeks ago. He was a native of Lincolnshire, and was one of the first missionaries in Fiji, in 1839. He was often in peril, but lived to see thousands of cannibals brought into the Church. He was well acquainted with King Thakombau, who became a Christian and lived an exemplary life. He wrote several books on Fiji. He was a noble man, and did valiant service for his Master.

COULD I for a moment dream
 God is not in all I see,
 Oh ! how dreadful were the dream
 Of a world devoid of Thee !
 But since Thou art ever near,
 Ruling all that falls to me,
 I can smile at pain or care,
 Since it comes in love from Thee.

—*Sir John Bowring.*

Book Notices.

Report of the Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario, 1891. 8vo, pp. 799. Toronto: Warwick & Sons.

We are indebted to the courtesy of our friend Dr. Rosebrugh, who was himself a very active member of the commission, and to whom, probably, more than to any other man, it owed its existence, for a copy of this able and exhaustive report on a very important subject. It will long be a treasury of information and classified facts and figures on all penological subjects. It is very gratifying to find that the moral status of Canada ranks so high as it does. The population of Massachusetts is almost identical in number with that of Ontario, yet the commitments to prison in the former in 1890 were 38,603, as compared with 11,893 in the same year in Ontario, or more than three to one. The criminal percentage in 1889 in England and Wales was 2.45; in Scotland, 2.5; in Ireland, 3.77; in Massachusetts, 3.07; in Ontario, 1.00.

The evidence given in favour of prison reform and of the mitigation of the penal code is most striking. "At the time when England bristled with gibbets," says Charles Dudley Warner, "and the tree which bore most fruit in that damp climate was the gallows," it did not decrease crime, but was believed by many to have increased it. Among the causes of crime cited by the commission are the following: "The want of proper parental control; the lack of good home training and the baneful influence of bad homes, largely due to the culpable neglect and indifference of parents and the evil effects of drunkenness." It is also stated "that intemperance, directly and indirectly, is unquestionably one of the most fruitful causes of crime, and its effects are wholly evil."

In one respect this book is a very saddening one; it is like the pro-

phet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe. It is the study of morbid moral pathology; of the corrupting diseases of the body politic. But such a study is necessary to diagnose the causes of these evils, and, if possible, to discover the cure.

A most important section of the book is the *verbatim* reports of the examination of wardens, jailers, reformatory chaplains and other experts on prison topics, who gave evidence before the commission throughout the country and in the United States. It is shown that prison labour forms such a small portion of the industrial output of the country, and so affects only in a very minute degree the labouring classes. Mrs. Bradley gave very strong evidence that the use of tobacco had a morally deleterious effect, not merely upon those who practise it, but also upon their children.

The testimony of ex-Mayor Howland as to the condition of the waifs of society in the city of Toronto, of whose "goodness" we so pride ourselves, is very saddening. He demonstrates the vast advantages of preventing, by means of industrial schools and moral agency, boys from becoming criminals, rather than punishing them after they become such. He cites the instance of a family the total time spent by whose members in jail since 1879 has been twenty-two years, at a cost to the country of at least \$5,000. These would have been trained to earn honest livelihoods for about \$1,000. But who shall estimate the value of rescuing their souls from degradation and ruin, and training them up in virtue and religion? He claims that fifty children a year have been reclaimed by a little truant school in the city maintained by voluntary support. Some of the testimonies are very touching. "I have known a boy," he says, "sleep in his best

clothes to keep his mother from stealing them for drink." And other cases infinitely sadder than this are recorded.

It is evident from the testimony here given that the Reformatory at Penetanguishene itself needs reforming. In that institution, under the protection of the law, boys are allowed to play on Sunday afternoon at baseball and lacrosse, for which they would be punished by law if the same things were done by them outside the Reformatory. The assignment of indeterminate sentence with the possibility of shortening the term by good behaviour, and of progressive or cumulative sentence for the severer punishment of hardened offenders on their repeated commitment, is strongly recommended by the commission; also in all reformatories for young people the adoption of the cottage system, as opposed to housing in great institutional barracks. God sets man in families like a flock, and as near an approach as possible to a Christian family life is the best preventive and cure of criminality.

It is evident, too, that Catholics and Protestants ought to be kept asunder, and not allowed to flout and jeer at each other's religious principles or scruples. Above all, the early training of the young in the home and Sunday-school, and their industrial training as they grow up, are of vast importance in preparing them for useful life. A practical suggestion is made that the public school-grounds should be open all day as playgrounds for boys and girls. Too often the janitor locks the gates as soon as school is out, and the young folks find no vent for their nervous energy, or chance for physical exercise, except in the crowded dusty streets, or in small and often unwholesome back yards. We should think that a respectful remonstrance from the commission to the school boards of Toronto and other cities would procure a prompt reform in this maladministration. We understand that a convention is shortly to be held to give effect to several of the recommendations of

this commission. We bespeak for it the sympathy and co-operation of as many of our readers as may be able to give it their assistance.

Dr. S. G. Howe, Philanthropist. By F. B. SANBORN. Pp. 370. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Price \$1.50.

This is the record of a very remarkable man, and is well deserving of a place in Funk and Wagnalls' library of American Reformers. The life of Dr. Howe was full of adventure. On completing his medical studies he threw himself with zeal into the struggle of the Greeks for their independence, and had in Greece some very remarkable adventures. He then went to aid the Poles, and was imprisoned for his pains in Berlin. His chief glory, however, is his philanthropic labour on behalf of the blind, the deaf and dumb, idiots and insane. Indeed, he threw himself into every form of philanthropy. "More than any other man," says his biographer, "since John Howard," he had, like that reformer of prisons, trod in Howard's "open but unfrequented path to immortality." He stood by Father Taylor in his Bethel labours for the salvation of seamen; and by Horace Mann in his efforts as an educational reformer; and by Sumner and John Brown and the Abolitionists in their war against that "sum of all villainies," American slavery. The great achievement of his life, however, was not his military services in Greece or Poland, nor even his part in the American anti-slavery war, but in his breaking the fetters which bound the intellect of Laura Bridgman, a young girl who, deaf, dumb, blind, almost without sense of taste or smell, was yet led forth into communion with her kind and into intellectual development, by the unwearying patience and enthusiasm of humanity which inspired the soul of Dr. Howe. The story of his life reads like a romance, and is of such absorbing interest that we have asked our friend, Rev. A. C. Courtice, B.D., to make it the subject of a special article for this MAGAZINE.

The Fate of Republics. By PROF. L. T. TOWNSEND, D.D. Pp. 303. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book has already passed through several editions, and is revised and its historical part brought down to date by its accomplished author. Anything written by Prof. Townsend will well repay reading, and his historical summaries are remarkable for their brilliance and condensation. He shows by a wide induction of facts that the republics of antiquity and of the Middle Ages fell through their own corruption, and he prognosticates a similar fate for that of the United States, under the menace of the perils arising from social and political evils, and from aggressive Romanism. "The facts presented," he says, "appear already as black and portentous clouds along our country's horizon, and day by day the gloom thickens." One of the perils he specially refers to is that from illiteracy, not merely among the newly emancipated slaves in the South, but in the border States, where one of the school commissioners states that the people as a whole are making greater efforts to raise pigs than to educate their children.

The greatest peril seems to us to be the rôle played by the saloon in politics. But we are far from sharing Professor Townsend's pessimistic views as to the future of the American Union. There is patriotism and religion enough to triumph over all these menacing ills. The so-called republics of Greece and Rome were not republics at all, but an oligarchy of tyrants. The stablest empire on earth to-day, that of Great Britain, is more really a republic, through the democratisation of society and of the Churches, than any the world ever saw before. The United States has done marvels in absorbing and assimilating into its political life many millions of the worst classes of Europe. Now that that influx is likely to be checked, the power of the Churches and of the schools will be the great moral antiseptic that will save the nation from corruption.

We quite agree with Dr. Townsend that "the only thing that can save the United States from the fatality of historic republics is practical Christianity among the masses of the people." But we think that the million of Sunday-school teachers, the ten millions of Sunday-school scholars, and the nearly two millions of young people pledged to Christian work and Christian consecration in the Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavour Societies and King's Sons and Daughters, are a pledge and portent of the preservation of the Republic from the destruction that has overtaken the selfish oligarchies of antiquity. We prefer, instead of Dr. Townsend's jeremiad, Browning's exultant prophecy, "God is in His heaven; all's right with the world."

Picturesque India. By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: Geo. Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.65.

This is the best book on India, within reasonable size and cost, that we know. Mr. Caine, who is the well-known energetic Member of Parliament for Borough-in-Furness, an active worker in political and social reforms, and an ardent friend of missions, has rendered great service to all who would form some idea of Britain's great Indian empire, by collecting so much valuable information as is found in this book, and by presenting it in such attractive form. Mr. Caine is at once an acute observer and vivid recorder of what he has seen.

In looking over these sumptuous pages we have brought before us graphic pictures by pen and pencil of the teeming populations of the great cities, those humming hives of industry; the many-coloured processions, pomp and pageantry of barbarous kings and princes; the strange architecture of palaces and mausoleums; the ghats and tanks and tombs. These are all reproduced in vivid description and in accurate portraiture. Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of the book is its ample and admirable

illustration. There are about two hundred and fifty excellent engravings, many of them full page, which add much to the interest and value of the volume. Special attention has been given in this book to the subject of missions, in which the author takes a profound interest. Through the distinguished kindness of Mr. Caine and of the Messrs. Routledge, his publishers, we are enabled to present in the forthcoming volumes of this MAGAZINE a very large number of these admirable engravings, accompanied by ample citations from the descriptive text.

The Doctrine of the Future Life, from a Scriptural, Philosophical and Scientific Point of View, including especially a Discussion on Immortality, the Intermediate State, the Resurrection and Final Retribution. By JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The name of the venerable author of this book is a sufficient guarantee as to the conspicuous ability with which this important doctrine is treated, and the soundness and scriptural orthodoxy of the views which are maintained. It is one of those precious little books which may truly be said to be *multum in parvo*. It is very compendious and inexpensive, but leaves nothing to be desired in the treatment of this vast theme. An excellent feature is an appendix containing a bibliography, with brief criticisms of the chief books on the subject.

The Homes, Haunts and Friends of John Wesley. Being the Centenary number of the *Methodist Recorder*, revised and enlarged, with illustrations. Small 4to, pp 154. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

One of the best, if not the very best, of the illustrated issues called forth by the Centennial of the death of Wesley, was the memorial num-

ber of the *Methodist Recorder*. It was well worthy of being reproduced in more permanent form, and with more careful printing of the numerous engravings than was possible in the paper in which they first appeared. In this revised and enlarged form it presents one of the best souvenirs of the life and labours of that great man than we have anywhere seen. It has nearly one hundred illustrations, many of them of unique interest and importance. It should be in every Methodist household and Sunday-school.

What Rome Teaches. By M. F. CUSACK (The Nun of Kenmare). 12mo, cloth. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Since the author's conversion to Protestantism she has observed with regret how few Protestants are really well informed as to the actual teachings of Catholicism and its attitude toward politics and the press. This has led her to prepare this book, with the view of giving information where it is needed, and will be of value. Her intimate knowledge of Catholic doctrine and instruction, her long experience in Romanist work and association with Romanist workers, and her command of a vigorous style, admirably fit her to prepare a work of value and interest.

How to Read the English Bible. A Canadian Chautauqua Lecture. By the REV. JOHN BURTON, B.D.

This is an admirable discussion of an important theme. Mr. Burton always writes judiciously, and never more so than in this excellent pamphlet. We commend it to the study of all Bible readers.

The Expository Times, is a high class monthly, published by the famous house of T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. It is devoted to condensed reviews of new books and fuller treatment of expository topics. Mr. T. D. McAinsh, Toronto, is the Canadian agent. Price \$1 a year.



LADDER PATH TO VILLAGE OF ALBIGNON, NEAR LEUKERBAD,
SWITZERLAND.

THE Methodist Magazine.

December, 1891.

AN ANCIENT WATERING-PLACE.

THE BATHS OF LEUK.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., AND W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

To reach these famous baths, which have been memorable for their cures from the time of the Romans, one crosses the Gemmi Pass—one of the most romantic in Europe. Proceeding from Spiez, on Lake Thun, the route leads through a rich pastoral valley, studded with picturesque villages, and thriving farmsteads, and quaint chalets. But for the dress of the peasantry, and the peculiar style of architecture everywhere adopted, many parts of the valley of Frutigen might lead the traveller to forget that he was in Switzerland and to fancy himself in one of the most fertile and best farmed counties of England.

As Kandersteg is approached the ascent becomes more rapid, and the scenery assumes an Alpine character. The little hamlet lies amid a magnificent mountain panorama. We took a lonely evening walk up a gorge of wildest desolation. The overhanging crags, swept by the trailing fringes of the clouds, seemed as if they would inevitably topple down and crush the rash mortal who had dared to invade their solitary domain. A more intense sense of isolation and of brooding solitude we never felt. It seemed like some lone valley of the primeval world, before the creation of man.

In the hotel parlour on Sunday we had a thoroughly High Church service. Two clergymen in full canonicals—gown, surplice, and hood—officiated. A table draped in white, at the east end of the room, served as an altar. On it were two candles—not lighted, however. The service was intoned throughout—Creed, Lord's Prayer, and all. The congregation consisted of four ladies and one gentleman beside the writer. Nevertheless the simple beauty of the prayers, which have voiced the aspirations of suc-

cessive generations, could not be marred by the puerilities with which they were accompanied.



BATHS OF LEUK, LOOKING TOWARDS GEMMI.

Leaving Kandersteg, the path which is now only a bridle path, after a steep ascent, traverses a bleak, bare plateau, and winds

round a desolate gloomy tarn, the Dauben Sea, whose ice-cold waters are fed by the melting of the Lammeren glaciers. The zig-zag path was dreadfully steep and tiring, but the grand views of Blümlis Alp gave an excuse for often stopping to rest. We joined a pleasant Quaker party from Philadelphia, to

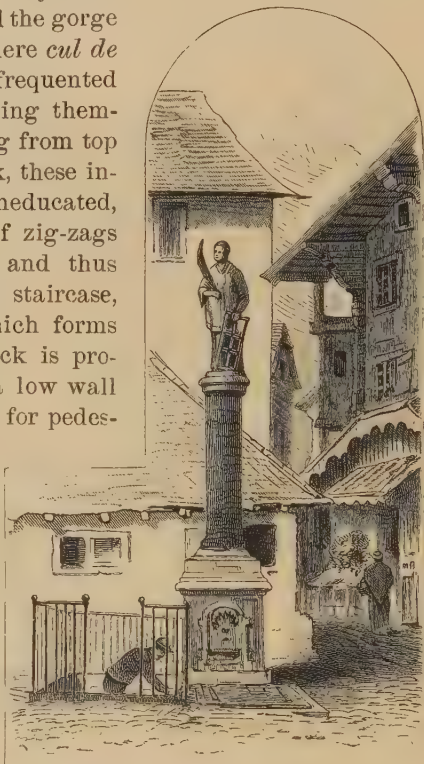


VUE ON THE GEMMI PASS
(LEUK SIDE).

whom our recognition of a quotation from Lowell, by one of the ladies, sufficed for an introduction—so unconventional is the etiquette of mountain travel. After a four hours' walk we reached the summit of the pass (7,553 feet high), when there burst upon the sight a magnificent view of the Rhone Valley and the Alps of the Valais, including the huge Weisshorn, and the rugged pyramid of the Matterhorn, the scene of so many fatal accidents. Under the glowing light it was a panorama of entrancing beauty, and at a dizzy depth beneath, lay the Baths of Leuk.

T. M. Allen
10 Aug. 1871

But how to reach the village of Leukerbad is the question. It lies 2,000 feet below us; the huge hotels looking like toy-houses in the distance. The bastions of rock are perpendicular; in some places they even overhang the valley. Yet down the face of this scarpd rock must we descend. From below a few men and mules may be seen making their way upward or downward, and looking like flies clinging to the bare surface of the rock. They are passing over a perfectly good road, made in the course of the last century by a party of Tyrolese work-people, who have turned the gorge of the Dala from being a mere *cul de sac* into one of the most frequented passes in the Alps. Availing themselves of a deep cleft, running from top to bottom of the wall of rock, these ingenious and daring, though uneducated, engineers formed a series of zig-zags up the sides of the chasm, and thus have constructed a winding staircase, about five feet in width, which forms an excellent road. The track is protected on the outer side by a low wall of railings, and is quite safe for pedestrians. There is little or no danger in riding up the pass; but to ride down is sheer madness. The Countess of Arlincourt, travelling with her husband on her bridal tour, fell over the precipice and was dashed to pieces. The cantonal authorities now require all persons to dismount at the top and walk down. Invalids borne



ST. LAWRENCE WELL, BATHS OF LEUK.

down to the baths sometimes have their eyes blindfolded to avoid seeing the perils of the way. The old lady of the Quaker party above mentioned was carried down in a chair by relays of strong-armed guides, who sang a wild refrain, which was weirdly echoed from the opposite wall of rock. The young ladies walked down, which it requires pretty good nerve to do. To the right of the picture on page 524 may be traced the zig-zag line of the winding path. This is shown more in detail in the cut on page 525. The

path climbs the cliff, from which a dizzying view is gained of the tremendous gorge to the right.

Leukerbad, at the foot of the Gemmi, is a village crowded to overflowing during a few weeks of summer, and deserted all the rest of the year. It consists almost exclusively of huge hotels and bath-houses. The peasants' cottages are very primitive without and within. They are grouped about on the meadow or



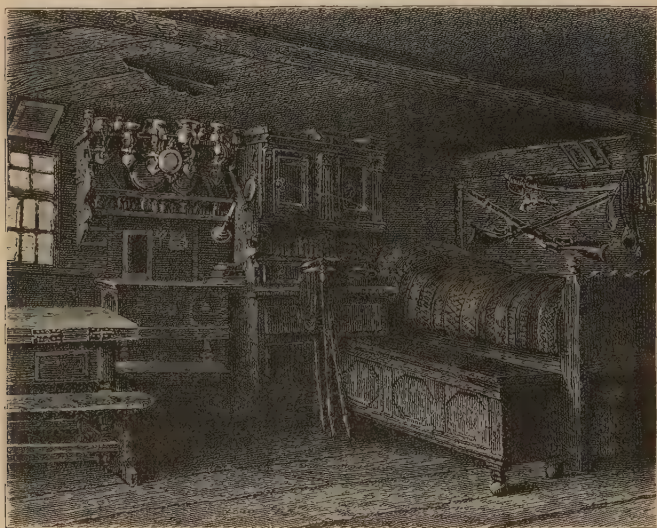
VIEW IN THE OLD VIL-
LAGE (BATHS OF
LEUK).

on the mountain slope. Within they are very sombre on account of their small windows, low smoke-stained wooden ceiling, solid furniture and carved dressers, adorned with brightly polished metal ware. In the cut the oaken chest, the bed, the chamois guns and side-arms, and the ice picks and alpine stocks will be observed.

During the summer season large numbers of visitors assemble

here, of whom a minority come for the enjoyment of the magnificent scenery of the neighbourhood, and the majority for the famous hot baths. There are ten or twelve springs which burst forth in and around the valley. The supply of hot mineral water is so profuse that nine-tenths of the whole flows away into the Dala unused. The principal spring, that of St. Lawrence, comes up in an impetuous torrent, at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit. On a column is seen a statue of the Saint, bearing the palm of martyrdom, and the gridiron on which he was roasted to death, as shown in the cut on page 526.

The patients, most of whom are suffering from some cutaneous or scrofulous disorder, commence by staying in the bath



ROOM IN A PEASANT'S COTTAGE, IN THE VALLEY OF LEUK.

for an hour at a time. This is gradually increased till the bathers remain immersed in saline tepid water for five or six hours daily. The tedium of spending so many hours alone would be intolerable. Hence the custom has originated of bathing together, and in public. Of course, the strictest decorum is observed, and rules are laid down to regulate the dress and conduct of the bathers. The drèsses are made of dark brown cloth. Conversation goes on freely. The baths are navigated by little tables of wood, at which the patients take their meals; ladies have their flowers or needlework, gentlemen their snuff-boxes or dominoes. The day is passed in breakfasting, chatting, reading, knitting, and playing at games of skill or chance; sometimes

more boisterous sports are permitted; and we remember looking on at a very vigorous game of blind-man's-buff, played by bathers



THE INTERIOR OF A BATH (BATHS OF LEUK).

immersed to the chin in water. We saw a young girl reading a letter, and children playing ball and swimming about; and one stout old gentleman in spectacles reading his paper, had a very

comical look. The bathers looked like a lot of mermen and mermaids—one almost expected to see the fins. It was scarce possible to bear one's hand in the water, it was so hot.

The valley is almost shut in by the nearly perpendicular cliffs which rear their lofty walls on either side. These are so steep that dangerous avalanches have often occurred, sweeping away most of the houses and destroying sometimes half a hundred lives. In the year 1830, a protective wall 245 yards in length, sixteen feet in height, and of an average thickness of about six feet, was erected a short distance above the village. But in spite of this wall, the object of which was to divert the course of the avalanches from the village, it several times happened that an avalanche passed over the wall, down to the village, though without occasioning much damage.

The scenery of the Leukerbad Valley is most impressive and beautiful under all conditions of light and atmospheric effect. But to be seen to perfection, like Melrose Abbey, "you should visit it by moonlight." All scenery needs some specific condition of light and shade to bring out its highest beauty. The Lake of Thun should be seen in bright sunlight; the Lake of Lucerne, with masses of mist and cloud floating to and fro, casting deep, black shadows, and robing the mountain in mysterious gloom. The valley of Chamounix is never so grand as at sunrise or sunset. The Gemmi should be seen from the gorge of the Dala in the light of the broad, full moon, as Cheever describes it.

"The moon rose from behind the mountains, so that we had the hour and the scene of all others the most beautiful. No language can describe the extraordinary effect of the light falling on the mighty perpendicular crags and ridges of the Gemmi on the other side, while the village itself remained in darkness. It appeared as if the face of this mountain was gradually lighted up from an inward pale fire suffused in rich radiance over it, for it was hours before we could see the moon, though we could see her veil of soft light resting upon those gigantic, rock-ribbed rebel barriers of nature.

"This beautiful night, after the moon was fully risen, I could not resist the temptation to walk down alone to that deep, wild fir-clad gorge, through which the torrent of the Dala was thundering, that I might experience the full and uninterrupted impression of moonlight and solitude in so grand a scene. As I passed down from the village through the meadow slopes towards the black depths of the ravine, one or two persons were busied, though it was near midnight, silently mowing the grass. A beautifully gray mist, like the moonlight itself, lay upon the fields, and the sweep

of the scythes through the wet grass was the only sound that rose upon the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, save the distant sub-

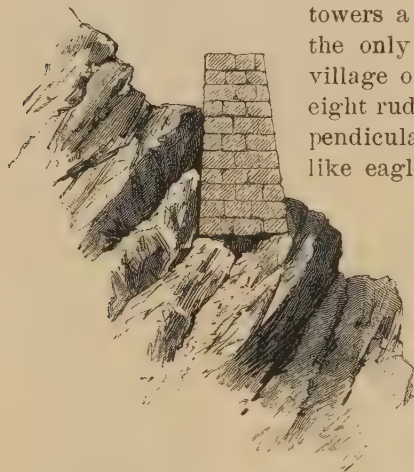


DAUBEN SEA—CHURCH AT LEUKERBAD—THE DALA-FALL.

terranean thunder of the falls of the Dala, buried in the depths of the chasm. Looking down into these depths amidst the din

and fury of the waters, the sublimity of the impression is greatly heightened by the obscurity; and then looking upward along the forest of dark verdure that clothes the overhanging mountain, how still, how beautiful in the moonlight are those rising terraces of trees! They seem as if they, too, had an intelligent spirit, and were watching the night and enjoying its beauty."

The eight miles' walk down the wild valley of the Dala to the Rhone, which we took in broad daylight, was one of the grandest of our life. At the bottom of a gorge, 900 feet deep, raves the



AVALANCHE WALL ON THE
TORRENTHORN.

brawling torrent. Above the pathway towers a cliff one thousand feet high, the only way to climb which to the village of Albignon is by a series of eight rude ladders attached to the perpendicular rock. The villages looked like eagles' nests hanging on the steep slopes. The mountaineers never hesitate to make use of these ladders, even in the dark and when carrying heavy burdens — bringing provisions to the Baths; but novices will do well to exercise considerable caution. The ever-varying views were so entrancing that we scarce could tear ourselves away. As a consequence we

had to hurry down a rough short cut, like the dry bed of a torrent, to catch the railway train at Leuk. Never, we think, was the transition from foot-sore, weary pedestrianism, to the rapid travel of an express train, more grateful than to the demoralized individual who, that lovely summer evening, was whirled down the Rhone Valley to Martigny. In the valley are several picturesque old castles of the robber knights and fighting bishops of the middle ages; and some, indeed, date from Roman times.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :

The moon is hid ; the night is still ;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

—Tennyson.

CHINA AND ITS NEEDS.*

Behold, these shall come from far :
 And lo ! these from the north and from the west ;
 And these from the land of Sinim.

Isaiah xlix. 12.

CHINA is a vast country. For more than three thousand miles its shores are washed by the ceaseless surges of the sea. It encloses a desert, vast as any over which sterility ever reigned ; it embraces plains as exuberant as were ever pressed by foot of man. The area of its largest plain is greater by one-half than all the German Empire.

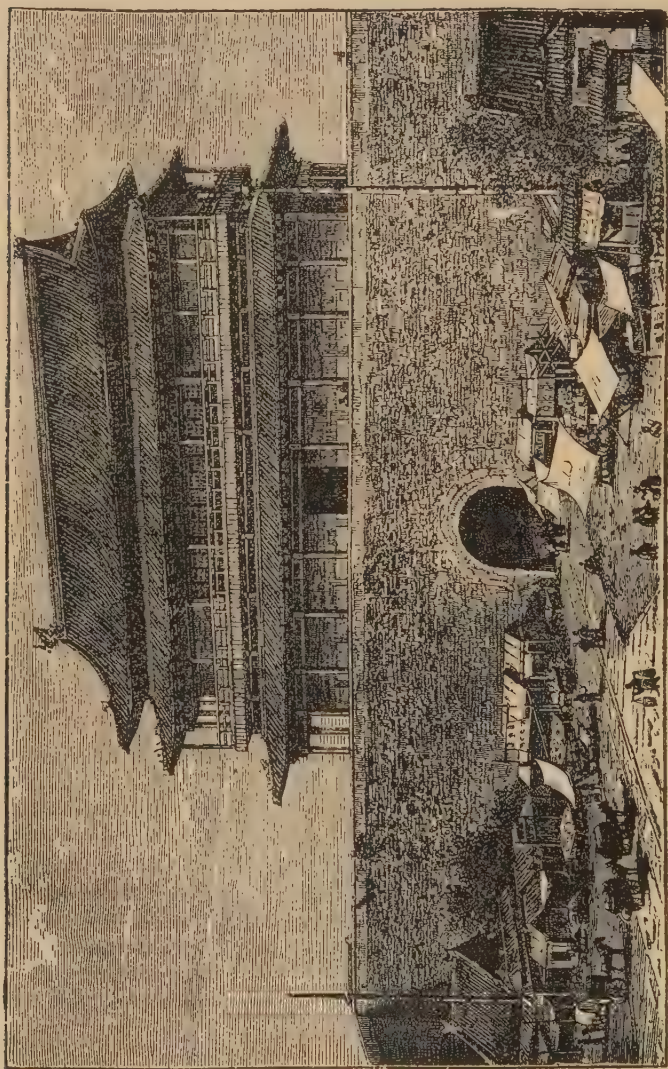
Great rivers drain and irrigate the land. The Hoang-Ho is almost three times the length of the Ohio, while the Yang-tse is longer than the Mississippi, and drains a basin more extensive than the whole territory of the Republic of Mexico. One-tenth of the population derive their food from the waters of the country. The extent of its coal-fields was more than twenty times greater than those of all Europe, being 419,000 square miles, and side by side with the coal is iron ore. It has all degrees of altitude, from the sea level to the perpetual snow line. It has all varieties of climate. One may be ice-bound at Pekin, while the thermometer seldom falls below 50° at Canton. It is not easy to make real to ourselves an Empire which comprises one-third of the continent of Asia, and one-tenth of the habitable globe ; which sweeps through seventy degrees of latitude and forty of longitude, whose circuit is half the circumference of the globe.

Professor Douglas thus describes it : "From one end of the country to the other the land blossoms as the rose, and yields to the diligent and careful tillage of the natives enough and to spare of all that is necessary for the comfort and well-being of man. Nor have these advantages become the recent possessions of the people. For many centuries they have been in full enjoyment of them, and on every side the evidences of long-established wealth and commercial enterprise are observable."

Extent compared with other countries.—Various are the expedients to which men have resorted to "take the great idea in." Comparisons in geography are now popular. Try France on the chart of China and you may sketch the one seven times on the other, and have space to spare. Try the Chinese em-

* Abridged from an admirable pamphlet on this subject by the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., and from other sources.—ED.

pire by this comparative chartology, and it will exceed Great Britain and Ireland forty-four times. It can be dissected into 104 Englands, or 176 Scotlands. Lay all Europe on China and



CHEAN GATE AT PEKIN, WITH GATE TOWER ABOVE.

the latter is one-third larger. Lay China on the United States, and it will overrun into the Gulf of Mexico, and four degrees into the Pacific Ocean. Reverse the experiment and lay the United States, including Alaska, on China, and you may gem the

edges with a half-a-dozen of Great Britain and Ireland; that is, you will have a million and a half square miles to add for good measure. Change it from its present shape to that of a belt of land a mile wide, and there would be room for a walking match from end to end, of thirty miles a day, continued through more than four and a half centuries.

Dr. Legge, forty years a missionary in China, and now Professor of Chinese in the University at Oxford, does not think that anybody can say anything more definite than the Chinese Ambassador in Paris, who recently stated the population at four hundred millions.

Populousness compared with other countries.—There are one-third more people in China than in all the countries of Europe combined; twice as many as on the four continents, Africa, North and South America, and Oceanica. One-third of the human race is in China. Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heaven, is a Chinese. Every third child born into the world looks into the face of a Chinese mother; every third pair given in marriage plight their troth in a Chinese cup of wine; every third orphan weeping through the day, every third widow wailing through the watches of the night, is in China. Every third person who comes to die, or who sits in contemplation on his own dissolution, is a Chinese. One can but ask, What catechism will this third child learn? What prosperity will follow this bridal? What solace will be afforded these widows? What watch-care will be given these orphans? With what hopes will these multitudes depart?

Depart they must, and the ghastly arithmetic startles us, as we estimate how rapidly they go. Thirty-three thousand Chinese die every day! We pale and shudder at the dim outline of the thought. And yet they stay not! Bury all the people in London in three months, and the rest of mankind would start aghast at the grim event. Yet we record and read with carelessness the statement that four times every year that number die in China. It is equal to burying all the people of England in a year and a half; all of Great Britain and Ireland in thirty months; all of New York City in less than a month; all the people of the United States in less than six years! Terrific ordeal of the imagination! We stagger at the arithmetic, and hide our face from the pallid ranks.

We turn to the living. Put them in rank joining hands, and they will girdle the globe ten times at the equator with living, beating human hearts. Make them an army, and let them move

at the rate of thirty miles a day, week after week, and month after month, and they will not pass you in twenty-three years and a half. Constitute them pilgrims, and let them journey every day and night, under the sunlight and under the solemn stars, and you must hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp, of the weary, pressing, throbbing throng for twelve long years and eight months.

China has a surprising history.—The history of Rome is compassed by about a thousand years. That of Greece varies but little from that of Rome. The history of the Jews from Abraham



SUMMER PALACE, "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES," PEKIN.

to the destruction of Jerusalem is double that of Rome. But China has had a settled form of constitutional government for forty centuries. Ancient Turanian and Aztec nations, Greece, Rome, Persia, Assyria and Babylon have risen, culminated and declined, while the Chinese government has survived through thirty changes of dynasty. Its laws, codified 2,000 years ago, are revised every five years. China was consolidated as a government B.C. 1088, and substituted her present form of government for the feudal two hundred and twenty years before Christ, thus emancipating her people from the feudal system before the Christian era. In theory her government is despotic, but practically it is democratic, the equality of all men before the law

being its fixed principle. The half-dozen nomadic tribes from the region of the Caspian Sea, who settled in the basins drained by the Yellow and Yang-tse rivers, are to-day the greatest multitude of people gathered under one government to be found on the face of the globe, and Peking is the oldest existing capital of any country.

A thousand years before Romulus dreamed of building the Seven-Hilled City the Chinese were a peaceful and prosperous people. While Solomon in all his glory was receiving the Queen of Sheba in Jerusalem, when the arches of Babylon first spanned the Euphrates, when the towers of Nineveh first cast their shadows into the Tigris, when Jonah threatened Nineveh with destruction, when Isaiah foretold the downfall of Babylon, when Daniel prayed and prophesied—through all these years the Chinese were engaged in agriculture, commerce and literature. China was seven hundred years old when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. She had existed fifteen centuries when Isaiah prophesied of her future conversion.

China has an ingenious, intelligent and industrious people. Her records reach backward through four thousand years. She had, 1,700 years ago, a lexicon of the language which is still reckoned among her standards. The earliest missionaries found the Chinese with a knowledge of the magnet.

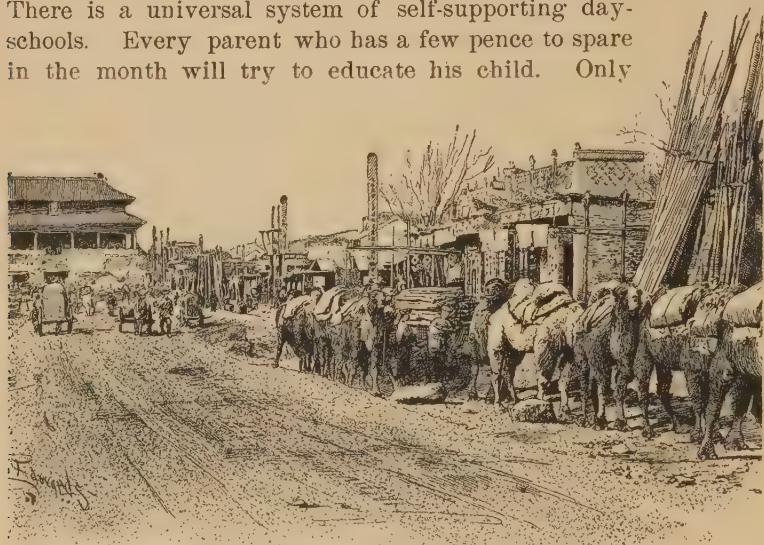
Antiquity of Chinese Civilization.—Let us once more attempt historic parallels. It is said that two centuries before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, Chinese astronomers had recorded observations which have been verified by modern scientists. When Moses led the Israelites through the wilderness, Chinese laws and literature rivalled, and Chinese religious knowledge excelled that of Egypt. The Chinese invented firearms as early as the reign of England's first Edward, and the art of printing five hundred years before Caxton was born. They made paper A.D. 150, and gunpowder about the commencement of the Christian era.

A thousand years ago the forefathers of the present Chinese sold silks to the Romans, and dressed in these fabrics when the inhabitants of the British Isles wore coats of blue paint and fished in willow canoes. Before America was discovered, China had a canal twelve hundred miles long. Her great wall was built two hundred and twenty years before Christ was born in Bethlehem. It varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height and breadth, and passes over mountains and through valleys in an unbroken line for 1,500 miles. Six horsemen could ride abreast upon it. It contains material enough to build a wall five or six feet high

around the globe. It is said to be the only artificial structure that would attract attention in a hasty survey of the globe.

China has at present 1,700 walled cities, the walls of which, in a straight line, would extend 6,000 miles. The longest of her canals is twice the length of the Erie. Her two thousand canals irrigate all parts of the empire. She collects no tolls to keep these canals in repair. Her public works are perhaps unequalled in any land, and by any people, for the amount of human labour bestowed upon them.

Education and Literature.—Of the millions that compose the empire, a vast proportion are able to read and write. There is a universal system of self-supporting day-schools. Every parent who has a few pence to spare in the month will try to educate his child. Only



EAST FLOWERY GATE, PEKIN.

literary graduates are admitted to public office, and ten thousand triannually enter the competitive examinations at Peking. Some who fail to pass these, continue to try until they are old men. They have a list of all graduates during the past five centuries. Education is spurred on by inculcation of precepts of sages and by emoluments of office, open to every child in the empire who wins literary distinction. The literature of China is overwhelming in extent, and the literati have such a superstitious reverence for all papers containing letters, as to place receptacles on the streets for their preservation, and to employ men to collect them that they may not be trodden upon and defiled.

Modern Progress and Enterprise.—The Chinese have an an-

tipathy to foreigners, and often give credence to absurd stories about them, such as that they have "no joints to their knees," and that their sailors have "webbed feet"; that foreigners see a hundred yards into the earth, and missionaries extract the eyeballs of murdered Chinese children for the purpose of making charms.

In the face of all this, they are learning of the foreigner and accepting many of his improvements. Dock-yards and arsenals have been established, gunboats and corvettes built and equipped at the Foo-Chow dockyard, and superintended by French inspectors; a post-captain of the British navy taught the future officers of a Chinese fleet, and a frigate has been built and launched at the arsenal at Shanghai. Retiring officers of the British army command the Camp of Instruction at Shanghai, and Americans, the drilled force of Ningpo. The Taku forts are armed with Krupp guns. They have re-organized their army, furnishing them with the Enfield, Colt and Remington rifles. The cumbersome junks are giving way on the coast and great rivers to fine steamships. Chinese banks, insurance companies and boards of trade are to be found in all the leading ports. The Imperial College of Peking, presided over by Dr. Martin, the missionary, is the West Point of China, with a hundred students mastering western sciences and languages. Scientific and popular magazines circulate among the literati and the ruling portion of society.

They exhibit great tact and skill in the use of modern appliances, and do not hesitate to migrate for business purposes. They are seamen on Pacific steamers, brakemen on Cuba railroads, miners in Peru; are in the shoe shops, laundries, kitchen and woollen mills of the United States; are on the sugar plantations of the West Indies, and are to be found from San Diego to Puget Sound. Dr. R. H. Graves says: "There are 50,000 of them in the Philippine Islands; 50,000 in the English colony at Singapore, where they own four-fifths of all the real estate; 50,000 more in the Malay Peninsula; 1,300,000 in Siam; thousands in Cochin China, and thousands more in Borneo, Java and Sumatra. The colonies founded by the Spaniards, Dutch, French and English are being rapidly filled up by Chinese. In the Sandwich Islands there are more Chinese men than men of the native race."

They are equal to every climate, whether that of the iceberg of the north, or the malarious tracts of the tropics. Their power of endurance of all climates is unequalled by those of any other race. A British writer has said, "If the hard work of this world were to be farmed out to the lowest bidder, with political protection and honest pay, it seems likely that the Chinese race would take the contract."

China has complicated religious systems. The primitive religion of China was a species of nature-worship. Hills, rivers and ancestors received offerings. "Heaven," "the Supreme Ruler," and a fabled "Six honoured Ones," were worshipped. Divination was practised, but no rewards or punishments of conduct were inculcated.

Blending of the three great religions.—There are three prominent religions in China at present, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, but no person is exclusively of either. A Chinaman is a religious triangle, and when he becomes a Christian, Christianity wins a triumph over three opposing faiths at once, one of which has laid hold of the intellect, another of the conscience, and the



SEDAN CHAIR.

third the affections of the people. The blending of these is seen in the fact, that while Confucianism is theoretically the only religion of the state, Taoism furnishes the gods of literature and of war, as well as the patron gods of each city and town, while Buddhist priests must be invited to assist in religious ceremonies, and the whole resolve themselves into the worship of gods and ancestors. Buddhist and Taoist priests attend the same weddings and funerals and pray side by side, as if their systems of religion were identical in origin and purpose, with merely an accidental difference of name.

Two popular forms of the religious thought and habit of the Chinese demand special notice.

Ancestor Worship.—The worship of ancestors antedates, but

was adopted by Confucius, and is the most powerful religious custom affecting China. It is the most universal and ancient form of idolatry found in the country. It hangs a curtain of gloomy superstition over the land. Ancestral halls are endowed and repaired, and the ceremonies perpetuated thereby.

Numerous tablets, twelve to fifteen inches high are erected for departed relatives, before which incense is burned morning and evening. For a deceased father the ceremonial must be kept up for forty-nine days. A bridegroom's ancestors must be worshipped by his bride as well as himself. When a scholar obtains his degree, when an officer is advanced in rank, and on anniversaries of births and deaths, this worship must be performed. At the Festival of the Tombs in the spring time, the people universally have a family gathering to worship the dead. In ancestral halls, in private rooms, in the house, before a few tablets or hundreds, the worship goes on. A family is mentioned in Canton having eleven hundred tablets in each of two rooms, and the third containing an image of the ancestor, a disciple of Confucius who lived B. C. 300. The tablets are arranged from above downwards, the oldest being on the top. The venerable amongst the living may have tablets also, but covered with red paper.

The object of this worship is two-fold, viz.: to secure the repose of the dead; to provide them with comfort, clothing, furniture, made of paper and transported to them by burning; and also to secure the worshipper from damage in person, business or property, from the restless ghosts of these departed relations. One half of the female population of China devote their time, not occupied in domestic duties, to making articles connected with ancestral worship.

Large benevolence and kindness to both men and animals have been claimed for the Chinese as the result of their religions. It is probable that the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis does superinduce some carefulness in the matter of destroying life, but the cruel and inhuman character of Chinese punishment at law, show the absolute failure of all these religions combined to master the barbarous element of heathenism.

Early Missions.—It is probable that Christianity was introduced at a very early date into China. In the sixth century the Nestorian Christians had missions there. These became flourishing a century later. The Roman Catholics have had missions in China for nearly six hundred years, though with a fluctuating fortune. After seventy-six years they were almost wholly broken up. Recently they have increased their force of workers; in 1870 they claimed 404,530 adherents.

The Greek Church was established in Pekin in 1685, and four years later a treaty, formed between the Russian and Chinese governments, resulted in the permanent establishment of a college of Greek priests at the Chinese capital. It was not until recent years that they attempted to make proselytes.

Modern Missions.—Protestant missions in China were begun by the London Missionary Society sending Rev. Robert Morrison to Canton in 1807. Morrison's temper was manifest when he prepared for the Divinity school at night, after making boot-trees all day. He was indomitable. Unable to do direct missionary work, he laboured as a servant of the East India Company in compiling a Chinese dictionary and translating the Bible into that tongue. For six years he laboured alone, then he was joined by William Milne, of like spirit, who at sixteen was wont to spend whole evenings in prayer in the sheep-cotes of his native Scotland. In 1814 Morrison baptized his first convert, and issued the New Testament in Chinese. In 1818 he and Milne jointly published the whole Bible in that language.

Chinese Converts.—Christianity is the power of God to the salvation of Chinese. Let us glance at a few instances: A Confucian temple keeper named Ch'e at the city of Poklo, on the Canton East River, received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London Mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances and friends as a self-appointed Scripture reader. He would go through the streets of the city and the country round with a board on his back containing some texts of Scripture. So successful was he that in about three years' time, about one hundred of the people were baptized.

"I am addicted to every sin you can imagine," said Liu Kin Shan to Rev. Griffiths John. "Can Jesus Christ save me?" He had strolled into the chapel at Hankow. The preacher said "Yes." They prayed, and instantaneous conversion followed, and Liu, now more than fifty years old, is the centre of a gospel work in his own locality, where he was widely known as a riotous libertine.

When the Methodist chapel at Ing Ching was damaged by a mob in 1878, the government awarded one native Christian 30,000 "cash" on account of physical injuries, but he declined to take it as he did not wish to appear to receive money-compensation for his persecution for Christ's sake. "They can cut off our heads," said some grave Christians to Rev. Mr. Stevenson, "but they cannot behead Christ."

Genuineness of the Work.—The Chinese converts are mostly poor, but the genuineness of the work is shown by their contri-

butions to it. At the Shanghai Conference, Dr. Yates said in 1876 the contributions averaged \$3.50 per head, though probably one-half gave nothing.

Dr. Legge, after forty years of missionary service in China, said: "I have been by the bedside of men and women who have died in Christian peace and hope. I have heard men who had at



PEKIN CARRIAGE.

one time been great criminals and afterwards lived good lives, comforting with their latest breath, and stimulating their friends who stood weeping around. I have known not a few who took submissively the spoiling of their goods because of their faith. I knew well one who sealed his Christian profession with his blood, and died a faithful martyr. Yes, the converts are real."

Rev. C. F. Turner, at the London Conference, said: "I have

worked with Chinese Christians who have borne on their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus; men with great burnt scars on their bodies where they had endured the tortures of fire, in the service of the Gospel. I have trodden in the footsteps of a Chinese martyr who laid down his life for the Lord Jesus, and I have looked upon the spot where they cast his corpse into the river."

Advantages and Helps.—Rev. Dr. Williamson pointed out some while ago, in *Evangelical Christendom*, that there is a providential preparation in China for the reception and spread of the Gospel.

There is an educational preparation. They say: "The mind is the man." The competitive examinations have quickened the intellect of China. This gave rise to schools. Hence the large percentage of readers. Then there is one written language for the whole empire. There is a social preparation. Through the observance of filial obligation it has trained the nation to subordination to law and order. There is no communism nor nihilism here. *Divine authority* can be easily taught.

There is a moral preparation. The heart is recognized as the seat of morals. Benevolence is urged in every form and righteousness too. The doctrine of mediation is recognized. They have some knowledge of a true and living God, a power on whom country, family and individual prosperity depends. They possess an applied knowledge of immortality. Their emperors never die, they ascend.

Mr. Wesley is reported to have said that "the devil invented the Chinese language to keep the Gospel out of China. But nothing facilitates its spread more than this. It has been generally supposed that the Chinese language has 80,000 separate characters of which the dictionary of Kawghi explains about 40,000, but the number met with in books is only about 5,000. The spoken languages vary with every province. Though a Canton and a Foo-Chow man cannot understand each other's speech, they will each know what the other writes, as a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman would know the written Arabic numerals, though not each other's words for them.

The water communications afford a highway to every province of China. Protection is afforded, which is so effectual that missionaries have repeatedly traversed every province of China unmolested and without being asked for their passports.

Amongst the specially favourable things, there is the fact that the people's confidence in their religious systems was disturbed by the Taiping rebellion. "The idol-destroying rebels ever worsted the idol-worshipping imperialists, ever subdued the idol-

trusting masses," and the rebels who broke down temples, drove out priests and made widows and orphans were only subdued by the aid of "Foreign Devils." This was a terrible stroke to the prestige of the idolatrous systems of China.

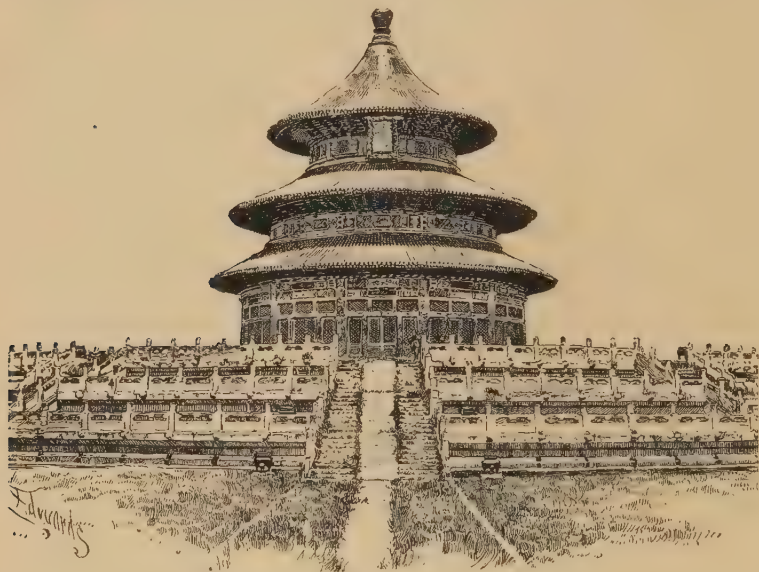
The Chinese have a natural distrust of foreigners, and this has been greatly increased by the course of Great Britain in the matter of the opium traffic. The disinterested benevolence of foreigners in the late famine which swept off five millions of people had a good effect. Since the famine, a Buddhist temple was given to the missionaries of the American Board for Christian uses. This did not occur till the pressure of famine was over, and the people were in the midst of a plentiful harvest. The deed of gift was drawn up at a feast, at which the temple-keeper, the eighteen managers of the temple, and the missionary were present. "Here," says the missionary, "was an absolutely heathen gathering, in a heathen town, voting away their temple and its lands to a foreign religion, of which most of them had never heard six months ago, and none of them until within a few years." Following on this deed of gift came the destruction of idols, sixty in number. The platforms of the idols are put to better use in seating the worshippers of God. The largest bell of the temple is hung up to do duty in calling to worship. "A dozen wars," says an eminent authority, "would not have done so much to open China as the ministrations to their relief have done."

Dr. Legge, at the London Conference said: "The converts have multiplied during thirty-five years at least two thousand fold, the rate of increase being greater year after year. Suppose it should continue the same for another thirty-five years, then in A. D. 1913 there will be in China twenty-six millions of communicants, and a professedly Christian community of one hundred millions."

Obstacles and Difficulties to the Heathen becoming Christians.—No one can state the case of the Chinese better than the Chinese, and so we let a native Chinese Christian minister state the point of the difficulties of the native Chinaman in learning about Christianity.

Rev. Y. K. Yen, speaking at the Shanghai Conference, said: "We must understand the peculiar character of the Chinese. (1) They have hazy ideas about gods. A Chinese who went to the United States was written to by his father that his sixth mother was well. What can a man who has six mothers know of a mother's love? (2) The Chinese have hazy ideas about sin, which they confound with crime, treading on one's toes, being late to dinner—the same character for all. (3) They have hazy ideas about a future life."

A native preacher says: "A single province of China converted would be equal to the conversion of whole nations elsewhere. Convert any one of her eighteen provinces and you would have more than all Brazil and Mexico. Any one of a dozen of her provinces would be more than the conversion of all Italy. As goes China, so goes Asia. She is to-day the citadel of paganism. Secure her to Christ, and you secure all her dependencies, as Thibet, Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria and Korea. Break down her idols and you dethrone the greater part of heathenism at a stroke!"



COVERED ALTAR, TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.

The missionaries appeal to the Churches because China is the largest and most important heathen country; because, though old, the nation is full of vigour and promise; because they are the great colonizers of the East; because morally and religiously there is no hope for China itself; because, since the Che-foo Convention of 1876, the Empire is more open than ever; because multitudes are reading Christian books, and inquiring after Christian truth.

There are hosts of gods who are worshipped by the Chinese. Gods of almost every calling—of the mechanic and tradesman and scholar; gods of the workshop and store and school-room; gods of land and sea; gods of the tempest and the calm; gods of wind and thunder and lightning; gods of the honest tradesmen,

and gods of the dishonest gambler and thief: good gods and bad gods, all alike, find worshippers. The commonest worship of the Chinese is that of dead ancestors; the rarest is the worship of Shang-ti—the Supreme Being; and even in this last case, the worship of Shang-ti is mixed up with the worship of ancestors.

The Chinese believe that one of the three souls of each of their dead ancestors returns and dwells in the tablet, or little monument, upon which the new name of the person is written. They pray, and make their offerings before these tablets, very much as one of us might go to a loving father or mother with a present, or to ask a favour. Even in the great temple of Peking, the Emperor has placed the ancestral tablets of his family; so at the same time that he worships in the Altar to Heaven, or the Temple of Agriculture, he is praying to his departed ancestors.

Peking greatly disappoints the expectations of almost every foreign visitor. It is not as large as we had supposed. Its walls, houses, temples, and public buildings are all in a state of decay; its streets are filthy and narrow and dark; and the whole city has a poverty-stricken appearance. Yet the city has this interest: that it is over three thousand years old; that it is the seat of the Chinese government; and that the highest forms of Chinese worship are to be found here. In the noisy, crowded streets, the bustling, jostling, shouting multitude pursue their occupations. Here, one sees a blacksmith; there, a butcher; across the way, a "patent medicine" seller; each engaged in his business. It is only when one retires to the solitude of the Imperial Temple that he can escape the racket and din, the stench and dust of the Imperial City.

The temples, once beautiful structures, are situated in the southern section of Peking, quite near the Wall. The chiefest is the Altar to Heaven, situated in a park about a square mile in extent. Several high brick walls surround the temple enclosure. Mr. Bainbridge, in his "Around the World Tour," describes his successful efforts to force an entrance into this sacred enclosure. The magnificent structures, with all their delicate workmanship, are utterly neglected; as are also those of the Temple of Agriculture. Dust and dirt cover everything. Bishop Wiley tells how, when he visited these temples, with his foot he scraped away more than an inch of dirt on the floor, and discovered thus a "most beautiful mosaic work of porcelain tiles."

Every spring, the Emperor, with his attendants, proceeds to the park of the Temple of Agriculture. Here, in a specially reserved plot of ground, and in the presence of the Mandarins, and other high officers, the Emperor pushes a plough through furrow after

furrow, then rakes the ground and sows it with seed. This being accomplished, he, and his officials, proceed to the Temple of Agriculture near by, which is dedicated to Shang-ti (the Supreme Being, as most scholars understand the term to mean), who is here worshipped under the form of Shin-nung, the "Divine Husband-man." Bullocks, swine and sheep are slaughtered; their flesh is cooked, and first offered in the Temple, and afterwards eaten. At the same time prayers are said to Shin-nung, and to the gods of land, of grain, of ocean, wind, thunder and rain.

On the same day that the Emperor is thus worshipping in the Temple of Agriculture, in all the great cities of China the Mandarins gather the people near the south gates, address them from pulpits upon carefully cultivating the soil, and, in the name of the Emperor, give gifts to those farmers who have distinguished themselves; much after the fashion that prevails among us of giving premiums and medals at agricultural fairs and exhibitions.

Thus among the Chinese "God has not left Himself without a witness among them, in that He does good, and sends them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness." Yet, alas! they worship Him not; and even the worship of the gods of their own devising is half-hearted and careless.

That august body, the Tsung-li Yamen (Foreign Office) pays visits to the Envoys on state occasions, at which times the peaceful compound is overflowing with chairs, carts and ragamuffin retainers, who flatten their noses against every window-pane, or if the door is incautiously left unlocked, they walk in. Meanwhile the masters are treated to an unappreciated foreign tiffin. When it is their turn to entertain the foreigners, they never receive them at their private houses. Instead, there is a spread at Yamen, where a few Chinese delicacies come in play, such as bird's nest soup, shark's fins, preserved eggs—which are kept in straw till they turn perfectly black—parched watermelon seeds and apricot kernels.

It seems little short of a miracle in these days that in the twelfth century that uncommon adventurer, Marco Polo, could have gained such influence over them as to have been made governor of a province, and that the Jesuits in the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries should have been permitted to build the observatory and the most beautiful palace in China, which, such is the sarcasm of destiny, was destroyed later by their own people.

At present there is a halo of mystery that hangs about the court and all appertaining thereto. All state affairs at the palace

are transacted at midnight, at which time the city gates are opened for officials to pass back and forth. When on rare occasions the Emperor leaves the palace, the public is notified of the streets he will take, and that they are closed to them, so that it is impossible even to catch a glimpse of him. The road he follows is covered with yellow earth (the imperial colour), and the inns at



AUDIENCE OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES AT COURT.

which he stops are hung with yellow satin brocade. During his minority he leaves the capital only to worship at the tomb of his ancestors. The present Emperor has arrived at an age when he chooses his wives. All the Manchu girls of his royal clan are sent to him to choose from. There are three empresses, the empress *par excellence*, the empress of the eastern and the empress of the western palaces, six ladies of the palace and seventy-two

concubines. The first empress is never allowed to see or speak to any member of her family after marriage. There is a story told about the present regent, that when she was sent on approval with the other Manchu maidens, her parents were so anxious she should not be chosen, that they padded her out to make her look hunchbacked, notwithstanding which she was the choice.

Only twice has an audience been granted to foreign representatives. The first was during the last reign. The memorable event, which the diplomatists of the two worlds valiantly fought to bring about for months, meeting with a stubborn resistance on the part of the Chinese government, took place on the 29th of June, 1873. The fight had been to get the Chinese to accede to the foreign ministers' dispensing with the Ko-tou, or prostration on being presented to the Emperor, which had been from time immemorial required at the court at China. Genuflections were equally impossible for the diplomatic corps, so our less imposing, but more easily performed bow, was at last agreed upon. The audience took place in an out-building, called the Tgu Kuang Ko, or Purple Pavilion, outside the palace walls, and near the Catholic church, Pei Tang. After hours of waiting the foreign representatives were introduced into the hall, where the Emperor sat cross-legged on his throne. They stood behind a table, some distance from him, and deposited their letters of credence on it. The Emperor murmured some words to Prince Kung in Manchu, and he came and repeated them to the ministers, and in five minutes this imposing scene, which the *London Times* called, "Breaking the Magic Circle," was at an end.

On the 5th of last March the same privilege was again accorded to foreign representatives.

The railroad question is agitated with the energy of despair. A miniature train was sent from America not long ago, and the track laid in the palace ground, it is said much to the edification of the Emperor and regent. A country which heaves with sacred graves, like a stormy sea with billows, is scarcely a promising field for the engineer. Every grove has its god, every rock its spirit, and the people want them undisturbed.

OLDE customs, that be good, let no man dispise.

At Christmas be mery, and thanke God of all ;

And feast thy poore neighbours, the great with the small ;

Yea, all the yere long have an eye to the poore,

And God shall sende luck to keep open thy door.

—*Thomas Tusser.*

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

BY THE REV. W. G. DAWSON.*



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES—OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

It is probably much easier to sketch the character of your enemy than your friend. You have studied your enemy's weak points, and know them thoroughly. It is needless to exercise an urbane moderation of language; no one expects it of you. If

* Abridged from *The Young Man*.

you have any skill in vituperative epigram, this is your opportunity, and the smarter and more stinging the better. These, at least, are the apparent ethics of those studies in denunciation which have been bequeathed to us by great writers and parliamentary orators. But when you begin to describe your friend, a hundred difficulties beset you. If you praise him even in moderation, you are accused of log-rolling. If you blame him ever so mildly, you are accused of bad taste. If you make a joke at his expense, there is a danger that he may never speak to you again. If you abstain from any of these things, it is probable that the public will say you have written a dull article, and the subject of it will think so too; and to be dull is journalistic suicide. "Do what you like, but don't be dull," is the first article of the editorial creed.

Let me begin, then, in the fashion of the memoir-writer by saying that Mr. Hughes was born at Carmarthen, something over forty years ago. He began his career in the ordinary way, and with no very visible signs of extraordinary promise. It was not an auspicious moment in Methodism, and there was a great deal to justify the strong statement of the *Times* that Methodism had become merely a favourite sect of the middle classes. It had grown rapidly in material prosperity, but its spiritual fervour was not then at its highest, and it seemed to be losing touch with the lower classes. The thing that at once differentiated Mr. Hughes from his fellows was a singular union of culture and revivalism. He worked steadily for his London M.A. degree, and took it; but his bent towards culture did not interfere with his growing spiritual zeal. It was rather the fashion at that time to look upon revivalism as hardly a respectable thing, and the art was left to men who had zeal, but who made no pretence to culture. Mr. Hughes was undoubtedly a man of culture, and in this respect far ahead of many of his brethren; but he also distanced them in the strength of his passion for souls. He had experienced a conversion as deep and miraculous as the conversion of Wesley, and that was the paramount factor of his life. He had a magnificently developed practical faculty, and that sort of dominant individuality which does not obey conditions, but creates them. The union of these qualities made him from the first an unconventional preacher. He knew how to go to his mark with singular directness of aim. He spoke with profound conviction. He was impatient of pulpit restraints, and of popular pulpit manners. He had a gift of leadership, and men submitted to its spell. This gift distinguished him from the first, and is the main element of his success.

It is not necessary to recall, in any exhaustive way, the tradition of the pulpit of twenty years ago. The chief factor about it was that it lacked vital touch with the times. So the style of sermon was an elaborate and picturesque invention, but its guns were often fired in the air. It precisely fulfilled Whately's ironical definition: "It aimed at nothing—and hit it." It was entirely *infra dig.* to refer to the events of the hour, except in the way of the most distant and half-apologetic allusion. You preached as though the daily papers had no existence. The idea of the *Citizen-Christ*, of a Christianity whose business it was to look after the doings of governments and municipal bodies, and to bring the pressure of the ethics of Jesus to bear on the common life of the hour was an idea hardly born.

This condition of things has been put an end to, and Mr. Hughes has done more for its demolition than any living man. He rightly claims that, in this matter, he has not invented a new Methodism, but has simply revived an old Methodism—the Methodism of Wesley. People stared, and the fogeys rubbed their eyes. If Mr. Hughes had not been an intensely spiritual man, he might have done incalculable harm both to himself and others. He might have become a mere topical Sunday lecturer, and have lowered the pulpit to the level of a debating platform. But from this he was saved by his enthusiasm for souls. Whatever people might think of the new style of preaching, there was no doubt that it led multitudes to newness of life. It was not great preaching, certainly, but it was attractive preaching. A great preacher in the sense that Liddon or Robert Hall were, or MacLaren of Manchester is, Mr. Hughes is not, and cannot be. He has no idealism. He never enters into the higher world of imaginative passion. But the last thing he would wish to be called is a great preacher in this sense of the phrase. He is something better, and perhaps something rarer—a living voice as a speaker to the multitude. He is racy, clear-headed, intense, forceful, direct. He has something to say, and he says it with the utmost expedition and earnestness. He has an unlimited fund of irony, banter and genial humour. He excels in the art of making "points." He is the complete master of his audience and of himself. Above all, he is intensely modern; he is in the most complete contact with the public life of the hour, and is absolutely certain that he has a mission to direct it.

The worst charges I have ever heard against Mr. Hughes never got beyond a narration of small personal defects. Thus, for example, it is said that he has the mind of a partisan, that he is egotistic, that he is "cock-sure of everything." A London paper

once remarked that it would be a terrible thing if any great trouble befell London when Mr. Hughes was out of it. Of course, there is some ground for this touch of irony. Mr. Hughes does sometimes speak as though the fate of empires waited on his word. He has never lacked self-assurance. Men of more judicial and slower minds often wish that they were as sure of anything as Mr. Hughes is of everything. And undoubtedly he has the most ingenious—and, we may say, ingenuous—way, too, of seeing all things in the light of his own beliefs, and of interpreting them to his own advantage. But when all this is said, how little is said! It simply amounts to this, that Mr. Hughes is a man of action, a leader of men, a man with a mission and a policy, who cannot afford to see more than one thing at once, because he is an intense man, and intensity of conviction is, above all things, needed in those who attempt to guide others. He has no time for the lounge, the gossip, and the bore. He is one of the busiest of men, and always in a hurry. Let any one consider what it means to superintend a great mission, to edit a paper, to attend innumerable committees, to rush hither and thither over the whole country delivering fiery speeches, to make occasional incursions into magazines and reviews, and besides all this to attend to the claims of a great correspondence, and he will not be surprised if Mr. Hughes is somewhat curt with the leisurely individual who calls early in the morning, and proposes an hour's conversation on some wholly unimportant topic. Nehemiah was singularly abrupt with the folk who wanted him to come down and discuss matters when he was building the walls of Jerusalem, and Mr. Hughes is the modern Methodist Nehemiah.

No one has yet done justice to the really great qualities of Mr. Hughes, and perhaps the time has not yet come for their appreciation. One thing, however, is clear to all who know him: he is a devoted man. He has enemies, and this must be expected. He has critics—acute and unscrupulous critics; but one who is given to talk with great plainness about others must not be surprised if the same measure is meted to him again. But he has also other critics, who mean him well, and can discern clearly the essential nobleness of his conduct. And, above all, he has hosts of friends, as he deserves to have. He has worked with a consuming energy for his Church, and, beyond the great public influence which he has acquired, for no personal reward. Papers like the London *Figaro* cannot understand how it is that such a man is contented with the wage of a confidential clerk, and express at once their amazement and their sense of his unselfishness. But it is Mr. Hughes' glory that in no adequate respect is his work financially

rewarded. The reward is in the work itself. He has not merely brought his own Church, but all Churches, more or less, into renewed vital contact with the working-classes. He has brought the Gospel of Christ out of the stuffy little temples of religious respectability, and has set it in the market-place of England. He has fearlessly applied the ethics of Jesus to the public life of the nation, and the result is already seen in a new public sentiment toward the social immoralities of public men. Wherever he goes crowds follow, for in him they find a man filled with the spirit of the new time. Buoyant, racy, audacious, impassioned, sincere, he is the very model of a speaker to young men. Of course, there is a great deal of humorous exaggeration in his style of speech, but that is part of its charm; it tickles the ribs of fogeydom itself, and makes even ecclesiastical Bumbledom consent to so genial a method of destruction. He stands conspicuous as one of the chief religious forces of the day, and at the very core of his power lie two things: an intense religious fervour and the enthusiasm of humanity. He has never been accused of heterodoxy, but he has certainly contrived to preach an altogether new orthodoxy. It has been attained by a process of simplification; the unessential elements of religious truth are left out, and only the great cardinal truths remain. Every one who attends Mr. Hughes' services is struck by the element of joyousness which pervades them. Sober people, accustomed to a funereal sort of piety, have come away from St. James' Hall complaining that every one there seems actually "jolly." Probably that is the reason why so many people go there. Brotherhood and Hope are the two great notes which Mr. Hughes is always striking, and the human soul knows no nobler.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY ELLEN M. COMSTOCK.

THE world cannot grow old.
Each year the ringing of the Christmas bells
Renews her youth, and the sweet story tells
Of magi with their gold,
And the strange star whose newly kindled ray
Guided them where the royal Infant lay
To worship at his side;
Of wondering shepherds on Judea's plains,
And the glad echoes of angelic strains;
Of heaven's gate opened wide,
And God's love pledged to every wandering one
In this great gift,—his own "beloved Son."

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN LONDON.*

BY THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

THE rapid growth of great cities is one of the peculiar features of the civilization of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is modifying all problems, social, political and religious. Urban life may be more intellectual than rural life, and it is potentially much more spiritual. All that is best and most progressive in the social advancement of the last twenty centuries is expressed in the word "civilization," by which we are at once reminded that the tendency of man is to be a "civis," or citizen; and, therefore, although no man is more alive than myself to the easily-besetting sins and the terrible iniquities of the great centres of population, I must confess that the tendency of human society to be aggregated together in great masses of people is not an evil, but a blessing, provided always that the Christian Church does her duty. At any rate, it is certain that the ideal which the New Testament sets before us is not another Eden, but the City of God.

Now, I am to speak to you of the greatest aggregation of human beings the world has ever seen. London, without including suburban towns, London itself, at this moment, has six millions of inhabitants. How shall I give you a conception of that? In the one city of London more human beings live than in the whole vast Dominion of Canada. We have in London more Scotchmen than there are in Edinburgh; we have more Irishmen than are in Dublin; we have more Jews than there are in Palestine; and more Roman Catholics than there are in Rome. Every nation under heaven we find represented in London. I often think of Milton's classic reference to the open way guarded by the representatives of all the nations, and all creeds, when I walk through the midst of London. Every European nation is so largely represented in London that we have to have one, two or three newspapers printed in every European tongue for the benefit of

* The accompanying stirring paper is abridged from the stenographic report in *Zion's Herald* of the address given by Hugh Price Hughes, at the Peoples' Church, Boston. Mr. Hughes was one of the most conspicuous figures at the Ecumenical Conference, and the greatest interest was everywhere manifested in the remarkable success of his mission. His methods have also been adopted with similar results in Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other centres of population in England. Doubtless the United States and Canada have much to learn from the zeal and wisdom of the great Methodist missionary.—ED.

the large continental population. We have crowds of Africans. There are multitudes of Hindoos, of Japanese, and of Chinese. The world has never seen so cosmopolitan a city as the city of London.

I need scarcely remind you, further, that London is the centre of commerce. With reference to literature and journalism, it is impossible to exaggerate the influence that goes forth from London every day and every hour, through the modern press, all over the world under heaven where the English language is spoken.

And then if you could accompany me to the House of Commons, which really rules the British Empire to-day, you would see in a building not altogether worthy of their imperial dignity, a small place, five hundred plainly-dressed gentlemen, who are ruling such an empire as the world has never hitherto seen. They are the supreme governors of at least three hundred millions of human beings. The empire they control is so vast that, as you know, the morning drum of the British Army never ceases to rattle and roll all over the world; and we may say of that great empire what was never boasted before, and what cannot be said now of any other, "the sun never sets upon it."

The population has grown by leaps and bounds during this century, outstripping the provision of all churches, so that we have there in the heart of the British Empire at least three millions of human beings who are as far from God and Christ as if they lived in the centre of Africa. Our consciences were asleep. We are told that in the days of Isaiah they had "ears and could not hear," and we were very much like them. We were aroused mainly by the newspapers. At their own expense they organized a sort of religious census, and counted everybody who went into a place of worship, and they proved with mathematical demonstration the dismal fact, that although the Gospel had been preached on that island for a thousand years, the overwhelming majority of the people in every town in the land never went to any place of worship. Then they rendered an equal, and possibly greater, service in dragging out into the light the misery and agony of the suffering millions which had been hidden in the very shadow of our churches. One pamphlet has an historic place in this social and religious revelation. A Congregational minister, my friend, Mr. Andrew Marnes, the Secretary of the London Chapel Building Society, wrote a pamphlet which he called "*The Bitter Cry of Outcast London.*" It produced an immense sensation. All the Christians were utterly ashamed of this. We began to realize that we and our fathers and forefathers were responsible for the miserable condition socially of multitudes of our fellow-

countrymen. We were aroused. Among the rest the Methodists were aroused; and it seemed to some that I should be taken from the ordinary pastoral work of the church and be appointed as a missionary, to attack the gigantic spiritual and social destitution of London, and especially of the West End of London, where the Methodist Church in particular was absolutely non-existent. We positively found four hundred thousand persons in the most influential section of the metropolis of the British Empire, among whom there was not a solitary Methodist church.

Twenty years ago, Paris was the great centre of gilded vice; but, I am sorry to say, Paris has been superseded during the last ten years by London. As I sometimes say, I stand from day to day in the very vestibule of hell. I tell you deliberately that neither in any of our semi-civilized countries, nor in any savage land, is so much desolating devilry wrought as is wrought every day and every night within one mile of the spot on which I preach the Gospel.

And yet, when it was first of all suggested that I go to the West End of London, I laughed the idea to scorn. But it began to dawn on me that this might be the call of God, and it was borne in upon me that if it was the will of God, Mark Guy Pearse, in many respects the most popular preacher in London, and in England, would be disposed to accompany me as my colleague, and I immediately made that the test of my response. I wrote to Pearse, and asked him to put all other plans and arrangements aside and accompany me as missionary to the West of London; and he sent me a letter that was not very encouraging. He replied, saying to the effect, "My dear Hughes: Wherever you are, there is neither need nor room for anybody else. But I will come to see you this afternoon. Yours affectionately, Mark Guy Pearse." He came to see me. He rolled himself up in the corner made in the arm chair of my study. Forty minutes I propounded my theories and ideals and intentions, and he, as an audience of one, made no response until he answered an awkward and penetrating question. He suddenly jumped up, and said: "Hughes, I will go!" So far as I was concerned, the matter was settled. I opened the door and said to my wife, "Kittie, we are going to the West End of London."

It was only after a very great fight in our own Conference that I finally resolved to take this step in advance. It is astonishing how extremely conservative prosperous churches become in a very short time. The movement has the practical support of the Methodist people in Great Britain, for this reason that, although some excellent and timid and cautious individuals with whom I

sympathize were very anxious, not knowing how old-fashioned a Methodist I was, yet the blessing of God has so abundantly rested upon the whole enterprise that every mouth of criticism is now closed, and all wish us Godspeed.

I went four years ago to inaugurate this particular work. I went without a penny in my pocket, without a building in which to carry on my work, and without a solitary church member. I found myself in the midst of four hundred thousand human beings, in some respects the most influential four hundred thousand in the world, and not one of them a Methodist. I did not wish to make them Methodists. I have tried to persuade everybody to become Christian, and when everybody has become Christian, I throw upon them the responsibility of deciding what section of the Church they shall join. And there is no feature of this movement that is more delightful, or in some respects more remarkable, than that it commands the sympathy of all sections of the Church in Great Britain. One of the first persons who expressed a strong desire that the blessing of God might rest on my work was the Bishop of London, the chief representative of the Episcopal Anglican Church. The inaugural sermon was preached by that distinguished and noble Baptist, Charles Hadden Spurgeon. And the first building placed at my disposal for detailed work during the week was a Congregational church which had had a glorious history, but the middle class, who at one time lived over their shops in Oxford Street, had gone away to the suburbs. This particular church was stranded, and they had the singular and unprecedented magnanimity to place that Congregational church absolutely at my disposal without charging me a penny!

I went to the West End with the deep conviction that God had called me there, and with the sympathy of all sections of the Church of God. I went, as I have said, without a building, without a penny, and without a church member; but I was accompanied by most able colleagues. And here we strike at once the first plank of our platform. What you want at a crisis is, not a committee, but a man. I do not hesitate to say here, as I have said in my own Conference, that I went to the West End with the distinct understanding that I should do as I liked. I was not going there to be tied up with red tape, and to have cautious gentlemen deprecate every conceivable thing. I said, "Free me! Let me deal with this problem as God may direct me. If I do not succeed, dismiss me." And I have had the generous confidence of the committee at my back. For a committee at your back is very gratifying, but a committee on your back is——!

But the first necessity for the enterprise was neither money nor

buildings, but, as I have said—men. And the first man to whom God directed me was Mark Guy Pearse. I can scarcely describe to you my brilliant and versatile colleague. And the very fact that I selected him as one of my helpers—being one of the most popular and powerful preachers in England—expresses the highest estimate I have formed of preaching as the condition of success. There was the vulgar idea that anybody could be an evangelist, a revivalist, and that the man of brain and culture and profundity and all the rest of it must be pastor in charge of regular churches, but must not work among the unchurched masses. Anybody could do that who could repeat platitudes and truisms of the Gospel. There never was a greater delusion. We must not forget that some of the most gifted of our men of science, of literary characteristics, and eloquent speakers, are against Christ. Nothing has done more to bring religion into contempt in my own country than the fact that some of those who have pleaded for Christianity in streets and parks have been very amiable nincompoops. You need your most eloquent and educated men for open-air preaching and aggressive work. And I laid my hand on the most gifted preacher in the Methodist Conference, and they had the sense to give him to me.

The most famous lay-agent in the British Empire is Josiah Nix, a provision merchant in the University City of Oxford. When I was appointed the pastor of our Church in that city, he was a stout, amiable, ordinary, common-place, smug and useless Methodist. For fifteen years that man had been a member of the Methodist Church. He went occasionally to class and to week-night services, and often went to the house of God twice on Sunday, spending the interval in criticising the pulpit, which was not intellectual enough for him. He was also a converted man—but like a converted man whom I once asked if he was a Christian, and he said, "Yes, but I am not working hard at it now." And this fat, lazy, self-indulgent man was a Christian, but not working very hard at it. But one Sunday morning when I was preaching about young Hezekiah, Josiah Nix, sitting there in his pew, was convinced of sin. He realized what a horrible and degrading thing it was that he had been so lazy and selfish, and that his whole soul had been aroused by the desire to make money. He was a tremendous politician, and glowed with fury on the approach of an election; but Christianity he took in a very lukewarm way. And he went upon his knees that night, though no one knew it except God. He banished all laziness and half-heartedness, and gave himself up wholly to God. From that day he was another man. Since then thousands of sinners have been converted under

his ministry. As a preacher of the Gospel, he is almost as popular as Pearse himself, and has great gifts.

A third man was a distinguished musician, Mr. Heath Mills, who had the versatility of gifts needed for the work. I laid hold with great prominence of music—congregational music. I would never allow a band or choir to usurp the monopoly of singing in the house of God. One of the most important features of our work is that we have succeeded in getting everybody to singing, and that heartily; and I have gone so far as to say to the congregation that if they could not sing any of the tune, let them imitate the Psalmist and “make a joyful noise unto God.” I know nothing that tends to so get rid of starch as glorious, united sing-



MR. NIX, STREET PREACHING.

ing of some of our old hymns and tunes that everybody knows. At the same time, I was determined that no one in West London should have better music. I hate the cheap and nasty system of carrying on religious work. I say that we ought to take as much trouble, and take as much money, in order to make the house of God a success in our way, as the scores of music halls and theatres take to make theirs a success. So, I am thankful to say that we have one of the very best brains in the world, even in the most musical quarters of the city of London.

There is one other principal agent of my Mission—and that is my own wife. I said at the outset that in a great crisis you need a man. I beg to correct that statement—you also need a woman. Even then you need a woman more than a man. And I am

bound to say that the part which woman has played in this enterprise is as important as, and more successful, even, than the part man has played. I owe more to my wife, and to the gifted, devoted Christian ladies now associated with her, than to any others. Your Ward Beecher said that the first thing a sensible man does is to select suitable parents. I entirely agree with him. The next thing is to select a suitable wife; and I am lost in admiration of myself when I think how wise my own choice was! I have no doubt that was all overruled of God, like other events in my life, for His own glory and the salvation of souls.

I could have done practically nothing without the men and women whom I have named, and many more associated with me. If you propose to attack the gigantic social and religious evils of your great cities, you must not send a solitary man to attack them, but a group of Christian men whose influence is infinitely multiplied; and by this concentration of many gifts, and the Gift behind, results may be greatly achieved in a great city.

Then, secondly, we realized that we must have a Mission Centre; that is to say, the work must be carried on in a great centre. The reason many Christians do not succeed is because their actions are so periodical, so small, so microscopic, they do not dare to attack big enterprises. We did not go there alone, or unaided, trusting in our own ability or influence, but we went as ambassadors for Christ. We went representing the greatest Potentate in this universe, and we asked God to give us the grace to do the greatest work, the work to which we are called. I myself always agreed with Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his most characteristic and witty remarks, when he said that he "had not sufficient ability to be the pastor of a small congregation in London." There is not the least doubt that one of the principal reasons of the success of that great Baptist preacher is that he undertook the work at the outset on a very large scale. And, therefore, as a necessary and deliberate part of our enterprise, I engaged the largest building in the West End, which holds twenty-five hundred people seated; and if it had been twice the size I should have been twice as well pleased.

The morning service has been taken, from the first, by my colleague, Mark Guy Pearse, who preaches a genial gospel. It is no use to scold, or threaten, or bully a Londoner. What he wants is a little kindness to be instilled into him. That is what Pearse can do. He is full of the golden sunlight of the living Gospel of Jesus Christ. He commends the true religion, the love of God, in the most beautiful and sympathetic way to the great audience. And the result is that in a part of London where

nobody else had dared to take a morning congregation, Pearse has had a steady gathering of two thousand persons.

One of the striking features of the enterprise is the Sunday afternoon, when I have what I call a "Conference"—in the French rather than in the English sense of the word, because I do all the "conferring." The fact is, that I have long had the conviction which the Pilgrim Fathers had, and which Oliver Cromwell had, that the principles of Christianity must be applied to society as well as to the individual, and that Jesus Christ came into this world not merely to "save men," and get them into heaven, but to "re-construct human society" on a Christian basis; in fact, that all human life is of a piece, and that it is as much the duty of the Christian to obey Christian principles in business, in pleasure, in politics, as in prayer-meeting and at the sacrament. And, in fact, that the Church, the Christian Church, had failed in Europe (for a majority of the manhood of Europe is outside of the Church to-day) because she had been individualistic—engaged in saving the individual. And so I have discussed every burning question, not from the partisan or sectarian standpoint, but from the standpoint of the New Testament and Jesus Christ. I have argued on Sunday afternoon, in particular, that there are seven gigantic social evils, which it is the duty of the Christian Church to attack and destroy; necessarily as much her duty as to save the individual.

And the first of these is *Drunkeness*. The liquor trade as it now exists is the deadliest enemy of the Christian Church. We never discharge our duty until we have destroyed the liquor trade. We are all total abstainers in our Mission. No one could be an agent in my work unless he or she was a total abstainer. That may sound very common-place in America, but hitherto we have not been so advanced as you on this temperance question; but you would better take care, or we shall get ahead of you.

We deal also with the question of *Disease and Sanitary Reform*. I emphatically approve the sentiment that dirty water is the result of dirty politics; that Christian men have no higher duty than to turn out corrupt corporations everywhere; and that a man in vain offers his prayers to God unless he does his utmost by speech and by vote to cleanse the municipal life of the town in which he himself is.

With respect to the question of *Pauperism*, we are not afraid to discuss that also. Every human being is entitled to have a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and a fair night's rest for a fair day's work. This evil is much more gigantic in my own country than it is here; but it is one of the subjects which the pulpit must not overlook.

And, lastly, I plead for *Peace*, as I am a disciple of the Prince of Peace, and advocate the substitution in all the dealings in civil affairs between nations of arbitration for the brutal arbitrament of war. I never lose the opportunity of saying in my own country that I believe the most noble political deed in the modern history of nations was the acceptance of the verdict in the arbitration in the Alabama case. The verdict went against us—as I have no doubt it ought to have gone. It is not pleasant for nations to admit that they are in the wrong; but what a glorious example your country and mine showed to the rest of the human race when we submitted our difficulties to a judicial decision! There is nothing so absolutely necessary to the well-being and progress of the human race as that the British Empire and the United States of America should clasp hands in eternal and unbroken friendliness. Let us be united, and we may defy all the forces of tyranny and superstition.

Well, we get crowds to the Mission. Until this movement began, I am sorry to say men were often conspicuous by their absence; but in every audience I have, two-thirds of them are men. We are always glad to reach the women, to help them in every way; but at the same time it is of the most absolute importance that some of us should reach the men; and, thank God, we have reached the men, and I believe we have reached them mainly because we have given up using technical terms, formulæ of speculative theology, and have come to the grappling with the gigantic social influences, so that the social environment of every man in our midst may be made as favourable to life, purity and happiness as it is now to disease and misery. Let nobody go away with the impression that we forget that great truth uttered by Horace Bushnell, which I am constantly repeating, that “the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.”

No man living has a higher sense of the absolute necessity of real, personal conversion than I have. I thank God that for the last twenty-five years I have never lived for one month without seeing tangible fruits of my ministry. I have never preached without conversions then and there on the spot, in addition to the results not tabulated on earth. No man can aim more intensely than I do at the necessity of personal penitence, full abandonment to Christ, personal trusting in Christ as our Saviour. Therefore, anyone who only came to the afternoon service would do a great injustice both to me and my Mission. We regard the three services as forming a trinity; and nobody can grasp the real scope and purpose of our teaching who had not visited all three. God so blessed the evangelistic services in West London that we

were obliged to open the doors an hour and a quarter before the time of the service, because the police told us that the crowd obstructed traffic. And now we have a meeting before the meeting begins, if I may use the Irish expression. You have already heard of the after meeting. During the past two years we have invented the "Before-Meeting." The "Sisters of the People," this organization established by my wife, and forty stewards appointed to welcome those who come, and show them seats, wander about and talk quietly to the men and women in the first and second galleries. There are thousands of lonely ones in London. You might live there twenty years and not know your next-door neighbour; and scores of them are brought into fellowship with the Christian Church as the result of the "Before-Meetings."

At 7 o'clock we have a great meeting of prayer, and sermon, and singing, which is short. They say we use newspaper English. I regard it as a great compliment. I do all I can to encourage the reporters. I tell my ushers if they see a duke come in to treat him with respect, but if they see a reporter, with awful reverence. For in these times the reporter is much more important than all the dukes in the world. My Mission is greatly indebted to the reportorial profession. No doubt they often misrepresent me; but I must take the good with the bad. Perhaps I speak too fast. There is no part of our work more striking, and in the conservatism of the Church which I represent, more novel, than the prominence which we gladly give to the press.

Then, after the service, we have an "after-meeting." To this all are invited to remain. We get twelve or fourteen hundred to the after-meeting. I give out a hymn, and in that way they are led to sing, and the most remain. And my wife invites them, and Mr. J. Bamford Slack is ready to speak to the men and boys. We have never had a service without multitudes seeking Christ.

At nine o'clock we have now what I call a "social hour." After St. James' Hall is crowded, we have sometimes turned away as many as four thousand persons. We felt distressed on this account, and we secured a large hall that would hold a thousand persons, and all through last winter, after St. James' Hall had been crammed to the ceiling, one of my colleagues took charge of another meeting on the other side of Piccadilly. It is beautifully fitted up, pleasant and charming as if it were a music hall. At the end there is a buffet, and men and women are provided refreshment. The stewards give the young men and the young women tickets and invite them to meet me in this social way, as would be done in our own parlour in our own services. We get three or four hundred people—medical students, law students,

young men and young women in the great West End houses of business, in danger of wandering about, and they come in there. They shake our hands. We give them Christian work to do, and by this simple method hundreds of persons have been benefited. We have a beautiful hall; seats are all free; everybody is welcome; and we lay ourselves out to attract them, and bless them, and save them.

Now all that I can do is to sum up in one word. It is extremely difficult to give you any explanation of the blessed success. Canon Freemantle, the lecturer, a member of the church of Oxford, said that the big feature of my Mission is this—not that we do anything that is not done by some parochial clergyman here and another there; but that we do all things, and that the peculiarity is, we use every conceivable method for the benefit of the soul, and the body, and the mind. It may all be summed up in a word—adaptation. We have done nothing but adapt the arrangements to the social environment of the particular building in which the people have gathered. We have introduced sanctified common-sense into religion. Oh, if young men would show as much sense in religion as in politics, it would become extremely difficult for the devil to live in this country! You do not bring out the political platform of fifty years ago. You try to adapt yourself to the new generation. And in the same way we must adapt ourselves to the necessities of the age in which we live.

One of our fixed principles is this: As soon as a man is converted, we set him to work. There is no place for lazy Christians in the London Mission. The greatest delusion that ever took possession of the Church was the idea that the work was to be done by the pastor, and that the people were to be separated from the pulpit. Fearful delusion! Every Christian in the New Testament is a working Christian. It is as much the duty of the most obscure member of the church to work for Christ and speak for Christ as the minister. We provide them a plan of work to do. I should like to add that it is a strange fact that we have had the greatest physical destitution in West London as well as in East London. Almost under the shadow of Buckingham Palace, in which the Queen lives, we have the most awful destitution, as in East London. Now Mrs. Price Hughes, and the Sisters of the People, go out among these folks in the slums and alleys and dark streets of Soho, not from house to house, but from room to room, for the houses are so very high that we have a separate family for every room. They are searching out those who would never come to us.

Allow me to speak for just a moment of the Sisterhood. I had

long felt that it was a very shameful thing that Protestants were not as self-sacrificing in this particular as the Roman Catholic women—our Roman Catholic ladies of the very highest rank who leave everything to go into nunneries. Now, without adopting their views of discipline—to which we object, and that most decidedly—I saw that Protestant and evangelical ladies of wealth and culture ought also in their way to give themselves up to the service of Christ and the poor. I am sure that if the opportunity were given to the gifted and the wealthy and cultivated girls, they would take advantage of it. We call these ladies “Sisters of the People.” I am glad that that name did not occur to the Pope, and that it was given to me to invent it. We have thirty ladies now who have left homes of luxury in order that they may spend their time in ministering to the physical and social needs of both sexes, and all that is necessary in the darkness of Soho. It is impossible to exaggerate the service which these ladies have rendered. Some of them are medical nurses. Some are engaged in social service. A ceaseless stream passes before them in Lincoln House—men and women and children out of work, and domestic servants in the greatest possible peril, wanting help; persons who want tools; persons who are recovering from illness, and who want to be sent to the seaside and the

country; and in this way we minister to the spiritual nature and need—Protestants, Roman Catholics, members of the Greek Church, all nations and all languages. The Sisters are literally Sisters of the People. They come to be the sisters of those young sisters—to scrub floors, to make the beds, to cook and set the table, to nurse the baby, to do anything, that they may reveal to them the great love of God.

God has blessed us singularly in the work to which we have been called. We realize the extraordinary fact that human beings have bodies as well as souls. Now I don't know whether that has dawned on you as with us. I solemnly assure you that



SISTERS OF THE PEOPLE.

human beings have bodies as well as souls. It may not be found in your theological text books; but it is a fact, and there is a great deal of truth in the statement that many of us are so engaged in saving souls that we have no time to save men and women. I thank God that we are saving men and women, and God is blessing our work abundantly.

Before I came to America everybody said to me, "Of course you will go to see Niagara." Yes, I shall go to see Niagara. But it is not Niagara that I want to see. I want to see Plymouth Rock. I have seen it! I stood upon it to-day. It is worth all the Niagaras in the world—the most sacred spot on American soil. On that Rock civil and religious liberty, imperilled in Europe, were saved for all ages. Everything that is worth preserving in America is associated with that Rock. If what is associated with that Rock perishes, the American commonwealth perishes. And I read to-day in that compact which was signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, a plain statement of the real motive that brought your ancestors to this land. They made that ever-memorable compact in which they declared that that passage of the Atlantic, which I have often said was by far the most important event in modern history, was undertaken (mark the words) "for the advancement of the Christian faith and for the glory of God."

Let it never be forgotten that the real founders of the American Republic were Christian men. In the generosity and benevolence and fearlessness of your principles, you have welcomed all races and all creeds to this land. But, woe to you, if you attempt to establish a purely secular commonwealth! Nothing in this world has a root in it which is not founded in Jesus Christ to-day. Your dollars will not save you. The ships from your Navy Yard will not save you. Your enterprising newspapers will not save you. Your magnificent industries will not save you. You are as absolutely dependent as the Pilgrim Fathers upon the blessing of God and the blessing of Jesus Christ. And I say that, unless you evangelize and Christianize the great cities of America, they will destroy you. And I come from the most heathen city in the world, where the powers of secular and political and luxurious demoralization are more extensive than anywhere else, and bring you a message of success and hope. I say that what has been done in London can be done anywhere. I pray God to grant that the deep conviction of this commonwealth, which is the hope of the sanguine in every land, may be ever sure and firm; and that every city on this continent may become a city of God!

THE CYCLES OF MATTER.

BY PROF. ALEX. WINCHELL, LL.D.

OF what, now, is the stupendous result described in these papers the consequence? This is the goal toward which, for millions of ages, the forces of matter have been struggling. During every moment of this long history, gravitation has striven to draw these myriads of worlds together. They have embraced each other at last, and gravitation has retired to slumber. While yet these worlds were in active life, every sun was a heated globe, dispensing warmth through infinite space; and every planet may have been the seat of life, enjoying the boundless munificence of heat. As long as heat remained to be dispensed to planetary orbs, they were the seat of all those myriad activities of which solar heat is the origin and source—currents in the atmosphere and in the waters—ascending vapors and descending rains—the nurture of vegetable and animal life and motions—the disintegration of continents, and the strewing of ocean bottoms with layers of sediments for the upbuilding of new continents. Through numberless interactions of heat, and electricity, and light, and magnetism, and mechanical forces, and chemical affinity, the web of material and organic history was woven. The equilibrium of the heat of our universe has now been attained. No farther interactions and transformations can ensue. Every particle of matter is equally cold. Every corner of space is equally dark. The electricities that have been worried with disturbances and divorces innumerable are now firmly locked in each other's embraces. Every chemical element has united with its first choice. There can be no farther decompositions or recompositions. The forces of matter have spent themselves. After a fierce conflict, they lie mutually slain, upon a long-contested battle-field. The struggle is ended—nothing stirs—night comes down and casts her pall over the corse of matter.

From this exit of material existence we shrink back to the times in which we live, and inquire, What are all the myriad activities of the passing world—what are rolling tides, and surging waves, and ocean streams—what are mountain births, and volcanic eruptions, and continental throes—what are wasted lands, and Niagara gorges, and ocean sediments—what are worn-out continents, and extinguished populations, and terrestrial revolutions—what are all these vicissitudes through which the earth has passed, and all these phenomena which to-day are

transpiring—what are they all but the *incidents* attending the progress of the active forces of Nature toward their destined equilibrium? In their restless and active lifetime they show themselves under myriads of guises, and work out their myriads of incidents; but the great law which is over them hurries them ever onward in but one direction, and the end of that is equilibrium, stagnation, death.

Is this, then, the end of matter? Is it for this that space has been populated with worlds innumerable? Was it for this brief ferment that a past eternity should brood over nothingness, and an eternity to come should ache with the recollection of creation foiled? The forces of matter can do no more. The machinery of the universe has run down. Beyond and above is only the Eternal Omnipotence. There is now no power in the universe but Deity. When He wills the resurrection of matter shall dawn. New life will thrill through every vein of the ancient corse. When He wills the forces of matter shall hie again from their hiding-places. Heat will again be gathered into central masses. Matter will dissolve into liquids—liquids burst into vapor, and fill again the vault of space—cohesive affinities will be sundered—chemical unions will be unlocked—electrical and gravitating forces will resume their play, and once more will begin the long series of activities which make up the lifetime of firmaments, and systems, and worlds. The matter of our solar system—or of a system like ours—will again be isolated; the endless whirl of fiery vapor will detach rings, in succession, which will consolidate into planets and satellites—another earth will spring up—another period of the reign of fire will ensue—and then another reign of water—and then another long line of organic creations will begin, and, in due time, in some distant future age, another intelligent race will populate another earth, and dream, as we now dream, of the beginning *whence*, and the goal *whither* the grand rush of events is carrying them. This is one of the Cycles of Matter.

In what light, then, are we to regard all the vicissitudes and activities of the lifetime of a universe? What are they but a brief agitation on the surface of the infinite ocean of matter—a momentary ripple raised by the presence of the Omnipotent hand—destined speedily to subside, and again to be raised by the breath of Omnific Power?

In the presence of such conceptions as these, what is man, and what are the works of his hands? What are fleets, and forts, and cities with their insect hum? What are temples, and pyramids, and Chinese walls? The agitation of particles of dust in a distant

corner of the universe. The track of an insect on the ocean's shore. The breath of an infant in the tornado's blast.

But what is the spirit of man, whose thoughts thus wander through eternity? What is the intelligence of man which climbs the battlements of the palace of Omnipotence—which seizes hold on infinity—which, though chained in flesh, spurns its fetters, and feels evermore that it is the offspring of God—the brother of angels—the heir of perpetuity—and will soon shake its shambles down amongst the rubbish of decaying worlds, and dwell superior to the mutations of matter and the revolutions of the ages? What, in comparison with the crumbling of mountains and the decay of worlds, is the being possessed of such a consciousness and such a destiny? Who shall tremble at the wreck of matter, when, in perpetual youth, he shall outlive suns, and systems, and firmaments, and through the ceaseless cycles of material history shall see creation rise upon creation—the ever-recurring mornings of eternal life?

CHRISTMAS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand, sent up to heaven?
Telling again the glad good news for all,
How God unto the world His Son hath given.

Cycles have rolled since the first Christmas day,
When, from His Father's house, the Son came down
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
And make Himself, for us, of no renown.

But time can never age this story sweet;
Clearer and yet more clear its tones shall ring,
Till the whole earth doth worship at His feet,
Jesus, Immanuel, our Lord and King.

Then, as we celebrate His birth once more,
Sing, ye who love His name, the angels' song:
"Peace and good-will to men, the wide-world o'er—
To God, in heaven, the glory shall belong."

TORONTO.

THE LIEUTENANT—A SALVATION ARMY SKETCH.

BY MAY KENDALL.

"Yes," said the Captain reflectively, "I took a lot of saving. It's given me faith for these fellows."

He waved his hand toward the row of sleeping men; and the Lieutenant followed his glance. They were standing in the "dossing room" of one of the Salvation Army shelters, where supper, bed and breakfast could be obtained at the reasonable charge of four pence, and it was not so much the faces before him, haggard and unkempt often, but clean, and softened by sleep, that impressed on the Captain the need of salvation for "these fellows," as his recollection of them two hours before, hungry, clamorous, and unwashed. Slumbering in the long, narrow, cushioned boxes, with the uniform brown hides thrown over them, they looked picturesque, and even oddly peaceful, now.

"I daresay there's not one of them," said the Captain, always in an undertone, "that the Lord would have as much difficulty with as he had with me. Why, when I was a tiny lad, and my brother and I had apples given us, I used always to take the little apple purely for the sake of making them think I was unselfish. They pointed me out as an example, and there I was, swelling with pride. Always pondering on how to cut a good moral figure I was. Just give me a character for self-sacrifice, and wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. That's the worst kind of fellow to save, and He was twelve years about it, and sometimes I doubt if it's finished yet. I've hung on to the acts of self-denial till I've compelled others to act selfishly.

"Maybe some of these chaps are capable of a fine act without so much as thinking about it, that I would go and do with any of them; but then all the way there and back I have a voice one side of me saying, 'Now, Brooke, give God all the glory,' and another voice the other, 'Yes, yes, Brooke, but save yourself a little bit for yourself.' The complexity of my motives is a great stumbling block to me at times. I've had to give up and say: 'Lord, here's the act, and why I've done it I don't know; but Thou knowest, and whatever becomes of my motives I'd like Thee to use it for Thy service.' That's the only source of peace, brother."

"Aye," said the Lieutenant, nodding soberly. He was a man of fewer and slower words than the Captain, but with a peculiarly gentle and kindly face.

"I don't believe you were ever tempted in that way, brother," said the Captain, looking at him admiringly. "You live—"

"Too near the Lord," he was going to say, but something in the other's unconscious face arrested him.

"Why, yes," said the Lieutenant slowly. "I've been tempted

to take the glory frequent; but I'd sooner the Lord had it, arter all, for all the world knoweth Him not."

"There's some of these," he continued after a pause, "as I believe litterly knows their Bibles by art, and yet they'll come in reeling drunk and have to be put out again. The inward witness—that's what's lacking. You saw the man who came in last?"

The Captain nodded.

"He's a barrister," said the Lieutenant, very low. "Said he was making his fortune at the bar, when the temptation to drink overcame him. Said it was too late to begin afresh in the strength of God; but I think maybe he's a bit of the pride of intellect. The plan of salvation, that's too simple."

"So 'twas for me," said the Captain crisply. "It took me twelve years. I sympathize with that fellow."

A sudden laugh in the room, that was stifled quickly, startled them both. Could it have come from the barrister? They glanced at him sharply; but to all appearance the barrister, with his uncut, rumpled hair falling about his forehead, was as fast asleep as the rest. Nevertheless, they had their suspicions.

"It's time to run in," said the Captain gravely. "Good night, Lieutenant."

The next morning, while the barrister was eating his bread and drinking his coffee with a leisurely air, the Lieutenant observed him, and came to the conclusion that most likely they were right in their conjecture. The barrister would have been handsome, with his curly fair hair and good-natured gray eyes, if he had not looked so dissipated. Certainly he had the manners of a gentleman, and, ragged and unkempt, he left the shelter that morning with a nod and careless greeting to the Lieutenant that seemed appropriate to some fashionable hotel. The Lieutenant looked after him, laying mental snares for the saving of his soul.

"Looks a regular West End swell, don't he!" he said, turning to the Captain with his gentle laugh. The Captain was not in charge of the shelter, but his room was close by, and as of late his brother officers had been somewhat anxious about the Lieutenant's physical, as distinct from his spiritual, welfare, the Captain found time to run in and look after him morning, noon and night, in the midst of his own crowded days.

"There's many," said the Captain, in silks and satins who are in far worse case. This poor chap's sin has taken the only form they understand—that of losing his money; and they all turn their backs upon him. That's the way of the world, but not the way of the Army, praise the Lord! Have you spoken to him about his soul again, brother?"

"Well, no," said the Lieutenant apologetically. "It struck me he was one of those we must catch with guile. Maybe you'll have a word with him to-night if he comes again."

"I will," said the Captain.

But it was many nights before Aylmer—it was the barrister's true name—came again, and when he came he was distinctly

more ragged and disreputable. But he came early, and Captain and Lieutenant had the opportunity they wished for.

"Brother," said the Captain mildly but firmly, "you don't look as if your present plan' of life suited you. Hadn't you better try the Lord's plan?"

"Really," said Aylmer courteously, sitting down on one of the boxes not yet turned into a bed, "I haven't the remotest idea."

"Will you hear it?" said the Captain, taking out his little Bible.

"If you'll excuse me," said Aylmer hastily, "I would much rather not."

"Brother," said the Captain, "you've sought happiness in worldly pleasures and not found it, and you think the search is hopeless. I'm not going to preach to you against your will, but you may find true happiness yet, for I've found it, and it took me twelve years."

"Thanks," said Aylmer. "But I daresay it isn't of much consequence," he added lightly, "whether I find it or not."

"There's a great hereafter, brother," returned the Captain, decidedly and promptly, and the Lieutenant's slow, gentle voice echoed:

"Brother, there's a great hereafter."

Aylmer looked at them both, and suddenly broke into a laugh.

"I hope there is," he said, "the present doesn't amount to much."

"Are you prepared to meet it, brother?" persisted the Captain.

"Yes," returned Aylmer with a sudden sharpness. "I'm prepared to meet anything—but life. Now, are you satisfied?"

"No," said the Captain. "Far from it. But I've said my say, brother, and I'll leave you in peace, if peace you call it."

He turned to a new-comer, but the Lieutenant lingered.

"Maybe," he said deprecatingly, "you'd like a smoke. We've smoking in a downstairs room I'll show you. And I'm no smoker myself, but I've got a bit of bacca handy, if you'll make free with it."

"You keep tobacco for the benefit of the dossers?" said Aylmer curiously. "That is very good-natured of you."

The Lieutenant looked half embarrassed, and Aylmer felt that he had used a wrong adjective.

"It isn't in the fourpence?" he said, smiling.

"Why, no," said the Lieutenant, with an answering smile, "maybe not."

"Then I'll have a smoke gladly," said Aylmer, "and many thanks. You look as if you knew what it is to be hard up."

"Bless you!" said the Lieutenant, "I've been 'ard up all my life. Comes more natural to me than it does to you, sir."

"You don't deserve it, however," said Aylmer, involuntarily, "as I do."

"I think, maybe," replied the Lieutenant mildly, "there's not not much difference between men's deservings if it isn't for the grace of God. But that's the forbidden subject, isn't it? And now, if you'll allow me, I'll show you the smoking room."

What was it in Aylmer that won on the Lieutenant, till he said, in a puzzled way, and disregarding all circumstantial evidence, that Aylmer was not far from the kingdom? He did not know, any more than Aylmer knew, why the Lieutenant won on him; yet in their sentences the same thought passed through the mind of each:

"He's such a gentleman."

"Does it matter," said Aylmer the next morning, "if I come again to-night?"

"You'll be very welcome," said the Lieutenant with quiet sincerity. "Good morning, brother. God bless you!"

With which unusual benediction ringing in his ears, Aylmer went into the city, a very briefless barrister. But at night, having somehow amassed fourpence, and no more, he returned, and was received by the Lieutenant with a cordial grasp of the hand and look of welcome, and wondered how long it was since anyone had shaken hands with him like that. For several nights more he came, always reading his own especial greeting in the Lieutenant's face. Then again there was a break, and the Lieutenant looked for him vainly, and somehow missed him. He was different from the rest.

At last, one night, later than usual, the well-known figure entered. Aylmer had ascended the stairs quietly and steadily; nevertheless, the Lieutenant, who was accustomed to this manœuvre on the part of drunken men, gave him a doubtful glance before his cordial "Good night, brother."

"I'm not your brother!" said Aylmer, thickly, and with a savage oath.

A tumult arose among the dossers, who many of them had known the Lieutenant long, and, in their wild way, loved him.

"He's half-seas over. Turn him out, Lieutenant, we'll give you a hand!"

Half a dozen strong fellows rose at once, but the Lieutenant waved them back.

"You're not yourself to-night," said he to Aylmer, soothingly. "Sit down a bit."

What Aylmer's disordered brain made of the kindly invitation there is no knowing, but what he did was this: Without a second's warning he knocked the Lieutenant down. Then, partially sobered already, he turned on his heel.

He had the advantage of the other dossers in being close to the door, and he passed through swiftly. But a savage howl rose, and a dozen of them were after him. There was only one voice that could possibly stop them, and that voice they heard. The Lieutenant was staggering to his feet and stood between them and the door.

"Wait a bit, boys," he said, in his gentle, deprecating voice. "You've some of you been the worse for drink as he was. 'Tis my quarrel."

"Take my place, brother," he added anxiously to the sub-officer, who entered just then, and in a moment he was gone.

Quite oblivious of the fact that his face was cut and bleeding, he ran down the dusky stairs and into the street. There, just turning the corner, was Aylmer's retreating figure. What direction was he going in with such quick and steady steps? The Lieutenant breathed a prayer and hurried after him.

Partly sobered by seeing the Lieutenant, one of the best fellows he had ever known, lying at his feet, the cool night air did the rest for Aylmer, who, in one of the moments of vivid awakening men have, suddenly knew, or thought he knew, what he really wanted. A sense of freedom, almost joy, woke in him at the thought that he could throw away a life so utterly worthless, as he would have flung away some baneful thing. It seemed no wrong that he was about to do; the thought that it was cowardly to die was obliterated for him by the thought that it was cowardly to live—like this. Words were surging in his mind over and over:

“And in the great flood wash away my sin.”

He was aware that he meant to do something that would change all, and only feared the failure of his courage.

“Oh, God! let me go through with it,” he prayed. And so he came to the bridge, moderating his pace for fear of attracting suspicion, and, entering one of the lonely recesses, paused an instant, looking over, and heard the water plashing underneath. But he dared not stop to listen. He sprang upon the stone bench, was springing on—it was over—no, some one caught him back. Two arms grasped him and presently he was standing on the ground again, confronting his deliverer, and hearing the tide, to which all this mattered nothing, plashing quietly on.

A spectral-looking figure it was that stood before him, with streaks of blood on its face, which otherwise was a queer ashy-white to the very lips. Then Aylmer realized that it was the Lieutenant come to look after him. And he also realized, as perhaps no one hitherto had done sufficiently, that it was time for some one to look after the Lieutenant. He sprang up.

One apprehensive hand the Lieutenant held out, but Aylmer stopped him.

“I'm not going to do it again,” he said decidedly. “You're ill—take my arm. I'll get you—oh, hang it, you won't take brandy!”

“I've been like this before,” gasped the Lieutenant feebly; but Aylmer led him, by very slow steps, into the nearest shop, whose owner, fortunately, was a good, buxom woman, who, like every one else, knew the Lieutenant.

“Bless us,” she said, “he do look ill!”

“Tell me where the nearest doctor is,” said Aylmer impatiently.

“Just a street off—why, Polly, Polly! show him, child—Dr. Morris; never mind your hat.”

They were back in ten minutes—Polly, Aylmer and the doctor, a man with a shrewd pleasant face, who stepped up quietly to the Lieutenant's sofa, as if, without seeing him, he knew all about it. The Lieutenant looked up and, seeing Aylmer, smiled faintly.

"Well, my man," said the doctor, scribbling something on a piece of paper as he spoke, "you Army fellows overdo it, you know. Here, my girl—"

He handed the paper to Polly.

"Take it to the nearest chemist," he said, "and come right back with what he gives you."

"You overdo it," he repeated, turning to the Lieutenant again. "How do you feel now?"

"I'm at peace," said the Lieutenant. "Bless His name!"

"At peace? Oh!" said the doctor. "Well, I daresay you are—but physically, you know—that's my matter. You haven't felt quite strong, have you, for some time?"

"I've thought," said the Lieutenant, with the queer gasp that Aylmer had noted before.

"Don't go on when you feel like that," said the doctor hastily.

"Take your time, man; I've plenty. We'll wait a bit."

The Lieutenant smiled gratefully and paused. When he next spoke his voice was very faint, nor did he trouble to reiterate his former words, but went on:

"As there might be suthin' wrong about my 'art."

"Ah!" said the doctor quietly. "How long have you felt like that? No hurry, man, no hurry—here's the medicine."

He undid a small tin that Polly had brought, with deft hands, and gave a spoonful of the contents to the Lieutenant.

"Nothing intoxicating," he said cheerily; "I saw your Blue Ribbon. How long did you say?"

"I can't tell exactly," replied the Lieutenant. "May be three years—may be four."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Let's feel your pulse."

He sat down by the couch and took the patient's hand in his. The Lieutenant's pulse was throbbing very quickly, very faintly, and had a way of missing beats without giving notice, and flickering, like a lamp that is going out.

"I think," said the doctor presently, "that I'd stay here to-night."

"That he shall," said the buxom shop-keeper. "He's welcome as daylight to all I have, and I wish it was as much again."

"They'll be wondering what's come of me," said the Lieutenant gratefully.

"Your friends here will take them word," replied the doctor. "I really think you'd better not try."

"You mean I'm dying, sir, don't you?" said the Lieutenant simply. There was such a complete absence of fear in his face that the doctor only said gravely, "Yes."

There was a pause, and then Aylmer, looking down, saw the Lieutenant's eyes fixed on him with a look of passionate entreaty. He stooped down and whispered something in his ear. No one heard what it was, but the dying man's face grew peaceful. He lay silent for a time, and then the doctor, bending down, saw that the Lieutenant was promoted to the skies.

A SPEAKIN' GHOST.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

YES, I do bleeve in 'em—in one of 'em, tennerate. An' I know why you ask me if I do. Somebody's put you up to it, so's you can make me tell my ghost story. Well, you're welcome to that if you want it. It's no great of a story, but it's true; an' arter all, that's the main p'int in a story—ghost or no ghost.

Well, I s'pose I'll s'prise you when I say it all happened in New York city. I was born in New Hampshire an' come of good old Scataqua River stock.

There was father 'n' mother, three boys—Amos, Ezry, an' Peleg—an' me, Mary Ann, the oldest o' the family an' the only girl.

We was pretty well to do, we had a good home, an' we was all together. Father was a good man, mother the best o' women, an' I was drefle fond on 'em. An' the boys, they was just rugged, noisy, good-natur'd chaps, that kep' the house lively enough, I can tell you. But when I was nigh unto twenty-five, an' the boys was twenty an' seventeen an' fifteen, it ali ended, that life in the old red house. Father an' my three laughin', high-sperited, pleasant-spoken boys, was all drowned at once, one day in September. They went out in a sail-boat, a storm came up an' their boat capsized; an' them that went out rugged an' big an' healthy, laughin' back at ma an' me as we stood at the door to see 'em off, was fetched back stiff an' wet an' cold, an' so drefle still. I never'd seen the boys still afore in all their lives.

Mother never held up her head arter that day, an' afore the new year come in she'd follered pa an' the boys. It left me drefle lonesome. You couldn't 'a' broke up a fam'ly in all that section that'd 'a' took it harder. For we'd allers set so much by each other, an' done ary thing we could to keep together an' not be sep'rated, an' there we was, all broke up at once, an' the old house nothin' now but a dry holler shell. I didn't want, o' course, to rattle round in it longer'n I could help. I got red on it's fast as I could, an' went over to Rye. I knowed how to work an' wa'n't afraid of it, an', o' course, the more I had to do jest then the better for me. For I was stupid an' scared an' sore with the drefle trouble that come on me so quick an' suddin, an' I was so ter'ble lonesome.

Well, I s'pose 'twas because I'd allers liked boys, an' was used to havin' 'em round, an' because, too, o' my missin' my own boys so bad, that I got a place at fust in Mr. Sheaf's school. 'Twas a

* Abridged from Miss Slosson's charming book "The Seven Dreamers." Harper Bros., New York. We do not envy the person who can read dry-eyed this sketch of a poor crazed creature whose sorrows had led to the bodying forth of the haunting memories of her earlier life. Happy will we be, if like her in seeking to save a soul, "we go on lovin' it harder an' harder till we love it right straight up into heaven."—Ed.

boys' school, an' they took me for a kind of house-keeper—to see to things generally. 'Twas a sort of comfort—as much as anything in this world could be a comfort—to see the boys an' do for 'em. I had a little place to myself right off the school-room, an' there I used to do my mendin' an' everything I could contrive to do for an excuse to stay right there, where I could see an' hear them boys. 'Twas a kind of eddication jest to hear 'em go over their lessons—their jography an' rethmetic an' grammar—an' partikly their readin' an' sayin' pieces. Ev'ry speakin' day—Friday 'twas—I was allers on hand, never losin' a word, an' sometimes I'd practice the boys 'forehand till they knowed their pieces perfect. I stayed there about six months, an' I hoped I could stay there the rest o' my days. But even that poor comfort had to be taken away; for Mr. Sheaf's health broke down; he gave up the school an' moved away. So I lost even them borrored boys, who'd been in a sort o' way helpin' to fill up the places o' my own. An' so agin I was left terr'ble lonesome. I didn't know what to do, nor care much. So, when I had an opp'tunity to go to New York I took it.

'Twas a lady who'd had a boy at the school, an' had been there herself an' seen me. Mis' Davis she was, an' she writ to know if I'd come on to stay in her house through the summer, an' do for her pa, while she an' her children were off to the country. As I said afore, I didn't much care what I done, I was so lonesome an' mis'rable; so I said I'd go.

But if I'd been lonesome afore, I was a hundred times loner there. I never'd been in a big city afore, an' I'd kind o' thought 'twould be folksy an' 'livenin' an' cheerful. But 'twa'n't a mite like that. The house was mostly shet up an' dark. Mr. Rice—Mis' Davis's pa—was off all day long, took his dinner an' supper to a tavern somewheres, an' was only home to sleep an' eat his breakfast. I didn't have much of anything to do. I had a big down-stairs room they called the front basement to set in. It had two windows on the street, but 'twas so low down that you couldn't see much out of 'em without screwin' your neck an' peekin' up. There was lots o' folks passin' by all the time, but you couldn't scasily see anything but their feet an' legs. An' oh, the noise o' the wagons an' cars! It made me 'most crazy at fust, but bimeby I got a little used to it. But I thought I should jest die o' homesickness.

An' 'twas right there in the front basement o' that city house that I see the ghost. 'Twa'n't like ary other ghost I ever heerd on. Them I've read about mostly wore white sheets, an' looked dreffle skully an' bony, an' kind o' awful. One o' that sort would 'a' scaret me, I know; but this one—why, I never felt a mite scaret from the very fust. Fact is, I never knowed 'twas a ghost for a spell, for it looked like a boy, jest a common, ord'nary boy; an' 'twas a speakin' one. I don't mean one that talked, but a speakin' one that spoke pieces.

I don't think I smelt pepp'mint the fust time it come. I don't rec'lect it anyway, but allers arter that I did. I was settin' in

the front basement when it come. 'Twas between five an' six in the arternoon, light enough still outdoors, but kind o' dusky in my down-stairs room. I wasn't doin' anythin' jest then but settin' in my chair an' thinkin'. I don't know what 'twas exackly that made me look up an' across the room, but I done it; an' there, standin' right near the table an' lookin' at me, was the ghost; though, 's I said afore, I didn't know it for a ghost then; it looked like a boy. But he wasn't a city boy, nor like anyone I'd seen for a long spell. He was about fourteen or fifteen, I should think, an' he wa'n't no way pretty to look at, but I liked him from the fust minute. He was real freckled, but that never was a great drawback to me; an' he had a kind o' light, reddish-yellow hair, not very slick, but mussy an' rough like. His eyes was whitey-blue, an' he hadn't much in the way o' eye-winkers or eyebrows. An' his nose was kind o' wide, an' jest a mask o' freckles, like a turkey egg. So, you see, he wa'n't much to look at for a beauty, but I took to him right off. I knowed he was from the country 's soon as I see him. Anyone could tell that. His hands was red an' rough an' scratched, an' he had warts. Then his clothes showed it too. You could see in a jiffy they was home-made, an' cut over an' down from his pa's. There was a sort o' New Hampshire look about him too, an' I felt a real drawin' to him right off. I was jest a mite s'prised to see him standin' there, for I hadn't heerd a knock or anything, but afore I could speak an' ask him what he wanted, he stepped up in front o' me, an' says, sort o' quick an' excited like,

"Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

An' afore I had time to say that yes, bless his little heart, I jest would, he begun:

"My name is Norvle; on the Crampin' hills
My father feeds his flock,"

an' a lot more about his folks, an' all so pretty spoken an' nice. When he'd done he drawed one foot up to t'other an' made a bow, real polite, an' then he stood stock-still agin. O' course I praised him up, said he'd spoke his piece beautiful, an' asked him if he wouldn't like a cooky. I got up an' went to the pantry to get some, but when I turned round to ask him if he liked sugar or m'llasses best, he'd gone. I thought 'twas pretty suddin, but then I s'posed he was bashful, an' had took that way o' leavin' to save talk an' fuss. I looked out o' the winder to see if he was round, but there wa'n't a sign on him, an' I give him up. An' 'twas jest then I begun to smell pepp'mint. But I didn't put the two things—the boy an' the pepp'mint—together then; not till sometime arterwards.

Well, you don't know how it chirked me up, that little visit. To be sure, it had been real short an' unsats'factory. He hadn't never told me one word about hisself—where he come from, who he was, nor anything. But that didn't seem to make no difference to me. I felt 's if I knowed him real well, an' his folks afore him; an' somehow, too, I had a feelin' that he'd come agin, an' I'd find

out all I wanted to about him an' his belongin's. But thinkin' about him an' his call an' all made the time pass real quick, an' 'twas bedtime afore I knowed it—the fust evenin' sence I come there that I hadn't jest longed for nine, an' looked at the clock twenty times an hour.

The next day slipped by in the same slippety way, for I was goin' over in my mind what he'd done an' said, an' s'posin' an' s'posin' who his folks was, an' all that.

About the same time o' day, towards six o'clock or so, I set down in the same place by the winder an' begun to watch for him. He hadn't said he'd come, but I had a strong feelin' inside that he was goin' to. An' there stood the ghost. Though even then I never dreamed 'twas a ghost. I thought 'twas jest a boy. He was standin' across the room, jest where I fust see him, by the table, an' lookin' straight at me. An' afore I could say a word he started right for me, an' says, lookin' real bright an' int'rested, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" An' off he went as glib as could be. I can't, for the life o' me, rec'lect what 'twas he spoke that time. I get the pieces mixed somehow them days, afore the time come when they meant somethin', an' I begun to take in their meanin's. Mebbe 'twas

"At midnight when the sun was low,"

or it might be

"On Linden in his gardin tent,"

for I know he spoke them some time. Tennerate he said off so. . . thing. An' when he'd done he drawed up his foot an' bowed real nice. I clapped my hands an' praised him up, an' then I begun to ask questions. I wanted to know what his name was, where he come from, who his folks was, how he knowed about me, why he come, an' lots o' things. He stayed quite a long spell, an' I did jest enjoy that talk. Bimeby I went into the closet to get something to show him, an when I come back, he was gone agin. 'Twa'n't till some time arter he'd left that I rec'lected that though it seemed 's if I'd had a good talk with him, I'd done it all my own self, an' he never 'd said one single word—nothin', I mean, but one thing he allers said, "Dont you want to hear me speak my piece?"

An' yet somehow I knowed lots more about him than afore. In the fust place, I'd come to feel cert'n sure his name was Norvle, an' that he wa'n't only speakin' a piece about that, but meant it for gospel truth. An' arter that I never thought o' him by any other name. An' I did think o' him lots. For even in them two little visits, when I'd done most o' the talk myself, I'd got drefle fond on him. You know I allers liked boys, partikerly boys raised in the country deestricks. An' up to this time an' quite a spell arterwards I never guessed he was anything but a boy, jest a common, ord'nary boy. Well, he kept comin'. Every single artemoon, jest about six o'clock, or a speck earlier or later, I

begun to smell a sort o' pepp'minty smell, an' in come that boy, walked up to me, with his eyes all shinin', lookin' pleased an' sort o' excited, an' says, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

Then he'd speak. They was diff'rent kinds o' pieces; some was verses an' some wasn't. But they was all nice, pretty pieces. There was one I remember about a boy standin' on the deck of a ship afire, an' how he stood an' stood an' stood, an' wouldn't set down a minute. Another r'lated to the breakin' waves, an' how they dashed up real high. An' there was a long one that didn't rhyme, about Romans an' countrymen an' lovers; he did speak that jest beautiful.

Then he'd hold out one arm straight an' tell how nobody never heerd a drum nor a fun'ral note the time they buried somebody in a awful hurry. Agin he'd start off speechifyin' about its bein' a real question arter all whether you hadn't better be, or hadn't better not be. That one seemed to be a kind o' riddle; not much sense to it.

An' I growed so proud o' that boy. By this time I knowed a good deal about him, for I'd have long talks with him; but allers, arter he'd gone, I'd rec'lect he hadn't really said anything. But tennerate, strange as it seems, I did know lots more about him every time. As I said afore, his name was Norvle. His folks was plain farmin' people. You know he spoke of his pa's keepin' sheep the fust time he come. An' 'twas up in the mountins they lived; prob'ly somewheres in the White Mountins, this State. I know once he spoke o' Conway's if he lived round there. That was in a piece about there bein' jest seven children in their fam'ly. He was real partikler about the quantity, an' kep' callin' attention to the fact that there was exackly seven; no more, no less. He says,

"Two of us at Conway dwells,
An' two has gone to sea";

an' he went on to say,

"Two of us in the church-yard lays,"

(that was him an' another, I s'pose now), but still says he,

"Seven boys an' girls is we."

An' now he was off from home an' real lonesome, so 'twas a comfort to him to come over an' see me, a plain, self-respectin' countrywoman, like his ma an' his aunts. So I about made up my mind to take charge on him, do for him, an'—if his folks would let me—sort o' adopt him, in the place o' my own boys layin' in Portsmouth graveyard.

I never's long's I live shall forgit the day I found out he wa'n't a boy, a common, ord'nary boy, but a ghost. He'd jest come in, an' was sayin' his piece, when the grocer come to the door with some things.

"Wait a minute, Norvle," I says, for I didn't like to lose a word

of his speeches, I liked 'em all so, an' I went to the door. But as I opened it an' let the man in, I heerd the boy goin' right on speakin'. So I says to the grocer man, in a kind o' whisper, beek'nin' as I spoke, "Jest come in an' hear this boy!" For I was real proud of him, an' glad of a chance to show him off.

The man looked rather s'prised, but he follered me in, an' we both stood there by the door, list'nin' to the little feller. That is, I was list'nin' with all my ears, for 'twas one o' his very best, about England may 's well 'tempt a dam up the waters o' the Nile with bulrushes. But when I looked round at the man, smilin' at him an' noddin' my head, 's if to say, "Ain't he smart?" I see he wa'n't 'pearin' to hear anything 'tall. He was lookin' at me, an' then round, an' seemin' so dumfounded.

"What's the matter o' you?" he says. "What's up?"

Norvle was jest closin' then, an' I waited till he'd made his bow, an' then I says agin, "Wait a minute, Norvle, an' then we'll have our talk." Then I turned round to the grocer, an' I says, "Don't he speak fust-rate?"

"What you talkin' about?" says he. "Got a sunstroke?"

Somehow I knowed all at once that he wa'n't foolin', an' that he didn't see nor hear what I see an' hear so plain, so plain. An' I knowed more'n that, for that one little thing opened my eyes that I jest wouldn't open till then, an' I couldn't shet 'em agin. I felt queer an' dizzy, my head swum, an' I put out my hands to keep from fallin'. The man stiddied me, helped me into my chair, fetched me some water, an' I was well enough arter a little to speak. I told him I felt better, an' he could go; so he went away. I looked for Norvle, but he wasn't there. There was jest a little smell o' peppermint in the air, but the boy'd gone. I was glad he had, for I wanted to be all alone for a spell.

Well, you can't understand anything about what I went through then; nobody can. To folks I'm jest a queer old woman who tells a com'cal ghost story out of her stupid old head. It wa'n't very com'cal to me that day. For I'd got so fond o' that boy. I allers liked 'em; an' I'd lost all I ever had. An' now this one had come to me when I was so lonesome an' low in my mind, an' I'd gone an' took him right into my heart. An' he wa'n't a boy at all, but a ghost! That meant so much. Queer 's it seems, the fust thought that struck me was this: he wa'n't *he* or *him*, but jest *it*. Then I remembered how I'd planned some new clothes for him. But ghosts don't wear out their clothes. An' I'd meant—if his folks would let me—to adopt him; bring him up like my own. How ever could I adopt a ghost? Wa'n't it impossible? Over an' over in my mind I went at that, an' little sleep I got that night, I tell you. As I said afore, we was brought up in a pious fam'ly, an' my religion, small 's it was to what it oughter been, had brought me through all my troubles so fur, as nothin' else could 'a' done. So I prayed a good deal that night, an' read my Bible lots. An' bimeby—'most mornin' 'twas—I begun to get red o' that whirlin', scaret kind o' thinkin', an' to look at things stiddier an' easier. Mebbe 'twas the prayin'; any-

way I got all o' a suddin' so 's to see the matter reasonable an' cipher it out plain for myself. 'Twas about this way I went at it. Fust place I says to myself: "What's a ghost, anyway? Why, it's a sperrit. An' what's a sperrit? Why, it's a soul. Well, there ain't no harm in a soul; we've all got 'em. But then," thinks I to myself, "What's this soul doin' here? Where's it been sence the boy died?" Well, you see, I knowed too much about heaven, from Scriptor an' sermons an' all, to think that a soul that once got there would leave it to traipse round here agin an' speak pieces. So I had to feel cert'in it hadn't ever got to heaven 'tall. An' as for the other place—why, you never, never in the world, could 'a' made me bleeve that Norvle had been there. He wa'n't that kind, I knowed. 'Twasn't jest because I'd got so fond o' him, but I felt sure, sure, sure that he'd never been there, in that awful suffrin' an' sin. He'd a showed it if he had.

But seein' that he hadn't been to ary o' them two places, then where had he been, an' why did he come to me? When I got to that p'int I had to stop short agin, an' havin' nothin' better to do, I went to prayin'. An' jest 's the mornin' light shone into my window, there come a light shinin' right into my heart, an' I see it all. 'Twas this way. Norvle hadn't been fetched up by religious folks. For, strange 's it may seem, there's people like that, even in a Christian land. He'd been a well-meanin' boy, an' if he'd ever been learnt he'd 'a' took right hold o' religion, an' glad enough too. But he lived 'way off in the mountins, there wa'n't no meetin'-house within miles, an' his folks was like heathen. Even the deestrick school was too fur off for him to go, or else his pa wouldn't spare him to 'tend. So he'd growed up ign'runt of all he'd oughter know, never seein' a Bible, hearin' a sermon, or touchin' a cat'chism in all his life. He'd learn't how to read somehow, an' up in the garret he'd came acrost a book o' pieces sech as boys speak to school. An' he'd took to 'em, studied 'em, an' got so he could say 'em all. But he had to do it all by hisself. But bimeby Norvle died; I don't know how. I never was able to find that out; whether 'twas o' sickness or an accident. But he died without ever havin' been grounded in the right things. An'—oh, don't you see it now? Don't you know what come to me that early mornin', as I laid cryin' an' prayin' in my bed there? He—I mean *it*, Norvle's poor little ign'runt soul—had been let to come to me; me that loved boys an' had lost 'em all. An' I was to be the one to learn it what he hadn't never had a chance to pick up afore he died. So I see I needn't stop bein' fond o' it, but go on lovin' it harder an' harder, till I'd loved it right straight up to heaven, where it would 'a' been now but for lack o' information.

I tell you that was a solemn day to me. I was happy one way, sorry another, an' I felt a awful responsibility. I tell you 'tain't many that has sech a heft put on 'em as that. Jest think of it! the hull religious trainin' of a ghost! I was busy all day preparin' for it. I looked up all my books, the ones I used when I learnt the boys, an' the Sabbath-school ones. An' I made a kind

o' plan how I was to begin, an' how long 'twould take to go through all the doctrines an' beliefs. Our folks was Congregationals, an' though I wa'n't as set in my ways about my own Church as some be, still, as Norvle didn't seem to have any partikler leanin' to ary other belief, I meant to bring him up as I'd been brought. So o' course I had to begin with the fall, an I studied on that 'most all day. As the time drawed nigh for the visit I was dreffle worked up. Seemed 's if I couldn't seasly bear it, to see the boy I'd got so attached to an built so much on, an' know that he wa'n't a boy at all, but a ghost. I was settin' there, in my old seat by the window, an' for quite a spell I wouldn't turn my head. Fact is, I was cryin' so 't I could hardly see out of my eyes. But bimeby I looked round, an', jest 's I thought, there it stood. My eyes was pretty wet, but I winked out the water 's well 's I could. An' 's soon 's I could see its face plain, I knowed that it knowed I knowed. It didn't have that pleased, shinin' look in its eyes, but was sort o' doubtful an' scary. It stepped low an' softly, as if it was goin' to stop every step, an' when 'twas in front o' me, it said, almost in a whisper, an' so mournful, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

I brushed the water out o' my eyes an' says, real hearty an' cordial, "Yes, deary, course I do."

He begun in sech a low, shaky voice:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of airth,
A youth to fortin an' to fame unknown."

Poor little feller! I jest ached for him, an' my throat felt all swelled up 's if I had the quinsy. I made up my mind that minute to give up the rest o' my days, if it took that long, to savin' that little soul o' Norvle's. An' he shouldn't never feel, if I could help it, that I didn't exackly approve o' ghosts, or thought a mite less o' him for bein' one. Then I begun my religious teachin'. As I said afore, my startin'-p'int was the fall. But o' course I had to allude to the creation fust, Adam an' Eve, an' all that. Then I larnt him the verse out o' the New England Primer about "In Adam's fall," an' that led right up, you see, to 'riginal sin, nat'ral depravity, an' all that relates to them doctrines. I had to begin jest 's you would with a baby, you see, right at the el'mentary things. Then I took the Westminster Shorter, an' learnt him from "man's chief end" to the decrees. 'Twas a short lesson, but I didn't want to tire him the fust time. He seemed real int'rested, an' I forgot for a minute he was a ghost, an' I says, "Norvle, s'pose you take this cat'chism home, an'—" I stopped right off short, for I rec'lected he hadn't got any home, but was jest a wand'rin', ramblin', uneasy ghost. An' oh, where did he sleep nights? Thinkin' o' that made the tears come agin, an' I turned away to sop 'em up. When I looked round it was gone.

You see I say "it" sometimes, an' then agin I say "him." I know I'd oughter say "it" all the time; but—well, 'way down in my old heart it's "him" an' "he" allers, an' he's no diff'nt from my other three boys.

I was a mite nervous next time. I wasn't quite certin I'd gone to work right with my lessons. I'd had some exper'ence teachin', what with my own boys an' a Sabbath-school class. But how did I know but a ghost's mind was all diff'ent, an' couldn't take in the same things in the same way? Then he didn't have no books, an' couldn't look over the lesson at home. So mebbe—I kep' sayin' to myself—he don't remember a single word about Adam, or his sin, an' the terr'ble consequences. But I needn't 'a' worried; for I hadn't hardly time to answer that same old question, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" afore he started off:

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then me an' you an' all on us fell down."

Could a perfesser in the 'logical sem'nary 'a' put it better? The real cat'chism doctrine, you see, "all mankind by the fall," an' so on. So I begun to feel encouraged. This time I took foreord'nation an' election, an' easy things like that. Eternal punishment goes along o' that lesson by rights, but 'twas sech a pers'nal subject for that poor soul that I skipped it that once. So it went on day arter day. I didn't allers keep to the doctrines. I made 'lowances for Norvle's bringin' up, an' had more int'restin' things now an' agin, like who was the fust man, the strongest man, the meekest man, an' them.

But the days was slippin' by, an' I begun to worry. 'Twas September now, an' my time was up early in October, for the fam'ly was comin' home then. An' go 's fast 's I could I hadn't been able to git beyond "the mis'ry o' that estate whereinto man fell" in the cat'chism, an' the buildin' o' the temple in the Bible. All about sin an' punishment an' the old dispensation, you see, an' never a speck o' light an' hope for that poor sperrit. For o' course I had to go reg'lar an' take subjects as they come, an' didn't dast skip over into the New Testament comfort till its turn come. I was in a heap o' trouble about it, when all of a suddin another chance was give me. Old Mr. Rice come to me with a letter in his hand, an' asked me if I couldn't be induced to stay on an' take care o' the house through the winter. Seems that one o' the children—Mis' Davis's, I mean—had took cold, an' its throat or lungs or something was weak. So the doctor had ordered them to take her 'crost the water, an' they was goin' right off, without comin' home at all. Wasn't it wonderful? A int'position o' Providence, cert'in sure, an' I thanked the Lord on my bended knees. I kep' on now in the reg'lar way, not havin' to hurry, givin' all the time I wanted to the doctrines. For there's nothin' like bein' well grounded in them. Norvle never said much, but he showed plain enough that he took 'em all in, by the approprit pieces he spoke arter each lesson. I wish I could rec'lect 'em all; they was wonderful. I know one time we had free-will, an' 'twas the most excitin' occasion. I got so worked up over it, showin' how 'twas consistent with election an' foreord'nation, an' argifyin' that we was jest as free to pick an' choose as—as—anybody.

Oh, I never see a boy—let alone a ghost—take in truths like

him. An' it done me good too. I'd got a little rusty on them doctrinal b'liefs myself, an' it rubbed up my knowledge wonderful. I studied up days, an' could hardly wait for class-time to come; an' jest 's soon 's I had the fust sniff o' pepp'mint arternoons, I'd be ready to start off. But I'd allers give him his chance fust, an' I growed to love that one thing he said every time, the only thing I ever heerd him reely say, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" It seemed to mean more an' more each day, an' bimeby was 'most like a whole conversation. Jest from that one remark I begun to know all about his past life an' doin's, his folks, his home, an' all. A poor, empty, neglected, lonesome life 'twas, an' my heart ached over it as it come out day by day in our talks. To think o' his never havin' had what my boys had so much on, all their days: meetin's, Sabbath-schools, cat'chisms, preparat'ry lectur's, monthly concerts, prayer-meetin's; he never'd had one o' them blessed priv'leges in his hull narrer little life. Well, as I said, I enjoyed the doctrinal teachin', the Old Test'ment an' all; but I was awful glad when with a clear conscience I could turn over the leaf an' show him t'other side. He'd been gettin' rather low in his mind lately, an' no wonder. For I hadn't felt to tell him anything yet but about our dreffle state o' sin, the punishment we deserved, an' the justice o' Him who could give it to us. To be sure, I got him to the p'int where he knowed 'twould be all perfectly right, consid'rin' the circumstances, if he should be sent right down to the place, as the hymn says,

"Where crooked ways o' sinners lead."

He was resigned to it, but he wa'n't exackly glad, an' he looked rather solemn. So I was pleased enough when I begun to let in a mite o' sunshinin' an' told him the gospel story. An' I declare it never'd meant so much to me myself, church member as I'd been for more'n a dozen years, as when I begun to tell it to that poor little ghost. I begun way at the very beginnin', an' it was quite a spell afore he see what was comin'. He thought I was jest givin' an account of a common, ord'nary boy. I see that was the way to int'rest him, so I told about Him as a little feller, with his mother, an' in the carpenter's shop, an' round the water an' the shore with the fishermen an' sailors. I was thinkin' o' my own boys on the salt-water at Portsmouth an' Kitt'ry when I dwelt so on that part.

But pretty soon I rec'lected how Norvle was fetched up on risin' ground, so I told him about His bein' so fond o' the hills, goin' up "into a mountin apart," as the Bible says, to pray an' to preach, or to set there alone. An' how Norvle's face did light up then, an' his whitey-blue eyes shine! I don't doubt he was thinkin' o' the New Hampshire hills. For folks that lives among 'em do learn to love 'em lots. So it went on, till it come nigh the last part o' the narr'tive. No need for me to remind you o' that. I'd knowed it allers, learnt it to my Sabbath-school scholars, heerd it talked an' preached an' sung all my born days, but 'twas like a

bran'-new thing 's I told it to Norvle, an' the tears jest ran down my face like rain. He didn't cry. I guess ghosts never does. But oh, how mournful an' sorry he looked, with his eyes opened wide an' lookin' straight into my face, an' his lips kind o' tremblin'! For quite a spell now he'd been speakin' diff'ent sort o' pieces—hymns an' sech. An' now he begun to say sech beautiful ones, hymns an' psalms I hadn't even thought on for years. Some o' 'em I learnt afore I could read, from hearin' mother say 'em over 'n' over to me as I set on the little cricket at her feet. How I felt as he'd say, soft an' gentle like, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" an' then foller it right up with one o' them sweet old hymns I always rec'lected in mother's voice! Oh, I loved him harder 'n' harder every day! He was jest 's homely 's ever, jest 's freckled, his hair jest 's reddish-yeller an' mussy, but he looked diff'ent, somehow. There was a kind o' rested, quiet, satisfied look come on his face by spells that made him prettier to look at. An' bimeby that look come to stay.

I couldn't make you understand 'f I tried—an' I ain't goin' to try—how I see what was happenin' in that soul. But I did see. I knowed the very hour—the minute 'most—when he see the hull truth an' give up to it. There didn't seem to be any powerful conviction o' sin. Mebbe ghosts don't need to go through that. P'raps it's their bodies that makes that work so strong in folks, an' ghosts 'ain't got any bodies. So 'twas a easy, smooth specie o' conversion, an' Norvle hisself didn't seem to know when it happened. He kep' comin' jest the same, allers askin' his little question, an' speakin' his piece. I went on all the time with my teachin'. I knowed Norvle was all right now, an' safe for ever 'n' ever. But there's plenty o' things even pefessors need to know, an' I did so like to learn him.

'Twas gettin' past the middle o' December now. One day I walked a little ways down street for exercise an' fresh air, an' all to once there come over me sech a strong rec'lection o' Portsmouth woods. I didn't know why 'twas for a minute, but then I begun to smell a piny, woodsy smell, an' I see right on the side-walk a lot o' evergreens—pine an' hemlock an' spruce. Then I remembered that Christmas was comin'. Why up to the very last Christmas o' their lives my three boys hung their blue yarn stockin's up by the fireplace, though Amos was past nineteen then, an' Ezry goin' on seventeen. So 'twas a time full o' rec'lectin' for me. The year afore I'd jest put it all out o' my head an' tried to forget what day 'twas. But I couldn't forget it here. 'Twas in the air; 'twas ev'rywhere you went. It made me choky an' wat'ry-eyed all the time, an' I couldn't see nothin' ary blessed minute but the old wood fire at home, with the big yarn stockin's hangin' there. But one day arter Norvle had left, I begun to think why I couldn't make a Christmas for him. Now don't laugh at me. I wa'n't a fool. I knowed 's well 's you do that ghosts don't want presents or keep days. But I was so lonesome, an' jest hungry for a stockin' to fill—a boy's stockin'. "So why," I says to myself, "shouldn't I make bleeve—'play' 's the children

says—that Norvle wants a real old-fashioned Christmas, an' I can give him one?" The next time he come I led up to the subject an' found out, 's I suspicioned, that he'd never heerd o' Christmas or Santy Claus in all his born days. So I told him about it, an' he was so int'rested.

Fust I told him whose birthday 'twas, o' course, an' why folks kep' it. Then I told him all about fam'lies all gettin' together at that time, an' comin' home from everywhere, to be with their own folks. An' I went on about hangin' up stockin's an' fillin' 'em with presents. "An' now, Norvle," I says, "I'm goin' to make a real old-fashioned Christmas for you this year, sech as we used to have in the old house; sech as we made for Amos an' Ezry an' Peleg. For," I says, "you've been a real good boy this winter, an' I set as much by you 'most—p'r'aps jest as much—as I done by my own boys." He looked dreffle tickled, an' so 'twas settled. How I did enjoy gettin' ready! 'Twa'n't so easy as it seems. For I'd set my heart on havin' the same kind o' presents as we used to give the boys, an' they wa'n't plenty in New York city. The stockin' was easy enough, for I had one o' Peleg's. You see, I kind o' liked to have some o' the boys' things about, an' I had some o' the old blue feetin' layin' on my stockin' basket 's if they was waitin' to be darned. They looked nat'ral an' good, you see. Peleg was nigh about Norvle's size. The hick'ry-nuts I got easy enough, an' the maple sugar. Then o' course there must be a jack-knife. I found jest the right kind, big, with a black horn handle an' two blades. I set up late nights an' riz early to knit a pair o' red yarn mittens, like Peleg's; they're so good for snow-ballin', you know. An' I wound a yarn ball, an' covered it with leather. I had a diff'cult time findin' the fish-hooks an' sinkers, for I hadn't been round no great in New York, an' there ain't no general store there. But I found 'em at last. Right on top I was goin' to put Pely's little chunky, leather cover Bible. Mother give it to him the day he jined the Church, an' writ his name in her straight up an' down, prim handwritin'. I knowed she an' him both would be willin' it should go to this poor little soul the Scripters meant so much to, an' had done so much for.

Oh, you don't know what it was to me, an' my poor empty heart that had ached till 'twas 'most numb, to get that stockin' ready. Ev'ry day I talked Christmas to Norvle, never lettin' him know, o' course, what I was goin' to give him, but tellin' all about diff'ent Christmases I'd knowed. Then I told him how Christmas Eve we all used to stand together, the boys an' me, an' sing pa's fav'rit piece, "Home, Sweet Home." I carried the toon, Peleg sung a real sweet second, Ezry had the high part, an' Amos the low. How it fetched it all back to tell it over to him!

The last night but one come—the twenty-third 'twas. Norvle had looked real mournful-like lately. Ev'ry time I spoke o' father's house, or fam'lies gettin' together or goin' home for Christmas, I see he looked kind o' sorry an' 's if he wanted somethin'. But I wouldn't see what it meant. That arternoon, though, when he'd ast, in a shaky, still voice, "Don't you want to hear me

“speak my piece?” he follered it up with the dear old hymn mother whispered part of, the very last day of her life—

“Airth has engrossed my love too long,
’Tis time to lift my eyes.”

He went on with all the verses, an’ when he come to

“O let me mount to join their song,”

he said it ’s if he was prayin’ to me, an’ sech a longin’ sound come into his voice, an’ sech a longin’ look into his eyes, that I was all goose-flesh, an’ so choky. When he’d finished, I turned away to get my handk’chief, an’ when I looked back agin he was gone.

Well, I s’pose you see now what I’d got to do, an’ what my plain duty was. I really had knowed it all along, but I’d shet my eyes to it a purpose till now; but I couldn’t no longer. That poor soul o’ Norvle’s was regen’rated, saved cert’in sure, an’ what business had I to keep it down here any longer? You see it plain enough, but no one but me—an’ One other—knows how much it meant to me that night. “Couldn’t I,” says I to myself—“couldn’t I keep him only one day longer, jest over that seas’n o’ Christmas, so hard, so ter’ble hard to bear without him? Any-way, couldn’t I have him till mornin’, an’ let him have his stockin’? When he was goin’ to have sech a long, long time up there, would jest one day more down here make any great diff’rence?” The answer come quick enough. Yes, ’twould! He b’longed somewher’s else, an’ I must send him there, an’ right straight off, too, even if it broke my heart all to pieces doin’ it.

All the next day I went about my work very softly. It seemed like the day o’ the boys’ fun’ral. I’d filled the stockin’ two days afore—I couldn’t wait—an’ there it laid in my room, never, never to be hung up, all bulgy an’ onreg’lar on’ knobby. I knowed what ary bulge meant. That one by the ankle was the jack-knife, an’ right in the top was Pely’s chunky little Bible jest showin’ above the ribbed part. I didn’t empty it. Folks will keep sech things, you know, an’ it’s up in my bedroom somewher’s now, I bleeve.

Well, Christmas Eve come, an’ come quick—too quick for me that time. I’d made up my mind ’twouldn’t never do to let Norvle see how I felt. So, when he come in, I was jest as usual, an’ smiled at him real pleasant; but I felt ’twouldn’t do to wait a single minute, for fear I’d break down, so afore he could make his one little remark, for the fust time sence I knowed him, I begun fust, an’ he stood still an’ listened.

“Norvle,” I says, speakin’ ’s I used to to the boys’ playfellers that used to come an’ see ’em an’ want to stay on an’ on—“Norvle, I’ve had a real nice visit with you. I’ve enjoyed your comp’ny lots, an’ I wish I could ask you to stay longer. But it’s Christmas Eve, you know, an’, ’s I’ve often told you, people ’d oughter be with their own folks to-night. You know now where your folks is, leastways your Father an’ your Elder Brother. So, I’m dresse

sorry to seem imperlite an' send you off, but—why, this bein' Christmas Eve, I really think—the best thing for you to do—is—to go—Home!" I got it out somehow; I don't see how I done it.

Norvle looked right at me, kind o' mournfle. He stood stock-still, an' I thought he was goin' to make his one little remark, but he didn't. Jest 's true 's I live, that boy opened his mouth an' begun to sing. An' oh! what do you suppose he sung? "Home, Sweet Home!" He'd never sung afore; I didn't know 's he could; but his voice was like a wood-robin now. An' in a minute, though there wa'n't anybody but him an' me in the room, seemed 's if I heerd some other voices. Norvle carried the toon, but I heerd a real sweet second, an' then a high part an' a low. 'Twas jest like four boys singin' together. An' while I looked at him the music sounded further 'n' further off, till when he got to the last "sweet—sweet—home," I had to lean 'way forward to ketch a sound. An' when it stopped—why, he stopped. He didn't go; he jest wasn't there.

Well, I've got along somehow. You do get along through most things, hard 's they be. It's more'n forty year now sence my ghost story happened, an' I'm an old woman. I'm failin' lately pretty fast, an' it makes me think a good deal about goin' home myself to jine pa 'n' ma 'n' the boys. I might 's well tell you that when I say the boys, I mean *four* on 'em. For, b'sides my three, I'm cert'in there's goin' to be another one, a little chap with rough, reddish-yeller hair, an' lots o' freckles. Course I know it's all diff'ent up there, an' things ain't a speck like what they be here; but somehow it won't seem exackly nat'ral if that little feller don't somewher's in the course o' conv'sation bring in that fav'rit remark o' his'n,

"Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O THOU! who by a star didst guide
 The wise men on their way,
 Until it came and stood beside
 The place were Jesus lay.
 Although by stars Thou didst not lead
 Thy servants now below,
 Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
 Will show them how to go.
 And yet we know Thee but in part;
 But still we trust Thy word,
 That blessed are the clean of heart,
 For they shall see the Lord.
 O Saviour! give us, then Thy grace,
 To make us pure in heart;
 That we may see Thee face to face
 Hereafter, as Thou art.

COLLOQUY ON PREACHING.

HODGE AND HIS WIFE.

SCENE : *Through the Meadows, on the way from Church.**H.* THAT wor a main good sarmin.*W.* It wor. He did stand up to it straight.*H.* I'll tell yer what, old 'ooman: if that there mon allays preached, I'd never go to meetin'.*W.* Then I wish he did allays preach. You know you never didn't ought to go to meetin'. Parsons is parsons: but what them is as preaches at meetin', who can say?*H.* My opinion is that parsons is as parsons does. I don't understand nowt of what they calls nordination and that, but I knows a good sarmin when I hears un.*W.* But our rector says we don't go to church so much to hear sarmins as to worship God.*H.* That's all roight, no doubt, but he do preach sarmins, rector do, and they baint frustrate. Not but what they may suit the squoire and the doctor, and maybe the farmers, but bless yer, they don't suit me.*W.* A noice judge o' sarmins you be. There's niver a better mon in the parish to shear a sheep, or to keep a plough straight, but what do yer know of sarmins?*H.* I knows when they does me good. That there mon this arternoon has put thoughts into my yed as'll stick there all the week, when I be's in the lanes or on the lond.*W.* But do yer mane to say that them preachers at meetin' is up to that gemmon we've been a hearing on this arternoon?*H.* Noa, wife, I don't say that: he's a cut above 'em, he is; and as I tell'd yer, if I could allays hear him at church, it's uncommon little they'd see of me at meetin'. But, heart alive! he do come from a distance, he do. Next Sunday as ever is, rector'll be at it agin. Them as preaches at meetin' baint allays very smart at it, and they says the same thing over and over. But I can foller 'em, lass, I can foller 'em.*W.* But rector be a good mon. Only Friday he dropt into our place, and you can't think how koind and comfortable he wor. Stroked the cat, and all.*H.* But he baint no preacher.*W.* The children are right down fond on him. You know he taches on 'em at school, and gives 'em little story-books. Willie and Annie have both got quite a nice few on 'em.*H.* But he be of no account in the pulpit.*W.* Don't yer remember how he came ever so many times when you was ill, and brought yer grapes?*H.* The grapes was good, but the sarmins, they be bad.*W.* And I should like to know who got Tom his place on the railway?*H.* That wor rector, that wor. I up'd and thanked him for it

with all my heart. But he be no better nor an old owl when he gets up them stairs.

W. I calls it ongrateful, considerin' all them things, and a many besides, that you vexes rector by going so often to meetin'. I know it do vex him. He have mentioned it several times.

H. I be sorry to vex rector. I allays touches my hat to him when I meets him, and he says "Good day," cheerful loike. But, old wench, I mun look to myself. I baint a clever man. As thee knowest, I can't read, to say read. When I was a youngster, readin' and writin' was for the gentry. I want to be larnt someat. I want to have what good feelin's I has, and I wishes their was more on 'em, kept brisk. Somehow I allays finds myself a noddin' and a gapin' afore rector's well into his sarmin. He don't take no hold. People is a noddin' and a gapin' all round me. Woife, we don't often take different soides, you and me, but we does in this. I loike church sarvice a deal better nor meetin' sarvice, but church sarmins in this here village is nowt.

W. Well, I shall stick to the church, I shall. I can't argify, but I feels its a deal roighter. Aint God's blessing better nor sarmins?

THE LAUREL.

BY SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

"God be with thee," I did say,
 But he gently answered, "rather
 I would be with God, my Father;
 Bleakly dawns earth's brightest day,
 Oh, I long to win my manumission, and to be away.

"From this earth to be away,
 How my weary spirit panteth!
 Fleshly tenure spirit daunteth;
 Soul to dust doth answer, nay!
 Oh, to be unclothed from this clammy robe of clay!"

"But thy battle-field's before thee,
 Thou art only yet in training;
 Armèd now go forth for gaining
 In some fair field victory;
 Laurels thou shalt win and wear triumphantly!"

On the wreath he turned to gaze;
 Passed a finger o'er each leaf,
 Then said, "Its losing costs small grief;
 The amaranth, methinks, its worth outweighs;
 It feeleth me but cold, this earthly mead of praise!

"Besides, it seemeth me scarce meet,
 Each soldier wrangling for some crown;
 Sufficeth it, one Captain of Renown,
 Treading our foeman beneath conquering feet,
 Hath won for us the wreath, and for ourselves doth wait."

ALLEGED PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.*

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

II.

Inspiration of the Bible.

BELIEVING, as I do, that the original Scriptures were "given by inspiration of God," and that they have been preserved without corruption or essential change, then, if as to any point there be a real conflict as to what the Bible says and what science is assumed to say, so that both cannot be admitted as truthful, I will not interpret out of a Bible passage its true and proper meaning, and I will not abandon its theory of inspiration and substitute one of my own, but I will raise the question whether the proof of the Bible is stronger than that of the science that conflicts with it, and, so far as my own faith is concerned, abide by the issue of that inquiry. I must be sure, in the first place, that the conflict is real; and then I will accept the result which the proof forces upon me. I cannot think as a rational being and do otherwise.

And now in regard to this question of comparative proof, I know of no science which contradicts the Bible on any question of fact, and is at the same time as well proved as the Bible itself. Take geology, for example. It says, as an *inference* from certain facts, that this globe, as to the matter composing it, is much older than six thousand years. This is an *inference* the truth of which I do not understand the Bible to deny. If the Bible did deny this inference, then I would reject the inference; and I would do so because I hold the truth of the Bible to be more certain than this conclusion of the geologist. There is an enormous space between the mere facts gathered by the geologist and the conclusion which he draws therefrom. He has to jump over this space in order to get to his conclusion. I confess to you frankly that I think that his conclusion is probably correct; but when I compare the evidence of that correctness with the vast and varied evidence that sustains the divine authority of the Bible, the probability in favor of the latter, to my mind, rises to a much higher grade of certainty. Drive me to the wall on this subject, and I shall take the Bible and let the geological inference go to the dogs. I think I could show you, did the time permit, that this inference rests on several assumptions, which may be true, but are far from being proved.

Take the modern doctrine of *evolution*, which traces man back to a monkey, and from a monkey back to a vitalized protoplasm, and which undoubtedly contradicts the Scripture record of man's creation and all the references in the Bible to that record. The two systems cannot stand together. If man was originally created as the Bible says he was, then he was not created as evolution says he was. What are you going to do with this conflict? If you take my advice, you will dismiss this sort of evolution as a sheer *speculation*, sustained by no evidence that even begins to equal that which supports the divine authority of the Bible. You will not reconstruct your theory of inspiration so as to get protoplasm into your creed.

My next remark is that there is no occasion for the ministry or the Church to get into a panic about the perpetuity of Bible religion, so far as it may be endangered by scientific infidelity, or to modify its doctrine of its own inspiration in order to escape the objections of this infidelity. This religion has an immense *staying* power, as shown by its whole history. It has fought a great many battles, and in the end has always won. It was never numerically stronger than it is to-day; and next year it will be stronger than it is to-day. It is objectively embodied in a Book that has more readers by a thousand-fold than any infidel book that has ever been published. It has organized a vast force in the Christian Church, appropriated to itself a day for its special use, called into existence a learned and powerful ministry, and meets the religious necessities of our condition and nature as no other system ever did or can. It admits of being inspected to the very core, and the more it is examined, whether in its evidence, its contents or its effects, the better it appears, and the more clearly the hand of God is seen in its origin and its history.

Let me say that I have not one particle of concern as to any destruction or serious damage to this religion by infidelity, whether it be scientific or vulgar. This, by the very constitution of things, is a religious world in the instincts and necessities that belong to human nature; and infidelity, which consists in negatives, cannot unmake it as such. Christianity has come into such a world; and it everywhere meets a race of beings that wants it, whom it fits, and whom it lifts in the scale of being. It has power with them, and has made its home among them. Downright infidelity, in any of its forms, is the exceptional condition of humanity, and a weak one at that, in this country and in every other country where Christianity prevails.

Let me say finally on this point, especially to those of you who are in comparatively early life, speaking as one who has seen more than three score years and ten, that if I were an occupant of the Christian pulpit, I would in the main preach the Bible to the people, just as if I supposed they fully believed it and needed no argument from me to prove its truth. I would seek to impress them with the idea that I fully believed it myself. I would deal with its facts, its doctrines, its duties, its threatenings and its promises, as being of complete, absolute, divine, and, therefore, infallible authority, as a guide to faith and practice on all the subjects and questions of which it treats. I would not be afraid to say *hell* where the Bible says *hell*. I would not modify the teaching of the Book to the breadth of a hair to suit any man, or adapt the Bible to the proclivities of any age. Having been both preacher and hearer, I have come to the conclusion that just this sort of preaching is the best practical cure for infidelity, so far as the pulpit ordinarily has to do with it; and I am sure that it is best to impress the truth upon those who, though not infidels, are not Christians in the spirit and temper of their minds, and who greatly need to flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel.

Eschatology.

I come now to two questions in eschatology, one of them relating to the doctrine of future punishment, and the other to the idea or supposition of probation after death. Both of these questions have recently attracted

some attention. What I have to say must be condensed into the briefest space possible.

As to the doctrine of future punishment, I shall content myself with a statement of the following general points of thought, which you may expand and verify at your leisure : 1. That the Bible, especially the New Testament, very clearly teaches the doctrine that mankind are appointed to a conscious existence after death, without limit as to its duration ; and hence that death, notwithstanding its fearful ravages upon the body, and notwithstanding its termination of all sensible connection and intercourse between the living and the dead, is not the annihilation of the spiritual or mental part of man, and that in this respect the Bible confirms the argument of reason, and makes that certain which reason makes highly probable. 2. That the Bible generally teaches this doctrine of a future life, not as a separate and distinct proposition, but *as it teaches, and in teaching, the doctrine of retribution* in that life, thus giving the former fact as incidental to and involved in the latter fact. 3. That the Bible, by general implication, and sometimes in express terms, declares that the retributive system administered in the future life will be based on the *deeds done in the body* ; and hence that there is a relation of antecedent and consequent between our moral conduct here and our condition in that life. (2 Cor. v. 10 ; Romans ii. 2-10, and Galatians vi. 7, 8.) 4. That the Bible descriptions of the future life, whether in the form of metaphor or otherwise, concentrate their expressive force upon the conveyance of two ideas—one the idea of a good estate upon a specified condition as to moral character, and the other the idea of a bad estate upon an opposite condition of character—thus making moral character the criterion and rule of condition in each case. 5. That the Bible theory of future rewards on the one hand, and its theory of future punishment on the other, each having reference to a specific state of moral character, are taught with equal authority, distinctness and clearness, and that, as to the endless duration of these rewards and punishments, the Bible argument is equally good in respect to both, or good in respect to neither.

These five propositions give you the Bible doctrine, as I understand it, with regard to future punishment. The only modification thereof is that which is furnished by the Gospel of Christ. The Gospel provides that sinners in this world, if they have repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall in the next life escape the penal consequences of sin, and be treated as if they had never sinned. This introduces into the moral government of God the element of *grace* to the guilty, and furnishes a relief and ground of hope to those who would otherwise have no hope. Sin, though, under law, ruin to the soul hereafter, is not necessarily fatal under the Gospel. The sinner, by compliance with the conditions prescribed, may be pardoned, and accepted and treated by God as if he had never sinned. For this possibility we are indebted to the work of Christ.

Such, then, is the theology that I gather from the Bible as to the doctrine of future punishment. If there is any progress in theology beyond this or away from this, I, for one, propose to stick to the Bible and not to follow such progress. If you ask me how this applies to the heathen, who have never had any knowledge of the Bible, then I answer that, according to

this same Bible, it will be required of every man according to that which he hath, and not according to that which he hath not; and that those who have sinned without the law will be judged without the law, and that I am quite content to leave the application of this principle to the Great Governor of the universe, without attempting to draw a purely speculative programme of His conduct in the premises.

As to the other question—namely, probation after death—I submit for your consideration these points of thought: 1. That, except as we are taught by the Bible, we know nothing on the subject; and hence that our speculations in regard to it are nothing but speculations, without authority by reason of our ignorance. 2. That the Bible theory of rewards and punishments, which bases future destiny upon the deeds done in the body, would seem to exclude the idea of any probation after death that gives the opportunity of changing one's destiny in the after-life. 3. That Christ and His apostles, in preaching the Gospel, practically treated this life as if it were the only period in which men could prepare for a good estate in the next life, urging them to act now as if all were staked upon present action, and never intimating that they might hereafter correct and set right the mistakes committed here. 4. That the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in its structure, in its purpose, and in its relation to Jewish faith at the time of utterance, is so composed as to give a negative to the idea of probation after death. 5. That the wise and only wise course for men to take is so to live here as not to need a *post mortem* probation. That man, in my judgment, is stupid beyond expression who wantonly sins away his day and time of grace here on the speculative theory that possibly he may have another day of grace after he gets into the next world.

The Atonement of Christ.

I come now finally to the theory in regard to the Atonement of Christ, adopted by some theologians, which, by way of distinction, is known as the Moral Influence Theory. The necessity for the sufferings and death of Christ, according to this theory, did not and does not exist in God at all. So far as He is concerned as the Moral Governor of the universe, man might have been saved without these sufferings and this death. They are necessary, so far as necessary at all, as a part of a great system of moral influence by which sinners are to be moved and reconciled to God. Their whole function and utility consist in powerfully persuading man. They simply express the love of God and address human nature with this argument. There was no necessity that Christ should suffer and die, in order that men might be pardoned, except as the means of disposing men to repent of sin, and believe on Christ, and accept the pardon.

Such I understand to be the essence of the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement; and in regard to it I submit briefly the following remarks:

1. My first remark is that we know nothing about the Atonement of Christ except as we gather our information from the Bible. The whole subject is purely Biblical; and hence all that we know in regard to it must be derived from the Bible.

2. My second remark is that the Bible, alike in its Old Testament predictions and types in regard to Christ, and in its New Testament history of Christ, places a very special emphasis upon His sufferings and death.

These facts stand out with great prominence. It was to commemorate His death, and this only, that He Himself appointed a memorial to be continued and observed by His followers in all time.

3. My third remark is that the Moral Influence Theory of Christ's death does not seem to me an expression of the plain and obvious ideas contained in the following passages :

"But He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed." "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin." "This is My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins." "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

I need not cite more passages. The Bible, as you are aware, abounds with such statements in respect to the death of Christ. Does the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement adequately represent these statements ? I think not. According to this theory there was no laying of our iniquities upon Christ. He was not made a curse for us. There was no shedding of His blood for the remission of sins. He was not made to be sin for us. I cannot reconcile the theory with the plain meaning of the Scripture statement in respect to the death of Christ. That death, according to these statements, was a sacrificial death, a vicarious death, the death of One who died for our sins, in order that they might be pardoned. It was the death of One who in dying bore our sins in His own body on the tree, in order that we might not eternally bear their penal curse. Call this a mystery if you please ; yet fact it is by the authority of the Bible, and this fact the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement utterly fails to express.

4. My fourth remark will consist in setting before you two passages of Scripture, both from the pen of Paul—the one in Hebrews and the other in Romans. The first reads thus : "For it became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." The thought here is that the sufferings and death of Christ, as involved in the divinely appointed plan of human salvation, as realized in His own person, and as the way of making Him a complete, perfect and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, *became* God, which means that they were appropriate and suitable to God. Paul does not here say how they became God. He simply states the fact and there leaves the matter.

Now take this fact along with you, while I recite to you the passage in Romans, as follows : "Whom God did set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God ; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness, that He might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." This passage sheds light upon the fact stated in the other passage. You have here these propositions : 1. That God set forth Jesus Christ as a propitiation through faith in His blood. 2. That the direct and immediate object of this setting forth in the

character assigned to Him, and in the death which He endured, was an object that related to God Himself, and that was to make a declaration of His righteousness. 3. That the final end to be gained thereby was that God might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. This is Pauline theology ; and according to this theology the death of Christ had an immediate object which relates to God Himself ; and that object was to declare His righteousness as the antecedent and condition of His being the justifier of the believer in Jesus. There was, then, a necessity in God for the Atonement by suffering and death, in order that sin might be pardoned and the sinner might be saved. Paul makes no mention of any necessity relating to man ; but he does mention one relating to God and flowing from God.

How, then, does the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement harmonize with these two passages ? Not at all. It entirely overlooks their meaning, and assigns for the sufferings and death of Christ a reason different from the one which they assign. It became God that Christ should be a sufferer, and it became God that by these sufferings He should make a declaration of God's righteousness, as a condition precedent to man's salvation. This is the Bible explanation of the Atonement, and the Moral Influence Theory is not ; and hence the former should be accepted and the latter rejected.

5. My fifth remark is that this Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement, if thoroughly believed, defeats the very purpose which it assigns to the Atonement. According to this theory the whole thing is intended simply as an appeal to man. What, then, is there in it to emphasize and enforce the appeal if this theory be true ? Let it once be discovered that all the sacrificial, the sin-offering and substitutionary appearance of the Atonement is but an appearance, that the Lord did not really lay upon Him the iniquity of us all, and that Christ did not really bear our sins in His own body on the tree, and the appearance will at once lose its power of influence. The Atonement of Christ is amazingly impressive when seen and believed as the Bible states it. Thus seen and believed it has brought tears from millions of eyes, and kindled gratitude in millions of hearts. Christ on the cross bearing our sins, pouring out His soul unto death and suffering, the just for the unjust, and all this that God might consistently remit penalty and save us, is one thing ; and Christ on the same cross simply making an appeal to humanity, is quite another thing. It is when we see Christ under the former aspect that the appeal is most impressive. If we think of Him under the latter aspect, the very vision takes away the power of the appeal. To see and believe this theory is to close up the avenue to the sensibilities of the heart. It does not at all fit the hymnology of all the Christian ages, which has glowed and blazed with the fervors awakened by the Bible statement of the Atonement of Christ. No such hymnology would have existed if this Moral Influence Theory had been the general faith of the Church.

6. My final remark is that the best way to preach the doctrine of the Atonement is to do so without much speculation, and largely in the language of the Bible. There is, after all, no more effective way of stating the doctrine than to say that Christ died for our sins, or that He tasted death for every man. The statements of inspiration so blend the fact of the death

with the reason therefor and the relation thereof, as to make the most impressive appeal alike to the head and the heart. That pulpit will most effectually preach the cross of Christ that preaches it under the forms of thought, and largely in the expressions of thought, which the Bible supplies. These are the objects which faith needs to grasp and affirm, and upon which every soul needs to pillow its head when smitten with a sense of guilt, or called to meet its God in judgment.

I have thus submitted to you my thoughts on the four points named. And in conclusion. I will simply say that the longer I have lived, and the nearer I come to the final exit from time, the better I am satisfied with the Bible as the rule of faith and practice, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, as the solution of all religious questions that flash across the firmament of my mind, and as the sheet-anchor of all my hopes for another world. I am disposed to adopt the words of the Psalmist, and say of the Bible and of the God of the Bible: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul." If there is any better position than this I know not what it is or where to find it. I want no advance and no retreat in theology that takes me away from this position.

THE DAY IS DONE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the
mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

RELIGIOUS DOUBT AND MODERN POETRY.*

BY THE REV W. J. DAWSON.

II.

It may be said that Tennyson and Browning, incomparably the two greatest poets of our time, have in no wise stood aside from the great controversy of disputed faiths, and that their poetry, nevertheless, is marked by majestic strength and the noblest artistic completeness. Indeed, in both poets we have distinct and splendid poems wholly devoted to the discussion of moral and religious doubt. In such poems as "Easter-day" and "Christmas-eve" Browning may be said to have hunted certain forms of scepticism home to their

"Inmost room
With lens and scalpel"

of the most acute and brilliant analysis. And in poems like "The Two Voices," "The Palace of Art," and above all the "In Memoriam," which stands in unassailable fame above all comparison, Tennyson has wrestled with the toughest ideas that have strained the thews and sinews of the mind since the day when Socrates

"Fired with burning faith in God and Right,
Doubted men's doubts away."

But it must at once appear that the discussion of doubt is a very different thing from the profession of denial. Life will never cease to be mysterious, and while life is full of mystery doubt will never cease. A gray under-roof of mystery shuts us down; a deep sea of mystery moans and thunders at our feet. There are awful moments of eclipse through which the strongest spirit may be called to pass. Sorrows come upon us not alone, but in companies, and sweep all before them. We move for awhile amid such starless desolation, and such waves and billows have passed over us, that it may well happen that our feet have almost slipped.

The great drama of the trial of Job opens with the scene of Job worshipping in the very moment when the last messenger has reached him with the bitterest of all his evil tidings; and it closes with the victory of faith, with the patriarch once more worshipping, so that the latter end of Job is more blessed than his beginning. Throughout the history doubt is only stated as the foil to faith; it falls with the blackness of eclipse for a little space, but obeys the law of the eclipse and vanishes at last, leaving the sun shining in his strength. It is precisely in this spirit that both Tennyson and Browning deal with the problems of religious doubt. There are "Two Voices," but the triumph of the great argument does not remain with the mocking voice. There is a "Vision of Sin;" but its black and bitter cynicism dies at last in a faint, mysterious dawning splendour; and though the divine voice speaks in a voice no one can understand, yet its final

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utterance is on the side of hope. In the "In Memoriam" we have the dense thunder-cloud, and even the rolling of the thunder ; but there comes at last a season of clear shining, when a serene and holy light fills earth and heaven. The great chords of wailing die away, one by one, into the murmurous joy of infinite hallelujahs ; the purposes of loss are seen, the chastening of bereavement is achieved, the wine of sorrow has been drunk, the heavens of song are purged and clear, and in their unfathomable depths there gleam the dimly-outlined walls of the city where He dwells who has made all things new, and where those lost from earth have larger life and holier knowledge. It is true some "bitter notes" his harp has given, but

"Hope has never lost its youth."

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep
I heard a voice 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep ;

"A warmth within the heart would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

The reason of the heart has proved itself victor over the reason of the intellect, for it was diviner. Wailings in the night there may have been, and cryings after light, amid blind clamour and doubt and fear :

"Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying, knows his father near ;"

and in the light of this great spiritual victory the whole problem of the tangled world grows clear ; the world is safe in God's hands, and already there are prophetic signs and heraldings of its full redemption :

"That one, far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Not less unmistakably has Robert Browning declared himself a singer upon the side of faith. He is a far stronger and deeper man than Tennyson ; an incompleter artist, but a greater poet ; and his method of approaching doubt wholly differs from Tennyson's. He loves to assault it with sardonic humour ; to undermine it with subtle suggestion, even to break out into grim laughter as it slowly disintegrates and falls into a cloud of dust before his victorious analysis. But not the less does he sympathize with whatever there may be of spiritual yearning, of earnest but baffled purpose in it ; and no poet has ever been quicker than he to place in the fullest light of tender recognition the one redeeming quality there may be latent in the thing he hates. For faith, in Robert Browning, is a spiritual fire that never burns low. Through whatever labyrinth of guilt or passion he may lead his readers, God is ever the attending Presence, in whose hands all the ravelled skeins of life lie distinct and clear :

"He glows above,
With scarce an intervention, presses close and palpitatingly."

Human life is lived out in every instance beneath the eye of God, and it is the failure to recognize this which is the beginning of all evils in human character. The lightning which startles the guilty lovers hidden in the deep forest is in truth God's sword, plunged again and again through the thick cloud to find them, for they cannot flee from Him; and the prison-roof of life that shuts the mourner in will assuredly break some day, and "heaven beam overhead." Whenever Browning walks amid the shadows of human mystery—and darker glooms has no poet moved through—he sees the star of faith shining overhead, he hears the voice of God bidding him be of good cheer. David, as he sings in the black tent before Saul, bids him think of his mother held up on her death-bed, and bids him again

"Hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness,

'Let one more attest

I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best.'"

Little Pippa, as she passes out for her brief holiday, her light feet moving innocent amid all the crime and tragedy of life, sings :

"The years at the spring,
Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

It is the poet's own soul that sings in little Pippa; this faith of his that all is right never deserts him. He will discuss doubt, but as a strong man who has overcome it; he will admit it to his temple of song, but he sternly relegates it to its own place, and will allow it no supremacy. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the greatness of Robert Browning as a poet is in no small measure due to his greatness as a believer.

The first direct result of the presence of doubt in modern poetry is found in that note of weariness and sadness by which it is distinguished. Its household gods are too clearly shattered; it is beside the waters of Babylon the poet sits and sings. We do not by any means seek to prove that the element of sadness which we find in all exquisite poetry, invariably owes its origin to loss of faith, for no conclusion could be more falsely partial. Perhaps the noblest pages in the literature of all nations are the saddest. The spirit of Dante moves between infinite light and gloom wearing ever a crown of sorrow; the majestic woe of the blind and aged Milton has not yet ceased to thrill upon the world's ear; even the serene genius of Wordsworth finds thoughts that "lie too deep for tears. Earthly life is so full of incompleteness, is so often baffled in its highest purposes, is so often mocked in the moment of its sublimest yearnings, and has so many chapters in its book of years steeped in deepest pathos, that it may well be

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

But then life is not wholly sorrowful, and the poetry misjudges life which interprets it alone by tears. Dante has his beatific vision, his "Paradiso,"

following close upon his "Purgatory;" and out of the great blackness and desertion of that blind old age of Milton rise the sublime "cathedral music" of his "Paradise Lost," and the hopeful closing vision of his "Paradise Regained." The exquisite sadness of regret, of memory, of vanished hopes and broken fellowships, will ever be one of the noblest elements in any noble poetry.

But all this is very different from that *personal* note of weariness and sad dissatisfaction which is heard so loudly in our later poetry. The greater poets write little of themselves; the lesser modern poets write of little but themselves. Their chief inspiration is too frequently a sort of cynical melancholy. They have been disillusionised; there is nothing new and nothing true—and no matter! The most morbid introspection is interwoven with the saddest worldly wisdom. Few of them, indeed, are there who

"Do but sing because they must,
And pipe but as the linnet sings."

What Matthew Arnold has called the "lyrical cry" is genuinely heard ever and again; but too often, while the weariness is sincere enough, the verse falls into spasmodic affectations. We feel while we read that there is no "natural piety" linking day to day in the lives of such poets. The fresh and clear delights of nature are obscured; the cheerful gospels of the singing birds and sunny day are dumb; life is bred upon a hot-bed of morbid thought, is passed in feverish turbulence, or "creeps on wounded wing," and the poetry which expresses it is a melodious spasm, or a fitful and exceeding bitter cry. How can it be otherwise when the divine aspects of life are blotted out? What bird can sing in full-throated ease beneath a threatening thunder-cloud? Faith has ever been the inspiration of the grandest human heroisms, the noblest human thoughts; what wonder that the clue of life is lost when faith is lost? Simplicity has always been the crown of highest genius; what marvel is it that when the simple heart is lost the whole world of thought falls into mournful bewilderment and weariness? There are many pages in Tennyson which teach us how dangerous it is even for the strongest nature to drink long and deeply of the bitter draught of doubt; how even the final faith of later days cannot wholly heal the old wounds that still "ache and cry."

A second result from loss of faith in our modern poetry is the undisguised and contaminating sensuality which has latterly infected it. In both Tennyson and Browning we meet everywhere a profound moral sense. In the poem of "The Palace of Art" we have a distinct and memorable sermon preached upon the world-old text that the noblest culture and the purest art become destroying forces when divorced from moral fervour; that even when unstained by any breath of baser passion they end inevitably in isolation and despair, and the broken-hearted cry of "All is vanity." The need of some diviner salvation than art can offer haunts with persistent bitterness the human spirit sheltered in its selfish splendour; at last it falls like Herod, "struck through with pangs of hell;" it is on fire within, and howls aloud,

"What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?"

The "Palace of Art" is a sermon for which the age owes Mr. Tennyson profound gratitude. How much it is needed we can judge when we remember how often of late years we have heard high critical authorities insisting that art must be loved for art's sake, and that our common notions of morality are wholly opposed to art. We could forgive Mr. Swinburne the frantic sound and fury of his revolutionary odes, but we cannot forgive him when he prostitutes his noble gifts to uphold the monstrous thesis that the priciest poetry is that which deals in the prurient details of "fleshy fever" and "amorous malady." The Laureate calls upon *his* soul to

"Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

But it is precisely in the filthy carnival of "ape and tiger" that Mr. Swinburne has chosen to dwell. The whole subject is one which will not bear handling; and for our part we have no desire to publish any investigations in putrescence. Such poetry can only be labelled as "unfit for human consumption." Certain of its admirers have ventured to call it "Greek;" but it is not Greek, it is simply bestial. It is the lowest and most revolting phase of the evil wrought in literature through lack of faith. That lack of faith inevitably leads to such a depth of moral fall we do not say; but we do say that such poetry is in itself an awful illustration of how swiftly godless art may become immoral art.

Yet one other result of doubt in modern poetry we have seen in the appearance of a genuine poetry of Despair. In James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," pessimism has recognized its poet. He does not stagger in the gloom of conjecture, he falls upon no altar-stairs "that slope through darkness up to God," he does not merely doubt, he has attained a dreadful certitude, the fever of his blood is past, and he is calm; but it is with the calm of hopelessness. From the fierce conflict with the powers of darkness voices have gone up since the beginning of the world crying, "Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Darkness may have closed in again upon the lonely sufferer, and anguish may have quenched the song within his lips; but at least the cloud has rifted for a moment, and the voice of trust been heard. But there is no such transient gleam of light even in "The City of Dreadful Night." Its air is loaded with

"Infections of unutterable sadness,
Infections of incalculable madness,
Infections of incurable despair."

The modern Dante who gazes on its rings of horror, and sees it built up amid infernal fires and blackness, has found

"No hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessings or of curse."

He finds "alone necessity supreme."

In the heart of this city of despair rises the spectral fane where no organ-strain or chant or voice of murmuring prayer is ever heard; where the

altar-space is unillumed, and men and shadows lean against the walls and pillars, and a congregation waits doomstricken for a preacher who shall presently announce with "great, sad voice" his awful message—that there is no God, no personal life beyond the grave, and that the one comfort of this life is that we can end it when we will. There is no Byronic scowl, no theatrical defiance, no tearing of passion into tatters here; the woe is too genuinely deep, too profoundly earnest. The poet strikes "an iron harpstring;" its one reverberation is "Woe, woe, unutterable woe!" In him we find the last result of the influence of religious doubt on modern poetry. His is too stern a nature to utter itself in the lamentation of mere weariness, however real; and too high a nature to absorb itself in the Lesbian celebration of "amorous malady;" it finds its outlet not even in defiance, but rather in incurable despair, happily unparalleled in the history of English poetry.

Here, then, we may fitly close this fragmentary study of one phase in modern English poetry. It must be full of sad suggestion alike to the philosophic thinker and the Christian. The fatal *narrowing* tendency which attends the intellectual processes of scepticism is nowhere seen in a more startling light than in its action upon poetry. The freshness and spontaneity of song is lost, the lyrical cry becomes the lyrical wail, simplicity and fulness of emotion become unknown, and the imagination, having lost courage for anything like colossal effort, is frittered away, and wastes itself in spasmodic and often morbid creation. There is no clearer lesson taught by the history of human thought and action than that the greatest deed and utterance are impossible without the serenity and courage which spring from living faith in God. The great poet must, like Milton, ever live in his great Taskmaster's eye, and then he will not fail to make his own life a true poem. There is no compensation for the loss of faith in poetry. Doubt may sometimes lift its cup full of the wine of misery to the poet's lips, and he shall drink, and find a certain bitter exhilaration in the draught which fires the mind with brief poetic *ferrou*, but that throb of short and daring effort is all too dearly purchased. The world asks that its poets shall be prophets; that its singers shall be believers; that their inspiration shall be drawn from above, else it were better that their gift died in them, and their song were never sung.

The keystone in the arch of life is God; if once the poet pluck *that* down what wonder is it that all his life falls straightway into illimitable despair and ruin? What wonder that the stars fade one by one above him, until at last he sits in cities of dreadful night, and bows his head, and only asks to die? In poetry as in philosophy it is needful to insist upon the abiding power and presence of the religious instinct. All outrage done to that is outrage upon that which is noblest in humanity. It brings its revenges with it, and the Nemesis which follows scepticism in poetry is confusion and paralysis of power and effort. Nor is it possible, as Tennyson has shown us, for any man to be even indifferent to the religious instinct, and yet be a great poet. It is not given to the mightiest genius to

"Sit as god holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

In attempting to shun the most solemn problems of the universe, and

work out for himself a perfect intellectual culture, such a poet simply builds a palace of art, whose splendid corridors ring at last with his despair, and all whose glory he is glad to barter for a cottage in the vale where he may mourn and pray. The religious instincts of the race have always been the secret springs which have fed the great poetry of the world; and the iconoclast who would propose to himself the daring programme of eliminating faith in God from the poetic literature of England, would speedily discover that his proposition meant the destruction of everything which the common consent of four centuries has voted best worth preserving.

From Robert Browning we may take one line which should be the first article in any poet's creed :

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

From the verse of him "who uttered nothing base," we may quote what seems to us as beautiful a conception of the poet as poet ever uttered, and one which our generation were wise in laying to heart; the true poet is

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition."

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

GOLD, frankincense and myrrh, they brought the new-born Christ—
The wise men from the East—and in the ox's stall,
The far-brought precious gifts they heaped, with love unpriced;
And Christ the Babe looked on and wondered not at all.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh, I, too, would offer Thee
O, King of faithful hearts, upon Thy Christmas Day;
And, poor and little worth although the offering be,
Because Thou art so kind, I dare to think I may.

I bring the Gold of Faith, which, through the centuries long,
Still seek the Holy Child and worships at His feet,
And owns Him for its Lord, with gladness deep and strong,
And joins the angel choir, singing in chorus sweet.

The frankincense I bear is worship which can rise,
Like perfume floating up higher and higher still,
Till on the wings of prayer it finds the far blue skies
And falls, as falls the dew, to freshen heart and will.

And last I bring the myrrh, half-bitter and half-sweet,
Of my own selfish heart, through sacrifice made clean,
And break the vase and spill the oil upon Thy feet,
O, Lord of Christmas Day, as did the Magdalene.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh—'tis all I have to bring
To Thee, O Holy Child, now throned in Heaven's mid!
Because Thou art so kind, take the poor offering,
And let me go forth blessed, as once the Wise Men did.

Current Topics and Events.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We have been greatly delighted with the opportunity we had of being present at the meetings of the Central Board of the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church. The wonderful success which has attended this Society during the ten years of its history is the seal of the divine approval upon its purpose and methods. From the beginning the missionary cause has been greatly dependent upon the self-denying and zealous labours of the women of Methodism. They have been the most efficient collectors for its funds. They have been profoundly interested in its success. Many of them, as the faithful wives of missionaries, have endured privation and hardship with a moral heroism beyond all praise. And now that wide doors of opportunity are opening in every land for woman's work for their sister-women in heathenism, they are entering with consecrated energy upon that work. Their quick sympathies have been touched with the sorrows of those heathen women who, amid the crushing burdens of life, of bereavement of sorrow, have had no Christ to whom to go as the solace and the succour of their grief.

A few years ago woman's time was so engrossed with household duties—with spinning, weaving, sewing and other domestic duties, that they had neither time nor opportunity for much else. But now the nimble fingers and sinews of machinery accomplish much of this drudgery and give women the leisure and the opportunity to engage in Christian work. The "elect ladies" of our Church have entered with loving sympathy and indefatigable zeal these open doors of usefulness. They have sent several of their sister-women as missionaries in the foreign field, and are nobly sustaining them by their prayers, their sympathy and material support. Most of all, and best of all, they have

cultivated enthusiasm for missions in multitudes of hearts and homes, have scattered a vast amount of missionary information, and have sown the seed from which have already sprung most remarkable results.

Some of the facts stated about China were of a most momentous character, as the statement that 200,000 girl babies in China are exposed to untimely death every year. With the assurance of faith they boldly assert that theirs was a victorious army.

"Jesus *shall* reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.

What we particularly admire in this Woman's Missionary Society is its admirable organization and its practical methods. In addition to its Central Board, every Conference has its Local Board, its President, its Secretary, and able and willing workers. The larger towns and cities have, we believe, local unions, and the principal churches their local auxiliaries. They have their Publishing Committee, with their bureau of information, for printing tracts, leaflets, etc., and reports in the Church papers. But best of all is their arrangement for missionary concerts and devotional meetings, where their work is consecrated with faith and prayer. They are organizing the whole sisterhood of the Church—the matrons, the young ladies, the girls at school, the little tots scarce out of their cradles. If so much has been accomplished in ten years, what vast results may we not anticipate for the close of the century.

The parlour meetings, held in many places, give a social character to the gatherings and interest many who might otherwise be indifferent.

In organizing the womanhood of the Church they will most effectively draw with them the moral manhood of the age. They can teach the men

some valuable lessons in the way of creating missionary zeal, and make their meetings interesting and instructive. The wit and wisdom of the addresses, their loving sympathy and their consecrated fervour, unwearying assiduity—these are the secret of their success in the past, and of their still greater success in the future.

Charles Dickens, in one of his cheap and shallow satires, made merry over the women who furnished flannel jackets and blankets for the blacks of Borriobooligh and neglected to clothe their own children. The faithful workers of the Woman's Missionary Society are not of that sort, but are the women who discharge their duties to their households not less faithfully than those who do nothing for missions. Indeed, they have truer conceptions of life, its duties, its responsibilities, from their efforts on behalf of the neglected heathen, and discharge their duties much better than the spoiled daughters of fashion, who too often neglect their children and their homes for fashionable folly and frivolity. One of these faithful mission workers writes as follows :

"As you probably know, what we mothers do with regard to this cause is mostly done by stealth after the children are in bed and the stockings darned for the week."

As Mary broke the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, on the feet of her Lord, so these Christian women, by their devotion, their self-sacrifice, their adoring love and gratitude, break in His service a far more precious box of ointment, whose odor is fragrant throughout the world.

Some timid souls, of the male persuasion, have feared that the establishment of the Woman's Missionary Society would lessen the income of the General Missionary Society. Just as if any *man*, because his wife gave a dollar to the Woman's Society, would give less to the General Fund. The fact is, the ladies have been but gleaners in a well-reaped field, and a splendid aftermath they have gathered in. The following tables will show how, year by year, as the

income of the Woman's Society has grown, so also has that of the General Society :—

Amount raised by the General Missionary Society during the past ten years :

1881-82.....	159,243 51
1882-83.....	159,228 28
1883-84.....	159,146 70
1884-85.....	180,129 71
1885-86.....	189,811 37
1886-87.....	201,874 34
1887-88.....	219,480 00
1888-89.....	215,775 41
1889-90.....	220,026 43
1890-91.....	243,015 43

Total... ..\$1,947,731 18

The income of 1881-82 was an increase of \$24,400.30 upon that of 1880-81.

Amount raised by the Woman's Missionary Society since organization :

1881-82.....	\$2,916 78
1882-83.....	4,281 19
1883-84.....	6,421 15
1884-85.....	7,452 92
1885-86.....	11,539 91
1886-87.....	14,196 51
1887-88.....	19,070 38
1888-89.....	22,306 28
1889-90.....	25,560 76
1890-91.....	31,698 96

Total.....\$146,545 84

The most extraordinary thing in this record is the rapid development of the Woman's Society. It has gone up by leaps and bounds year by year ; from \$2,916 ten years ago, to \$31,698 this year, or more than twelve-fold. The increase of the General Fund has also been very remarkable, being nearly doubled in eleven years. It is only when we look at this work in decades that its real magnitude dawns upon us. Let us think of the \$1,947,731.18 of the General Society, the \$146,545.84 for the Woman's Society, and the \$268,048 for the juvenile collections, making a grand total of \$2,362,325.02 contributed by Canadian Methodism during the last ten years. And who can tell the grand work that has been accomplished by these dollars ?

—the thousands of souls who have been redeemed from sin and made heirs of the kingdom of God, multitudes of whom have gone home in triumph to the skies. The grandest result of all is the spiritual blessing and benediction that has come to the heart of the givers by the consecration of their means upon the altar of God. Of this benefaction it is indeed true that "it blesseth him that gives as well as him that takes."

THE METHODISM OF THE FUTURE.

The following are the impressive closing paragraphs of the Pastoral Address of the Ecumenical Conference to the 25,000,000 Methodists there represented :

"The increase of our people in number and wealth and power has laid us under a great responsibility. It seems probable that before long Methodists will constitute nearly a fourth of the people who use the English tongue. We are a factor of growing importance in that great race which, by a restless impulse, is spreading its dominion, its trade and its civilization over vast regions of every continent. Let us rise to the height of our calling. We ought to go wherever our race goes, to multiply our churches, to increase our communications, and to become a bond of union among the widespread peoples of English blood, and we should strive to check that dangerous temper into which adventurous and governing races so easily fall. So shall we do our duty to our fellow men, and play our part in the great plan of God.

"Before another Ecumenical Conference the world will have passed into another century. Ten critical years of the swiftly-moving modern world will have rolled away. Opportunities will have offered themselves which will never come again. We pray that our churches may clearly and rightly interpret the signs of the times, and discerning the will of God, may yield themselves entirely to it.

"Brethren, we need not remind you of the deep springs of spiritual life. Thoughtful reading of the

Word of God, regular seasons of prayer in secret, in the family and in the church, the class-meeting, public worship and the holy sacrament, where we remember that the Lord gave Himself for us, and gives Himself to us, from these are drawn the grace of life. In them we learn to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God, and we gather that wisdom and strength without which our vast enterprises are but folly and vanity.

"We specially commend to your faithful and earnest observance the week of special prayer which will shortly be held throughout the Methodist world.

"Now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

OUR SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS.

We hope that all our readers will give a careful study to the admirable circular issued by the President of the Toronto Conference and the Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund. While primarily addressed to the circuits of this Conference, it is equally applicable to all the Conferences. The circular shows clearly that this fund is not a business speculation like a mutual insurance, for many, we presume the majority of our ministers, pay into it all their lives, yet, dying in the work, do not receive a farthing from it. In the large majority of cases in which they do receive help the fund is almost the only thing which comes between these honoured brethren or their surviving widows and absolute poverty.

The men who "in age and feebleness extreme" are depending upon this fund are the men to whom the country owes more, we believe, than to any other class in the community. They are the men who have followed the pioneer to the rugged frontier,

who have broken to him the Bread of Life, who have cheered and consoled his hours of bereavement and sorrow, who have ministered to his spiritual necessities, who have spent their energies of body and mind in building up the moral manhood of the country. With few, very few exceptions they have been too busy in looking after the spiritual interests of others to make provision for the temporal interests of themselves. They have often forsaken the opportunities of becoming rich that they might devote all their time and all their zeal to the saving of souls. And verily they have their reward. Their treasure is laid up on high.

But while they yet linger among us it is the Church's privilege and duty, as they have ministered unto it in spiritual things, that it may minister unto them in temporal things; that it may make their last days happy days; that it may keep from the door the wolf of want, and from the hearth the shadow of anxiety; that above all it may save them from the pang of feeling that they are forgotten or neglected by ingratitude. These grand old men, we know, live in the love and gratitude of the Church, and they cease not to labour as they have opportunity for the advancement of the cause for which they have given their lives. It is not a great advance upon the generous contributions, nay, we would say, the just contributions of the Church that is asked for. We hope that the younger members will claim the privilege of performing their share in ministering to these veterans of the fight who are now mustered out of the war. Let them remember that for them, too, will soon come old age and possibly dependence. Let them not join in the clamour that often is heard for a young preacher, to the exclusion of the old preacher. In law, in medicine, in business, age and experience count as so much accumulated capital. The "Grand Old Man" of England, the veteran poets, Whittier and Tennyson, the gray-haired family doctor—these are all regarded with filial feelings as crowning a life of usefulness and an

honourable old age. So let our superannuates feel that they are girded with the love and gratitude of the whole Church; that surrounded with "love, obedience, troops of friends," they sink calmly to their rest, like the sun setting amid the golden clouds of eventide.

PARLIAMENTARY vs. PARTY GOVERNMENT.

Sanford Fleming, Esq., Chancellor of Queen's University, delivered an address on this subject at the opening of the University last October, which deserves at this juncture more than a passing consideration. He proposes nothing less than a cure for the evils of party Government which have been so strikingly exhibited in the amount of corruption, both at Ottawa and Quebec. The learned Chancellor points out that Canada is governed, not by its collective wisdom, but by the deliberate exclusion from all share in the Government of the nation of many of its admittedly wisest and ablest men; and where parties are pretty evenly balanced an exceedingly small minority of the whole House of Commons may be the masters of the destiny of the country.

In a paper which the learned Chancellor read before the Royal Society of Canada last June, he points out what he conceives to be a better method, one by which the men of light and leading of both parties may be selected without the clamour of a contested election, to the leadership of the nation. It is the suggested practice of selection by lot of nominees of both parties, after the manner of the selection of the successor of Judas in the number of the apostles. In this manner, according to mathematical formulæ of the doctrine of probabilities which the Chancellor presents, every party in the country will be represented according to its strength. The representatives will not be pitted against each other in hostile parties, but will, without party spirit, carry out the will of the nation. "It cannot be denied," says the Chancellor, "that the whole community is concerned

in having in Parliament, not men of extreme views, but moderate-minded men of good common-sense, and good conscience, capable of representing the more enlightened electoral mind." It would lift politics, he thinks, into the realm of religion, for a Christian nation—and Canada is a Christian nation—cannot doubt that there is a Divine Providence that would guide and control the affairs of the country for the highest good of the individual and of the commonweal. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

This subject is attracting very great attention, both in Great Britain and America. It is a great movement to extend to the masses of the people, many of whom are engaged in daily toil, some of the benefits of higher education. It has already three journals specially devoted to its advocacy, and has been the subject of many articles in the leading reviews and magazines. We have arranged for an article, by an educational expert, for this MAGAZINE, which will shortly appear.

An important meeting of the leading educationists of Ontario and Quebec was recently held in this city, and a University Extension Association formed. It is stated that the age at which most young people leave school is about fifteen. Their tastes are immature, their knowledge very limited, and unless they have some further opportunity for education, many of them, if not most, will drop back into mental inanition. It is said that in Germany multitudes even forget how to read and write. The low mental and moral grade of many of the issues of the press, prepared for this half-educated class, has a demoralizing tendency.

While business, politics, and especially the Church are important educative factors in society, still something further is needed. It is an encouraging sign that the universities and other institutions of higher learning, many of which received large monies from public grants or

private beneficence, are realizing their obligations to society at large, and their duty to furnish assistance to the toiling multitudes. Many of these would eagerly embrace any opportunities for such mental and moral uplift as this University extension movement contemplates. Prof. James, of Pennsylvania, states that whereas many college students are indifferent to the advantages which they enjoy, the horny-handed sons of toil listen with hungry avidity to the University extension lectures, and make remarkable progress. The reflex influence on the lecturer is also greatly beneficial in broadening his sympathies and methods, and making less dogmatic his spirit.

In this movement the universities of Canada, few in number, and with over-worked professors, cannot do all nor even most of the work. They can only lead the way. As Prof. Rand declared, it must be entered upon with the spirit of a crusader and under the impulse of moral enthusiasm. There are a great number of university graduates and educated men in the country—high-school masters, ministers, and men in the legal, medical, editorial and other professions. If these, or a considerable number of them, would realize the obligations entailed by the advantages which they have enjoyed, to diffuse a wider and a higher culture, a great deal might be accomplished for the mental and moral elevation of the people.

Ministers of religion, especially, have a grand opportunity to get the ear of the people, and to promote their intellectual culture. While their chief functions, of course, are spiritual—to evangelize the people and build them up in religious faith, yet one important means of doing this will be to take advantage of the intellectual stimulus which always follows a spiritual awakening. It will, of course, entail additional labour, but what is the Christian life for, unless to labour for the benefit of others? Many of these men could give an occasional lecture on some great author, on Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, or on some great epoch of history, especially ecclesiastical

history, or some great character, as Savonarola, Luther, Knox, Cromwell or Wesley, and direct the thought and reading of their people on these grandly educative lines. In village communities, where University extension lecturers could not come, the local clergy might arrange a winter course, and enlist the co-operation of very many of their people.

In one department especially, a department which is wholly their own, in which they are supposed to be above all others expert, the most important department of human knowledge, the most profound, the most fascinating, the most ennobling and mentally and spiritually uplifting and inspiring—the systematic study of the Word of God—they might do more than is generally done by week-evening services, in which broad outlooks and comprehensive studies of large portions of Scripture might with advantage be provided. Our Presbyterian friends surpass us in the expository treatment of God's message to men, which sometimes precedes their sermons, and is often more instructive and edifying than the sermon itself.

The Canadian Government pursues a very liberal policy in the way of helping Mechanics' Institutes to form local libraries by giving books to twice the amount of the money locally raised; the late Dr. Ryerson made provision for a library in every public school; our Methodist Sunday-schools alone have nearly three-quarters of a million of books in circulation. These ought all to be great educative forces, if only more care were observed in elevating the taste of the people, by providing books of a higher grade and getting them intelligently read. What makes Scotland the country that it is? the habits of reading and study of its people. John Knox wrought more wisely than he knew when he planted a school in every parish, put a Bible in every school, and a catechism in every house. We in Canada have a more bountiful soil, a finer climate, greater average wealth, a larger population. Why should we not seek for our country that mental and moral elevation and business enter-

prise that carries the Scot to the front in every land in Christendom?

A CONTINENTAL METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE success of the Ecumenical Conference has been so great that it has been proposed to have on each side of the Atlantic an assembly of representative Methodists of the Eastern and Western sections respectively, midway in date between the decennial meetings of the Ecumenical. The comparing of notes, discussion of great themes, and the coming together in friendly intercourse of leaders in thought and action in the Methodist Churches, cannot but have a salutary effect in unifying the sympathies and operations of Methodism, both in the old world and the new. Such discussions, moreover, will bring us also more and more into close and vital touch with the great questions of the day, which are more and more earnestly demanding solution.

We beg leave to suggest, as our individual opinion, that the most eligible place for a meeting of that Methodist Conference for this continent would be this good city of Toronto. Our English friends have spoken of Toronto as the most noteworthy Methodist city in the world. We think it would be a splendid object-lesson to our American friends to the south of us, to come and see for themselves the splendid development of Methodism, in the multiplying of commodious churches and the growth of Methodist institutions, very largely the result of the recent Methodist Union in this country and the seal of the Divine approval thereupon. Our Presbyterian friends purpose holding next year their Pan-Presbyterian Synod of all the Presbyterian communions in Christendom. Could we not emulate their splendid example and endeavour to have here a great Methodist gathering about the year 1896.

TO OUR PATRONS.

This is the last opportunity we shall have of addressing our patrons during the current year. We have

a large number who have favoured this MAGAZINE with their patronage during the whole seventeen years of its existence. But, through deaths, removals and other causes we annually lose a number. Some, too, are offended at the application of the inflexible rule of this office which, without any possible discrimination, ceases to send the MAGAZINE except where ordered to be renewed. Nothing is further from the thought of publisher and editor than the idea of giving offence by this course, which is rendered inevitable by the system of book-keeping of the MAGAZINE; yet we have lost subscribers to our great regret from that cause. We trust our friends will all frankly recognize that it is only from a business necessity that this course is pursued, and that they will promptly renew their subscriptions so as to prevent any break in the reception of the MAGAZINE.

From our Announcement it will be seen that it will be better than ever. The Editor will personally contri-

bute to every number, and will be assisted by an able corps of writers. We hope our friends in renewing will endeavour also to send with their own the subscription at full rate of some neighbour or friend, and thus secure *free* the handsome portrait of John Wesley, painted in oil colours, after the painting by Romille, said to be the best extant. As a special inducement there will be sent free to every new subscriber the famous Wesley Centennial Number, of one hundred and twelve pages, filled with Wesley cuts, sketches, and the Symposium of Methodism, by Goldwin Smith and other distinguished writers, which attracted so much attention during the year. We hope we shall not lose a single old subscriber, and receive a great many new ones. During the past year the MAGAZINE has been increased by one hundred pages in size, and we hope with increased patronage to be able soon to add still another hundred to its annual volume.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The martyrdom of Mr. Argent, of the Joyful News Mission in China, has excited great sorrow in England. He was a young man of great zeal, and was greatly beloved by all to whom he was known. He is the first Methodist martyr in China. His death took place in connection with the riot at Wusech, when much mission property was also destroyed. The missionaries are full of hope that the death of their noble brother will be followed by a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, resulting in the conversion of many who now oppose the truth.

Rev. David Hill, who has been many years in China, insists that the fields are white unto the harvest, and expresses the hope that the

number of labourers may be largely increased.

All branches of Methodism in England have agreed to observe one week in November as a week of prayer. Prayer-meetings are to be held in every place of worship, whether large or small. Extensive preparations have been made to make the week a Pentecostal season. Our readers will join us in praying that the week of prayer may be the seed-time before the harvest.

Our fathers are evidently betaking themselves more to prayer, hence a missionary prayer-meeting is held every Friday at noon in the Centenary Hall, London, which is conducted either by the President of the Conference or some other minister who presides in his stead.

The combined Methodism of the British empire represented at the Ecumenical shows 14,475 churches; 4,028 ministers; 39,599 local preachers; 784,738 members; 2,156,209 church sittings.

The increase during the past ten years amongst the Wesleyans has been 21.02 per cent., and the increase in the other Methodist Churches in Great Britain will average about 10 per cent., while the increase in the population at the same time is only about 11 per cent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It fell to Bishop Fowler's lot to read a paper at the Ecumenical respecting the status of Methodism in the Western section. He said: "Methodism never whipped a quaker, nor burned a witch, nor banished a Baptist. Her character must be counted her status." The increase of Methodism in the United States has been very remarkable. In 1784 there was but one Conference, with 33 preachers and 14,938 members. Now there are 300 Conferences, 31,765 itinerants, 30,000 local preachers, 5,000,000 members, 5,000,000 Sunday-school scholars, 55,000 churches, 15,000 parsonages, church property worth \$200,000,000. The population of the United States in 1800 was 5,308,485; of these 1,227,052 were Protestants. The Methodists in 1800 numbered 54,694. The population of the country now is 62,622,250, of whom 21,757,071 are Protestants. There are in this population at the present moment 4,930,240 Methodists.

The contributions to missions has increased the last ten years \$50,000 per year.

Several Annual Conferences have lately been held, the reports of which contained many items of interest. In the California Conference, the Hawaiian Islands, 2,500 miles out, were made into a district, of which the Rev. A. N. Fisher was appointed overseer.

Some of the bishops occasionally experience some remarkable incidents. When Bishop Newman was at Japan he experienced considerable

trouble in distributing the native pastors among the churches. Finally he said, "If any of you think you can do this better than I, let them stand up." Four of the pastors promptly arose.

The Japan Methodists are calling loudly for a resident bishop.

Among the many *Christian Advocates* that are published, that of New York doubtless takes precedence. Its profits are \$30,000 per year, besides paying all its own expenses.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Hamilton is labouring very earnestly to secure a better support for aged ministers. He has been visiting the Conferences for this purpose. Some of his remarks deserve consideration by many even in Canada, though we believe that Canadian Methodists support their superannuates better than the M. E. Church does theirs. Dr. Hamilton said: "Sixteen Conferences gave less than one cent per member to these veterans; twenty-five less than five cents, and twenty-four less than ten cents." He referred to the honourable position of Gladstone, "the man of the age," as he said, and asked what would be thought of England if she were to replace him by a young man, saying, "Behold, thou art old." He argued that years were vastly advantageous to the ministry, in that thereby was brought to the service experience. He asserted that the ministry was the only profession in which years were at a discount. In the legal practice it was not so, but the reverse. In law or medicine no young man can replace an old one. In all affairs of business experience counts for something. But in the ministry, where age and experience would count for the most, it does not count. Is this just? Some day the young man will be old. Be considerate of the old men."

De Pauw Methodist University has been promised a \$200,000 building for its theological department, in honour of Bishop Bowman.

Dr. Joseph F. Berry, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, in his address to the Conferences, said: "At the first anniversary there were 1,900 chap-

ters; at the second 6,000 chapters. There are 43,000 *Epworth Heralds* now taken.

Our readers will be interested to know that Bishop Fowler and Dr. Berry are both natives of Canada. The Bishop is a grandson of the grand old Methodist hero, Elder Ryan; and the doctor is son of the Rev. Francis Berry, who for many years was a member of the old Canada Conference.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Our brethren in the South have been called to suffer a severe bereavement in the sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. Dr. Potter, Missionary Secretary, who literally died at his post. The present writer made his acquaintance a few years ago at the General Conference at Richmond. He greeted us cordially and expressed a hope that Methodism in Canada might always maintain friendly relations with Methodism in the South.

We are sorry to learn that the Mission Fund is heavily burdened with debt, and that considerable difficulty is experienced in securing a sufficient number of agents, both male and female, for the foreign mission field, more especially China.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The sixty-seventh Missionary Report has just been issued. It is a bulky pamphlet of more than 300 pages, and contains a mass of information with which our readers would do well to make themselves familiar. It is gratifying to find that the income is largely in advance of former years, which leads us to hope that with such a bountiful harvest as has just been reaped, that the increase of 1892 may even go beyond the quarter of a million which the Board has been calling for. A proportionate increase for the current year will more than accomplish this realization.

The meeting of the Central Board was held at St. John, New Brunswick. It was a remarkable coincidence that just 100 years ago the

first Methodist sermon was preached in that city. Then a solitary missionary, Rev. A. J. Bishop, from the British Isles, began his work on a rocky shore, and now the representatives of the largest Protestant denomination in Canada, numbering nearly a million of adherents, met in a splendid church to distribute a missionary income of nearly a quarter of million of dollars. May we not exclaim, What hath God wrought!

Our brethren in the East regarded the meeting of the Central Board as a great honour, and the representatives from the West were well pleased with their reception. The Methodists in the East and West thus become more and more assimilated, and necessarily feel a greater interest in the welfare of the churches throughout the vast field which is under cultivation by the Methodist Church.

We are pleased to learn that the Indian Department at Ottawa is manifesting a disposition to deal more justly with the Methodist schools which are established among the Indians in the North-West.

Rev. Ebenezer Robson, President of British Columbia Conference, and one of the members of the first band of missionaries sent thither, before the country was attached to Canada, is successfully attempting to solve the Chinese question. He has established a mission hall and boarding house in Vancouver City. The project is highly commended by the press of Vancouver, and it is believed that the effort now put forth is the only way to accomplish any real good among the "celestials" who come to our land even for a limited period.

Mount Allison University has made a fine commencement for another year. The students comprise both sexes. Dr. Allison has entered upon his new duties as principal. May it become brighter and brighter.

Miss Amelia Brown, of Aylmer, has been sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society to join Dr. Hart and party at Vancouver, whence they sailed to China on October 4th.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

This second Methodist Ecumenical at Washington was a season never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. Ten years ago the first Ecumenical was held in City Road Chapel, London, and many were afraid lest the second would fall below the first in interest. There was no ground to entertain such a fear. The Metropolitan church was crowded to its utmost capacity at all the sessions. On the Sabbath the pulpits of all the churches in the city were occupied by representatives from all parts of the world where the banner of Methodism has been unfurled. The opening sermon was by the Rev. W. Arthur, M. A., author of the "Tongue of Fire," though it was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Stephenson. It was pronounced to be a discourse worthy of the gifted author and the occasion on which it was delivered.

The address of welcome was delivered by Bishop Hurst, who spoke in English, French and German, and responses were made by representatives of Methodism both at home and abroad, among whom was our own beloved Dr. Douglas, who is thus described by Dr. Hoss, in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*: "He is now an old man, badly crippled with rheumatism and nearly or quite blind. But his tongue has not lost its power to charm. He is a magician in the use of words, the perfect master of that rhetorical eloquence which was more common than it is to-day. From beginning to end his address was pitched on a high key, and was listened to with the closest attention."

The representatives from Canada acquitted themselves nobly. Rev. S. F. Huestis took part in the opening exercises. Dr. E. B. Ryckman was one of the Assistant Secretaries. Dr. Briggs and Dr. Dewart delivered addresses on assigned topics. Dr. Carman and Dr. Griffin were members of the Committee of arrangements, and were prominent members throughout. Dr. Carman occupied two pulpits on the Sabbath. Dr. T. G. Williams occupied the

chair at one session, when President Harrison addressed the Conference. The brethren from the Maritime Provinces and from Newfoundland were more than silent spectators.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes of the "Forward Movement," "Fiji Wilson," Prof. Davison, W. J. Dawson, J. Bond, Dr. Waller, J. C. Clapham and others are men of prominence in the mother country, have now made numerous friends on this side the Atlantic.

The spirit that prevailed at all the sessions was such as might be anticipated from a body of Christian men, "only love inspired the whole." Occasionally it seemed as though the Conference was turned into an immense love-feast. This was especially the case when the question of Union was discussed. "Bishop Foster spoke as though he was inspired." He sighed for the union of the two branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church which separated in 1844. Representatives of all branches of Methodism in the old world hoped that the day of amalgamation was nigh at hand. Who can tell what the outcome may be? God grant that Methodism may more than ever be one throughout the world. The week of prayer before mentioned may be a precursor of closer relationship than now exists.

The chair occupied by the presiding officers of the Council was constructed from two beams of the original City Road Chapel, and a Bible which 150 years ago was in the possession of the Epworth church, and was in use during the pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles Wesley, was used from day to day in the opening services.

During the sittings of the Conference the reporters' table was crowded. More than seventy papers were represented, including some of the great dailies. Even "the Thunderer," the London *Times*, which has seldom noticed Methodism, received lengthened reports daily by cable.

The President of the United States attended one session, and gave a grand reception at the White House to the members of the Conference.

Book Notices.

The New Astronomy. By SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY, PH.D., LL.D. Square 8vo., illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Within a few years there has come into existence what may be called an almost entirely new science, that of Celestial Physics, or the New Astronomy. It questions the heavenly bodies as to their physical constitution and their relations to man in his existence on earth. This new science has made some wonderful discoveries, many of which are recorded in the handsome volume before us. These fairy tales of science are of extraordinary interest, and illustrate the saying of Mrs. Browning, "God is far the sweetest poet, and the real is His song."

Our author starts out with a study of the sun. It is hard for us to realize that this orb is so vast that if the earth were in its centre the moon might go on moving in her present orbit 240,000 miles from the earth, *all within the globe of the sun itself*, and have plenty of room to spare. It is known that sensation occupies a definite time in travelling along the nerves, but it is hard to conceive that the sun's distance is so great that if one could reach it with his arm it would take over one hundred years to feel the sensation of being burned by its heat.

The strange phenomena of sun spots, with their relations to good and bad harvests and commercial panics, are fully described. Some of these spots are more than five times the entire surface of the globe, both land and water. The book is copiously illustrated with diagrams, many of them drawn to the scale of 75,000 miles to an inch, by which we are shown the results of the tremendous cyclones and explosions in the sun, driving vast volumes of hydrogen gas to the height of 200,000 miles from its surface.

The calculations as to the sun's energy almost stagger the imagination. In every minute the sun's heat, falling on the earth, would raise from freezing to boiling point 37,000,000,000 tons of water. Yet, so little of the sun's heat does the earth intercept that the sun could warm 2,200,000,000 worlds like ours. In other words, the sun's concentrated energy could convert into vapor in a second a column of ice fifteen miles in diameter and 240,000 miles long. By what means is this enormous radiation of heat sustained? Not by a rain of meteors into the sun. All the coal of Pennsylvania shot into the sun would maintain its heat for less than the thousandth part of a second. If the sun were a solid block of coal it would be burned out to a cinder in less time than man has been upon the earth. Our author's answer to the above question is that it is the shrinkage of the sun at the rate of about three hundred feet in diameter a year. On this basis the whole future radiation of the sun, including all possible fall of meteors, will not last sixty million years. The solar temperature is not less than 3,000 degrees centigrade, by which thermometer water boils at one hundred degrees. The heat from any single square foot is eighty-seven times that of molten steel, and the light is 5,000 times as great. When all the coal and other fuel in the earth is consumed, men can still derive mechanical energy from the sun to move all the machinery of the world, not only of the present, but of the future; but the seats of empire will have to be removed to what are now heated deserts of the earth—to the Sahara, to Arizona and other super-heated areas.

In like manner as he has discussed the sun in his physical aspects, our learned author takes up in succession the planets, the moon, meteors,

comets and stars, and unfolds the wondrous revelations of the spectro-scope and of the more recent discoveries of celestial photography. So great is the power and accuracy of modern telescopes that the very minute moons of Mars have been, not only discovered, but found to be less than ten miles in diameter. This is as if a human hand, held up at Washington, could be seen and measured from Boston, 400 miles away. Our author gives copies of photographic pictures taken in less than the hundredth part of a second.

If our scientific readers desire "information up to date" on the wonders of the heavens, comets, meteors and solar astronomy, we commend them to the study of this sumptuous book. Its fine illustrations, nearly one hundred in number, are beyond all praise. The photographs of the moon show vividly the more than Alpine sublimity of its scenery. Our author conceives that the great cracks in its surface are possibly those of an ice covering. Two of the photos are reproductions, without the aid of a graver, from the spectra of the stars, the sign manual, as it were, of these distant bodies. This is one of the most fascinating books we have ever read.

Charles Grandison Finney. By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Oberlin Theological Seminary, Ohio. Pp. 330, price \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Few more attractive figures will be found described in the series of "Religious Leaders" published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. than that of President Finney. It is a remarkable fact that one of the greatest evangelists of the times grew up to his twenty-ninth year without having a copy of the Bible. A school teacher, a student at law, a man of culture and intelligence, a choir-leader in the Church, and yet without a copy of the Word of God! His acquiring possession of this book soon led to his conversion, and to his entering upon an active

and successful ministry. He was remarkably successful in revival efforts, and became in due course President of that famous Oberlin Seminary, where he conducted a very vigorous warfare against the hyper-Calvinism then popular in certain quarters.

It is the personal character of the man, however—his sincere devotion, his sanctified life, his earnest evangelism—that specially strikes us. An illustration of a beautiful trait in his character is exhibited on his being requested by the Boston preachers to controvert the premillennial views of the famous William Miller, who predicted the speedy end of the world, and produced for a time an intense sensation. Instead of publicly denouncing the errors of the man, he went to see Miller privately, having carefully studied his works, and succeeded in a large degree in convincing him of his mistakes, and made him forever his friend.

Finney was a humourist in his way. An amusing account of this is recorded in the sermon on "Signs of a Seared Conscience," one of these signs being neglecting to return borrowed articles. The effect of this sermon is thus described:

"The result of this appeal was everywhere visible on the following day. Very early in the morning Oberlin began to move from centre to circumference. Norton was called up by his father before light to go out and pacify the watch-dog, which seemed to be in trouble. The occasion of the commotion was that a Scotchman, living across the street, had borrowed a saw-horse, and was endeavouring to get it home unobserved; but as he climbed over the fence he found himself within the dog's domain, and the mastiff had seized him, and was holding him down in triumph, while the saw-horse was lying near by as a mute witness to the guilty conscience. All through the day farming implements and tools came in from every quarter. Not satisfied with rearing altars to the deities they knew, these delinquent borrowers reared altars to unknown gods. Tools came in that

Finney had never owned and never heard of. Where they belonged was more than any man was ever able to tell."

New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. New York : Funk & Wagnalls.

Compiling a dictionary nowadays is a very complicated piece of book-making. Johnson's task was a herculean one, when, almost single-handed, he compiled his great work, but the time for such single-handed compilation has long been past. It requires very extensive co-operation and differentiation of work, and the employment of a large amount of capital to prepare a dictionary of the first class. All these elements are employed in the new Standard Dictionary of the English Language now in course of preparation by the enterprising firm of Funk & Wagnalls. As an index of this co-operation a partial list of its staff of over one hundred editors is given with the prospectus. It will be a book of about 2,000 4to pages, with over 4,000 illustrations, made specially for this work, and 200,000 words, or 70,000 more than those contained in any other dictionary. In order to save space, strictly obsolete and dialectic words, and foreign words which are used only rarely, will be placed in a glossary. A feature which gives it quite an encyclopædic character is the grouping together of various classes of words, such as handicraft terms, terms for fruit, flowers and other biological terms. The different parts of each science are so treated that the student can have a bird's-eye glance, as it were, of the science as a whole. Some features we have found specially useful, as a copious use of synonyms, with examples of their proper application, so also the use of antonyms. The best authorities on pronunciation and philology are employed in these important departments. The appendix contains many important features, including proper names, biographical, historical and geographical; also pseudonyms,

prominent names in fiction, foreign word and phrases, with their pronunciation properly indicated.

The price of this book will be in one volume \$12, in two volumes \$14; but advance subscribers will receive the book for \$7 in one volume or \$9 in two. Specimen pages and particulars may be obtained by addressing Funk & Wagnalls, 18-20 Astor Place, New York, or 86 Bay Street, Toronto.

House and Home, A Complete Housewife's Guide. By MARION HARLAND. 8vo, pp. 532. Toronto : William Briggs.

To Canadian readers and housekeepers the name of Marion Harland needs no recommendation. Her sound common sense and seemingly exhaustless knowledge in the ways of homemaking and homekeeping have endeared her to the hearts and made her indispensable to the heads and hands of our housekeepers, not less than her ready sympathy and kindly words of cheer, comfort and encouragement. The book before us is a large one, and is filled from cover to cover of useful advice and information. Everything relating to domestic life will be found here. Kindly, helpful talks with the tired mother, with also a word for the husband and father, and a sympathetic chat with the younger ones; rules for furnishing a room or a house, and full and complete instructions in every department of culinary work, from the best way to boil an egg to the serving of an elaborate Christmas dinner. We know this book will gain a hearty welcome in the thousands of homes in which the name of its gifted writer is a household word. The volume is handsomely bound, and replete with beautiful full-page illustrations, presenting every phase of home life, and drawn by leading artists under special direction of the author.

The Church and Poverty is a very trenchant pamphlet on one of the most important social questions of the day and on the relations to it of the Church.

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